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"THE LADY OF THE HOUSE" ALBUM OF LITTLE IRISH BEAUTIES

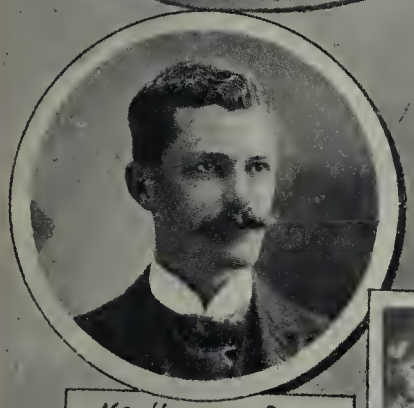
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The Lady of the House

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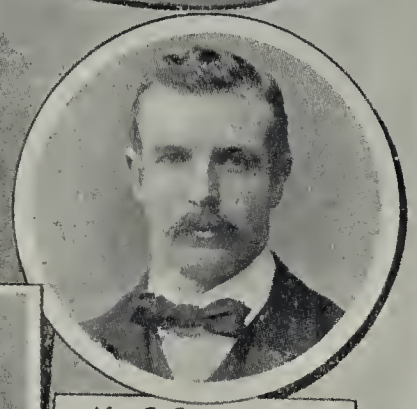
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THE FORTHCOMING WATTS MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

At the Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin.

IRELAND is to have the exceptional advantage, unique almost on this side of the Channel, of studying, at leisure, Art in perhaps its highest manifestation, certainly Art as it is manifested by the lifework of the greatest genius for poetical and imaginative painting of the Nineteenth Century that these or any other countries has produced.

Criticism in attempting to measure the true importance to Art of the labours of so transcendently great a man as the late G. F. Watts, R.A. and O.M., stands in a difficult position, all conventional metaphors and phrases hitherto in vogue appear to lose their value, to become meaningless and vague when applied to so original a genius.

Nevertheless, as our readers will expect somewhat of guidance from us, we shall attempt to give some notion of at least a few points, in which all who have a claim to be heard are agreed in reference to the relative position and importance of Watts' life work. Happily for our attempt, we can state in words of his own what were his aims at the start of his career, from which aims he never subsequently varied. "I paint ideas, not things," he said; "I paint primarily because I have something to say, and since the gift of eloquent language has been denied me, I use painting; my intention is not so much to paint pictures which shall please the eye, as to suggest great thoughts which shall speak to the imagination and to the heart, and arouse all that is best and noblest in humanity." Again he tells us, "I teach great truths, but I do not dogmatise: on the contrary, I purposely admit every form of belief, and I appeal to men of every age and every faith: I accompany them to the church door and I allow each to enter and to feel God's presence in his own way." In this didactic effort all are agreed in according him full success. And when so great a man tells us what his object has been, and when those entitled to speak with authority tell us he attained it, we ought, in wisdom, to try to accept his message with reverence, and approach him to learn, not to criticise.

The primary influence which fashioned his Art was the study of the sculptures of the Athenian Parthenon, known as the Elgin Marbles, the influence of which is manifest in the impressive dignity and almost sculpturesque quality of his figures. He was one of the few who could imbibe the spirit of Greek Art at its highest and best, and, benefiting by it, aptly apply its language to modern themes.

Subsequently, still early in his career, he spent four years in Italy where he absorbed the spirit of the Italian Renaissance, and learned the secrets of the great masters of colour.

Needless to say he fell under the spell of that Titanic genius Michael Angelo, whom in some respects he resembled, and the inspiration thus acquired, influenced his entire subsequent career. With all the advantages arising from this devotion to the highest examples of ancient Art, he had yet to contend with much that was adverse in the Art of the day, which, however popular and attractive, had fallen sadly away from those grand ideals of the past that alone can justify the claim of painting to be one of the highest of human achievements. Nevertheless, there was then a remnant upon whom the grand ideals held undisputed sway, J. M. W. Turner, John Constable, John Crome, David Cox, and others, who were the pioneers of all that was subsequently to form the best and highest in modern European art, and amongst those Watts, although their junior, took his place.

The Exhibition, about to be opened in the galleries of the Royal Hibernian Academy, will consist mainly of the collection formed by Watts himself, and bequeathed by him to the nation; it will include several of the greatest of his idealistic works and specimens of his portraits. Doubtless the public will avail itself of the opportunity thus provided for Art culture at its highest.

A few words more in detail regarding the collection itself may not be out of place here. Watts, who died only last July, at the advanced age of 83 years, began his artistic career young, the first work exhibited at the Royal Academy by him being "The Wounded Heron," in 1837; he was then aged 20. From that time until his death he painted unceasingly, leaving behind him an enormous mass of work. Even last year he completed four pictures. His first production, "The Wounded Heron," and his last, "Lilian," are in this collection, and between these are specimens of every variety of his work. There are many large poetical pictures, more or less mystical in treatment, the relevancy of the title frequently being by no means obvious, but on careful examination the artist's intention reveals itself, and the onlooker is rewarded for his pains in discovering the view taken by Watts of some important phase of life, philosophy, or manners.

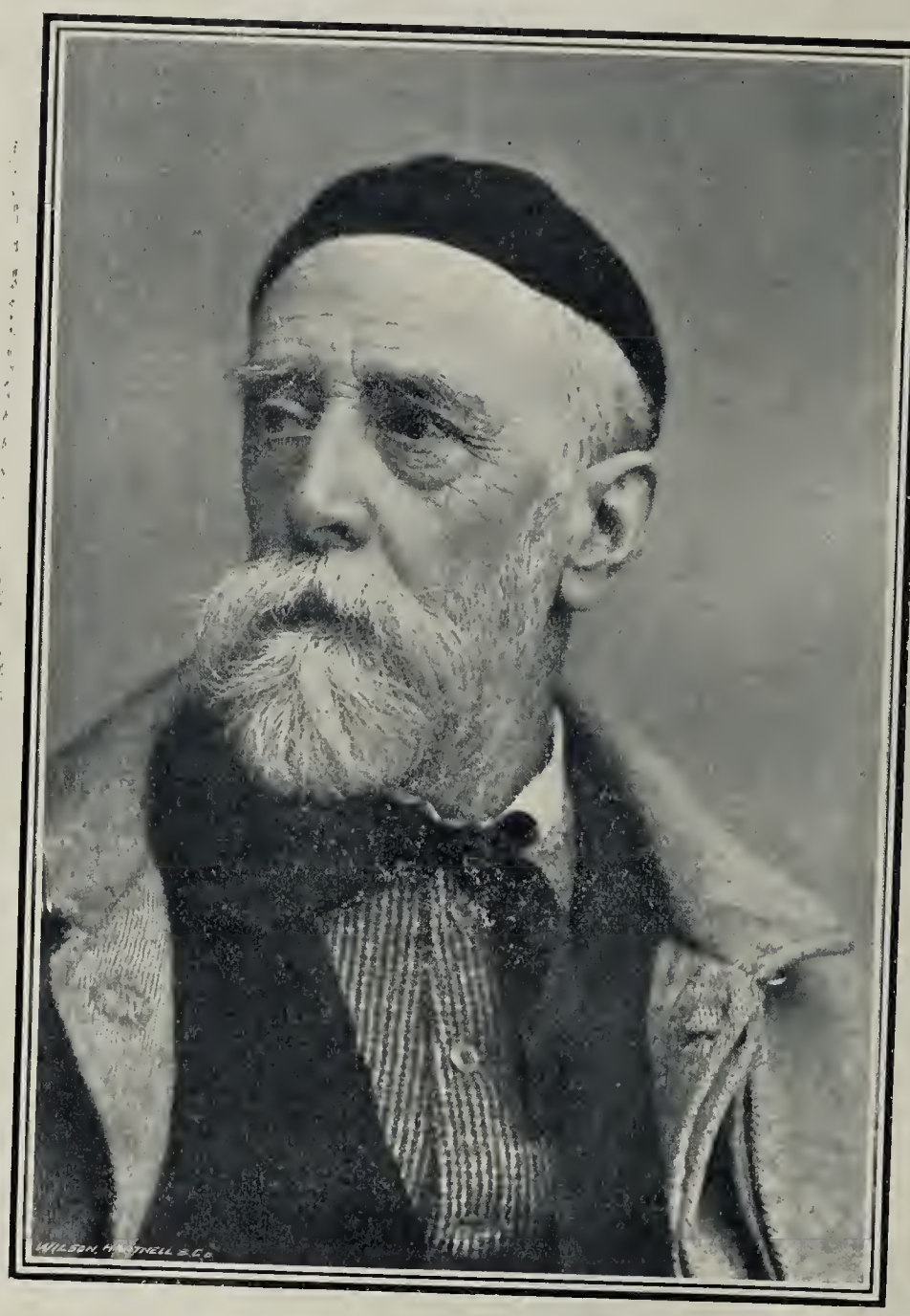
In treatment these works are rather abstract than concrete, the sensuous giving way to the spiritual. It must not be supposed, however, that they are in the least cold or austere; on the contrary, many of them glow with rich profusion of colour and are magnificent in grandeur of line and mass.

Childhood has always proved attractive to great artists, and in several of the most charming pictures of this collection, from every point of view, childhood forms the subject.

Perhaps the most generally interesting canvasses are the large number of portraits of persons distinguished in literature, politics, philosophy, rank, or simply by beauty, such as Mr. Gerald Balfour, Lord Tennyson, George Meredith, J. S. Mill, Lady Dudley and many others, nearly every individual so distinguished during the last century having been painted by Watts, as may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery in London, where his portraits form the most valuable part of the modern collection.

Finally, there are a few drawings of the highest artistic excellence and one specimen of sculpture "Clytie," sufficient to indicate the transcendant ability of Watts in that branch of art.

The entire collection is destined to find a home next year in a gallery, specially built to house it, at Limnerslease in Surrey, long the residence of the artist, who generously bequeathed the whole to the nation, except two pictures left by him, one to Dublin and one to Edinburgh.



THE LATE GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A., O.M.,
Whose Memorial Pictures will be exhibited next month at the Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin.

A Great Irish Lady and the Castle she Built.

FRANCES ANNE. MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

By CATHERINE J. HAMILTON, Author of "Notable Irishwomen."

"A GREAT LADY," in every sense of the word," was Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry, grandmother of the present peer. To begin with, she was an heiress, only daughter of Sir Henry Vane Tempest, and of Anne, Countess of Antrim. Through her, the large estates, both in the County of Durham and in the North of Ireland, came into the Londonderry family. On her mother's side, who was Countess of Antrim in her own right, she was descended from the MacDonnells, Earls of Antrim, and was therefore a genuine Irishwoman. When she became the second wife of Charles, afterwards Marquis of Londonderry, on the 3rd April, 1819, he took her name of Vane-Tempest, and in March 28th, 1823 was created Earl Vane and Viscount Seaham. The family name of Stewart was afterwards resumed, though the younger branches are still known as Vane-Tempests.



The Marchioness of Londonderry

In the Costume of QUEEN ELIZABETH as worn at the Ball at the Opening of Holderness House

Charles, Marquis of Londonderry, had distinguished himself under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular War, and had been Ambassador to Vienna in 1814. Three years after his second marriage with the heiress of the Vane-Tempests he succeeded his brother as Marquis of Londonderry. He and his clever wife occupied themselves in improving and developing their vast estates. They rebuilt the mansion of Wynyard, and remodelled the park. Building became a positive craze with the beautiful young Marchioness. In this she resembled the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, "Bess of Hardwick," who designed Hardwick Hall and Chatsworth. High up on the roof of Hardwick Hall may still be seen the initials "E. S.," carved in stone, to perpetuate Lady Shrewsbury's fame as an architect.

Lady Londonderry was also something of a *maîtresse femme*. She accompanied her husband when he went to St. Petersburg as English Ambassador, and for some time she reigned in London as a queen of society. She appeared at a fancy ball in 1830, at Holderness House, in the character of Queen Elizabeth, exhibiting her famous jewels, now heirlooms in the Londonderry family. In the print on page 8 she is represented with her elder son, who by the death of his step-brother, November 27th, 1872, became fifth Marquis of Londonderry. The print is taken from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Lady Londonderry's busy, active mind was never at rest; she was always planning and organising; she was the head and front of everything. Her heart was always with her native country. She spent some of her time at Mountstewart; but it was to the County Antrim, her own special county, that she turned with the strongest affection. During the Irish famine of 1848-9 she began to build Garron Tower, and this beautiful and picturesque house remains a lasting monument of her taste and skill in designing. It is built on a spur of land overlooking the wild sea-coast of Antrim. But it is no barren spot; tall eucalyptus trees grow here; and a lovely rose garden, in the form of a circle, extending for nearly half a mile, shows what can be done in flower culture even in the bleak North. White roses are trained over trellis-work, while beds of "roses red

A GREAT IRISH LADY AND THE CASTLE SHE BUILT.—Concluded.

and roses yellow" diverge in all directions. The house, which was bequeathed to Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, has been let by him on a long lease to an enterprising Irish firm of hotel and coach proprietors at Larne, who have turned it into an hotel. Tourists and trippers now come up the cliff path leading from the high road and stare at the rows of cannon which, placed along the terrace walk, give the place the appearance of a fortress. There is an arched gateway; and the effect of the black towers of the house, set off in relief by the dark pine trees behind, is most picturesque. In the entrance hall stand two figures in plate armour, surmounted by crossed sabres and muskets. Lady Londonderry never forgot that she was the wife of a soldier, and implements of war are scattered about through the rooms, which are furnished just as she left them. The little book-room has her favourite books on the carved oak shelves; and in the ballroom, the last of a suite of three, are two large Sikh cannon, mounted on stands, the gift of Lord Hardinge. All these rooms are rich with the most elaborate wood-carving—window-frames, mantelpieces, and book-shelves being exquisitely carved in fruit, flowers, and figures. Peeps of blue sea gleam through the open windows; and one can quite imagine the stately figure of this *grande dame*, standing before the throne-like chair, receiving her guests with old-world courtesy. She was a lover of heraldry, as may be seen by the numerous crests and coats of arms, all coloured and surmounted by her monogram, which are seen on the dark wainscot and even on the doors.

A lover of embroidery, too, she must have been, and as excellent at her needle as Queen Matilda of old. All the chairs, ottomans, sofas, curtain borders, and screens at Garron Tower are worked by hand with flowers in various designs. The curtain border of one oriel window, which is fifteen feet from floor to ceiling, is worked in a design of coats-of-arms on a red ground. Four gigantic candelabra stand on the parqueted floor, and the walls are covered with family portraits, including a full length one of Frances Anne herself, dignified and aristocratic, in white satin, while her husband, the companion and brother-at-arms of the Duke of Wellington, faces her on horseback in a general's uniform. Another portrait represents her son, Lord Adolphus Vane-Tempest, in an Hussar's uniform, and in full posession of the hereditary good looks of the Londonderry family.

The dining-room is on the opposite side of the entrance hall, and a stately room it is, with its wainscoted walls set off by coloured heraldic shields—the arms of the Vane-Tempests and MacDonnells.

It seems almost sacrilege to see Belfast mill-girls and Scotch excursionists eating cold beef under the shadow of such memorials of an illustrious past. A word of praise may, however, be given to the management of Garron Tower Hotel. I can speak from experience as I stayed there for a fortnight, and found the catering excellent, and the prices moderate.

A path in the grounds leads to a spot called "The Dog's Grave," the last resting-place of a favourite dog of Lady Londonderry's, whose virtues she commemorated in some verses engraved on the upright headstone. They show what an ardent dog-lover she must have been, and are as follows:—

"Here Urisk lies, and let the truth be told,
This faithful dog was blind, infirm, and old;
Deaf to all else, his mistress' voice he knew;
Blind though he was, his step to her was true:
So strong an instinct, by affection fed,
Endured till Urisk's vital spirit fled.
Stoop, Grandeur, from thy throne! ye sons of pride,
To whom no want is known, nor wish denied,
A moment pause, and blush, if blush ye can,
To find in dogs more virtue than in man,
And spare, midst all your luxury and pelf,
One thought of others out of ten for self!"

Another rhymed inscription composed by Lady Londonderry may be seen on a white rock facing the sea, and just underneath Garron Tower, on the high road from Larne to Cushendall. It tells its own story, and is worth giving here to show what wide sympathies were possessed by this lady of high degree:—



FRANCES ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY,
WITH HER SON, AT GARRON TOWER, CO. ANTRIM.

"Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry, being connected with this province (Antrim) by the double ties of birth and marriage, and being desirous to hand down to posterity the imperishable memorial of Ireland's affliction and England's generosity, in the years 1846 and '47, unparalleled in the annals of human suffering, hath engraved this stone."

And then follow the lines, composed by Lady Londonderry herself:—

"Fair tablet, fashion'd by the Almighty hand,
To guard these confines of the sea and land,
No longer shalt thou meet the stranger's sight,
A polished surface of unmeaning white,
But bid him ponder on the days of yore,
When plague and famine stalked along the shore,
And pale fe:ne veiled her drooping head,
Like Rachel weeping for her children dead:
Tell him, that to assuage these pangs and fears,
Britannia gave her bounty with her tears,
And bear this record, though in phrases rude,
Of England's love and Ireland's gratitude!"

Lady Londonderry was left a widow in 1854, and spent much of her time at Garron Tower. She was emphatically a benefactress to her country-people, doing them the best service in her power—that of providing them with employment. What with building, planting, and laying out grounds, she made a regular oasis in the wilderness. Among others, Lindsey, the celebrated shipowner—who, according to Cobden, slept under a dogcart at one time, and afterwards became worth £20,000 a year—bore testimony to the great ability of Frances Anne. He says: "Among my correspondents is an old lady of great capacity and business habits, the Marchioness of Londonderry."

At Londonderry House, in London, there is a long suite of reception rooms. What is known as the amber drawing-room opens into a small room, where Frances Anne, when Dowager Marchioness, used to sit enthroned on a tall carved chair. This chair is now preserved at Wynyard Park. After a long, useful, and busy life, this strong-minded old Irish lady died on the 20th January, 1805.

Her business habits and talents for organisation are inherited by her grandson, the present Marquis, who so ably fills the important office of President of the Council. It will be remembered that he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1886 until 1889.

Through his grandmother, Frances Anne, he inherits the blood of the MacDonnells, which is certainly Celtic rather than Saxon; and he also inherits a portion of her good looks, which she preserved even to extreme old age.

The portrait of Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry, which illustrates this article, is from a hand-coloured steel engraving issued in 1830, and presents the Marchioness "in the costume of Queen Elizabeth, as worn at the ball at the opening of Holderness House." This portrait is remarkable for its close facial resemblance to the present Marchioness.

FOR MUSICAL PEOPLE.

Owing to the important extensions and rebuilding now in progress, Messrs. Pigott & Co., of Grafton Street, Dublin, are making very substantial reductions in the prices of musical instruments, and genuine bargains may be obtained at their temporary premises, 25, Suffolk Street.

Pianos, harmoniums, organs, etc., crowd the space at disposal, and are being offered on very advantageous terms to purchasers.

The "Rex" Piano Player may also be obtained at a reduction from its former price. This ingenious contrivance is the only one of its sort which is guaranteed for five years, and this opportunity of securing it is well worth attention.

Gramophones form a very interesting and attractive portion of Messrs Pigott's stock, and a great variety of the leading kinds may be seen and heard in the warerooms. These instruments have been brought to such perfection in reproducing vocal and other music, that they add immensely to an evening's entertainment, and are in great demand. They vary in price from £1 10s. to £11.

Messrs. Pigott's branch establishment is at 111, George Street, Limerick, and detailed price lists of their goods may be had from either address.

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GARRON TOWER, COUNTY ANTRIM,

Designed, and built in the "Famine Year," by Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry.

Photo] [*Lawrence.*

THE IRISH HARP.

" Dear Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song ! "— MOORE.

FOR upwards of 2,400 years the harps made in Ireland and played upon by native musicians may be said to have represented the most advanced degree of constructive ability and executive skill in the musical world of that long period. Anyone who takes the trouble to read up the history of the instrument will find ample justification for its introduction as one of the chief, if not *the* chief emblem of Ireland.

The earliest recorded allusion to an Irish harpist was discovered by the late Professor O'Curry, who gave the date as about 541 years before the first and most glorious of all the Christmas festivals. No doubt the instrument was of a primitive type, but it represented the crude idea out of which was evolved the beautiful instruments pictorially represented in these pages. And in this connection it is well to bear in mind that, so far as can be ascertained, the Irish harp was brought to the mechanical excellence it had attained between the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries without any extraneous aid. In other words, our native harp is essentially the product of Irish brains and skill, unassisted by the intelligence or mechanical art of any other nationality. This may be accepted as an additional proof of our right to the harp as a national emblem.



From a Painting in the Possession of M^r Burdiman Author of the History of Galway. — *J. Mageon, Sculp^t Dublin.*

CAROLAN,
The Celebrated Irish Bard.
Dedicated To His Excellency the Q. Marquis Wellesley, K.G.
LORD LIEUTENANT of IRELAND &c &c

The gradual improvement of the Irish harp of pre-Christian days appears to have been accompanied by a corresponding development of skill on the part of the native harpers who were a class of very considerable importance. During one of the Christmas festivals of the sixth century an Irish harpist who played before Roderic, King of Wales, so pleased his royal host that he was rewarded with rich presents. According to Fuller, the historian of the Crusaders, "all the concert of Christendom in this war (under Godfrey de Boulogne in 1097-9) would have made no music if the Irish Harp had been wanting." Writing from experiences acquired during a visit to Ireland in 1185, Giraldus Cambrensis stated : " The attention of this people (the Irish) to musical instruments I find worthy of commendation, in which their skill is beyond comparison superior to that of any nation I have seen (*i.e.*, England, Wales and France)." An Italian writer of the thirteenth century states that the harp was brought from Ireland to Italy; that in Ireland "they were excellently made, and in great numbers, the inhabitants of that island having practised upon it for many and many ages ; nay, they even place it in the arms of their kingdom, and paint it on their public buildings, and stamp it on their coin." Lord Bacon (1561-1626), an admittedly discriminating authority, averred that "no instrument hath the sound so melting and prolonged as the Irish Harp." The admirable reputation of the Irish harp and the admitted excellence of Irish harpers was maintained and widely commented upon down to the end of the eighteenth century. In the later centuries this celebrity was, perhaps, the less remarkable because every family of any social standing possessed one or more Irish harps, and few of the educated class, male or female, were unable to play upon it. Notwithstanding this general proficiency every household of any distinction maintained a professional harper, whose duty it was to play during meal-time or any other occasion when his employers desired his services.

(Continued at page 12)



THE O'NEILL HARP,
In the Royal Irish Academy Collection; formerly in the possession of Major Sirr.

Some Famous Irish Harps.



THE KILDARE HARP.
Date about 1672.



THE FITZGERALD OR DALWAY HARP,
In National Museum, Dublin.



ANCIENT IRISH HARP,
Commonly called The Harp of Brian Boroimhe, in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

THE IRISH HARP.—Continued from Page 10.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GREAT NUMBER OF OLD IRISH HARPS that must have been in Ireland in the days of our grandsires? Less than a score of these historic instruments are known to be in existence by those who take a special interest in tracing the whereabouts of missing specimens. Perhaps some exceptionally interesting examples are hidden away in the lumber rooms of some of our readers, or may have come under their observation during their visiting rounds or travels in Ireland. If so, we shall be very pleased to publish any intelligence respecting these most interesting national heirlooms which may be vouchsafed to us by sympathetic correspondents. Though we do not assume that a rare specimen of an old Irish harp would be of great intrinsic value from a monetary point of view, we are confident its possessor would be regarded as singularly fortunate in owning a genuine example of an ancient native instrument around which hangs a halo of ancient and modern romance more thrilling and diversified than the most imaginative romancer could conceive.

COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN,

BY A PRE-UNION PROPHET.

Two interesting old Pictures of College Green, drawn before the Union.

In these Pictures the old College Railings, around which the old apple-women had their stalls, are here shown.



COLLEGE GREEN, *before the* UNION.



COLLEGE GREEN *after the* UNION.

This belief is supported by the tradition respecting the so-called "Brian Boru" harp, preserved in Trinity College, and illustrated in these pages. It is two centuries later than the royal vanquisher of the Danes at Clontarf, having been made for the O'Brien, King of Thomond, who died towards the middle of the thirteenth century. In the year 1221 this harp was sent to Scotland as ransom for an Irish bard who was detained there. An ancestor of the present writer was commissioned in 1229 to proceed to Scotland to endeavour to negotiate for the restoration of the harp, but, though failing in his mission, he composed "The Ransom Song," an appeal for the surrender of the instrument, which is well known to students of the Irish language. In the early part of the fourteenth century Edward I. had the "Brian Boru" harp conveyed from Scotland to Westminster, where it remained until presented to the first Earl of Clanrickard by Henry VIII. in 1543. Thence it reverted to the O'Brien family, was subsequently purchased by a Lady Huxley for twenty rams and as many sheep of English breed. After passing through various hands in Limerick and Clare, it was finally deposited, in 1781, in Trinity College. In 1760 a celebrated harper named O'Neill, played upon the instrument during the progress of a procession through the streets of Limerick. With a record of seven hundred years it can claim to be the oldest known specimen of an Irish harp in existence.

The Fitzgerald or Dalway harp, also illustrated, bears inscriptions in Irish and Latin which throw unerring light upon its origin. It was made in 1621 for Sir John Fitzgerald of Cloyne and received the subsidiary title of "Dalway" owing to the fact that for a long time it was in the possession of a North of Ireland family of that name. The inscriptions upon the instrument inform us of the name of the carpenter who made it and the harpers for whose display of skill it was originally constructed. In addition we learn the names of the servitors in the house of the noble knight to whose order it was made — a circumstance which is suggestive of the possibility that this particular instrument may have been intended for the delectation of

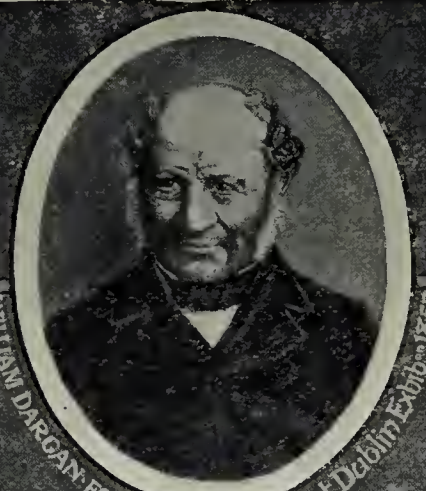
(Concluded at page 36.)

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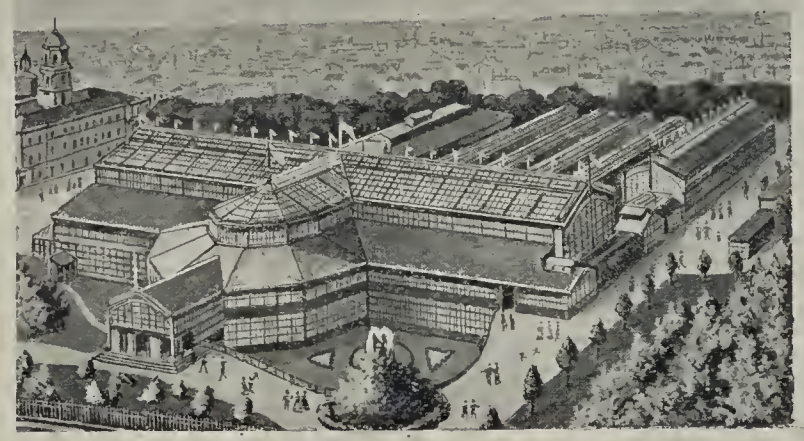
WILLIAM DARGAN: FOUNDER of the Great Dublin Exhibn 1853.



Dublin International Exhibition 1865-72.



Great Dublin International Exhibition 1853



Irish National Exhibition (Dublin) 1882.



Cork International Exhibition 1902.

These Views are of Particular Interest at the Present Time when the Public are anxiously awaiting the Designs for the Exhibition Buildings in Herbert Park, Ball's Bridge, Dublin, where the International Exhibition of 1907 is to be held.

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My Cousin Belinda on New Ireland.

By MARGARET ANN PURCELL.

"Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'on le croit."

IT is Belinda, not me, who has put in that French quotation for a start, and I wish it to be understood that it's not my way of thinking at all.

Belinda has been away a long time from home, and she sees things differently somehow, though she does love the old land as much as any of us, no doubt.

Oh! I'll never forget the day, seventeen years ago, when a blooming bride, married to the man of her heart, she yet left the grey old town on the Shannon in floods of tears, as if the end of everything had come. And every Christmas, she says, there used to steal over her an ache of longing for the sting of a turf fire, and the wild, soft taste of the bog in her mouth.

Often and often, when dancing with grand people in far-away palaces and embassies, she felt she'd just give five years of her life to be playing Consequences or the Stool of Repentance in the old pink drawing-room, with us all at home.

We are very proud of Belinda in Cloonbroch, which is her native place, for not only has she been all over the world with her distinguished husband, but she has also written books that you can get at libraries, and even buy at the railway stalls on our line.



MY COUSIN BELINDA.

THE ONE WHO STAYED AT HOME AND CRIED "WEE, WEE!"

I am Margaret Ann Purcell, of Snow Hill, Belinda's first cousin, and three years her junior, as everyone in the place knows. Well, after the way she had been racketing about the world, the awful climates she had to live in, and the illnesses and accidents she'd pulled through, it was only natural to expect that she'd look a little bit withered or washed-out, now, wasn't it? So it was rather disappointing—what am I saying? I mean surprising—to find that she turned up prettier than when she was a girl, and that she looked—well, about five years younger than poor me, who had done nothing for the last eight years but darn stockings, rear chickens, and nurse my sister's children through mumps and measles.

If you're not "settled" after twenty-seven in Cloonbroch, you're expected to stop crimping your hair, and turn your thoughts to pickles, prayers, and the service of your married relations. That's one of the things even Mr. Considine could not improve out of the place, great as he is.

Belinda and I were once known, between Mullingar and Galway, as "the pretty Purcell girls." She met her George at the Curragh, but my engagement was broken off, and, though she's often asked me out to India, I couldn't leave mother, so I just stayed at home and cried "Wee, wee!" for a year or two. Then, in '98, I got a Hearson's Incubator, and Uncle Tom gave me a typewriter the following year, after which I became interested in Mr. Considine's schemes, and now he's letting me type his book on Ireland for the press—a great, great honour. But, all the same, at thirty-four I'm a quiet, countrified semi-old maid, while Belinda is a brilliant woman in her prime, with the world still at her feet.

We all naturally expected our Celebrity to be surprised at the change in Cloonbroch, and we were not disappointed. She WAS surprised—one might almost say bewildered—at some of the things she saw. The first week she went about looking, alas! for many old friends who had gone to their long rest, and for their children, who, when found, she could not identify. She poked around for what she called the precious landmarks of her childhood, for tumbling gates she used to swing on, gaps in walls and hedges, dirty old duck-ponds and muck-heaps that she was smacked so often for stirring up, and which had been long ago removed.

Strange to say, she seemed a little upset they weren't there, and also that the scheming pedlars, tinkers, and sleuthering old beggar-women who were once the pest of the back yard had also been improved away.



MYSELF—MARGARET ANN PURCELL.

SATURDAY SAL'S DAUGHTER.

She had heard, of course, of the Renaissance of Cloonbroch. She knew that her native place was now one of the brightest jewels in the Crown of Industrial Ireland, but she hadn't been prepared for the thoroughness and extent of the change.

I am not exaggerating when I use the common saying that her jaw literally dropped when Mr. Considine, to whom we owe everything, pointed out a trim maiden with spotless collar and burnished hair, teaching a lace class in the new Technical school, and a respectable lad with spectacles and a bulging brow poring over an Irish grammar *during play-hours* in the football field, and then informed her that the lace teacher was the daughter of Saturday Night Sal, the scandal of the town seventeen years ago, and that the Irish scholar was a reformed young poacher and orchard thief, lineal descendant of the renowned Larry the Loafer, whom songs used to be written about when I was a child.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" was all Belinda could say when our chief and his devoted secretary, Mr. Whelan, had shown her over the new schools and gymnasiums, the Wolfe Tone debating hall,

(Continued at page 16.)

CECILIAN THE ONLY PERFECT PIANO-PLAYER Sole Agents— POHLMANN AND Co. 40, DAWSON ST., DUBLIN.



I'LL BE A SISTER TO YOU.

From the Gibson Calendar, 1906.] [*By permission of Messrs. James Henderson & Sons.*

MY COUSIN BELINDA ON NEW IRELAND—Continued from page 14.

the Scientific Creamery Depôt, the Egg-packing Station, the local Arts and Craft Exhibition (fortunately open at the time), and the new asylum wing. To quote Mr. Whelan, who is a very fluent and earnest speaker: "When, in fine, she had had her finger for a week or so on the pulse of the new industrial life of Cloonbroch—had realised that it was no feverish or fitful beat, but the full-blooded, awakening throb of the soul of a mighty nation, stifled through the dark centuries of corroding oppression. . . ." I forget the rest, but I know it went on for a long time, and got more beautiful towards the end. He is such an impassioned speaker. Oratory is certainly a great gift when it is not used in a mincing, half-hearted manner.

MR. CONSIDINE'S YOUNG MEN.

We were having tea in the old pink drawing-room, talking over Mr. Considine's book on Ireland, which is to come out in the spring. He is writing it in collaboration with his agricultural organiser, Mr. Cormac Heraghty, a real local genius if you like. He began life as a clerk in the National Bank. He is now the author of a pamphlet on "City Drainage," the Department pronounce a classic; of a volume of poetry which runs Shelley pretty close; he is also an expert on the Early Irish Fairy, and, some people say, could make a living as a Bond Street crystal-gazer, only Mr. Considine can't do without him as a Creamery Manager.

Then there's the Rev. Erasmus Doyle, whom the chief unearthed in a musty old Presbyterian manse at the back of Godspeed, writing about John Knox, and who didn't know whether crinolines were still worn, Parnell alive or dead. Well, now, he's in the thick of the secular movement, if you please; editor of the *Keltic Spectator* and *Irish Home Notes*, besides being pioneer of the Sensible Education Movement. He has made coarse crochet fashionable, and, as president of the National Spring Cleaning League, has done more for the country than all the political patriots put together, people say. I don't know.

Certainly, as long as Mr. Considine is at the wheel, there's no fear our churchyard will swallow up village Hamlets—I think I mean Hampdens—it's so long since I've been at school.

I'm very sorry Belinda won't meet our distinguished vice-president, because I'm sure they would have much in common. He does not take things quite so "black earnest" as the others, and has, I fancy, the sense of humour she sets such store on. I don't know him well, as he's too busy to see ordinary folk like me. He is at present collecting expert evidence in Japan on the Tokio silk-worm or something, and I'm afraid won't be back during her stay. He attends colonial exhibitions and foreign congresses in the interests of Ireland, making, I'm proud to say, a very favourable social impression abroad.

A CURIOUS, OLD-FASHIONED RESPECT FOR MEN.

"Yes," Mr. Whelan was explaining, "our work is mainly confined to the rising generation, who, strange to say, are far more seriously inclined——"

"*Pour ça—oui*," Belinda broke in, in her flighty way; "why, it's only the folk with one foot in the grave who make jokes or tell real Irish lies now, as far as I can see."

"Real Irish lies?" Mr. Whelan repeated quickly. He is an ardent Gael, and doesn't laugh at things against the cause he loves.

"Lies you WANT to be told—nice ones, you sort of miss," she explained; but he didn't like it a bit, I could see.

But that is the worst of Belinda—for no reason that can be seen, she'll spoil everything by the wrong word. Mr. Considine says she's got that new thing which men cordially dislike in women, though they often appear to appreciate and encourage it—I mean an out-of-the-way sense of fun; the same sense that clever men have, in fact. Once upon a time, he says, it was the correct thing for women with brains to be extremely serious, but now, being the fashion for them to be extremely humorous, they're overdoing it, as they always do when they try to copy men, he says (which, I fear, is true).

She's got into her head, too, that women have a bad time all round, which *I* certainly can't see. She declares I'm the type that's helping to keep them under, if you please; that I have a curious, old-fashioned respect for men which is quite ridiculous; that I believe instinctively they *must* know best, and have the Divine right to suppress us!

She explains that this inborn feeling of subjection is the evolution of generations of idiotically submissive feminine intelligences! She may be clever, but she's very funny in some things—oh, very funny!

CLOONBROCH AND JAPAN.

Belinda is studying Irish hard, and she has consented to give a lecture, followed by a debate on "The Industrial Revival of Cloonbroch," the week after next, which will be a great excitement.

In the year 1880 Cloonbroch was just one of the most backward lazy, happy-go-lucky, sure-it-will-be-all-the-same-this-time-hundred-years sort of place in the province of Connaught. Then, about ten years ago, Mr. Considine made a move towards general improvement, and it somehow caught on in the most wonderful way.

The papers said it was almost as startling as Japan, the way we woke up, and with each fresh success our taste for knowledge grew. The Poor Department just can't meet the demand for instructors, organisers, technical grants, and educational leaflets. In fact, I may say that most of the girls in the place who have anything in them at all, are now going in for scholarships, degrees, diplomas, grants, certificates—I don't know what—qualifying to be teachers, secretaries, journalists, or Civil Service clerks, learning typewriting, shorthand, chemistry, classical music, and so on, many of whom twenty years ago would be wasting their time digging potatoes and helping to save the turf.

Our cousin, Mrs. Le Pur Purcell, of Purcelstown, who tries to keep up the prestige of the family, chiefly by snubbing her shabby relations, says that Mr. Considine is making me a regular Radical. Well, I must say I DID enjoy that Dublin Feis Ceoil, when her daughter Hermione, who went to Vienna to be finished on the violin, was beaten hollow by Kitty M'Cann, the washerwoman's niece at her own back lodge, granddaughter of Blind Rory, the cross-road fiddler of long ago. Belinda says she'd have given her ermine set to've been present. It *was* lovely.

BELINDA'S VULGARITY.

Oh! it's too annoying, really. She's just announced that she means to drag in what she calls "The Decay of National Humour" into her lecture on the Educational Revival in the Town Hall next week. If she does it will set everyone's backs up, and make no end of mischief. I've pointed out to her what a sensitive, high-spirited race we are now, and she has retorted in a perfectly outrageous way—really mean and outrageous. She says that I'm in love with Mr. Considine, and afraid that his feelings will be publicly hurt! Then, finding me speechless with indignation, she went on in her flippant, exaggerated way—

"Yes, you are, Peggy astore, you are! It's no use looking as if you were about to expire—and listen, so am I—a teeny bit, in a meek, married way. He's a perfect dear, your blue-eyed chief—a sort of bran pie of Saint Francis Assisi, Carlyle, Don Quixote, Horace Plunkett, and Parnell; diluted, of course, with fifty per cent. of pure spring water. Lord! my metaphors. Could a bran pie be diluted with water? Never mind, mere woman that I am, you'll see if I can't give him a few straight tips in the Town Hall next week."

Now, I don't care what anyone says, though Belinda is descended from kings, as all the Snow Hill Purcells are, though she was a leader of the best Simla set, and gets articles into the *Nineteenth Century* and *Hibbert Review*, I maintain that she can be just as vulgar as—— Oh, dear! what am I writing? The truth is, I haven't slept for three nights thinking of that terrible lecture. What will happen? Oh! if it were only over.

. . . . . .

THE AWFUL DAY.

Well, we are all alive, and slowly recovering.

I am writing in Uncle John's study, and Mr. Considine is lying in an easy chair at my elbow helping me with his notes. He's after a hard day's work, and there are violet circles under his eyes, which I don't like at all, but we can't get him to rest. . . . . .

It came off yesterday and the beginning was excellent.

Belinda started by explaining that a few weeks had enabled her to get over her first natural disappointment at not finding things in the old place exactly as she had left them, and she admitted that she would probably have been sharply disillusioned had she found Cloonbroch unchanged.

No tribute could be more generous, eloquent, and complimentary than the one she paid to the work of Mr. Considine and his devoted staff, and she sincerely hoped that the enthusiasm he had aroused in Cloonbroch would spread all over Ireland.

She said it was delightful to have young people working with such zeal, but she would like to see them keeping a certain reserve fund of energy for enjoyment as well. And the only point she could unfavourably criticise in our educational and industrial revival was that it was making our young people very serious and self-centred, too anxious to get on, restless in their home surroundings, and contemptuous of the simple pastimes and amusements which boys and girls enjoyed long ago.

Then she said the queerest thing that was ever said at an industrial lecture before.

She said that Irish boys and girls seemed to think of nothing now but how to get away from the country as quick as they could, *that they were losing interest in one another*, learning to despise the innocent courting and philandering, the merry old world badinage in which their grandparents delighted, thereby missing much of the wholesome sunshine of youth, and shutting out the only peep they are vouchsafed into the enchanted garden of Romance.

Then after she'd compared the New Ireland with the Old, and asked us if she had made out her case—what could we do, but just glance at one another in dismay?

Of course we couldn't deny that the old boy and girl games and superstitions *were* dying out, the valentine sending, the nut burning

(Concluded at page 19.)

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MY COUSIN BELINDA ON NEW IRELAND.—Concluded from Page 16

and Halloweve fortune-telling, the blackberry parties and visits to St. Joseph's well in the hills, together with the vulgar flirting, chaffing, and giggling that used to go on among all classes even when I was a child.

And proud we are of the change, delighted to see our young people learning sense at last—so you may imagine what a cup of cold water it was dashed in our faces when she said straight out, that the old state of things was the healthier! Just as it is a more healthy sign to see a schoolboy gobbling a hunch of heavy plum-cake, or scraping a pot of jam with a soup-spoon, than to see one nibbling a wafer of bread and butter or a *paté de foie* sandwich.

You never know where you are with Belinda, as I said before.

I glanced nervously round and they were all as glum as a set of hanging judges, except dear old Father Ryan, who belongs to the real old school, and who has always a joke up his sleeve that would make you laugh with the toothache, as the country people say.

He was softly rubbing his hands.

WE MUST LEARN TO LAUGH AT OURSELVES.

She maintains that the modern rush for education in Ireland, the fever of competition, combined with the high emotional strain which patriotism is now putting on the young, is unhealthy, and she actually had the face—I mean the pluck—to plead for a new league in Cloonbroch, to run concurrently and in sympathy with the Gaelic or Language Revival one—nothing more nor less than a *League for the Preservation of Humour in Ireland*, which would teach us to see the fun of ourselves as our more robust forefathers did, and to laugh at many things over which we fret and gnash our teeth with such alarming results. She says that there are funnier things in Ireland now than there ever were before, and that we can't become a strong nation until we are taught to enjoy them.

"To the wise and great," she spoke, "a sense of humour has a high intellectual and moral value. Thackeray defines it as 'a mixture of love and wit,' and Lamb, I think, calls it 'quick wisdom.' As far as my experience goes, the spread of education which is threatening to rob *us* of our golden inheritance has had the contrary effect on the rest of the English-speaking world.

"It has certainly quickened the dull wits of John Bull, got him to smile uneasily at his own colossal pomposity and self-esteem, has actually taught him to tear the cap and bells from his royal jesters, and to crown them as his teachers and philosophers, encouraging them to satirize imperial follies, hypocrisies, and vulgarities. Yes, he is strong enough now, under the training of modern education, to shrug his shoulders and cry out, 'Whack away! My back is broad, and I do deserve a good hiding now and then.'"

AN IRISH THACKERAY OR CARLYLE.

"But what have the schools done for us in that way?" she went on with a slight thrill in her voice. "How have they taught us self-control, that sense of proportion which is the foundation stone of humorous perception and of sanity? I ask the wise and patriotic men whom I have the honour of addressing, if an Irish Thackeray or Carlyle were to rise in our midst and to attack the excesses of any of our National Institutions, would he be a prophet among us, crowned with laurels, even tolerated in his native land? Would he?"

She paused for a moment, and I felt my heart beating as I glanced up to see if Mr. Considine would accept the challenge on behalf of the nation.

His chin was sunk on his chest; his lips moved almost inaudibly. But I have quick ears, and I caught the murmur—

"No! Not if his hand were gloved in velvet, his ink diluted with seventy per cent. of water."

Well, there was a good deal of excitement. Several people sprang to their feet, speaking at once; faces got flushed, and, goose that I am, I was inclined to rush out of the hall, but Mr. Considine slipped his hand over mine, and kept me steady till 'twas over. Nothing happened at all; they were all too nice, the dear things, to say a word to her face, no matter what nonsense she talked or how she offended them.

LET US TAKE PUNISHMENT LIKE MEN.

"And that is wrong, foolish," she continued, when silence prevailed. "We are great enough, clever enough, of sufficient account in the history of civilization, to stand just as sturdily as other nations. Why should we not take punishment as our forefathers took it, like men?—not screaming out at the prick of a pin, and not wasting our mental force in denouncing, abusing, shrieking out in the market place that all our failings and misfortunes are everyone's faults but our own.

"Worn with dignity and discretion, patriotism is surely the noblest passion that can animate a nation, but it must not be worn to tatters, dragged in the mud, nor made futile by hysteria; and one of the surest ways to preserve it aloft and unstained—as in this sordid, gold-loving age it is maintained by a few nations of the earth—is to start a league such as I have suggested, a league to preserve our golden inheritance, now threatened on every side.

"In the eighteenth century it was Irishmen who taught aristocratic England how to laugh and yet remain genteel. And it was undoubtedly our constitutional capacity for realising the drolleries of fate which, even in the darkest penal days, enabled us to enjoy life as we certainly do not now.

"From whom or how we inherited this capacity, history does not tell; we have no Chaucer or Shakespeare to reflect mediæval Ireland, and our beautiful ancient literature is, on the whole, unhumorous and unbracing; our traditional music is melancholy and minor; we have no record—at least, that I can call to mind—of the rampagious and intellectual clowning immortalized by Shakespeare; yet, all the same, nobody can deny that in Georgian and even Cromwellian days we *had* conspicuously a national sense of humour—in other words, the rare gift of detecting that streak of the incongruous and ludicrous to be found even in the most depressing things, of realising the comical and provoking ways by which fortune baffles the desire of man, and through this capacity of extracting joy, strength, and sunshine from life.

"Surely a delightful, wholesome, and, above all, a manly way of facing the impenetrable problem of existence.

"God speed the new ways, I say, but more power to the good old times in this, at least, you surely will all cry with me."

And they did—they did.

THE HAND OF TIME CAN'T BE PUT BACK.

In conclusion, she praised the efforts of the new National Literary Societies, and, above all, the work of the Gaelic League, in promoting a spirit of *joie de vivre* through the anæmic land outside Cloonbroch. But at the same time she pointed out that, though enthusiasm prevailed, the movement was not checking emigration nor the spread of the dread microbe of insanity, and she is of opinion that no permanent good can be done until the League widens out, admits the light, sweetness, and bracing breath of other lands into its programme, admits a more up-to-date menu of recreation for the young.

"The hand of time cannot be put back," she said, "and you can no more withold the youth and energy of the land from absorption in the quick of American living than you can keep a Scotch schoolboy longing for the freedom of the Colonies in a Glasgow counting-house, by forcing him to study a Gaelic grammar, to read the chap books and return to the pastimes of the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. And the Scotch are quite as patriotic in their way as we are, surely."

Now, is there sense in it at all? I don't know—I don't know.

Father Ryan took the chair for the Debate that followed.

Mr. Considine returned a vote of thanks. One thing certain is that Belinda can't now think he is deficient in humour.

It was a delicious speech.

She says it might have been written by Wyndham (not the actor, the Edward Fitzgerald one) and the late Father Healy in collaboration, and that if she could only teach him to flirt, he would be quite attractive.

But she won't do that. He is fond of women's society everybody knows, but only in a friendly platonic way. He never notices a new costume or blouse, things like that. But he does notice when one is tired or out of spirits.

Belinda is determined, however, to make him notice the Paris hat she brought me, which I've not had the courage to wear yet. She has done up my hair in a new loose, awfully becoming sort of way, to suit it, and declares I'm better looking now than when I was twenty—such nonsense—and much more interesting, thanks to her. She says I'll have a great time with her in Egypt next month, that nothing nice happens to the modern heroine until she is past thirty.

(No. I'm perfectly certain he didn't, though everyone else screamed and said it was awfully smart.)

A GAME OF CONSEQUENCES.

She really IS the maddest creature!

The other night they all came up—Mr. Considine, Mr. Heraghty, His Reverence, Mr. Whelan, and a few of our Technical Ladies, to draw out a most important National Schedule, and as we were seated round the table, pencils and notebooks in hand, she suddenly cried, "Bother National Schedules—let's play Consequences instead."

And we had to.

We mated the strangest people all over the country, with really screaming consequences, and some of the nonsense was brilliant enough to be put in a book.

I never laughed so much in my life, nor did any of us, I think.

. . . . . .

P.S.—I am not going to Egypt with Belinda next month. I am going there a little later on with someone else—on my honeymoon.

Aunt Susan says it was the incubator.

The married sisters say it was the type-writer.

Belinda says it was her hat.

I don't know. But one thing I *do* know is that, even in the best of the good old times, no Irishwoman could be happier than I am to-day.

THE END.

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Our Darlings' Christmas Story.

UNA'S ROBIN.

By NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

IT was on a frosty December evening that Una found it first, and she was taking a walk through the woods of Belgard, with only her little wheaten Irish terrier, Garry, for company, when she first caught sight of it. The trees were all bare, and through their topmost branches the wild wind whistled loudly, foretelling rainy weather after the white frost had melted from the woods and the fields. The woodland path was strewn with dead leaves, now blowing hither and thither in the wind, and so red and so brown were their tints that when Una's eyes fell on the robin first, perched at the foot of the silver-grey trunk of a tall beech tree, she was not sure for a moment that it was not a dead leaf too. It was standing amongst the dead leaves to wait for her, with his black nose resting between his paws.

The robin "cheep-cheeped" again and looked at Una with its head on one side and a questioning look in its bright eyes, as she stole towards it, then seeing that she really meant to capture it, the little creature made a weak attempt to fly off, and failed miserably, fluttering softly and helplessly to the ground. In a moment Una's fingers had closed very gently about the tiny soft body and she held it tenderly against her bosom, stroking the silky little head till at last the frightened beating of the wings ceased.

Una then saw that the poor thing was badly hurt. One of its wings was crushed and had evidently been bleeding, although the



AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL.

HOSTESS: "*Why are you crying my dear?*" LITTLE GUEST: "*Boo-ooh! I want my Mummy.*"

very quiet and very still, and it was only when it gave a sorrowful, mournful little "cheep-cheep" that Una knew it was really alive.

"Down, Garry, down," she said to the dog, who had caught sight of the bird too and had made a little race towards it half in play. Garry was very fond of running at birds, and would race madly over the fields after them, barking loudly as he did so. But both she and Garry always knew that there wasn't the slightest chance of his ever catching one, and the birds knew that also and would chatter and cry out as though laughing at his efforts as they flew away, always just beyond his reach.

But this little bird seemed as though unable to fly, and when Una approached it only hopped slowly a few paces away from her. Then the little girl noticed that it was standing on one leg, with the other hanging, apparently useless, beneath it.

"Poor little Robin," she said softly, creeping gently towards the bird, whilst Garry, discerning that this was a matter in which his mistress preferred to dispense with his services, lay down quietly

injury to it was not much; but one of its legs was completely broken, and was hanging only by the skin.

"Poor darling, I can't leave you here," the little girl said pityingly, "for if I did you would surely die."

So she carried the robin home tenderly, her heart full of pity and sorrow for it. When she got home the darkness was beginning to fall, and her father was already putting up and feeding his horses for the night.

"Wait until your father comes in to his tea," Una's mother said looking down tenderly at her little daughter's troubled face, "and we'll see if he can't do something for the poor wee bird."

Una knew her father was very fond of and very kind to all sorts of live things, and so she waited as patiently as she could till he came in.

When at last she showed him the bruised little sufferer he took it in his hands and examined it very carefully.

"I'm afraid the leg will have to come off," he said; "the wing is

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UNA'S ROBIN.—Continued.

all right except for a slight cut; but the leg is useless, I'm afraid. It must have been hanging like this for some days and it would be hopeless to expect it to knit if I put it in splints. No, I fear it will have to come off. Get me a sharp scissors, Una."

Una ran off at once and got her mother's best scissors from her workbasket, and as her father took it in his hand she gave a little cry of pain in sympathy with the suffering bird.

"It won't hurt," her father told her reassuringly, and indeed almost before she knew, he had taken the useless limb away with one quick snip of the scissors at the bit of skin by which it was held. Then he told Una to bring him a piece of lint, and in a few moments he had bandaged the broken limb cleverly and securely.

Una put the little bird into the gilt cage belonging to her pet canary, which had died last year, making a nice little soft bed of dried moss and fern leaves, with the smell of the woods in them, in the bottom of the cage for the robin to rest on, since it could not hop about or fly as well as other birds. Every day she fed it, giving it fresh water to drink, and bird-seed and bread crumbs and a few grains of oatmeal to eat, and she brought it a nice fresh bed of moss nearly every day. Indeed she was so good to the robin that after a few days it began to know her, and seemed to look for her coming, cocking its little brown head on one side to gaze at her and sometimes whistling a few bars of a song to welcome her.

On fine mornings she would sometimes hang the cage outside the parlour window, that her invalid pet might enjoy the open air and sunshine, but she was always careful to take it in if it was wet or cloudy, or if there were any hint of frost or snow in the air; and after a time the little robin seemed to be quite glad to come back again into the warm glow of the firelight, and often at night, when they were talking in the lamplight and thinking it asleep, it would waken up quite brightly and pipe a few bars of its favourite song by way of joining in their conversation.



"THE UMBRELLA AND THE WALKING-STICK": A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

By and by it grew quite fat and sturdy with all the kindness and attention it received, and when Una's father at last removed the bandage from the broken leg, Una saw to her relief that it was quite healed up and well.

The bird was the greatest company for the little girl, and indeed for all of them, during the long dreary winter months; and since Una had now no cat and Garry was so well trained that he never ventured to molest the robin in any way, seeming indeed to grow quite attached to the little bird, she was now able to set the robin free from its cage and let it hop about on its one leg or fly at will through the house.

The bird's favourite spot seemed to be the kitchen window, where it would perch on a branch of one of Una's geranium plants and sing a beautiful happy song to the sunshine and the blue skies outside. And when Christmas came and the robin flew from one holly branch amongst the decorations to another, picking at the red berries as though it owned them, Una thought that her pet with its bright eyes made the house more Christmas-like than the decorations themselves or even the white snow on the fields and trees outside.

All went well till the winter had gone and the spring was getting far advanced. The young grass was springing fresh and green, and the trees bursting into bud, and from an early hour in the morning the happy songs of all the birds in the woods broke joyously on the air. Una thought these days that her robin seemed a little discontented, and wondered sometimes what it was it wanted when it cocked its head on one side and looked at her with a wistful gaze in its bright eyes.

Then one morning she knew. For the moment her mother came downstairs and opened the windows and doors to let in the fresh clear morning air, the robin hopped up on the kitchen window-sill, and in another moment had flown out with a happy little sound, half song, half cry, to the green woods and the fields. That was what he wanted—the green woods and the trees, and the blossoming hedges, and the soft mossy turf, and the waving grasses in the meadows; and though Una waited patiently for its return all day with tears in her eyes, and looked for it everywhere in the orchard and garden and down by the shrubbery next the woods, she could not find a trace of the little rogue anywhere.

When dark evening at length came on and the house was shut up for the night, and still no robin had come back, poor Una sat down and cried bitterly in her loneliness. She had not known how fond of her pet she was until it had gone from her. Then as she wiped her tear stained face in her pinafore, she tried to console herself by thinking that after all the robin was a nasty ungrateful little thing to go away like that, after all their kindness to it. But still she could not feel less lonely for it or less fond of it no matter how ungrateful it might be.

A couple of months passed by and the robin had not returned. The spring was over and gone and the summer was just at its full. Una's father was already mowing his meadows, and his little daughter was very fond of being out with him at his work; sometimes she found a nest of birds' eggs, the lark's or the corncrake's; sometimes a little hive of wild bee's honey at the foot of the long swathes of grass laid low by her father's scythe.

It happened one evening in June that Una and her father had come home from the meadows, and were sitting down to their tea

(Concluded at page 36.)

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How Dublin Amused Herself in '98.

NOT so very long ago a Northern Chadband, with the approved narrowness of vision common to his type, strenuously argued that the rich harvest reaped by the Parisian theatres all through the French Revolution was signal proof of the immoral influence of the Drama. Nothing could be more erroneous than this quaint *a posteriori* deduction. The truth is that in times of extreme nervous tension relief of mind must be purchased at all cost. One is forced to recall the case of the sufferer from earache who went and had a tooth extracted, merely, as he said, "to change the pain." It is throwing out no hint of callousness, levelling no shaft at the fair fame of Eblana, to record that throughout the dark days of '98 there were junketings and carousals in Dublin, balls and plays. The rabble military, who swarmed like rats about the city, menacing the life of every harmless citizen, could have been (as a matter of fact often were) worse employed than in idling about the circus or the theatre. And so for month after month Laughter and Death sauntered arm and arm through the dirty old streets of the metropolis; Laughter, perchance, the more hideous of the two.



Mrs JORDAN in the Character of HYPOLITA

MRS. JORDAN.

A Dublin Theatrical Favourite of Pre-Union Times.

In that period of ominous and preternatural calm which heralded the storm, Dublin had witnessed a momentous change in her playhouse economics. More by persuasions, accompanied by consoling pecuniary offers, than by the threats of serious opposition, Daly the old patentee of the Theatre Royal, Crow Street ("Sporting Dick, of Galway" as he was called), had ceded his rights to "Buck" Jones, that distinguished amateur actor whom Croker lashed in his venomous "Familiar Epistles," and whose memory is still preserved in Jones's Road From a patentee who managed his own affairs and acted on his own stage to a patentee who did his business by deputy and was never in direct touch with the public, Crow Street passed at the close of the season of 1796-7. Little wonder that, in the course of a score of years the glories of the old Dublin stage had entirely departed. Immediately on getting possession, Frederick Jones set about rebuilding and enlarging the Crow Street Theatre. In this way and in the gaudy decoration of the house the new patentee spent vast sums, laying out £400 alone on the Royal Arms which surmounted the proscenium arch. The pit seats were luxuriously upholstered, and the very pillars on the upper gallery were all ablaze with gilding and varnish. One radical alteration was curiously significant of the blight that was so soon to leave its mark upon the country. A clean sweep was made of the classical figures of Melpomene and Thalia, which used to adorn the proscenium arch at Daly's old house. For long, indeed, they were to be superfluous. Tragedy had deserted the theatre to take refuge in burning homesteads; and Comedy had instinctively taken her flight like the swallow.

When the winter season of 1797 began, Crow Street was still in the throes of completion, and the company of players engaged for the renovated house had perforce to open temporarily in November at the old Private Theatre in Fishamble Street, that house where Buck Jones had fretted and strutted his hour *en amateur*, and which now, for the first time, acquired for a brief month or two the style and dignity of a Theatre Royal. Fishamble Street had fallen upon evil days, and bore its new honours uneasily. Some weeks elapsed ere the rank and fashion of the city could bring itself to frequent the degenerate playhouse, and that, too, despite the attractions of an excellent company and an orchestra that had not been equalled since the halcyon period of English opera at Capel Street. Many of the titles of the plays performed were grimly prognostic and foreshadowing. On New Year's Day, 1798, "The Recruiting Officer" was in the bill, and a week later, "He Would be a Soldier," stared the wayfarer in the face. At long last the resplendent new house in Crow Street opened its doors on January 29th, with "The Merchants of Venice." The entrance to the Pit was in Temple Lane, to the Galleries in Fownes Street; and prices of admission ranged from 5/5 to 1/1. A long, well-written inaugural address from the pen of Captain Atkinson was delivered by Cooke the tragedian. The address was candid to a degree, and went so far as to chide Dublin playgoers for a weakness that was genuinely idiosyncratic and had a baneful influence for half a century later.

"Ah! had you priz'd your own dramatic powers,
Jordan (Britannia's boast) had still been ours;
That look! that manner! that seraphic tone
Which taste inspires and Nature calls her own,
With life and eloquence had graced our scene,
And claimed your homage as the Comic Queen.
Kemble and Lewis, Billington can show
How from your stage, neglected worth you throw;
Hence, prematurely driven, by conscious flight,
Then *here* recalled at fifty pounds a-night!
Whilst England's praise made raptur'd crowds adore
Those brilliant talents they condemn'd before.
But throw a veil o'er all the past neglect,
Think for yourselves, and Ireland's taste respect."

THEATRE-ROYAL.

This Evening MONDAY 12th of February, 1798,

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OTHELLO.

Brabantio Mr. LEE,
Gratiano Mr. CURTIS,
Lodovico Mr. KING,
Othello Mr. MIDDLETON,
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§§§ Doors to open at Six, and to begin exactly at Seven.

††† The Boxes will be ſerved with Tea, Coffee, Fruit, and all other Refreſhments, from the Coffee-Room;—there are alſo Places fitted up for Refreſhments in the Pit and both Galleries:—The whole ſerved by, and under the management of Mr. ATWELL, of *Dame-Street.*

A PLAYBILL OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, CROW STREET, DUBLIN, IN THE YEAR 1798.
A fine example of early Dublin Printing.

A body of Jones' friends, led by Mr. J. Monk Mason, constituted themselves a Committee for the Promotion of the Welfare of the Drama, and presumed to advertise in the papers how people were to behave themselves at the theatre. There were no numbered or reserved seats in those days, and "the Quality" who desired to secure advantageous positions in the Boxes had to send their servants to occupy them until they arrived. Formerly these servants were allowed to proceed afterwards without payment to the Gallery; but they created such disorder that the Committee announced that they would not be permitted to remain in the house longer than the second act. No gentleman was expected to visit the playhouse in boots or to wear his hat in the lower Boxes. Those who are not deeply imbued in old-time habitude will probably deem the latter intimation superfluous. The fact remains that the early 18th century English custom of

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HOW DUBLIN AMUSED HERSELF IN '98—Concluded.

sitting in all parts of the house with the head covered had been slavishly followed for long in Dublin, and with us, even among the *beau monde*, had survived its extinction across the Channel. That it certainly was an English custom can be clearly seen by examining the curious print of a riot at Covent Garden Theatre in 1763, reproduced in *The Connoisseur* magazine for September last. Whatever may have been Buck Jones' deficiencies as a purveyor of Drama, he at least gathered around him at Crow Street an excellent inaugural company. Tragedy lost nothing at the hands of George Frederick Cooke and Mrs. Yates, although the bibulous representative of Shylock and Iago occasionally upset the routine of the theatre by indulging in one of his spells of dissipation. In Mr. Montague (afterwards better known under his full name of Montague Talbot) Crow Street enjoyed the first youth of one of the finest light comedians of his time. About the only actor praised unreservedly in Croker's scathing "Familiar Epistles," Talbot made his mark in every theatre in Ireland, and was as popular in Derry and Belfast as he was in Cork and Limerick. Beauty had her representative at Crow Street in Mrs. Ledger, expressively described as "a very fine woman, egad."

A noteworthy event occurred on February 9th, 1798, when Bellamy, the brilliant bass singer made his first appearance on the stage as Young Meadows in the ballad opera of "Love in a Village." Like his colleague, Talbot, Bellamy was fated to figure for a time as manager of the Northern Theatrical Circuit; but his position in the hierarchy of Irish dramatic art is vastly inferior to that occupied by the scion of the house of Shrewsbury.

Strange to say, although the company was augmented by the arrival of several new players shortly after the opening, Crow Street at the dawn of its new career was indifferently supported, save on the occasions when the Lord Lieutenant graced the house with his presence. Among the masses, who are, when all is said, the mainstay of the playhouse, a feverish unrest had begun to set in. A significant advertisement appeared in *Saunders's Journal* for February 16th, 1798, laying emphasis on the enormous sum expended on the new Theatre, and requesting and hoping "that persons frequenting the theatre will suffer the performance to go on without the interruption and calling of particular tunes not attached to the performance, groaning and clapping for any description of persons or things, or calling out names," as such a course, if pursued, would inevitably destroy all polite interest in the theatre. Exactly a week later there was a superb production of Richard III., with Cooke in his great character of the Crookback, to an overflowing house. On March 9th, when "The Castle of Andalusia" and "The Lyar" were performed, the entire receipts were given to the voluntary subscription for the defence of the country. The closing of the season, a couple of months later, synchronised with the outbreak of the Rebellion. The Dublin of a century ago was seldom vouchsafed much indoor amusement during the summer, and it was perhaps fitting that the period which saw Lord Edward Fitzgerald laid to rest in St. Werburgh's should prove no exception. But the winter season, so far from seeing any diminution of entertainment, had more than the ordinary supply. Crow Street was re-opened on November 12th with "The Heir at Law," and a fortnight later the New Olympic Circus, in Foster Place College Green, held out lures which proved for long attractive. Moreover, on the last day of the year Astley's Amphitheatre, in Peter Street, re-opened its doors with the pantomime of "Harlequin's Holiday Whim" and the dramatic romance of "The Spanish Monk," in the latter of which Wallack, an old Dublin favourite, and the progenitor of the Wallacks of New York, was seen to advantage. English of the English, sturdy old Phillip Astley was essentially a King's man, having fought valiantly at Emsdorff and Friedburg as a trooper in Elliott's Light Horse in the days before he took to circus management. His sternly aggressive attitude towards the revolutionaries at this period culminated in a serious riot one night at the Amphitheatre Unmindful of the fact that the amusement provider caters for all sorts and conditions of people, he sought to curry favour with the military authorities by directing his band night after night to strike up "Croppies lie down," a tune of particular offensiveness to all the patriotic Irish of the period. A little band of revolutionaries, headed by one Hardy, a dare-devil printer employed by *The Press*, determined to put an end to this exhibition of bad taste on the part of Astley. They proceeded in concert to the Peter Street circus and as soon as the band struck up the obnoxious air rushed from their seats into the orchestra and smashed all the instruments. As the Kilkenny Militia were on regular duty at the Amphitheatre, Astley deemed the house was free from all possibility of retaliation. But in their heart of hearts the manager's bodyguard sympathised with the rioters, and made no attempt at the crucial moment to stay their movements. The frightened audience scurried like rabbits out of the building, and henceforth old Astley was more discreet in the selection of his tunes!

Amusement seekers at this period certainly had the courage of their convictions. Hordes of military hooligans roamed the streets after nightfall, seeking whom they might devour, and all good citizens were expected to be safely housed by eleven. But distraction had to be procured at all hazards, and Jones and Astley throve.

As a matter of fact the vocation of Dublin player at this strenuous epoch was more stable and remunerative than the vocation of Dublin portrait painter. J. W. Herbert came to recognise this, and threw aside the palette to emerge at Crow Street, on November 14th, as Octavian in "The Mountaineers." Herbert returned to his first love a decade later, when all internecine trouble had subsided. He was pilloried by Croker in his famous theatrical satire, and lives in memory as the author of a book of agreeable dramatic reminiscences called "Irish Varieties." Early in February, 1799, Herbert was seen at Crow Street, as Osmond in "The Castle Spectre," strongly supported by George Frederick Cooke, Bellamy, and Mrs. Yates. Strangely enough the season was distinguished by the number of novices (mostly women) who made their first appearance under Jones' ægis. Early in March Miss Emily Binden, a Limerick lady of good family, made her bow as Miss Hoyden in "A Trip to Scarborough," and later on was seen in the "breeches part" (formerly acted by Mrs. Siddons) of the Widow Brady. Miss Binden's career was of singular brevity, as she retired from the stage a year later on her marriage with Montague Talbot. On May 17th, 1799, playgoers in the streets were warned by the bills to "Laugh When You Can" (the title of the play for the evening), and, poor folk, they did their best.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

The name af Tom Smith and Christmas crackers seem to be part and parcel of the festive season, and the delightful novelties of each succeeding Shrovetide outshine the predecessors of the past. Children and "grown-ups" all welcome with delight the many charming crackers, confections, etc., which are turned out by the popular Finsbury firm, which always manages to have something choice and unique. All the principal newspapers throughout the three kingdoms are unanimous in their cordial approval of Messrs. Tom Smith & Co as Christmas caterers. Amongst the dainties may be mentioned such Crackers as Father Christmas, Baby Elephant, Dolly's Tea Party. Japanese Caps and Toys. Box of Puzzles, Toy Crackers, Masks and Faces, Gaiety Girl, Little Designer, Zillograph, Musical Toy Crackers, Quaker, Clown, Jewel, Old King Cole, Calendar, Japanese Costume, Nouvean Jewel, Feathered Friends, Parlimentary Tug-of-War, Costume, High Life Society, Prize Motor Boat, Golfing, Bobby and Peter, Smart Set, Sir Roger de Coverley, Bridge Party, Motor Bus, Native Japanese, Pom Pom, Rouge et Noir, Tower of London, Indian Empire, and many others of beautiful and novel designs of cheap and expensive makes. The large "High-Art" Crackers are real "things of beauty." The many fancy baskets, toys, etc., filled with chocolates, fondants, etc., and boxes of confectionery and chrystallized fruits will give the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to young and old.

It would be impossible to give any sort of description of the many delightful creations of Messrs Tom Smith & Co., in the space at our disposal, and can only advise our readers to see that the name of Tom Smith is on every box of crackers they purchase.

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CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S Ginger Ale is a beverage of good taste. Quality—Flavour—in fact everything is refined and superior. The most costly ingredients that were ever put into a mineral water are used for flavouring, and the water itself comes from natural springs. Its purity and wholesomeness are therefore assured in a flavour that is pleasing to all.

It is a delightful drink to take with meals, possessing just that desirable "snappiness," yet no unpleasant sting.

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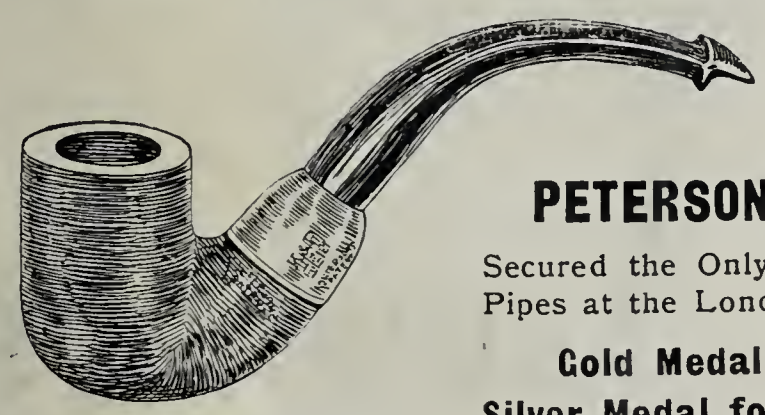
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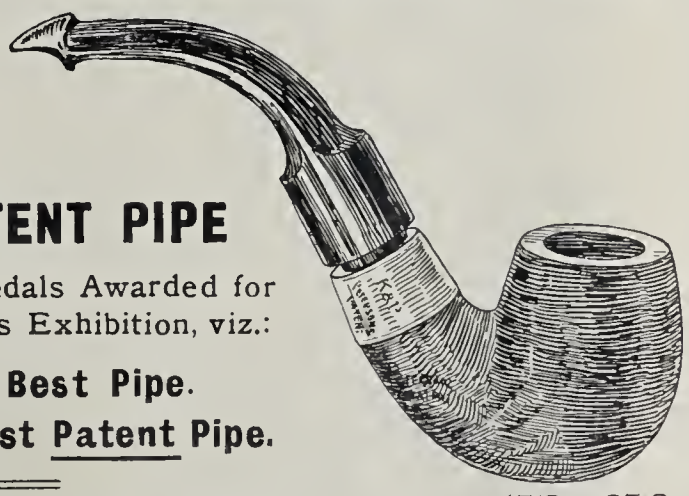
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WHOLESALE ONLY.

THE IRISH HARP—Concluded from page 12.

the working members of the household, a finer example, since lost or destroyed, being available for the master, his family, and guests.

The Kildare harp is 233 years in existence, having been made for the second son of the 16th Earl of Kildare. Our fourth illustration of ancient Irish harps is believed to have belonged to a harper of the O'Neill's, and was at one time in the possession of Town Major Sirr, who arrested Lord Edward Fitzgerald and had his residence at Sandford, adjoining Ranelagh, a Dublin suburb.

We have to express our sincere obligation to Colonel G. T. Plunkett, C.B., Director of the Science and Art Museum, &c., for affording us kindly permission and facilities to procure the ornate illustrations which have been taken especially for this article from instruments preserved in our valuable and progressive museum. All the specimens photographed are originals, save that of the "Brian Boru" harp, in which case our camera picture is taken from a cast in the museum.

It would be an omission in a contribution of this character not to mention Turlough O'Carolan (1670-1738) the latest and best known of the long line of accomplished Irishmen who were simultaneously poets, harpers, and composers. O'Carolan's remarkable gifts as a composer are known only to the initiated. A majority of those who read these lines will be surprised to learn that the original airs of "Fly not yet," "The Young May Moon," "Oh! Blame not the Bard," "Molly Carew," "Oh, the Sight Entrancing!" were composed by Carolan, and that the total number of his musical compositions has been estimated at two hundred; one professional Irish harper of the eighteenth century being credited with memory and skill to play one hundred airs composed by O'Carolan who, by the way, led a band of harpers at Mr. O'Conor's at Belanagare during midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, 1726.

In addition to inviting our readers to endeavour to discover the existence of some old Irish harps that may have escaped the observation of literary antiquarians, we should like to be permitted to draw the attention of our musical friends to the desirability of becoming proficient performers on an instrument so intimately connected with the country of their birth. We may not all comprehend the art of a Scotch piper, but there are very few who do not respect our Scottish neighbours for their fealty to the Highland bagpipes. The Irish harp does not tax the fervour of one's patriotism in the hearing; in the hands of an apt performer it can be made as pleasurable an instrument to the ordinary hearer as an Erard; it is neither vulgar, cumbrous, nor inartistic; nor is it more difficult to master than the violin. Probably the majority of the Irish melodies were composed by harpers, and, if this long-neglected medium were restored to anything like its former popularity, we might reasonably look for some characteristic developments of native Irish musical talent. We have always held the opinion, rightly or wrongly, that a stringed instrument facilitates composition much more readily than one with keys. If that view be correct it may help to explain, in part at least, the melodious character of Irish music. It should not be forgotten that Balfe and Wallace were both more alive to the utility of the harp as an orchestral and song-accompanying instrument than any of their contemporaries or successors.

Modern harps, constructed on the Irish principle, are being made in Belfast, and it is possible to have them manufactured in Dublin. These instruments can be purchased for one-third or one-fourth the cost of a piano, say £10 or less, and are a very effective adornment to the furniture of any household—especially an Irish home. For dance, song, or solo it is equally serviceable and as a change from the everlasting factory-made piano it is as grateful as a draught of water from one of our pure country wells, as contrasted with the "pipe-water" circulating in our cities. The *pianiste*, at the conventional cottage-piano, is at a disadvantage with her back to her audience and her range of vision limited in quite coercive fashion to the commonplace details of the frame which encloses the mechanism. These deterrents to the best interpretation of any class of music are non-existent for the harpist who controls instrument and audience simultaneously, and commands that attention which is so often churlishly and hypocritically denied the *pianiste*.

SCRIPTO.

UNA'S ROBIN—Concluded from page 26.

with mother in the parlour, when a familiar little "cheep cheep" fell on their ears, and when Una looked up what did she see? There was her own robin, hopping about on its one leg on the window-sill, and beside it a little young robin, all fluffy brown feathers, the two of them looking in with friendly bright eyes and an enquiring gaze at the cozy family group around the tea table.

In another moment, as though realising that they would be quite welcome, the two robins hopped inside the window and began picking up the bread crumbs that Una with little cries of delight scattered on the window-sill for them.

"Where on earth could it have been all this time?" Una asked of her father in a state of great joy and excitement.

Her father smiled at her. "Why," he said, looking at the little baby robin, "I think your robin must have gone away to get married."

"I did not think that anybody with only one leg would ever get a husband," the little girl said gravely. "At least I heard some one say the other day that that was why Mary Spillane never got married, and *she* was only lame."

Her father laughed.

"Well, perhaps it is different in Bird-land, Una," he said.

The robin and its young one came to see Una every day after that, turning up at meal-times as regularly as the clock, and waiting to be fed by the elder robin's little mistress, sometimes indeed the pet perching on Una's shoulder and allowing her to carry it about as she used to do in old times.

Una was very glad indeed to have her little pet back again, and the baby robin too; and she often felt sorry that she had ever called the poor one-legged robin ungrateful or thought it forgetful of her kindness.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

"MATCHLESS" FOR BRIGHTNESS.

Nine special awards for excellence have been gained by "Matchless" Metal Polish, the admirable preparation for brightening brass, copper, tin, nickel, and zinc, used in the Royal Households, the army, navy, fire brigades, railways, clubs, &c. The splendid polishing power of this speciality is not its only advantage, for it is at the same time perfectly harmless, containing no acid or any ingredient which could develop verdigris. This poisonous substance not only ruins the metal, but is injurious and dangerous to the hands of the user, so that a cleanly, safe polish like the "Matchless" is in every way commendable. In case of difficulty of procuring it the manufacturers will forward two 6½d. tins, post free, on receipt of P.O. or stamps for 1s., addressed to the "Matchless" Polish Co., Ltd., Leeds Street, Liverpool.

These makers are also noted for the "Komo" preparations—"Komo" Black Enamel, for grates; "Komo" Furniture Cream, "Komo" Dirtless Chimney Clearer, "Komo" Lavender Ammonia, and others—all efficacious in their different spheres. An assorted shillingsworth, with the address of the nearest dealer, may be obtained from the Company.

Kulinary Kare:



There is no royal road to cookery; patience, care, and economy are the essential qualifications. Edwards' Desiccated Soup saves patience, rewards care, and guarantees economy. It pays for itself many times over in the added zest and nutrition it imparts to Soups, Stews, Ragoûts, etc.

E-D-S. prevents waste.

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BALLYNAHINCH, CONNEMARA. [Lawrence. Photo]

FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

A GIFT WHICH MEN APPRECIATE.

The majority of men smoke. Just as gloves are ever an acceptable gift to a woman so is a good tobacco pipe to a man who smokes. It is not generally known amongst womenkind that men have any ideals respecting tobacco pipes, but they have. We have no hesitation in affirming that every smoker of a briar-root pipe in the United Kingdom, the United States, South Africa, and amongst the educated classes in every other European State regards a Peterson Pipe with as much esteem and admiration as educated women bestow on a costume by Worth. Just ask your male friends who use tobacco if what we state is not incontrovertibly true. Bear in mind, too, that this justly famous pipe may be bought, suitable for presentation purposes at any price from 5/- upwards, and that the average smoker thinks himself the possessor of something to brag about to his male friends when he owns a 12/6 Kapp & Peterson. No similar expenditure of money will enable you to buy so acceptable a gift for a friend who smokes. No matter how many pipes stand in his pipe-rack, an extra one—especially a Kapp & Peterson—will be as acceptable to him as a half-dozen pairs of gloves to you. We know because we smoke the pipe we commend, and have seen them made from start to finish in Kapp & Peterson's marvellously up-to-date factory on St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. That factory is as complete and as well organised in every detail as any industrial enterprise in any part of the world. It is an object-lesson demonstrating the advantages to be gained by attracting trained captains of industry to Ireland to teach our people how to achieve commercial and industrial success. Amongst smokers throughout the world, especially the English-speaking world and the pipe-smoking Dutch, Kapp & Peterson's pipes are as well and favourably known as Irish poplins are to the aristocrats and millionaires of Europe, America, Africa, and Australia.

If you have any difficulty in procuring one of these famous pipes all you have to do is to write to Messrs. Kapp & Peterson, 113, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, who will send you the name of the nearest tobacconist who handles their goods, and your husband, brother, or friend's manner of acceptance will confirm our commendation, and enable you to congratulate yourself on the fact that your economic purchase gave as much satisfaction as an expensive one which might not endure so long. Prices—Briar and Vulcanite—first quality, from 6s. 6d. to 12s. 6d; extra large, 17s. 6d. ; in cases, from 15s. 6d. to 35s. 6d.

ULSTER MANUFACTURES.

Ladies fortunate enough to be in the vicinity of Messrs. Robinson & Cleavers' warehouses in Belfast, or Regent Street, London, have a splendid field for the selection of Christmas gifts; but those at a distance may find admirable guidance in the illustrated price list and patterns obtainable by post. Handkerchiefs alone present immense variety of quality, pattern, and price. Embroidered linen in the form of tea-cloths, table centres, d'oyleys, bed-spreads, pillow-shams, etc., the work of Ulster women, is beautiful, both in design and execution. Lace offers another range of choice – the collars, scarves, berthes, sets, and handkerchiefs in Irish crochet, guipure, appliqué and Limerick lace being exquisite examples of native handiwork.

Irish tweeds, friezes, and fleece goods form another department in Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver's vast business; and the delightfully warm and cosy garments made of these materials by skilled tailors on the premises, from self-measurement forms, are widely appreciated.

Space forbids our glancing at all the minor branches of this extensive business, but readers may enjoy for themselves the pleasure of going into details by getting Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver's illustrated price list, post free, if they address a post card to Donegall Place, Belfast.



THE NEW BLUE WITH ERMINE.

CHRISTMAS CAKES.

The excellence of Scotch-made cakes has earned a notoriety for that country "Second to none," and amongst those who help to keep this good name to the front is the well-known firm of Messrs. Macfarlane, Lang & Co., Ltd., of Glasgow and London. The delicious cakes, biscuits, etc., manufactured by them at the Victoria Biscuit Works, Glasgow, are of the very best, being made of the choicest materials and by the most up-to-date machinery. They make a speciality of their Wedding and Christening Cakes (which are always in season), and at this time of the year they put a special line of rich cakes and Scotch shortbread on the market for the Christmas trade A speciality is also made of beautifully decorated boxes filled with choice biscuits. These boxes take various forms, and are admirable and most acceptable presents for our juvenile friends. Amongst these may be mentioned the "Juvenile Biscuit Barrel," the "Motor Race," and the "Royal Mail"; while for those of more mature years they send out the "Carnation Biscuit Box," the "Preserve Stand," the "Walnut Caddy," the "Marble and Gold Casket," etc., all of which are well suited for Christmas presents. The round tin of "Kiltie" shortbread is particularly recommended as very fine. Large "slab" cakes of the best materials, and weighing from 5 to 10 lbs., are on sale. The different varieties of iced and ornamented cakes are real "things of beauty," and will be very welcome to many a home at Christmas.

PRESENTS AND CARDS.

Pretty and useful leather goods, such as purses, writing and work cases, handbags, pocket-books, diaries, dressing and jewel cases, &c., so much in favour as gifts, may be found in profusion at Mr. Dixon's establishments, 111, Stephen's Green, and Church Lane, College Green, Dublin.

The Christmas card department, too, is a noteworthy feature, and these almost indispensable accompaniments of the season are selected with the utmost care and taste by Mr. Dixon from the productions of the best publishers. He also holds an immense variety of designs for private greeting cards, numbering over two thousand different patterns.

FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

Caley's Christmas novelties filled with chocolate form one of the delights of the season in the opinion of the youngsters; indeed, such ingenuity is shown in the design of the receptacles as to excite the admiration of seniors as well as juniors.

The caskets vary in price from two guineas to one shilling, and include almost every imaginable object — from a motor car to a child's shoe, besides beautifully-decorated boxes of all sorts and sizes. In every case the contents are the same—*i.e.*, Caley's Delicious Chocolate, a sweetmeat so wholesome that it may be given and eaten with impunity.

Caley's Art Crackers and Cosaques add another attraction to Christmas festivities, and assist immensely with the decoration of the table. Many of them are embellished with flowers such as narcissi, poppies, carnations, roses, etc., etc., and the effect when tastefully arranged is extremely good. The crackers also contain a host of interesting novelties, such as promote conversation and merriment, and tend to make the hostess's task an easy one.

The Dublin agent for Messrs Caley is Mr. A. J. Nolan, 18, Cope Street, who has on hand a very large and varied assortment of their specialities.

TOWLE'S CHLORODYNE. For CHEST and LUNG AFFECTIONS.

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FOR CHRISTMASTIDE—Continued.

"THE SUET."

With Hugon's prepared suet—"Atora"—at hand, one ingredient at any rate of the Christmas puddings and mincemeat need cause no anxiety or trouble to the cook.

This useful commodity may be obtained from all grocers at 9½d. the pound box, and 5½d. the half pound, and as it will keep good in a cool dry place for a length of time it may always be laid in beforehand.

It should be thoroughly understood that "Atora" is not a *substitute* for suet, but the genuine article prepared so that all waste matter is removed, and every particle may be used. When lightly shredded with the knife it is ready for cooking, and as it blends with other ingredients it is more digestible than crude suet from the butcher's.

It may be used in baked as well as boiled puddings, and is successfully employed in pastry making. It also serves the purpose of butter or lard in frying and general cookery—in fact it is one of the most "all round" helps in the kitchen.

Messrs. Hugons have now introduced their Beef Suet in a shredded form, which may be simply poured out just as one would do sugar or rice into a basin with the other ingredients, and simply requires mixing or kneading as required for the pastry to be produced, thus saving the little time that is required in shredding or grating the blocks as previously.

THE WHITE HOUSE, PORTRUSH, FOR USEFUL PRESENTS.

If you be at a loss to decide what gifts to select for your friends at Christmas, write to the White House, Portrush, County Antrim, for a copy of the *White House Budget*. If you are going abroad you buy a guide book; if you are taking up some technical hobby you purchase a handbook. In either case you have to pay for the publication, but the *White House Budget* is a useful and ornate publication to have at hand, and is sent you free of all cost save the post card you mail to the firm. It is a thoroughly reliable and informative guide to the bestower of gifts, and a serviceable reference book for every housekeeper.

We are pleased to find that the White House is now issuing a selection of commendatory extracts from letters received from customers every month throughout the year. Our gratification arises from the fact that the publication of such disinterested testimony, whilst serviceable to the White House, cannot fail to be of very considerable service in disseminating the merits of Irish-manufactured goods. For instance, a lady, writing from Cape Colony under date 1st September, says: "The parcels of underclothing and Christmas parcels have been received safely by me, and I am very pleased with the value received." On same date a customer in California wrote: "The garments recently ordered reached me to-day. I have never had so satisfactory a suit. Further orders will be forthcoming when I need anything in your line." Mrs. F. G., in British Columbia, was "quite pleased with costume; it fits well." Let our readers not be misled by these quotations into the belief that the White House costumes are best adapted for Colonial wearers. Here are three extracts from letters written by ladies in the fashionable West End of London: "I have received my coat, skirt, and hat, and am much pleased with all three." "Some three years ago I had some tweed from you, and it has worn in such an excellent manner I want some more for this winter. Please send me some patterns." "Miss C. H. had a coat and hat from the White House, with which she was very pleased, and will be glad to have a three-quarter coat." There are similar extracts from letters received from Switzerland, from one-third of the English shires, and from several Irish counties, all in the one month—September. Though the goods mentioned above are mainly costumes, the correspondence referred to embraces nearly every class of goods stocked by the best drapery houses, and we have every reason to believe the commendation we have always extended to the White House has given satisfaction to the very large number of our readers who have been influenced thereby to do business with this enterprising firm.



A VISITING-GOWN IN CLOTH.

This dress in fine face-cloth shows the fulness now prevailing in skirts. It is embroidered in silk of the same colour, and has lace yoke and sleeves. The hat is the new shape beaver.

THE HAPPIEST CHOICE.

The preparation of a real old-time plum pudding is a task involving much care, labour, and experience, and even after having completed satisfactorily the wonderful mixture that only awaits the proper cooking to be ready for consumption, the painstaking cook is often disappointed in the contents of the bowl she takes from the pot. It is to save such anxieties, labour, expense, and these bitter disappointments that E. Lazenby & Son, Ltd., have decided to supply in a neat form a Christmas Plum Pudding that meets with approval from most exacting gourmets. Lazenby's Plum Puddings are prepared from a time-honoured recipe that has always given delightful satisfaction. They are richly made of ingredients selected with the utmost care, and when served their taste, appearance, and flavour, recall the fine delicious puddings "mother made" in the good old days.

One of Lazenby's Christmas puddings is without doubt a capital and most appropriate present for a friend far away from "Old England." The puddings are put up in 1, 2, 3, and 4 lb. sizes, in neat, strong, china bowls, with cloth complete, and each is packed in a cardboard box. Being so easy to procure, and actually costing less than home-made plum puddings, they place in the way of frugal or time-pressed materfamilias a most economical and satisfactory solution of the question—"Who'll make the Christmas pudding?" There is now no occasion for any risk or uncertainty with the Christmas pudding, and with one of Lazenby's it will be an old-fashioned English Christmas dinner that all Britons love so well.

Messrs. Lazenby will be pleased to send the name of their nearest agent on application should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining these confections

CHRISTMAS READING—MESSRS. BLACKIE & SONS' BOOKS.

Messrs Blackie & Son, 89, Talbot Street, Dublin, always have a fine selection of books for Christmas reading, and cater splendidly for the young folk. This year, in particular, they have some very striking and beautifully illustrated books for the youngsters, who must thoroughly appreciate the annual treat set out for them. *The Children's Annual* is a very active book for children who can enjoy a really good thing. A lot of good stories are introduced, and illustrated so capitally that the old can enjoy the pictures quite as much as the young people. The stories and rhymes are by Clifton Bingham, Jennie Chappell, Felix Leigh, etc., and the designs are by John Hassall, Charles Robinson, and other artists. The familiar but always welcome history of John Gilpin's ride is one of the features of the book. *All the Best Nursery Stories and Rhymes* is compiled by John Hassall, and contains many old favourites of the nursery in Little Red Riding Hood, the Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, Aladdin, Hop o' My Thumb, the Three Little Pigs, etc., providing a bounteous store of Christmas amusement for the young folk.

A Hunting Alphabet, by Miss E. Kate Westrup, gives a series of rhymes, illustrated by hunting pictures, depicted with a sense of humour and spirit which shows that the artist has a thorough knowledge of what hunting really is.

Blackie's New Picture Books. This series is an excellent one, comprising as it does all the best known nursery rhymes, illustrated most beautifully in brilliant colours, and on fine paper. These books are capital value for the extraordinarily low price at which they are sold. There is a large double-page design in each book

MELLIN'S FOOD

Is of the highest value for Invalids and those with weak digestive powers.

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How I Spent Xmas Eve in 1904.

IT was on Christmas Eve, 1903, that my uncle Joshua died suddenly, and left me sole heir to his property.

I was spending the evening at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, to whose daughter Dorothy, I was to be married the following spring.

Dorothy or, as I always called her, Dot, and I were sitting together in the drawing-room, making delightful plans for the future, and rejoicing in the prospect of being in a house of our own when next Christmas should come.

Our future looked as bright as could well be imagined. We had youth, love, good health, and sufficient wealth to put us beyond the reach of anxiety about the sordid side of life.

My uncle had, from the time of my parent's death, treated me as a son, and had long announced his intention of making me his heir.

When I left school, I was anxious to enter the university, but my uncle could not be brought to see the advantage of any further education of an academical kind. Neither would he consent to my being prepared for any profession.

"You'll have as much as you want while I'm alive, Jim," he said, "and more than enough when I'm gone."

And no persuasion would induce him to alter his mind, though, after I became engaged to Dot, Mr. Irwin joined his entreaties to mine.

"He and your daughter can never want for anything reasonable people can desire," was his answer, and so I was not trained for any useful occupation.

Fortunately I was fond of music and painting, though the merest amateur at both, which, together with a taste for books, prevented my time hanging too heavily on my hands.

Acting on Mr. Irwin's advice, I took up history as a special study, and found it a most satisfying pursuit.

And so now on this Christmas Eve, Dot and I felt that the world had nothing we cared for, to offer us, that we did not possess.

About ten o'clock the servant came into the room looking alarmed.

"Please, sir, a messenger come for you. Your uncle's been took bad."

I only waited to say good night to Dot, who begged me to let her know if she could do anything, and ran downstairs.

In the hall I found Mrs. Bowles, my uncle's housekeeper, who, with her husband, composed his domestic staff.

"What is it, Mrs. Bowles?" I asked breathlessly. Mrs. Bowles' face was flushed, and she looked worried and anxious.

"Oh, the poor gentleman, sir! At eight o'clock Bowles brought him up a cup of tea, and about nine we heard a sort of fall like, and Bowles ran up and found him on the floor, and then he ran for Dr. Wills, and Dr. Wills says it's some sort of fit and we was to send for you on the instant, so I came at once, and there's a cab waiting."

All this time I had been getting into my overcoat and snow boots and now hurried out to the cab.

In the course of our drive Mrs. Bowles kept up a perpetual string of pious ejaculations, which at length produced such an irritating effect on my nerves that I could have choked her without remorse.

After what seemed to me an interminable time we arrived at my uncle's. I hurried up to his room, to which he had been removed, and found him lying on his bed, his eyes open and staring, his breathing stertorous, and his face flushed. Dr. Wills was standing on the hearthrug with his back to the fire, and a grave and perplexed expression on his face.

"What do you think of him?" I asked in an eager whisper.

"I hardly know what to think," he answered. "It looks like an attack of apoplexy, but there are some unusual symptoms, which I confess I don't quite understand."

Then after a moment's pause he added, "Your uncle was not in the habit of taking drugs, such as morphia, or anything of that kind?"

"Certainly not to my knowledge," I said a little indignantly; "I never knew a man who led a healthier or saner life."

"I didn't mean to offend you," the doctor said quickly, "but there are certain features in the case I want to come at the meaning of. *You* can't give me any further particular information," he went on, turning suddenly to Bowles, who was standing beside the bed, the picture of grief and misery.

"Indeed I can't sir," he said, "I took him up some tea at eight o'clock, and he asked me if it was raining. When I saw him next he was like this."

"Well, I'll send round a nurse to-night. I've tried every means in my power to restore consciousness, but if there's no improvement by to-morrow, I fear we must expect the worst."

In spite of the nurse's attendance I kept watch also beside my uncle's bed until his death, which took place the next day, without his having regained consciousness.

Three days afterwards the will was read, leaving me, as was to be expected, his entire property, with the exception of a small annuity to Bowles and his wife.

It was well known that my uncle's property consisted entirely of bank stock, from the dividends of which his income was derived. Mr. Anderson, his solicitor, arranged to meet me the next day at the bank in order to find out the exact amount of stock standing to his name. He had always been in the habit of receiving the dividends himself, and nothing in the shape of notes or memoranda on the subject could be discovered.

To our astonishment, we were told that my uncle had, the day before that of his seizure, sold every farthing's worth of stock in his possession.

No one could throw any light on what he had done with the money, which his stockbroker said he had taken away with him from his office on the day of the sale.

"He must have put it away somewhere at home," Mr. Anderson said. He could scarcely have reinvested it before the time of his seizure.

But all search proved unavailing, in spite of the employment of experts in such matters, and at the end of a month I occupied the strange and unenviable position of a man who had been left a considerable fortune which he was unable to find.

Bowles and his wife were of course included in the disappointment, but, as they told me they had saved enough from their very liberal wages to live on comfortably, my pity for them was speedily transferred to myself.

Now, indeed, I felt the grievous error of having no calling which would enable me to earn my bread. The few trifling accomplishments which I possessed had no market value; I spent my days in looking for work which I failed to find. The ready money left by my uncle, though I used it with economy, was quickly coming to an end, and I found myself at the beginning of the following winter almost without resources.

I had of course felt bound in honour to give Dot back her promise, and though she refused to receive it, and declared she would marry



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I Said to Mrs Harris, Mrs Harris says I, try Van Houten's Cocoa

Mrs. GAMP

(MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT).

HOW I SPENT XMAS EVE IN 1904—Continued

me as soon as I had enough to keep a roof over our heads, it was not surprising that her parents took a different view, and my visits to the house ceased. Mr. Irwin was a man of small independent means, and had no professional or commercial connection in which he might interest himself on my behalf. One piece of property alone remained, the house in which my uncle had lived and died. It was, however, in the unfashionable neighbourhood of Clontarf, old and out of repair, so though it was on all the Dublin house agents' books, I had so far failed to find either a tenant or a purchaser.

I had been gradually sinking during the past six months, and had experienced bitterly the utter futility of summer friends. Those to whose smiles and houses I had been welcome as the heir of a rich man, looked at something else with an abstracted gaze when I happened to meet them. Mr. Irwin had asked me, as a man of honour and for the sake of his daughter's peace of mind, not to attempt to hold any correspondence with her, and Christmas Eve found me literally penniless and friendless.

I had been moving from one lodging to another, each a little cheaper and more cheerless than the one before, and that very day I had left the last, being unwilling to incur the debt of rent, even for a week, which I should be most unlikely to be able to pay.

Up to this time I had avoided my uncle's house. The sight of the familiar rooms was too painful to be unnecessarily borne, but now I had no choice, I had no other roof to cover me, and I must spend the night and probably many more nights under this.

But I put off the evil moment as long as I could. I walked along Fitzwilliam Square to the street where the Irwin's comfortable house gleamed with lights. Then down Grafton Street, full of gay men and women, young fellows of my own age, home for a few days, and rejoicing in the usual delights of the society of family and friends, fathers and mothers with their children, sweethearts who needed no society but that of each other.

I alone seemed left out of the scheme, homeless and without resources, without a friend in the world. I felt more solitary in that gay crowd than I should have done in a howling wilderness.

Yet I could not bring myself to leave it, uncongenial as I felt it to be, I still was possessed by a greater shrinking from the dark silent house where I was to spend the night.

The shops had long been closed, and the streets were deserted, when at last I turned my steps towards that dreary neighbourhood which lies between the city and Clontarf.

I hesitated even when I reached the house, but I was cold and weary, and felt that even being indoors would be something of a refreshment.

The air within was damp and close as I closed the hall door with a sound which, echoing through the empty house, I felt in my weak state to be appalling.

I lit a candle which I had brought with me, and turned into the room beside the hall. It had been my uncle's study, and many were the pleasant and peaceful hours I had spent in it, both as boy and man.

The room was empty (as of course, necessity had compelled me to sell the furniture of the house) except for one remnant of familiar objects, the portrait of my uncle, which hung over the fireplace, and which I had left in its place, rather than run the risk of its being injured in my frequent change of place.

I sat down on an old packing case, and by the flickering light of the candle, surveyed the kindly, genial face of my uncle.

Did he know, I wondered, the forlorn condition of the nephew he had brought up so kindly and sympathetically. Surely, if he did, he could not be at peace.

Then I fell to wondering what could have become of the money he had drawn out the day before his death. Bowles had spoken of a certain fitful eccentricity he had shown of late, a strange watchfulness in money matters, and an objection to part with even small sums. Perhaps he had been overwhelmed by a desire to see his actual wealth of which he was possessed spread out before the eyes.

As I turned these thoughts over in my mind the bells of a neighbouring church rang out the midnight Christmas chimes proclaiming peace and good-will. Where was the good-will of my fellow-men towards me, I asked myself, bitterly as I listened. My thoughts went back to the time, only a year ago, when I had all I wished for in the world, friends, money, sweetheart. I am not ashamed to confess that I bent my head on my hands and cried like a child.

The hours passed, the candle had burned low in the socket, and I still sat there, my eyes fixed upon those of the portrait, which I fancied had a distressed expression, as if they would have told me something they could not.

I had eaten nothing for many hours, and was faint and giddy, from want of food and sleep ; as I strained my eyes through the dim light at the face in the picture, it seemed to me as if the features moved. Springing wildly up I held out my hands towards it.

"Uncle ! uncle !" I cried, "Wherever you may be, if you can hear me, will you not, can you not, do anything to help me ?"

The face seemed to move nearer, and as if in answer to my wild outburst there came a loud crash, and the picture, face downwards, lay at my feet. It was injured by damp, and a paper covering at the back, which had been placed over it to keep out the dust, had by the force of the fall been burst asunder, and I saw something that looked like thin paper bulging through the rent. As I raised the picture from the floor, the covering paper gave way altogether, and a heap of rolled up sheets fell out upon the floor.

I lifted them up and to my astonishment found them to be bank notes of various values. Here by this accident, my lost fortune was recovered. I staggered to my former seat, and sat for a long time unable to move and almost unable to think.

The grey light of the dawn of Christmas morning was creeping into the room when I roused myself at last. I collected my newly found property and made it into a stout parcel with some lapping paper I found in the room. Then I made my way to the hall door, as I opened it and stepped forward, my eye fell upon a prostrate figure at the foot of the steps. As I came near I found it to be Bowles lying in an unconscious state, with a little, a very little blood on one side of his forehead.

It was so early that the streets were still deserted, but in a moment or two, the steady tramp of a policeman fell on my ear, and presently he came in sight. In a short time I had conveyed Bowles to the nearest hospital, where the house surgeon, looking very grave, did everything in his power to restore consciousness, but without avail.

"Give me your name and address, and I will let you know if he comes to himself. It is quite possible he may not do so, as the injury seems a very serious one."

I gave the Irwin's address, for I knew I should be welcome to the parents now, and at any time I should have been so to Dorothy.

I need not describe my feelings that Christmas Day, or how Dot and I talked as we sat together that evening, just as we had done a year before.

But, just as it had been interrupted a year ago, our talk was interrupted now. The servant came to tell us that a messenger from the hospital was downstairs, and must see me at once.

Bowles had regained consciousness, but the shock of his fall had caused internal injuries which must end in death in a few hours. He begged me to come to him, as he had something to tell me before he died.

"I couldn't go easy without telling you, even though you've got your own again," he said in feeble gasps. "I put the money belonging to you into the back of your uncle's picture, and you'll find it there if you look for it. The master had been telling me he wasn't easy in his mind about his money ; he'd like to have it where he could see it and touch it every day if he liked ; and sure enough, the night I went up and found him in a fit, there was bank notes all round him on every side. So before I told anyone I just bundled them up and stuffed them in at the back of the picture, meaning to come and take them away after. But that night when you came, you locked the door and sealed it up, and the lawyer sent me and my wife away before it was opened again. Every night I used to go and hang about the house in the hope of getting in, but I never could manage it, I'm too old and stiff to climb, and all the windows are very high. Last night, however, I said to myself I'd make an effort, and I did manage to get up on the wall beside the doorstep, and just as I caught on to it I saw a light in the window and heard a crash, and thought it was the master come out of his grave to catch me. Then I suppose I let go with the fright and fell, and couldn't remember anything till I found myself here."

Poor old Mrs. Bowles, who had been sobbing at the foot of the bed, here broke out into loud lamentations.

"Oh John, I wondered what ailed you this while back, you were so dark and down like ! Oh, how could you do such a thing to the poor young master !"

But I comforted her, by assuring her, that I forgave him, as I could not well refuse to do, seeing the man was dying. Besides it is easy to forgive when one is happy.

Dorothy and I were married last February, and I have entered my name as a law student, for, in my opinion, every man should have a calling. I mean to advise my clients (when I have them) never to keep any large sum of money under their roof.

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THE IRISH CHRISTMAS:

In the Olden Time and To-day.

By MARY E. L. BUTLER.

AT this season it is interesting to look back on how Christmas was celebrated by our forefathers in early Christian Ireland. Christmas-tide celebrations are, of course, purely Christian in their origin and genesis. On this account there are not many distinctively national characteristics in the Irish celebration of Christmas. It has always been a cosmopolitan festival, common alike to the whole Christian world. Still, each country has imprinted some of its own traits and spirit on the celebration of the festival.

The social side, with its accompaniment of feasting, revelling, carol singing, burning of the yule-log, and usually over-eating and over-drinking, seems to have been of Saxon origin, and any traces of similar customs in Ireland only date from the 16th century in such districts as the English influence existed in. As our French neighbours still celebrate New Year's Day as their great social feast, and only keep Christmas as a religious festival so in Gaelic Ireland Easter-tide was that at which most of the feasting and secular rejoicing took place, while at Christmas the religious element was more in the ascendant.

As time went on Christmas came to be celebrated as a social as well as a religious feast in Ireland, and the spiritual character of our people stamps it with a solemn and beautiful significance. Christians of all creeds among us feel more deeply at this season than at any other the meaning of the uplifting message of the angels, "Peace on earth and good-will to men," and among Catholics the "Crib" is a centre of interest and devotional feeling.

"The Little, Poor Man of Assisi" (St. Francis), who, despite his great humility, has left a deeper impression on the world's history than numbers of great rulers and soldiers, was the first to conceive the idea of the "Crib," and its attractive symbolism has always appealed to the Irish nature, whose protecting love for children and reverence for religion are alike evoked by this representation of a Little Child, "whose heart contains the whole world."

One of the few really characteristic Irish customs of Christmas-tide is that of the Christmas candle, which is still kept up in districts so far apart as Co. Kerry and Co. Cavan. On Christmas Eve a candle is lit and placed in the window by the head of the house; the candle, which must be a large one, is left burning all night, and when the country people get up in the dark between four and five o'clock on Christmas morning to go to six o'clock Mass, the light of these candles burning in the cottages along the *route* lights the wayfarers. The effect of the gleams of light here and there through the darkness is a touching reminder of the hospitality of a race who, no matter how poor, were always ready to share what they had with the stranger and traveller.

In at least one part of the West of Ireland, about fifty years ago it was the custom to celebrate the social side of the festival on Christmas Eve instead of on the day itself. In those days tea was a rare and expensive luxury, and tea-drinking then took the place of the turkeys and roast beef and plum puddings which well-off townspeople of to-day consume in such quantities at Christmas. Late on Christmas Eve the feast was spread. It consisted of a huge teapot filled with tea, and of a quantity of home-made bread and cakes. Not only was the whole family assembled in each house, but every family made a point of inviting some poorer neighbours who were unable to provide a similar feast for themselves. The poor *Bacach* had always a hearty welcome at the Christmas Eve feast. Before sitting down, the head of the house asked a blessing on the simple cheer provided, which, simple as it was, was yet considered quite luxurious by those who partook of it. The people here alluded to were of a very poor class. The merriment and light-heartedness of the company, however, could not have been surpassed, and was probably not equalled, up in the "Big House," where every delicacy of the season was provided. There, under their smoke-blackened rafters, and with the light of one rush candle and the turf fire, young and old sat for hours, laughing and chatting, singing and story-telling in Irish. It was a veritable old-fashioned *Ceilidh*, the like of which Irish Irelanders are trying to revive in country districts, and are succeeding to a great extent in doing.

AN IRISH GOLD MINE RE-DISCOVERED.



The Mine at Glentogher, Donegal: General View from the Surface. [*Harries.*



Gold in Donegal: the Interior of the Mine. [*Harries.*

The mine seems to have been first worked 150 years ago, and in sinking a 14 ft. shaft from the north-western side of the hill to enter the old mine the workmen discovered a cave entered by an oak doorway, which is believed to be of that age. The present prospectors are to clean out the old mine and sink a shaft 200 ft. to prove the depth of the lode, which runs north to south, with a dip to the east.

MUSIC PRESENTS in great variety AT POHLMANN & Co.'S
40, Dawson St., DUBLIN.

THE IRISH CHRISTMAS.—Concluded.

The giving of alms is ever most gracious and cordial at this season, and in Ireland the custom prevails of giving to the poor on what is known as "Hansel Monday"—the first Monday in January. On this day all the pensioners of a family make a point of calling on their patrons and asking for a "Hansel," believing that if they get something on that day they will be getting all the year.

Neither the Christmas tree nor the hanging up of stockings by the children for Santa Claus' gifts is of Irish origin; the former is a German custom, which has gradually spread over Northern Europe; the origin of the latter seems uncertain, but in English-speaking countries it has long been the custom for children to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, and in France to put their shoes by the hearth for the same purpose. Santa Claus comes down the chimney and drops his gifts into the little French child's soulier or sabot.

Dublin has acquired the reputation of being the most charitable city in the world, and its claim to this title is well proved on Christmas Day, when, in all institutions for the relief of the poor and suffering, special efforts are made to alleviate the lot of the inmates and to bring some brightness into their lives. Hospitals and poor-houses are gaily decorated and plentiful fare is supplied, while the staffs, assisted by visitors, provide entertainments in the shape of concerts and plays. No efforts are spared to make the most afflicted realise at this season that Christmas charity is something more than a name. Yet we are assured by the staffs of these institutions that every inmate who possesses the poorest of poor homes, and who has the strength to go there, leaves the hospital ward or other public refuge just before Christmas in order to go home, feeling in the depths of his heart that after all there is no place like home.

On the mainland all over Ireland some attempt is made to differentiate Christmas from all other days of the year. But the islands of our Western coast are scarcely touched by the great wave of rejoicing. The isolated position of these islands, and the hardship of the islanders' lives, makes it almost impossible to celebrate Christmas in a secular sense, and even the religious side is uncertain of observance. The Arran Islands, off the coast of Galway, about thirty miles out in the Atlantic, are often entirely cut off from communication with the mainland during the stormy winter weather, when the steamer from Galway is unable to land. A couple of Christmases ago the writer received an interesting but rather sorrowful account in Irish of how Christmas was kept in Arran, by a friend who was staying on one of the islands at the time. He described the terrible storm which was sweeping the islands and rendering it impossible for boats to put out, or even for the people to go out of doors. Up to the last moment it was hoped that the storm would abate, so as to permit of the priest coming over in his curach (canoe) from the bigger island, where he lived; but when the morning dawned more wild and stormy than ever, they had to give up the hope of having any religious service on the island that day, and the people, with the great faith and piety which distinguishes them all, knelt down in their own cottages to pray. Fortunately, such a bleak and desolate Christmas does not often occur in Ireland.

The early Irish Pagans divided the year as moderns do into four seasons. Spring, which began on the 1st February, was called Oimlech (later in Christian times it was called St. Brigid's Day); Summer began on the 1st May, and was called Bealtaine; Autumn began on the 1st August, and was called Lughnasadh; and Winter began on the 1st November, and was called Samhain (changed by the Christians into Hallow'een). On each of these occasions a Féis, or social, literary and musical festival was held, the festivities which took place at Bealtaine and Samhain being carried out on a particularly elaborate scale. Every third year a great national Féis or assembly took place at Tara, beginning on Samhain Day and lasting for about seven days. It was established by King Ollamh Fodla, the great law giver, and during peaceful and prosperous times took place regularly, but was held more irregularly if the country were in an unsettled condition. Many Pagan observances were adapted to Christian use with the dawn of Christianity. For instance, St. Patrick, finding that fires were lit at Bealtaine in honour of the god Bel, induced the people to change the celebration to Midsummer's Day or St. John's Eve, and to light the fires in honour of the Precursor. This custom of lighting bonfires is still kept up in many parts of the country. In view of the fact that the Bealtaine fires were adapted to Christain uses, and that many of the Pagan observances were, so to speak, Christianised it is reasonable to suppose that the festivals of Samhain and Bealtaine were in early Christian times transferred to Easter and Christmas. Assuming that this was the case, we may get an idea of how Christmas was celebrated in olden days in Ireland by referring to the descriptions of the great Tara Samhain Festival, which authorities such as O'Curry, Joyce, and E. Hull give us.

The Feis began with a magnificent banquet in the Mead Hall or Banqueting Hall, over which the High King presided. Then the public affairs of the kingdom were discussed, the laws recited and either affirmed or amended, the genealogies of the noble families gone into, and all other affairs of State attended to. When this official business was disposed of, the people gave themselves up to feasting and amusements, particularly to horse-racing, and to buying and selling at the Fair. The Feis was divided into two parts; the Dal or Airecht, for political and judicial purposes and for the making of laws and treaties, and the Aonach or Fair for commerce or pleasure. To this great Central Market came not only natives from all parts of the country, but also foreigners, to sell their wares and cattle and buy other goods. Soldiers also enlisted under the flags of the various chieftains assembled, and military expeditions were planned and prepared for. Anyone having a cause of complaint brought it forward, and judgment was given by the Brehons in the hearing of all. Women came to some of these assemblies, but did not mingle with the men. They sat apart in the Woman's Grianán or Sunny House, as the women's quarter was called; and there was a part of the Hill of Tara called "The Slope of the Embroidering Women," for the Irish women were famed for their beautiful needlework and embroidery.

The hill was portioned off thus: the cooking side, the horse-racing side, and the market side, and the remainder of the ground was left free for various amusements—athletic feats, music, jugglers, and so forth. We can picture how animated the scene must have been. On one side a large open space, where the people gathered to hear the laws promulgated, and on the other side a fair and a feis were in full swing. Merchants from abroad and at home in many languages bartered their goods, while soothsayers told fortunes, jugglers played tricks, and buffoons jested. Then the lowing of cattle, the sound of pipes, fiddles, harps, and singers, laughter and conversation was heard on all sides. How different from the scene of silence and desolation which meets our gaze now at Tara of the Kings! In the banqueting hall the sight was one of great magnificence. The vastness of its size and the beauty and richness of its decorations well befitted a royal residence.

The High King was dressed on State occasions with great splendour, and so in lesser degree were all the provincial kings and chiefs. Each chief had his seat according to his rank, and over his seat on the wall behind him hung his shield and coat-of-arms. Warlike and men of action as they were, these Gaelic kings and chiefs had a deep respect for learning, and honoured places near the King were always reserved for the Brehons, or judges, for the poets, bards, and historians. In Christian times the monks and other clerics took the place formerly allotted to the Druids, which was also an exalted one.

The description we read in old chronicles of the festival held by King Guaire the Generous, in his palace at Kinvara, at Eastertide, early in the seventh century, resembles in many details the old Samhain festival above described, so we cannot be far amiss in concluding that, when we read of how Samhain and Bealtaine were celebrated in Pagan Ireland, practically the same account would apply to the celebration of Christmas and Easter in early Christian Ireland, with the religious element added.

As long as Gaelic laws, language, and customs prevailed throughout Ireland, the great festivals of the year were thus kept up. But these celebrations with all other national customs and characteristics were gradually swept away when Anglicisation began to make inroads. Now-a-days in this era of the Irish Revival we are restoring many of the old ways, "kindly Irish of the Irish," and though we cannot restore the stateliness of Tara and the grandeur of Emain Macha, still we can have a thoroughly Irish Christmas, cheery and pleasant, and with a beauty and distinction of its own. We can introduce an Irish tone into the festival by singing the exquisite Irish airs to the Irish Harp, and we can read Irish books and dance Irish dances, and decorate our houses with warm-hearted Irish greetings. Not only all the good things which the housekeeper provides at this season, and the more substantial articles with which she must supply the household, are obtainable in Irish produce and manufacture, but the daintiest gifts possible to imagine are also to be had of purely Irish design and make.

May readers of this little sketch spend many a happy Christmas-tide in Innisfail—Nodlag sona Suairc chughaibh a chairde; agus go mbeidh sibh beo ar an am seo aris agus aris!*

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* A happy, pleasant Christmas to you, my friends, and very many returns of the season.

PLAYS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Country dramatic clubs will be glad to learn that the remarkably successful farces by Seumas MacManus, "The lad from Largymore"; "The resurrection of Dinny O'Dowd"; "The leadin' road to Donegal"; which were presented both at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, and at the Molesworth Hall, by the National Players' Society, have, each of them, been put into sixpenny book form. Published, uniquely enough, not in Dublin, but in the author's own native mountain village, Mount Charles, Co. Donegal. Donal O'Molloy is the publisher. These fine farces have the excellent recommendation that inasmuch as they require hardly any costume or special staging, amateurs looking for a good farce will not be mistaken in taking up one of these.

28 GNS. TO 36 NEW PIANOS at 10/6 Per Month till PAID for

POHLMANN & CO., 40. Dawson Street, DUBLIN.

Two Contrasts in the Lives of Little Irish Children.

"To some the happy home, fair nest of childhood sweet,
To others rags and cold and hunger in the street.



"WAX LIGHTS, SIR!"



"HOMELESS."



"GRANDMAMA'S PET."



"I LOVE MY BATH."

These "Contrasts" especially appeal to one at Christmastide, when the Child of the Happy Home is so enraptured with the joys of the Season and the Child of the Street so great a sufferer from its rigours—starvation and cold. The *Dublin Evening Herald* has opened a fund for supplying the wretched, shoeless children of the Dublin streets with comfortable footwear, and every person who sends Four Shillings to the Fund has the satisfaction of knowing that their money, by the purchase of one pair of boots, ensures some degree of comfort to one little waif. We ask our readers at the coming season of plenty to remember the poor children of our City by sending their contributions, however small, to the Editor of the *Evening Herald*, 111, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

SPECIALISTS AND SPECIALITIES.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

Since the world began women have longed for beauty beyond all gifts that the gods had to give, and the desire to be beautiful has never been stronger in the feminine breast than it is to-day. Not only do those less favoured in the matter of looks seek some kindly aid which may make them attractive, but the woman who is lovely by nature, desires above all things to keep that loveliness, which is a gift she knows she may be robbed of by time. There are some who imagine that there must be a secret of beauty, and that the fair faces and forms that delight the eye are the result of some mysterious aids, which only the few chosen ones have been able to invoke. But whatever secret there be it is one which Mrs. Pomeroy, the famous complexion specialist, can and will impart to all who seek her counsel and advice. What a true benefactress she has proved to her kind! She has done more to raise the standard of good looks than any sage the world has ever known, and her only watchword is "Hygiene."

She has gone to the very root of the matter, and acquired a thorough and practical knowledge of her subject by a long course of training and study, part of the time in a hospital.

Ladies are cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pomeroy for free advice at all times, and to apply for her booklet, "Beauty Rules," sent gratis and post free from Bureau L.O.H., at 29, Old Bond Street, W.



MRS. POMEROY—Authoress of "Beauty Rules."

This remarkably clever little work covers the whole ground with thoroughness and simplicity, and every woman and girl should read and act upon its good advice. Mrs. Pomeroy never professes to work miracles, yet it is simply marvellous what her methods will and do accomplish. There is not even anything in the nature of make-up about her treatment, so that no one need hesitate to give it a trial, and those who do so cannot fail to be delighted with the result. There are few ladies in the length and breadth of Ireland who do not at some part of every year come to Dublin for a visit or for shopping, and for each and all there are endless little ways in which Mrs. Pomeroy's advice and counsel would be helpful. No one is above learning how to take care of a good complexion or how to improve an indifferent one. In her pretty rooms at 39, Grafton Street, Mrs. Pomeroy dispenses help of the most practical kind to those who seek it, or in her absence—for she is one of the busiest women in the world, and has to divide her time among the various branches of her work—her representatives act on her behalf with the same care and skill that she herself bestows. In the "Beauty Rules" which we have already referred to, a complete list is given of the various preparations which Mrs. Pomeroy advises her clients to use, and of these the most important is her "Skin Food," which is a scientific toilet preparation, compounded with scrupulous exactness and care from ingredients which have been proved to possess the most essential cleansing, health-giving, and restoring qualities.

It is the outcome of the practical experience of a highly-trained and clever woman, who has seen the good results in countless cases which have accrued to ladies who have used and are still using this invaluable preparation.

Another and an exceedingly important part of Mrs. Pomeroy's business is the removal of superfluous hairs by electrolysis, which is the only means of destroying permanently the unsightly growth. In this department of her work alone Mrs. Pomeroy has proved herself a real benefactress, since for years and years no real remedy was found for the disfigurement. Indeed, if Mrs. Pomeroy had her wish no woman would be anything but good to look at, and her sex must generously admit that few would have taken the trouble she has done to bring at least a certain amount of good looks—and no inconsiderable amount either—within the reach of all.

A PERFECT PERFUME.

A dainty perfume, which carries a claim to refinement and luxury to the user is a thing which must become popular. It is because "4711" Eau de Cologne has these attributes that it is such a favourite. The choice of a perfume is a matter which often causes great perplexity, but ladies need escape all this trouble by at once deciding on "4711," which has been described as the best Eau de Cologne manufactured. There are lots of perfumes, but many of them possess a scent which at once stamps them as vulgar and not "good form" a thing which can never be said about "4711." This preparation is made up of the finest and purest ingredients, and though it is being constantly imitated, none of the imitators have succeeded in hitting off the exquisite perfume of this scent.



The "4711" Eau de Cologne was so named because of the happy family of the inventor, who had 4 sons and 7 daughters, making 11 in all. The number, as well as the distinctive green and gold label should be looked for on every bottle, otherwise some poor and fraudulent imitation is certain to be foisted on you. No one can find fault with "4711" Eau de Cologne. It is a delicate and most welcome toilet preparation; and to those who suffer from headache, the application of it is sure to bring speedy relief. Another great attraction about this Eau de Cologne is that it can be procured everywhere at a moderate price, and if the slightest difficulty is experienced in obtaining it, by writing to Mr. R. J. Reuter, at the wholesale London depot, Wells Street, Cripplegate, the name of the nearest agent will be forwarded by return. The well known figures, "4711," and the green and gold label must always be remembered when making a purchase.

PARISIAN DYEING.

Duval et Cie is a household word with the ladies, who place the greatest faith in this well-known artist, of 5 Nassau Street, Dublin. That he is an *artist* there is no doubt, as any of his patrons can testify, who have given this fashionable dyeing firm an opportunity of showing what can be done on the most delicate fabrics, and what lovely shades can be given to articles which before looked shabby and well past their best days.

Dyeing is an art which requires great discrimination, but by leaving the matter to Duval et Cie, one may be sure of getting perfect satisfaction.

AT THE JEWELLERS.

A present from the jewellers does not necessarily mean large expenditure, and whether donors be prepared to spend much or little, they may find investments to suit their purses among Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins' display of lovely things. The stock to be seen at their premises in Lower Sackville Street, Dublin (opposite the O'Connell Monument), includes every description of household plate, for use and ornament, as well as all varieties of jewellery. Silver articles, especially suited for presentation, such as lamps, candlesticks, salvers, cake baskets, tea and coffee services, fern pots, bon-bon dishes, &c., &c., may be found in the newest and most charming designs, while the ornaments for personal wear are bewildering in their diversity. Among these, the Tara brooch and other old Celtic devices in gold and silver, which are manufactured on their own premises, attract much admiration.

Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins' watchmaking department is also thoroughly comprehensive, and includes timekeepers of all sizes and prices, notably the celebrated Waltham watches for which the firm have been agents for the past thirty years.

WHOLESOME BREAD.

There is little need to descant on the good qualities of Messrs. Kennedy's bread, it is well-known to Dublin residents as being well flavoured, well baked, and, in fact, everything that can be desired.

If there should be anyone so far behind the times as not to know its superiority, we can only say—try it.

A lady at Edenbridge writes:—"I have never worn such a comfortable Corset as the 'Graciosa' which you made for me some time ago. Being stout I always break a Corset at the waist line, but these have kept a good shape to the last." When purchasing this Corset from your Draper see it is stamped **Thomson's 'Graciosa'** (Patented).

"The Pictorial World" says—ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S exquisite linens and damasks pre eminently excel the rest of the world.

20,000 Umbrellas and Sunshades Re-Covered and Repaired annually by **FRANCIS SMYTH & SON, 75, Grafton Street, Dublin, and Branches.**

TOWLE'S CHLORODYNE. FOR BRONCHITIS AND COUGHS.

MELLIN'S FOOD Has become the standard, because it is a real food—a food that feeds.

Sample Free on Application. MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Peckham, London S.E.

THE ONLY AUTHENTIC PICTURES OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT

PRESENTED GRATIS WITH THIS ISSUE.

The Lady of the House

CONDUCTED BY CRAWFORD HARTNELL.

VOL. XIX. No. 208.] DUBLIN, CHRISTMAS, 1906. PRICE ONE SHILLING.
PER PARCEL POST, ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE.



See Page 16.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL

SOCIETY PORTRAITS.



Photo.] [*Lafayette.*

LADY COCHRANE.

What Dublin Owes to Grattan's Parliament.

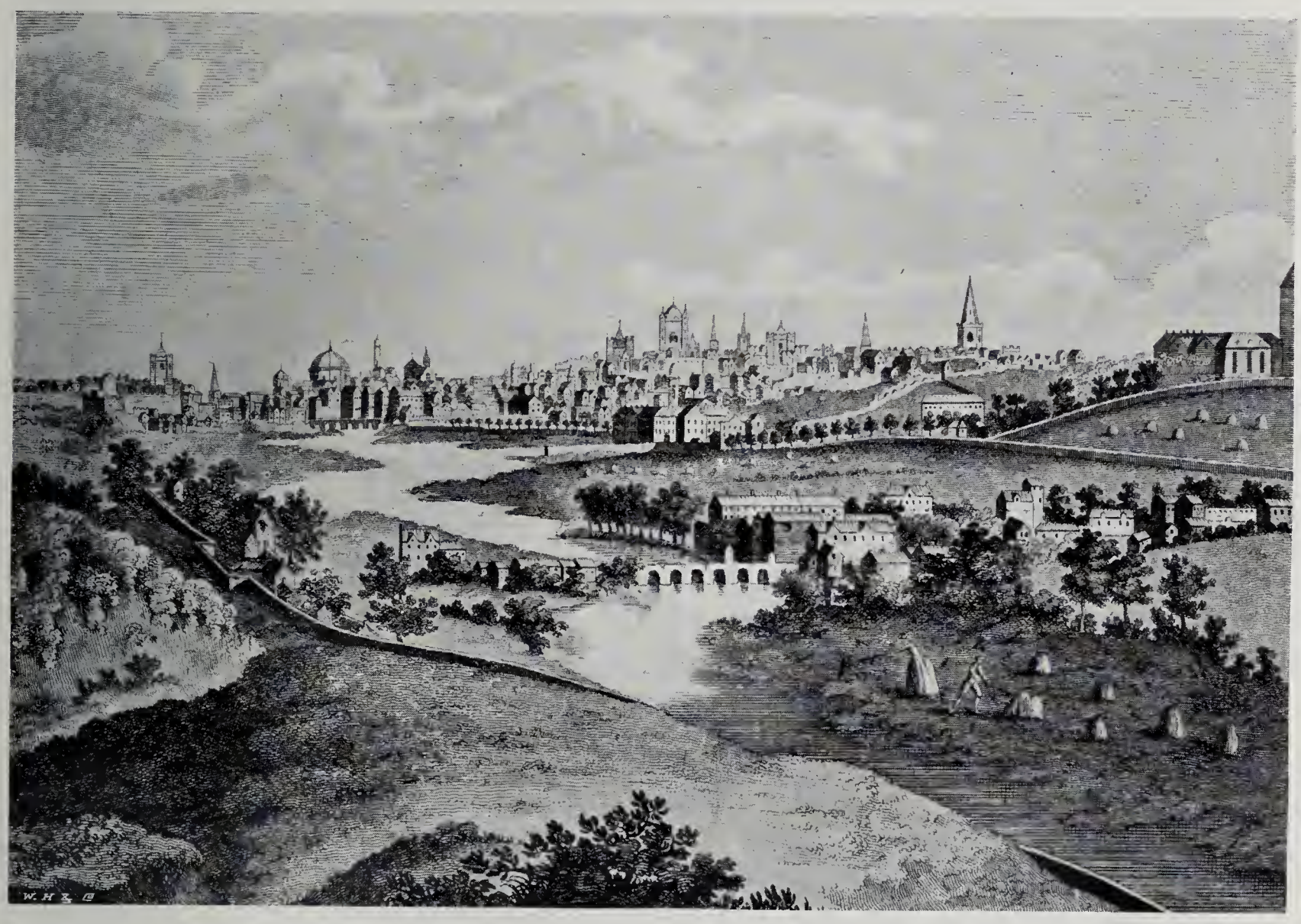
"For *forms* of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best!"—POPE.

DESPITE the sharply-defined difference of opinion which marks our own time on the subject of that free and independent Irish Parliament which sat in College Green towards the close of the 18th century, and permitted itself to be dissolved, absorbed, or otherwise committed to the limbo of things ended, by the Act of Union, in the year of grace 1800, we are inclined to strike a balance within the modesty of our own mind by recalling the couplet quoted above. Undoubtedly, the Green Isle, separated by blue water from the sister kingdoms, had a grievance in that her own governing body could not in reality act on any important local measure, since its every decision was *no* decision unless stamped by the *cachet* of England's Privy Council. This condition of things had lasted since 1495, and seems to us somewhat like the anomaly of giving a child a half-sovereign on its birthday, with the admonitory reservation, "It's your own, but you mustn't spend it!"

On the other hand, when the Irish nation was invested with the right to legislate for itself, it did not foster for long that inestimable privilege—only for eighteen years in all, a space of time to be regarded merely as the duration of a summer's day in comparison with that long period of semi-subjection ranging from the time of Henry VII. to the mid-reign of George III.—and undeniable is the fact that its close was brought about by many Irish Peers, and Irish Commoners also, who *sold* themselves to the overwhelming British power, and the stigma of that action attaches itself yet to their names in their ennobled descendants. Mention the families of K——, of T——, of B——, and of many more letters of the alphabet, and these are greeted with—"Oh, yes! a *Union* peerage theirs!" uttered either in tones more or less contemptuous, or whispered with a subdued regret amounting almost to shame.

But, a volume of a standard work, in falling from its place in our book-case, and opening by its own law of gravitation at a chapter on the close of Lord North's long ministry of twelve years so happily marked by the close of the American war, and treating of Lord Rockingham's second administration, which he lived to conduct for so short a period, leaving his mantle to weigh down the

DUBLIN IN 1782—VIEW FROM THE PHŒNIX PARK, ABOVE ISLAND BRIDGE.



DUBLIN.

From an Engraving by F. Cary, in the possession of the Editor, "Lady of the House."

Published May 18. 1782. by I. Fielding N.° 23. Pater-noster-Row.

Continued at page 10.

WHAT DUBLIN OWES TO GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT.



This view is a reduction of the original, dated 1753, by Joseph Tudor, a Dublin Artist, and shows the College "Green." At this period Foster Place was not built, the houses of College Green adjoining the western end of the Parliament House Piazza. The frontage of the House consisted of the Grand Piazza alone, as neither the Eastern nor Western wings, with their porticos, had then been erected.



MUSTER OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS IN COLLEGE GREEN

To celebrate the appointment of the Duke of Leinster as General-in-Chief of the Dublin Volunteers. The Captain of a Whitehaven collier, who had just landed, on beholding this military celebration, at once set sail again for England, and reported to the Government there that he had seen the Duke of Leinster crowned King of Ireland. A British Cabinet Council was called, and much consternation prevailed in London, until quieted by the arrival of the Mail from Ireland explaining the real cause of the assembly.

WHAT DUBLIN OWES TO GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT.



THE SITE OF WESTMORELAND STREET.

This print shows the Otd Houses of Parliament before the fire—date 1784. The Eastern wing of the Parliament House, with its circular ornamental watl, carrying round the cornice, cotumns, and basement, which now so handsomely rounds off the junction of Cottege Green and Westmoreland Street, and the Portico, composed of six Corinthian cotumns, surmounted by a handsome pediment, facing Collège Street, was not erected until 1785. Westmoreland Street, when built, was named after the Viceroy, John Fane, tenth Eart of Westmoreland, 1790-1794.



VIEW FROM GRAFTON STREET.

Showing the Parliament House with its Eastern wing and Corinthian portico, completed (1785) at a cost of over £20,000, also Westmoreland Street and Carlisle Bridge (now O'Connell Bridge) erected in 1791 with funds provided by Grattan's Parliament.

WHAT DUBLIN OWES TO GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT.



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, NOW THE CITY HALL, DUBLIN.
Erected at a cost of £40,000, provided mainly by Grants from the Irish Parliament.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN, BEFORE THE QUAYS WERE BUILT.
The crowning Architectural achievement of Grattan's Parliament. Erected in 1794 at a cost of £546,000.

WHAT DUBLIN OWES TO GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT.



THE COURTS OF LAW, DUBLIN (THE FOUR COURTS).

Erected with funds supplied by Grattan's Parliament, the total outlay being £200,000. This old picture is particularly interesting, as it shows the River frontage before the Quays were built.



THE FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN.

Immediately after the Quays were built by Grattan's Parliament.

WHAT DUBLIN OWES TO GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT.—Continued from Page 5.

shoulders of Lord Shelbourne, has suggested to us that there is also to be acknowledged a fair proportion of good works that must be accredited to the Irish Parliament which then declared its independence, on the 16th April, 1782, with Henry Grattan, Ireland's finest orator, as its champion.

No doubt such a brilliant advocate would have carried the measure he had so much at heart against any Power; but the new English Government was much embarrassed at its outset by the national disgrace it inherited in the loss of so many of the British colonies, and was threatened also by a demand for parliamentary reform at home as well as the necessity for much readjustment abroad, while, at its own door, we may say, all the dissatisfaction which prevailed in Ireland, not only as regarded the legislative condition of things, but on account of many commercial grievances which then agitated the inhabitants of towns and the agricultural districts alike, had to be faced.

We are plainly told that the English ministers—the noble Marquess had Lord John Cavendish for his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Thurlow as Lord Chancellor, General Conway for his Commander-in-Chief, Viscount Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Shelbourne together with Charles James Fox, as his two Secretaries of State—a powerful ministry!—regarded Grattan's demand for complete independence as an anomaly, one that might lead not only to legislative inconvenience but even to the gravest results, such, for instance, as the Irish Parliament voting for peace with a country against which England had declared war.

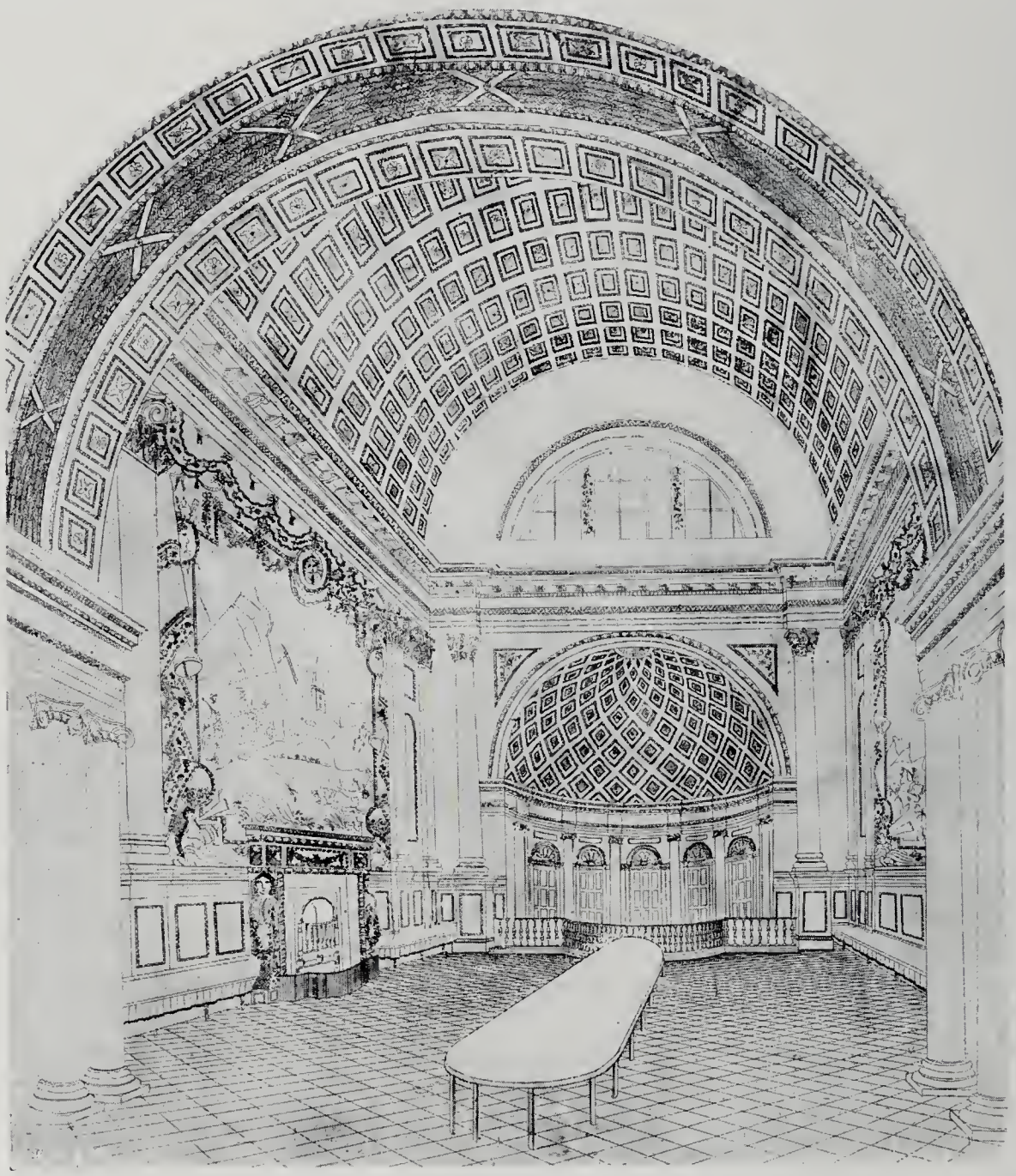
However, be that as it may, the Irish Parliament became an accomplished fact, and we now propose to glance at portion of the net result of its work during the eighteen short years of its existence.

Foremost among its works of public good we must note the help given to the formation of the new Law Courts, now so familiar to us as the Four Courts, a noble edifice which cost £200,000, and occupied fourteen years in construction. The foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Rutland, then Viceroy, on 13th March, 1786, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Lifford) and judges attending the ceremony in full state, wearing their robes, etc.

In this instance the Government secured more for the public benefit than a dignified edifice whereby to ornament the city, for, until then, there was no centralization of the administration of the law in Ireland. In early times justice was itinerant, her highest officers mere nomadics. No doubt it was but a mild sway of Themis that obtained throughout a country which was not even to be traversed at will, from want of roads; therefore the chief towns, Drogheda, Carlow, and other centres, were selected by the visiting justices as Assize quarters, and beyond these——? No doubt every man had a law of his own which he dealt out to his sparse neighbours, as they in turn did to him. In the metropolis there had been one Inn of Court, known as Collet's Inn, established as far back as Edward I.'s time, but it gave place to the subsequent housing of the Irish Exchequer building and George's Lane, which latter was commenced on the outer bank of the Castle moat.

During the early eighteenth century a narrow lane at the back of Christ Church became the scene of legal administration; and the same quarter, being favoured by the lawyers as their residential burrow, for personal convenience, was known by the appalling name of "Hell." To this oddly-named district the poet Robert Burns makes allusion—"Sure as the deil's in Hell, or Dublin city."

Somewhat later there was a proposal to turn St. Patrick's Cathedral into a central Hall of Justice, on the apparently reasonable plea that the city had no need of *two* cathedrals (the metropolis was very small in extent at that time, merely an ancient fortified town, still to some extent confined within its walls); but the noble prelate Adam Loftus opposed this scheme fervently, and so Dublin had no fixed Law Courts until, we may say, the time of our own grandfathers. These courts obtained a perfect independence together with the Parliament, by Mr. Fox's motion at Westminster, on May 17th, 1783.



SECTION OF IRISH HOUSE OF LORDS.
From an Old Print.

The Four Courts were first opened on November 3rd, 1796. The architect, whose name was Cooley, the same who designed our stately Royal Exchange Building on Cork Hill (now known as the City Hall), died ere his work was done, and his plan was never carried out in full. Gandon, another fine architect who aided well in embellishing our city, completed the edifice, but the original intention of throwing a bridge across the Liffey in front of the entrance to the Courts, and opening a new street from the opposite side, leading from the southern quays to Christ Church Place, was abandoned. Such an innovation would indeed have added much to public convenience, but the nearness of the large new edifice to the river rendered the site a dangerous, almost an impossible, one for the erection of a bridge, owing to the extensive foundations required for such a structure by the driving in of piles.

The quays themselves owe much to the munificence of the Irish Parliament, and the present port of Dublin was made originally at its expense. In 1786 an Act was passed, after considerable opposition, transferring all rights relating to the River Liffey, Bay and Harbour of Dublin, and Pilotage Regulations, to a new Corporation or Board, consisting of the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, three aldermen, and certain other persons, chiefly merchants of respectable character

XMAS PRESENTS MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Pohlmann and Co. 40, Dawson St., DUBLIN.

WHAT DUBLIN OWES TO GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT—Continued.

interested in promoting the commerce of the metropolis and preserving and improving the port. Much money was voted, also, for the construction of our canals, those since extended Waterways of Ireland, which occupy the attention and ability of many committees at St. Stephen's at the present day. Let us gratefully recall, too, that the Parliament granted a sum of £6,000, which then meant double in purchasing power to what its equivalent commands in our day, to the Rotunda Maternity Hospital, which has been a crowning glory to the city of Dublin for more than a century and a half.

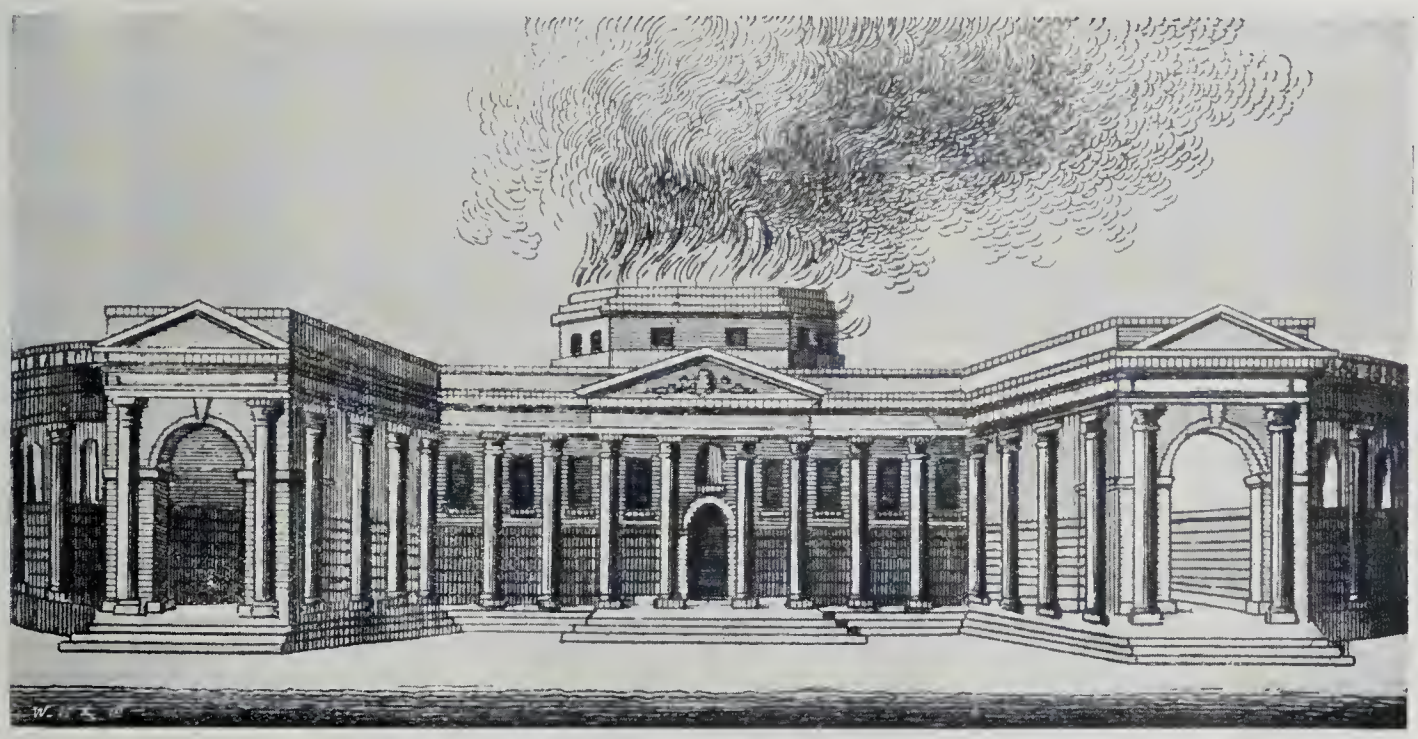
Fifteen years ago we chronicled in full the history of the Rotunda and its noble founder, Dr. Bartholomew Mosse, and we have repeatedly since drawn on the large fund of public interest which it affords, for illustrations as well as matter.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE DUBLIN.

The Old House in the days of Grattan's Parliament, showing the "Goose Pie" Dome. The House of Commons Chamber was destroyed by fire in 1792, and the only accurate existing picture of it is that painted by F. W. Wheatley and presented with this issue.

If we remember rightly it was in 1784 that Parliament gave its first grant in aid to this now venerable institution, which was repeated in like sum during the following session, with an additional gift of £2,000 to Dr. Mosse, in acknowledgment of his personal strenuous endeavour to establish an asylum such as had no equal in King George's greater kingdom of Great Britain, and only one predecessor, by one year, in the much vaunted *Maternité* of Paris. Nor did the Parliament's good will towards poor suffering motherhood end in these munificent grants; for, subsequently, a tax was imposed upon all fashionable ladies and gentlemen who kept for their private conveyance a sedan chair, the collecting or levying of which tax was vested in the Board of Governors of the Rotunda Hospital, and which, it need hardly be said, brought to their revenues a substantial income. The tax the governors of the hospital were permitted to levy was £1 15s. 6d. on each chair, and so frankly was their appeal for money met, that not one woman of fashion put down her chair in refusal of the new imposition. On the contrary, The Chair Money, as it was called, became a substantial portion of the financial strength of the Hospital, and continued so until the decadence of



"Appearance of Part of the Parliament House, Dublin, when in flames, February, 1792, and just before the Dome fell in."
From an old Wood Engraving dated May, 1792.

chairs on the introduction of our modern system of vehicular conveyance. Fully three-fourths of this body of ratepayers were ladies (*ça vassans dire* when we consider the condition of public paving and lighting a hundred and fifty years ago), and the enumeration of them is most interesting, affording us a seemingly familiar, realistic meeting with past leaders of fashion whose names are known

Continued at page 14.

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WHAT DUBLIN OWES TO GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT—Continued from Page 13

to us in the history of society. Foremost among them is the beautiful Lady Louisa Conolly, whose elegant taste is evidenced at Castletown House, where her portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds still looks down upon visitors from the lofty wainscotted walls of the dining-room. Her address is given as Merrion Street, a thoroughfare to this day considered tolerably fashionable, although one side is now absorbed by Government for the housing of its own officials; but the residences of many other persons of position in the same record give us a strange idea of localities in the metropolis as it was then. The Countess of Moira and Lady Anne Rawdon are entered as living on Usher's Quay, in the house now devoted to the Mendicity Baths; the Countess of Tyrone in Marlborough Street; Viscountess Langford in Mary Street; the Hon. Mrs. Skeffington in Grafton Street, while the Countess of Ely seems to be more creditably located in Ely Place and the Hon. Lady Earlsfort in the still noble Clonmel House, Harcourt Street.

The sterner half of social humanity seem to have contributed also, for in the Registrar's list of subsisting chairs at the time of the grant, we find the names of several official personages—Right Honourable Speakers and Secretaries—The Castle, the three Bankers La Touche, Buck Whaley, Hely Hutchinson, Mr. Jephson, Lord Glerawley, and others of the *jeunesse dorée*.

The social side of life also owed much to Grattan's Parliament, for, by the substitution of an Annual Session for the previous biennial meetings, the nobility and landed gentry were brought regularly to town, and soon found it worth while to lease or build houses in the metropolis, to which they brought, each, their families and household, and remained in town for the greater part of the year. In those days, as now—for we ourselves know that during Horse Show week or on the occasion of a Royal Visit an influx of visitors, bringing a shower of ready money is an advantage to the trading class—the cost of board, lodging, and raiment for a gentleman's establishment brought an increase of business to "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker" etc. Candles were a *bona-fide* item of domestic expenditure then, and, assuredly, My Lady burned nothing but wax on her Card Nights! while the daily shaving and powdering of her footmen meant an extra twopence per head to the barber who happened to be located nearest to her residence.



THE IRISH HOUSE OF LORDS, 1704.

ASSEMBLED AT CHICHESTER HOUSE, DUBLIN.

The rare French print above reproduced is believed to be the only picture of the Irish House of Lords in Session. The Viceroy, the Second Duke of Ormonde, "sat upon the throne, the Speaker (Alen Broderick, esquire) placed himself at his Grace's left side to receive his commands." To this Assembly in February, 1704, an appeal was, unsuccessfully, made against the violation of the Treaty of Limerick by the promotion of the Penal Code. In this curious print, many of the Peers are shown seated back to back.

During the 1780's the young, elegant, convivial Duke of Rutland was Viceroy, and his Court was perhaps the gayest, as well as one of the finest, ever held here. We have only to look at Sir Joshua's whole-length portrait of "Her frolic Grace," his Duchess, to guess what was the high standard of beauty gathered round Dublin Castle for three brilliant years; and many of us *know*, by family experience, what history now records, that the extravagance of hospitality, pleasure, dress, equipage, etc., which marked that period led to an almost entire redistribution of the land in Ireland. Posterity has been assured by a competent authority that "in twenty years from 1790, more land was sold under decrees than during the previous eighty years!" Is this sometimes a providential dispensation? At the time we here speak of, it brought about a vast ownership among the thrifty, well-to-do farmers, but it led to an oppressive increase of rents, and to a national condition of things which subsequently caused much discussion.

But to the youthful Viceroy, who died under such sad, truly regrettable circumstances during his term of office here, and to his lovely consort, and the beneficent Parliamentary administration of their day, we certainly owe the rise of that oft-recalled wave of prosperity which carried the Irish metropolis on its crest to a social eminence second only to London and Paris at that time. The contingent advantages to citizens helped to lay the foundation of many professional and commercial fortunes, the successful prosecutors of which lent their aid to the general good by supporting public charities, in aid of which they sometimes emulated the gay Court and resident nobility in organising those entertainments of which our own big bazaars, fancy balls, theatricals, etc., are a faint reflection. We have chronicled so many of those quaint, bright functions, both public and private, in our previous numbers, that to avoid repetition we will mention now only the more striking feature of the period of Dublin's social history in that dazzling past.

The extension of the city on its north side is so marked a feature of its actual existence and so entirely an outcome of the days we now discuss, that it cannot be omitted from their detail. The nobility had built many stately mansions previous to the period of the Declaration of Independence—notably Charlemont House, Aldborough House, Tyrone House, Longford House on the east side of Rutland Square, where others of the landed gentry had also built under the ground proprietorship of Dr. Mosse—but during the prosperous *fin de siecle* certain fields granted to the distinguished Colonel Gardiner, one of the Members for Dublin, afterwards Lord Mountjoy and founder of the Blessington peerage (rumour whispered, in settlement of play debts owed to her Grace of Rutland), were rented by the astute owner as building sites, upon which were subsequently erected Gardiner Streets, Mountjoy Square, Blessington Street, and some lesser localities. This was the commencement of the erection of the now sadly decadent north side, and several capitalists and speculators engaged in it.

Foremost among these was Francis Johnston, the eminent architect and founder of the Royal Hibernian Academy, to whose art we owe the General Post Office, Chapel Royal, military gate at Kilmainham, and, in reconstructed portions, the Bank of Ireland. Johnston had been employed professionally, as architect, in the building of many private residences in the new quarter and subsequently, together with his relatives, embarked in private speculations of the same description. These were mainly entered upon after the Union, when he and his family, and some other enterprising speculators, became the actual promoters of what was then regarded as a new suburban locality, now known to us as Blessington, Hardwick, Nelson, Upper and Lower Rutland Streets, and Summer Hill; these new suburbs were of the so-called "middle-class genteel" status, and became inhabited by prosperous merchants and lesser professional men, who pursued their avocations in the city and the region of Capel Street and the Quays, from whence they proceeded homeward at the close of their business day on foot, horseback, or by family chaise, *via* Essex Bridge, Capel Street,

Concluded at page 18.

DIXON'S DUBLIN SOAPS CANNOT BE EXCELLED.



THIS . . .

WOMAN WORKER

is one of the many typists, lady clerks, dressmakers, &c., who have to work incessantly under very unfavourable conditions, but who by taking the simple precaution of having a cup of Vi-Cocoa before going out to work in the morning and after returning at night, are enabled to perform their daily work with a sense of pleasure and satisfaction.

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Beautiful Golden Flax Irish Cambric Handkerchiefs, the Specialité of this Firm.

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BEST MATERIALS USED.

8, 9 & 10, SUFFOLK STREET, DUBLIN

And at London, Belfast, and Waringstown.

SOME YOUTHFUL MEMBERS OF IRISH SOCIETY.

(See Page 3.)

Lady Dorothy Browne is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, and was presented last spring in London, her presentation in Dublin having to be deferred owing to the postponement of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's first drawing-room. Lady Dorothy is one of the prettiest *debutantes* of the season. She is fair, like her mother, with the loveliest complexion and soft dark eyes. The Honble. Lilah and Doreen O'Brien are the two youngest daughters of the late Lord Inchiquin and Ellen Lady Inchiquin. The Misses Royse, daughters of Mr. and the Honble. Mrs. Royse, took part, it will be remembered, in the successful theatricals given at the Castle last season. Miss Coralie Porter-Porter is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Porter-Porter, of Belle Isle, Co. Fermanagh. Miss FitzPatrick is the daughter of Captain FitzPatrick, R.M., Kilmallock, and a niece of Mrs. Cornwallis-West. Miss Ivy Maunsell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maunsell, of Deer Park, County Clare, whose portrait was taken in the cap and gown she is entitled to wear as a distinguished graduate of the Royal College of Music, is to "come out" this winter, and will possibly be in Dublin with her aunt, Lady O'Brien of Kilfenora. Miss Koy Samuels is a daughter of Mr. Arthur Samuels, the well-known K.C.



THE HON. LILAH O'BRIEN.



THE HON. DOREEN O'BRIEN



TWO QUEENS AT THEIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

During the recent visit of the King and Queen of Norway to Windsor, Queen Alexandra and her daughter, Queen Maud of Norway, delighted to go about their Christmas shopping in the royal borough. Here the two Queens were treated with the utmost consideration by the townspeople, no endeavour being made to discommode the royal purchasers.

LADY COCHRANE.

Lady Cochrane, whose portrait adorns page 4, is a young English gentlewoman, daughter of the late Mr. John Henry Davis, of Cressington House, Carshalton, Surrey, who has taken very kindly to Ireland as her home by adoption since her husband succeeded to his father's baronetcy two years ago. Possessed of great energy of character, she takes an active interest in Sir Ernest's doings on the Turf, and has herself been very successful in raising harness horses and roadsters at their stud farm in Leicestershire, for competition at various leading shows throughout the country. Dublin charities already claim her Ladyship for their friend, and a large gathering of sympathisers assembled at a drawing-room meeting summoned by her on the 27th ultimo, at St. Michael's, Ailsbury Road, in aid of the newly-organised Merrion branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Her own little daughter celebrated her fifth birthday there also on Tuesday, the 4th inst., upon which occasion the Empire Saloon was the scene of a juvenile party.

IRISH INDUSTRIES.

The encouragement of Irish industry is what so many are crying out for, but which so few really endeavour to further. The Royal Irish Industries Association, 21, Lincoln Place, Dublin (and of London and Paris) deserves the heartiest support. The goods sold are Irish-made laces, including Limerick, Carrickmacross, Needlepoint, etc., and Crochet, Embossed Robes, Blouses, and Collars, Irish Rugs made of Irish Fleece and Irish Tweeds.

It is well worth the while of anyone to pay a visit to Lincoln Place and see what beautiful work can be turned out by the workers of Ireland.

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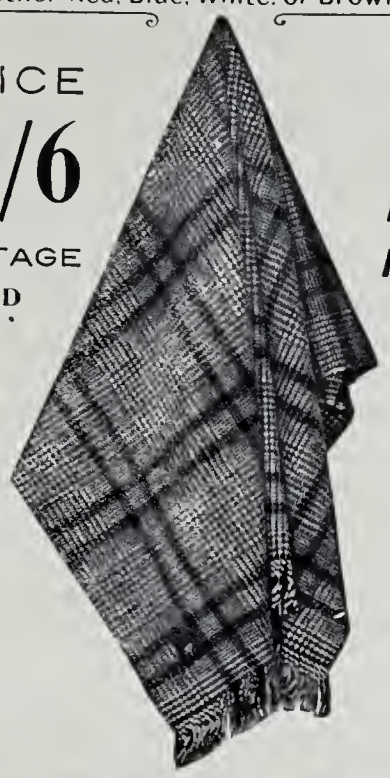
Pattern **C** Natural, Fawn or Grey

Pattern **E**—Natural, Grey, or Fawn Ground, Overchecked with either Red, Blue, White, or Brown

Pattern **J**—Brown or Fawn Ground Overchecked with either Brown Navy, Red, or Green









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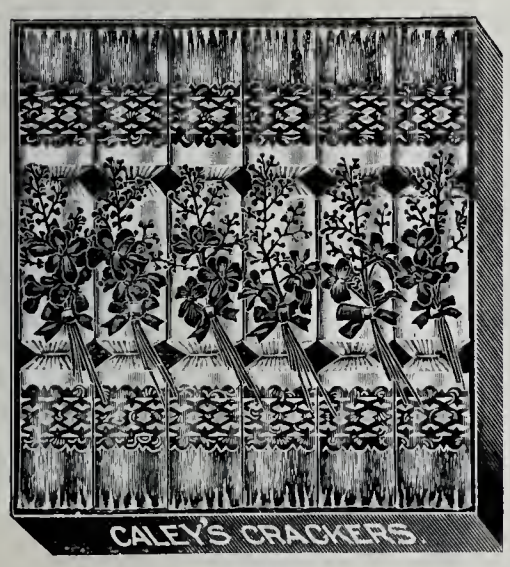
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Containing Chocolates of the Highest Quality and Finest Flavours.



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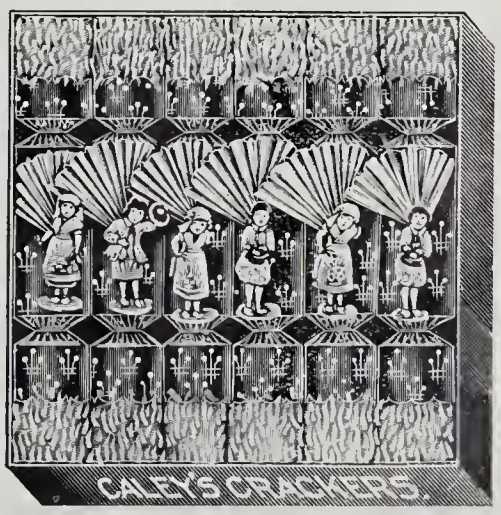
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FLEUR-DE-LYS WORKS,

NORWICH.



WHAT DUBLIN OWES TO GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT—Concluded from Page 16

and Dorset Street, where, by the way, Henry Grattan resided in 1780.

Johnston had previously erected for himself an elegant and spacious house in Eccles Street, on the left-hand side, walking northwards where he arranged and augmented that famous collection of antiquities and *objets de vertue* for which he was as widely known as for his professional ability, and which eventually came to the hammer during the 1870's. His childless widow survived him many years, but at her demise the stately mansion became subject to chance tenants, and had, among many others, the late Isaac Butt, eloquent counsel and father of Home Rule, as an occupant. At present, EHEU! it is rented as an Alms House for Aged Widows, but is still markedly recognisable by its three panels in *basso relievo* of Italian art, let into the now dingy brick wall.

We know the fate of many such family mansions erected to benefit posterity, but which did not shelter a second generation of their original inhabitants. The quarter was, without doubt, over-built, and it is evident that whole streets of these handsome, conservative-looking houses cannot have been ever tenanted by the class for whom they were intended. But the less assuming streets built during the first twenty years after the Union maintained a respectable existence for fully forty years, *their* decadence having set in at a period within our own remembrance, towards the end of the 1850's and throughout the 1860's. That this exalted, crowning section of the city should have so rapidly subsided is to be deplored! It is through wistful eyes that we contemplate the North Side and recall its departed glories If we could transmit its mansions *in toto* to New York—or even Mayfair—as we *do* ship off its marble mantelpieces and mahogany doors, what rents they would bring in! not only from the *nouveau riche*, but from appreciative, loving *connoisseurs* of eighteenth-century art and taste.

But to reconstruct the past is a pleasure but sparingly meted out to us, and its achievement but fragmentary, for we must all march with the stride of Time. To reconstruct that past of our northern suburb would be a hopeless scheme; steam, electricity, extended enterprise, and the headlong life-pace of our day, all forbid it! A sad, sad sight is that stately northern quarter, prophetically recalling to us Ossian's tragic words—

> "I passed by the walls of Balcleutha,
> And they were desolate!"

Let us find out, by all means, in the spirit of our headline, what is the best "form" of administration—it has not been proved yet!—and, meantime, be thankful for past benefits; those so heroically fought for by Henry Grattan, for the oft-blundering, slowly-developed efforts of many Parliaments summoned by the virtuous Matron Majesty of Greater Britain in our own day, and even for the few that have been won during the present passing fever-dream of politics. Of these latter it is not our province to speak; this is but a mild chronicle of certain long-past local events and subsided patriotic influence, ever most interesting, pathetically interesting to the writer, who wishes all good and the achievement of a long-retarded peace to the dear country of her adoption!

E. C.-S.

Our Illustrations of "What Dublin Owes to Grattan's Parliament."

The reproductions which appear on pages 6 and 7 have been made from prints the property of E. Macdowel Cosgrave, Esq., M.D., who, in the kindest manner, placed his rare collection of old Dublin prints at the Editor's service. The other views, illustrating the article, have been engraved from prints in the possession of the Editor.

Visit of Two Ladies to "The House" in Grattan's Day.

"We rose at 9 o'clock and put on our genteel dishabille and went to the Parliament House to hear an election determined. The parties were Brigadier Parker, the sitting member, and Mr. Ponsonby, the petitioner. Mr. Southwell's interest was the first, and the last was Sir Richard Meade's. . . . I believe we were the most impartial hearers among the ladies that were there, though rather inclined to Sir Richard Meade's side. I was very well entertained. . . . Mr. Hamilton brought me up chicken and ham and tongue, and everything we could desire. At 4 o'clock the Speaker adjourned the House till 5. We were then conveyed into the Usher of the Black Rod's room, where we had a good fire, meat, tea, and bread and butter. When the House assembled we resumed our seats, and stayed till eight."

These were the great days when Dublin ladies were "at no expense for their entertainment"; when tickets for Ridoths and subscription concerts were issued only for gentlemen subscribers, who were entitled to three—one for themselves, and two for presentation to ladies.

College Green 100 Years Ago.



ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE—1805-1905.

An Historic Site.

These views represent College Green, Dublin, in 1805 and 1905. In the former we get a view of the famous Daly's Club House, now Nos. 1 to 5, College Green. The Club, which at one time was connected with the Houses of Parliament by a covered passage, was furnished in a superb manner, and was declared by travellers to be the "grandest edifice of the kind in Europe" (Gilbert's History of Dublin). It was here that Lord Charlemont and Grattan resorted after many an exciting night in the "House," and that Curran, Flood, and Shiel quarrelled, and then adjourned to the Phoenix Park to fight duels. In the left hand corner of the club house, 100 years ago, were to be found, appropriately enough, the offices of the Royal Exchange Assurance, the first insurance office established in Ireland, and it is interesting to note that this great Assurance Corporation still occupies the same site, and a picture of its handsome modern building is shown in the view for 1905.

Notwithstanding the strange variety of political and commercial crises through which Ireland has passed during the last two centuries, the Royal Exchange Assurance, unaffected by change and circumstance, has preserved an unbroken record of 184 years' protection in Ireland, in itself an enduring testimony to the strength and administration of this great Institution.

WEDDING STATIONERY
A SPECIALITY.
WALLER & CO., 20, Suffolk Street, DUBLIN. ESTABLISHED 1796.
Stationers and Printers by Royal Warrant to the late Queen Victoria.

The Catch of a Dublin Season.

"'GOOD-BYE, Summer,' is the next song; who is down for it?" the hostess asked, glancing round her crowded and over-dressed drawing-room. "Alice Storey, is it not? Then 'Alice, Alice, Where art Thou?'"

"She's just gone home with such a bad headache, poor dear," some one volunteered.

At this reply, a good-looking young soldier near the piano reddened, and had a few words with his Better Half, who at this period of his career was a somewhat officious and dominating personality. The term "Better Half" must be taken literally, for Brown Slater was not a married man; he was, in fact, the catch of the Dublin season.

"Yes, yes, you will—plenty of time," the Better Half was urging, "if you hurry. Put down your cup . . . never mind good-byes . . . here's your hat . . . take any stick . . . Get that piteous, bewildered look out of her eyes. She heard, of course, you're ordered off to India, and can't understand why you didn't come up, don't y' see?"

But on the door-steps Brown Slater jibbed.

"Confound it, you owl!—don't you see, if I catch her up now—I'll say more than I want to—do for myself. She's the dearest, sweetest girl going, but—but——"

"Think you ought to do better, a fine fellow like you—not that? It's Lady Diana, then?"

"It is not. It's only that I'm not a marryin' sort, that's all. . . . Rot! . . . I'm no worse than other fellows. Besides, how can a man not talk nonsense to a girl he meets all over the shop—to a girl," hissed the snake of a thought, "who more or less throws herself at—— No, no, I don't mean that—good heavens! no——"

"I hope you don't!" blazed out the Better Half, "for if you did you'd be the meanest liar alive. Alice Storey never threw herself at any man's head. It was you who pursued her for two years, kept other men off, forced her to love you. . . . Well, you have an open door, and you know it. . . . Though it break her heart, she won't belittle her womanhood by one appealing look, and she has no big brother to call you to account. You can go, Brown Slater. But the question is, are you *quite* blackguard enough? As man to man, that's what *I* want to know."

Brown Slater said that was enough about it; he'd make it all right at "St. Patrick's" that night.

But fate was against the well-meaning dragoon from the start.

The crush was awful, and Alice was not at the usual place of rendezvous. He was trying to find her in the Throne Room later on, when, as ill luck would have it, he knocked against Lady Diana in a stunning silver frock and radiant spirits, having backed three winners at the Curragh Races that day. They sat out four dances, had supper together, and in the dim end of the corridor, where they were saying good-bye, the sportswoman skilfully brought the Catch of the Season to the point.

And poor Alice, whose heart the beguiling young soldier had smiled out of her breast, knew it when they met for a moment on the stairs.

. . . . . .

As she plucked the feathers from her hair in the chilly dawn she was battling with the fierce revolt of the young new to pain—to an intolerable and dishonouring pain, which to-morrow, and the long days after, must be borne with a calm, smiling face.

She thought her anguish even then was voiceless, until the little sister who shared her room crept into her bed.

"I'm cryin' too, Ally, cryin' all the night," she whispered. "Oh! my darling Peter."

The child's dog had been run over the day before, and had died in her arms, licking her hand.

"Nurse has been such a beast, Ally; she says I won't meet Peter in heaven, 'cos he has no soul to go there with, and I can't bear it. . . . I've done an awful thing, Ally. . . I felt I wanted to be bad. Whisper—I've said 'Raca'—three times."

. . . . . .

Eighteen years later, on the 17th of March, 19—, Brown Slater, now a Major, with a couple of medals on a somewhat puffed-out breast, was once again a guest in St. Patrick's historical hall.

He had long ago divorced the nagging Better Half of his subaltern days; he had also divorced Lady Diana, who had run unsound in harness; and poor Carrie, his second wife, he had left behind six months before in the Lucknow cemetery.

He had only arrived the day before, though his regiment had been in Dublin some months; and having freely drowned the shamrock, and danced with two of the smartest women in the garrison, he found himself musing genially, almost sentimentally, over the past.

"Same old flags, flunkies, banks of what-d'ye-call-'ems—daffodils and cinerarias—same old joggin' feathers and stacks of chaperons—nothing changed. . . . I swear I've taken that rabbit-faced matron in to supper, and chaffed that old girl with the raspberries on her head, eighteen years ago. . . . Gad! I wonder what's happened to that yellow-haired lass who was so dead gone on me? What was her name? Nelly, Phyllis, Nora? I wish I could remember. . . . What pink cheeks she had, and lips like scarlet sealing-wax, and, by George! the soft-headed cub I was in those days. . . . Yes, that's the door where she used to wait for me night after night. What *was* her name?"

A few minutes later he started up, wide awake. A woman's face had flashed past, a colourless face with queer blue-green eyes that had met his for a moment, making him blink.

Who was she? Where had he known those eyes before—known them intimately?

She was dancing with a man in his own regiment—Billy Hartopp, the V.C. chap that all the women were running after. Puzzled and excited, he kept her in sight, and drew near to hear her voice. When he heard it he could doubt no more; it was *she—she*—the girl he had loved eighteen years ago!

She had gone off tremendously, of course. The scarlet lips, the pink-and-white skin, were no more; the corn-coloured hair had faded into fawney brown, but it grew in the same delicious feathery waves; there was the old bird-like jerk of the head; the slight half-mocking, half-caressing brogue; the roguish blue-green eyes shaded by the dark lashes!

"Hardly a pretty woman now; not a smart one" (she wore a crushed, rather old-fashioned gown); "must be an old one," Brown Slater summarized breathlessly.

"Yet a woman to go to the devil for—what is it?—what?" striving to place his coarse thumb on that rare and indefinable gift of nature which no art can create or supplement. "By George! to think I jilted a woman like that for scraggy old Di—— I wonder what she'll say to me—who the husband is—I must find out, and here's the man to tell me," stopping a member of the household who had been in office for years.

"Hartopp's partner?" the official repeated. "Don't you know her? Why, she's the Fun of the Fair, and a fast-disappearing type—the real Wild Irish Girl."

"Her name—I mean before she married?"

"She's not married, bless you. Why? My dear fellow, thereby hangs a long and complicated story—several stories——"

"Storey! Storey!" the other broke in. "How could I have forgotten it—sweet Alice Storey? . . . I—I thought she had married years ago."

"She's been engaged half a dozen times, but when they try to fix the day, a sort of panic seizes her and she breaks it off; can't help it she says, *sheer* funk. There's some yarn about a disappointment in early youth——"

"Yes, yes, tell me about that. I heard also——"

"A pure myth. She's not that sort. It's just a strain of devilment and unrest inherited from her forebears, who were a mad Kerry lot, which won't let her settle down like other women. However, they say Hartopp looks like winning now. She's quieter this season, much, and it was a dashed fine thing he did in South Africa, wasn't it? I'd put my money on Hartopp."

"Would you?" Brown Slater retorted with sudden exultation. "Thanks, don't want to be introduced, knew her years ago."

"All right. But all the same, I say—look out for yourself, old fellow." . . . . . .

Half an hour later he found the opportunity while Hartopp was getting his partner an ice, but the start was tame.

"Miss Storey," he blurted out, "you don't remember me, do you?"

She looked at him, calmly munching a sandwich, and shook her head.

"I am Cyril——," he stopped as she made what school children call "a face," but it was only because she had taken a wrong sandwich.

"Cyril Brown Slater of long ago."

"Cyril Brown Slater!" She put out her hand quickly as if to steady herself, and he caught it cleverly in his.

"Oh! Alice—Alice," he murmured, "after all those years—my little Alice!"

"Alice?" she stammered. "What do you mean—ah! do you dare call me that?"

Her free hand flew to her face which was going deliciously red and white, bringing back almost the bloom he remembered.

Brown Slater was nearer losing his head than he had ever been in his life.

"Hush!" she whispered, "I can scarcely bear it. Take me away somewhere—the drawing-room."

She waived her partner aside, clinging to Brown Slater's arm.

In the drawing-room she sank on a central couch, and closed her eyes with a long quivering sigh, apparently unaware that her emotional entrance was attracting notice. Hartopp, blundering ass, had followed, and was now officiously leaning over her.

"What is the matter? Are you faint? Shall I open a window—get you a——?"

MUSIC PRESENTS in great variety AT POHLMANN & Co.'s
40, Dawson St., DUBLIN.

THE CATCH OF A DUBLIN SEASON—Continued.

"It's all right, Hartopp," the senior officer broke in angrily. "Miss Storey is a very old friend of mine. Leave us."

"Yes—please go away, Captain Hartopp," Miss Storey murmured. "I—we—loved each other eighteen years ago, Major Brown Slater and I."

The young man retreated with a rather dazed look, and joined one of his brother officers who was chatting with the colonel's wife at the fire-place.

"Alice—my own little girl," Brown Slater murmured, "won't you look at me?"

"I can't," she panted, "not just yet. But speak to me, Cyril, speak. I can bear your voice, but not your face—YET. Tell me all—all since the day we parted . . . Oh! don't be afraid, I'll not break down now. The fountain of my tears was scorched up years ago!"

"Hush! hush!" he pleaded, glancing uneasily round. "A quieter place, dearest—that seat in the window—come!"

But she did not seem to understand, to be able to realise the publicity—the fact that her tense, vibrating tone was evidently challenging attention.

"They can hear us—look—come!"

Slowly she opened her queer grey-green eyes and glanced round, distraught.

Then, leaning towards him, her hands clasping her knees, she enquired convulsively, yet quite clearly:

"When did your jaws fill out like that—when, Cyril, when?"

"My what?" he asked, beads of perspiration starting out on his brow.

"Your jaws—the lower part of your face—how soon after? Try to tell me, Cyril—how soon after?"

"She's mad," he thought, "staring mad! Heavens! have I driven her to this?"

"And your soul, Cyril," she went on. "Oh! what have you done with it? Your soul, dear—the lamp that lit the landscape of my youth?"

They were all well-bred people around; their backs were discreetly turned, and they did not appear to be listening, but in the moment's stillness that followed this amazing enquiry Brown Slater caught the sound of suppressed tittering and of false choking coughs.

"Where has it gone, the splendour of your youth, Cyril—the romance, the mystery, the magnetism?" she passionately asked. "For eighteen years you have haunted me, resplendent in the noontide of chivalry, taking the flavour out of the simple joys of life. . . . For eighteen years. . . . Cyril, eighteen."

"Miss Storey—stop—hear me——"

But she apparently couldn't. Like a torrent suddenly released, her emotion flowed unrestrained, heedless of interruption. Never afterwards could the unfortunate man tell whether it lasted for minutes or for hours. He only knew that Hartopp was listening, his Colonel's wife was listening, Charlie Ethredge, half Dublin—only knew that he'd have to send in his papers—give up his regiment——"

"But it's over now," he pleaded in a whisper. "I'll make amends, Alice—make you forget the past——"

"Ah! don't you see what I am?—a woman with a stone in her side instead of a heart, with a laugh on her lips that is the jibe of despair."

Brown Slater measured his distance to the door, and rose with a stealthy movement. But she was on her feet at the same moment her hand on his arm.

"Do you know what they call me, Cyril? They call me 'The, Old Storey, 'The Shilling Shocker,' 'The Sporting Edition,' awful things like that . . . They groan at home over my reckless mirth, my fevered pursuit of pleasure, my fastness, my vulgarity . . . They remember the days of long ago when I was a nice lady-like girl—and—now—now after wrecking my youth, you come back to pile injury upon injury——"

"Injury upon injury? I—I—"

"After cheapening all good men in my eyes, Cyril, you come back now to show me what a waste it has all been—what a pitiful waste . . . to mock me with your flatness, your futility. Ah, why? why? Couldn't you have stayed away and left me illusion at least? . . . One moment, Jim, I've just finished" she added with a startling change of voice, addressing a grey-haired gentleman in the uniform of a deputy-lieutenant.

"The same old story every night," the gentleman grumbled, "and you know, Sal, what a cough the mare has."

"Coming, Jim." She laid her hand on Brown Slater's arm and led him towards the door. Everyone was laughing openly now, and bewildering yellow lights were dancing in the young lady's eyes. She looked radiant, the spirit of triumphant youth.

"Dear old Jim, how he does fuss about his horses. You remember, Jim, don't you, Major Brown Slater?" she asked gaily. "You don't? Nonsense! Why he was always about long ago thirsting for your blood."

"For my blood?" he repeated mechanically.

"Listen. Jim is the husband of the girl whose heart you nearly broke eighteen years ago. No, I'm not Alice. How could I possibly be? I mean Alice is over forty, and has a daughter almost as tall as herself. I'm only twenty-eight. Besides Alice is an angel. She couldn't have done an atrocious thing like this—not to save her life. Why she can't even kill the wasp that stings her. I'm different——"

"You—you—Alice——?"

"After mother died I was Alice's baby, and slept in her room, so I knew as nobody else did how you hurt her, shamed her, crushed her lovely youth—though now she laughs at it all. For months I used to lay awake at night, plotting how I could hurt and shame you in return. I never thought I'd have a chance, until you yourself put the whip into my hand to-night. I'm rather horrified to find that I have seldom enjoyed myself so thoroughly. . . . What are you saying? Who am I? Don't you remember me at all, Major Brown Slater?"

He shook his hot, heavy head.

"I'm Sally—the horrid, vulgar little girl you used to get sent to bed for making faces at you over the stairs and putting things into your hat. Even then I wanted her to take Jim."

"May I go now, please?" he asked under his breath.

A moment later he was darting across the Castle yard, looking, according to Charlie Ethredge, "as if he was on his way to the druggist's for sixpenceworth of the quickest poison."

. . . . . .

Brown Slater was not popular in the regiment; he was close with money, crudely selfish, and the ladies said he had been horrid to the poor woman left behind in Lucknow, so Miss Sally's "latest" was thoroughly enjoyed by all but one—her *fiancé*.

He lectured her so severely, and assumed such a superior proprietary tone, that the engagement was broken off—for a week.

When he called to give her back her letters, they agreed that the incident, however shocking, was an interposition of providence to save them both from life long misery.

Major Brown Slater came to the wedding which took place in May, and the real Alice was so sweet to him and soothing that he began to hold up his head again.

On being chaffed by her husband and family she cleverly defended herself, and admitted that her gratitude to the gallant soldier for having jilted her was a vivid and substantial sentiment. So it all ended well.

MARY COSTELLO.

THE END.

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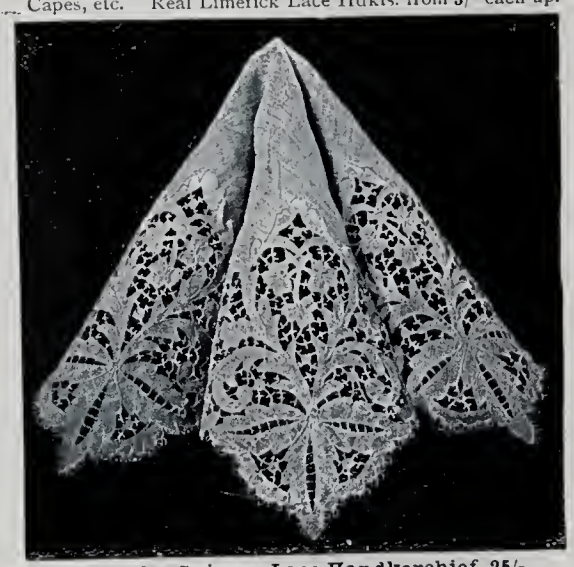
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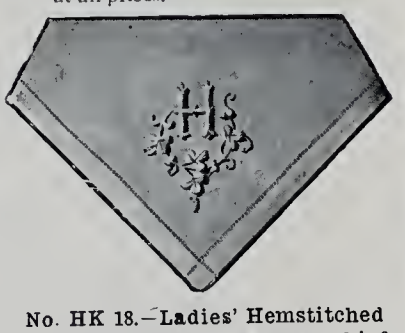
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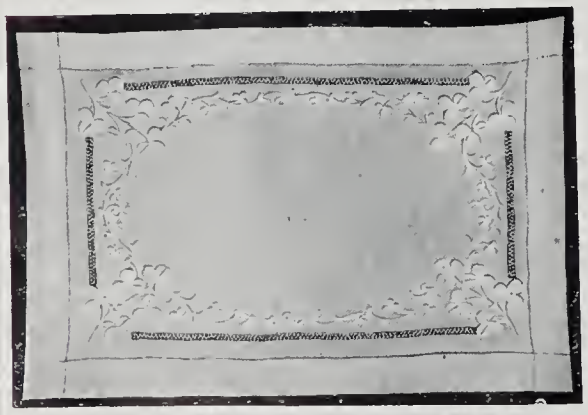
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NICHOLAS KENNY'S AUTHENTIC PICTURE OF GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT:

"THE DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS, 1782;"

WITH FULL KEYS TO BOTH PICTURES; ALSO A REPRODUCTION OF

BARRAUD & HAYTER'S PICTURE OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT IN 1790, with Key.

By CRAWFORD HARTNELL.

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IT is a most remarkable fact that, although the fiercest controversies have raged, in and out of Ireland, upon the subject of the Irish Parliament, no one in the country has even the very slightest idea of what that representative Assembly of the Irish gentry, the cause of all the trouble, looked like when in the flesh.

"Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the Parliament of England," said the Jack Cade of Shakespeare; and one would think that was exactly what they thought and said and did in Ireland, so great is the paucity of available pictorial material respecting *her* Parliament. The National Gallery of Ireland possesses no picture, engraving, or drawing, no pictorial record of any kind, of that Assembly. No castle or country house throughout the length or breadth of Ireland holds any memorial which would enable our generation to realise what aspect that congregation of Irish gentlemen presented in the days of its power and phenomenal success.

We Irish may, according to our political leanings, on the one side passionately insist upon the necessity of setting up another Irish Parliament upon College Green, or, upon the other, we may declare that no such body shall ever again exist upon the soil of Ireland. But it is perfectly certain that neither of the contesting parties have the very faintest idea of what the Irish Parliament looked like when it existed, or how its appearance struck the observer of the time. Even Sir Jonah Barrington, that most painstaking historian, was unable to pictorially reconstitute the assembly, and the late Sir John Gilbert evidently found himself equally at fault.



TOP OF MACE—IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.
Arms of George III.
Quarterings England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Hanover.

It is true that on the walls of many an Irish home there is hanging an autotype of a picture which, as its Key tells us, was painted by "H. Barraud and J. Hayter, Esqrs." It is described as

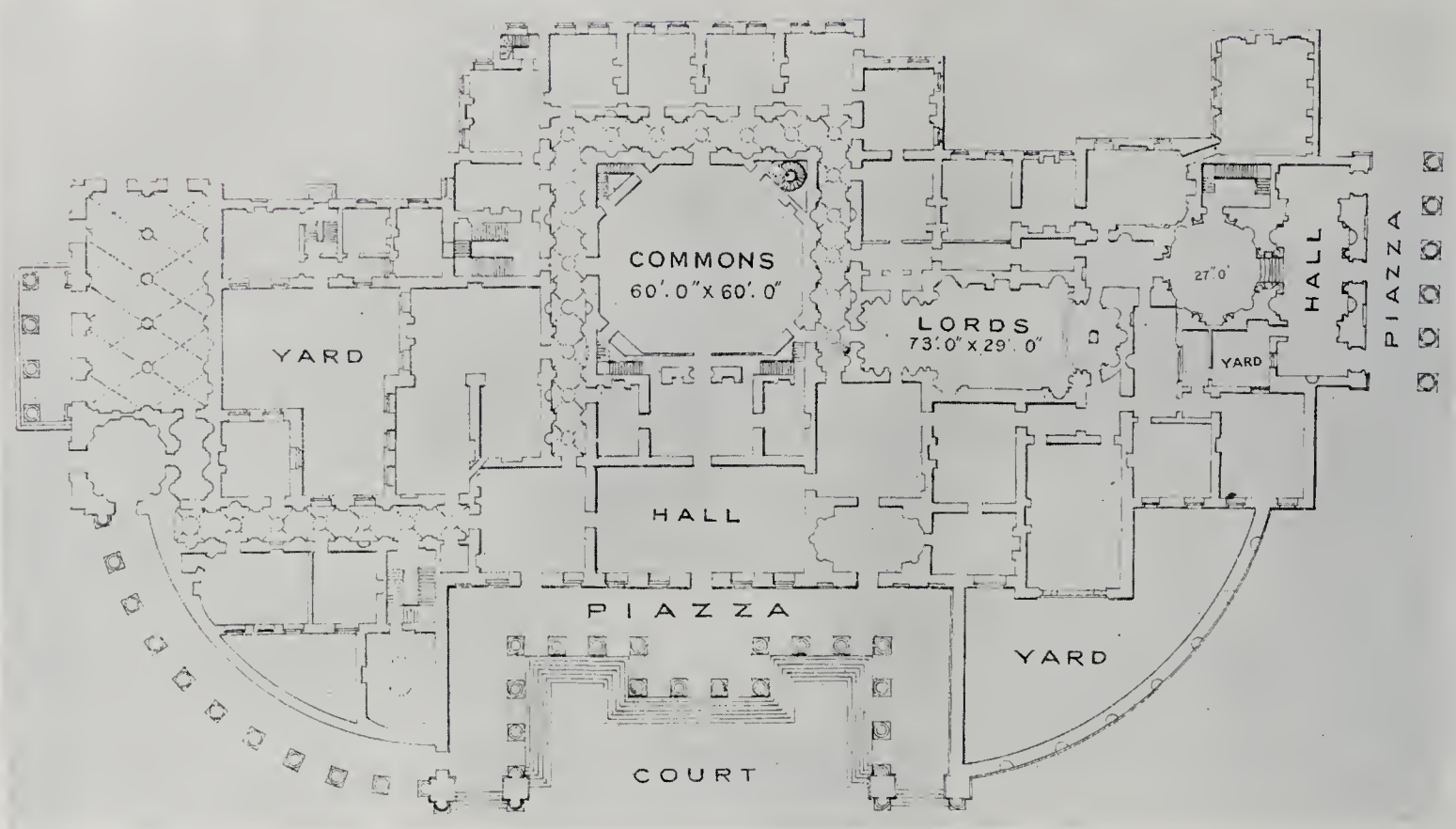
"THE GREAT PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND, ELECTED A.D. 1790."

Hayter, one of the two artists responsible for this work, was a portrait painter to the late Queen Victoria, and, as the portraits in this picture show, was skilful in portraiture. Many of these pictures of great Irishmen, members of the Irish House, are accurate copies of authentic originals in public or family collections. The owner of the original painting, Sir William Whitla, M.D., tells me that it was finished in 1872. I was aware that it had been published at Newcastle-on-Tyne, as an autotype, in that year, but I had thought the picture itself was of somewhat earlier date. Be that as it may, the picture was a latter-day effort to reconstitute the Irish House of Commons and a fair muster of its members, long after the Assembly had passed away. The period represented was 1790, the incident, no doubt, being the revived attack by John Phillpot Curran on certain corrupt phases of the Peerage question. The architecture and furnishing of the House in this picture prove that its painters



THE IRISH MACE.
"Until the body which has entrusted this Mace to my keeping demands it, I will preserve it for them."—Right Hon. JOHN FOSTER, Speaker.

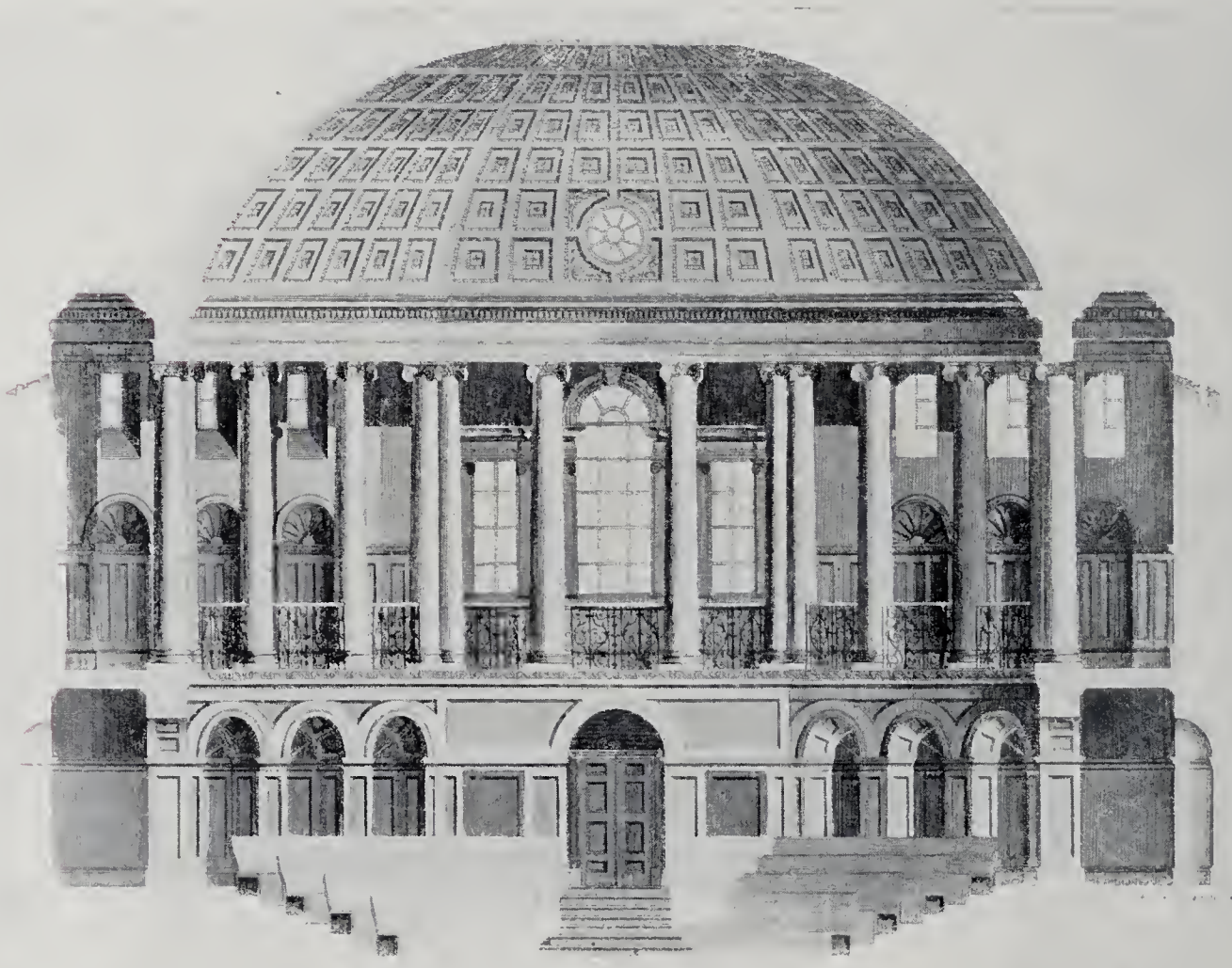
The Irish House of Commons Pictures—*Continued.*



College Green Front.

GROUND PLAN OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, DUBLIN, BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1792

Kindly lent from the Collection of E. Macdowel Cosgrave, Esq., M.D.



A Section of the House of Commons Dublin

From a Print in the Editor's possession.

The Irish House of Commons Pictures—*Continued.*

were but partially acquainted with the subject, for, while the gallery and "goose-pie" roof, with its supporting columns and wheel window, are accurate, the entrances beneath, at the sides of the octagon, are insufficient in number, and lack the uniformity which characterised them. The tesselated pavement of the House, shown in the picture, was not laid until after the fire of 1792, two years after the period represented. This pavement never existed in the original octagonal chamber, but was a feature of the circular apartment built after the fire. The grand candelabra which lighted the newer building, and never figured in the old one, incorrectly finds a place in this picture, the artists doubtless tempted to introduce it by its easy accessibility, as it hung for a time in St Andrew's Church, Dublin, and subsequently found a home in the Examination Hall, Trinity College. The Speaker's chair and the canopy surrounding it bear no resemblance to the original. The table of the House was evidently drawn from the dining or billiard table of the early 1870's. The seating, too, is incorrect, being inaccurate both in its structure and its placing. One cannot help also observing a strange anomaly in the figure of the Irish Volunteer who stands sentry, *under arms within the House itself*, in a recess upon the right-hand side of the picture. This painting was the property of the late Dr. Thomas Corry, of Belfast; and Sir William Whitla, M.D., of that city, with great public spirit, purchased it for his collection, and so prevented this, the only pictorial representation of the Irish House of Commons in the country, from passing out of Ireland. By the courtesy of Sir William Whitla, I now reproduce it and its explanatory key. I have further to acknowledge the great kindness of Mr. Ernest Corry, of Bangor, Co. Down, and Mr. Wm. Ireland, of Belfast, the executors of the late Dr. T. Corry, in whom the copyright of the picture is vested, for sanctioning my reproduction of the painting and its Key.

Early in the present year I heard that a picture of the Irish Parliament, once the property of Henry Grattan, had found a home in the North of England—where, no person in Dublin appeared to know. I decided, in the hope of tracing the picture, to appeal to the descendants of Grattan in the first place, and I eventually learned, through the kindness of Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, Bart., that such a picture was in the possession of Major Langdale, of Houghton Hall, Sancton, Yorkshire. An appeal to Major Langdale brought me the kindest and fullest permission to see the picture and make the necessary plates for the purpose of presenting it to the people of Ireland, in compliance with the expressed wish of Henry Grattan, M.P., who attached to the "Roll" or "Catalogue" of the picture the following note, authenticated by his signature:—

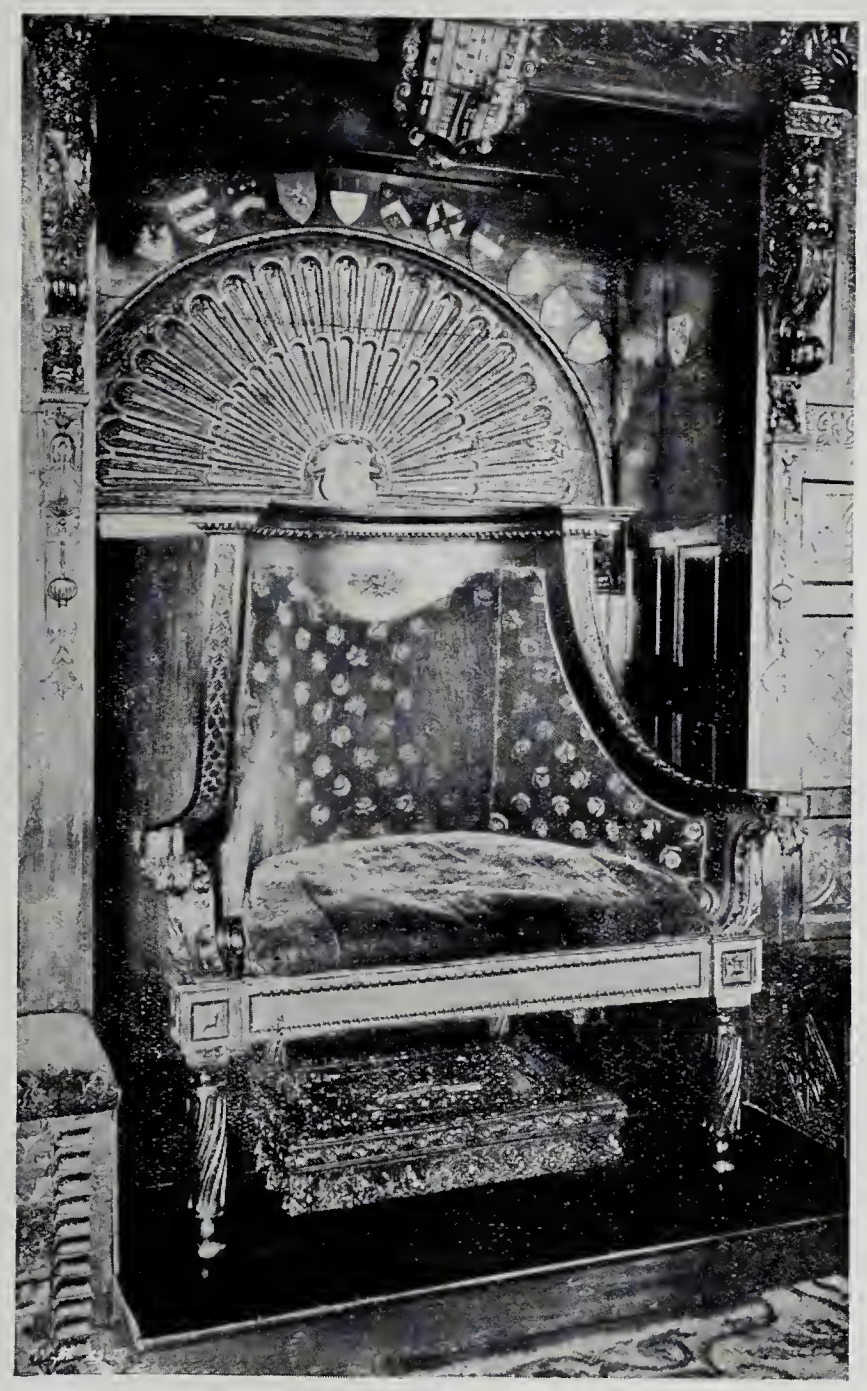
"This picture has occupied the space of four years to collect and arrange.

"I dedicate it to the Irish people, in the hope that it will be engraved, and a copy placed in the house of every man who values liberty and his country. "HENRY GRATTAN."

On a brilliant autumn morning, the best possible for the work in hand, I reached Houghton Hall—a quaint old English mansion, containing a wonderful collection of artistic treasures, many of them relics of the dear Grattan, one of the few public men whose memory is universally revered by everyone in Ireland.

The picture, a large canvas measuring nine feet by seven feet, occupied the place of honour in the dining-room, and the lighting in that apartment not being suitable for the purposes of reproduction, Major Langdale, with the courtesy he has shown throughout the entire matter, permitted the removal of the picture to the lawn, where two whole days were spent in securing the color plates necessary for its reproduction in exact color facsimile as now presented.

The process which rendered this color reproduction possible is an interesting, if somewhat complex, one. Each of the colors in the picture was secured by means of a large camera, fitted with color "wells" containing alternately green, blue, and red liquids. Each liquid formed a screen which allowed one color to pass and excluded all others. The colors thus passed were yellow, red, and blue, corresponding to the three primary colors in nature, of which all other colors are merely combinations. From the one-color photographic plates thus secured a transfer is effected to copper, which is then etched, and the "block," as the working engraving is technically called, results. Each "block" contributes one color to the building up of the picture, and when all the "blocks" are printed in their proper sequence, the perfect facsimile of the picture is the final result. One point remains, the inks employed in printing must in shade exactly match the colors used by the painter. To ensure accuracy in this particular a color drawing of the picture was prepared, each color matching the original, and in this way the craftsmen, who were hundreds of miles away from the picture, have been able to exactly reproduce the colorings which grew under the skilled brush of the original artist.



THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR IN ANTRIM CASTLE.

The fan-like Panel above the Chair is from Antrim Church, and was riddled with bullets. The Coats of Arms above the panel are those of the eleven Speakers of the Irish House of Commons.

NICHOLAS KENNY'S PICTURE OF GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT, 1782.

The title of the picture is

"THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS:
THE DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS IN 1782."

This picture was the work of Nicholas Kenny, an Irish portrait painter of distinction, and each of the faces, whether of the members on the floor of the House, or of the distinguished personages crowding the galleries, is worked with a care and finish which a miniature painter would bestow upon a single portrait.

The architecture of the House itself is not so carefully handled. The roof is the old "goose pie" roof, which perished when the dome fell in during the fire of 1792. It is, however, without the wheel windows, and is supported by columns of the Doric order of architecture, whereas the original pillars were in the Ionic style. The gallery is dark, the windows, which lighted it, having also been omitted, and the seats occupied by members are without the solid backs shown in the architectural cross section of the House which forms a part of the illustration of this article. A point to be noted in this picture is the Table of the House, which, according to Kenny, was draped in dark green cloth fringed at its lower extremity with gold.

The central figure in the picture is that of Henry Grattan, who clasps to his breast a scroll bearing the words "Claim of Right." By his side Gervaise Parker Bushe is seated, holding the sword,

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The Irish House of Commons Pictures—*Continued.*

of which Grattan has divested himself when addressing the House. To the extreme right of the bench near Grattan sits Isaac Corry, who, during one of the Union debates, made an unworthy attack upon Grattan, and was shot by him the following morning at Ball's Bridge, on the very spot where a far different "meeting" now takes place—the Horse Show of the Royal Dublin Society. The Frederick Saunderson, member for Cavan, shown in the picture, was as sturdy an opponent of the Union as his grandson, the late Colonel Saunderson, was, in these latter years, its staunch upholder. Sir John Parnell is there too, "an Incorruptible," reminding us that there is also a continuity of political fidelity in Ireland, for his descendant, Charles Stewart Parnell, remained steadfast in the family tradition. The picture is full of interest. Every name has its story, a story always interesting, often absorbing, in many cases deeply significant in the history of our country. I, however, forbear, tempting as the subject is, to refer further to the many distinguished persons depicted in this picture, for the "Roll" or "Catalogue" which follows this article fully records them, and in many cases I have included in the Roll enlarged reproductions of the portraits of distinguished members of the House. These latter are from the studies of the original portraits by Nicholas Kenny used for the purposes of his picture. They are now in the collection of Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, Bart., at Ballinastragh, Gorey, Co. Wexford, and again I have to gratefully acknowledge the unfailing kindness of Sir Thomas in contributing this additional note of interest to my presentation of the Irish House of Commons as it appeared in Grattan's days and its leading members as they lived.

This picture was for long a treasured possession at Celbridge Abbey, and passed from Henry Grattan, M.P. (the son of Henry Grattan), to Henrietta, his eldest daughter and co-heir, who married C. Langdale, Esq., of Houghton. Their eldest son is Henry Grattan Langdale. The present owner of the picture is, as I have already recorded, Major Philip Langdale, the great-grandson of Henry Grattan. The picture was exhibited in 1868 at the National Portrait Exhibition, and I have just discovered that a small rough wood engraving was produced in an English publication—No. 1 of the "*Daily Graphic* Pamphlets"—many years ago, but gave no adequate idea of the picture itself, and, of course, none whatever of its colouring. I, therefore, claim to have fulfilled the wish of Henry Grattan, M.P., in enabling for the first time the people of Ireland to secure a replica of this national heirloom and place it in their homes. It only remains to be added that the picture has been heavily varnished, as a multitude of varnish cracks show, and these cracks have greatly increased the difficulties attendant upon the work of reproduction.



1771 TO 1785.

"Sexten Pery," says Grattan, "was the original fountain of all the good that befell Ireland." This gentleman occupies the Chair as Speaker in both the Wheatley and Kenny Pictures. From a Print in the Joly Collection.

FRANCIS W. WHEATLEY'S PICTURE OF THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1780.

There remains but one other picture of the Irish Parliament. It is not a picture of "Grattan's Parliament," which dates from 1782, yet in it also Grattan is the central figure. He is represented formulating on the 19th April, 1780, and then unsuccessfully, that very Claim of Irish Rights, proposed, carried, and declared on that memorable 16th of April, 1782, which forms the subject of Kenny's picture.

This picture is a truly superb work from the hand of a great artist, Francis W. Wheatley, whose signature, "Fs. W. Wheatley," it bears, with the date, "Dublin, June 8, 1780." Kenny's picture was finished in 1843, having taken four years to complete. Wheatley's was painted in the year 1780, and depicts the Irish Parliament as it existed that very year when the Assembly and its Members were living realities, and every point was possible of verification on the spot. I discovered this picture at Parlington, a few hours' journey from Houghton Hall, and it is a most singular circumstance that both these national pictures, the only authentic pictorial records of the Irish House of Commons, should have found a home in the same English shire, and within a comparatively short distance of one another, in the mansions of English gentlemen whose families have had the closest connection with Ireland.

Parlington and Lotherton Hall, Aberford, have been for generations the seats of the Gascoigne family, who also own extensive estates in Ireland. This old English family possesses many ties and connections with this country, dating from the time when Silver Oliver, of Castle Oliver, County Limerick, married the heiress of the Gascoignes and assumed that name.

In the evil days of the Irish famine of 1847, two of the ladies of the Gascoigne family came to Ireland and journeyed through the country on a mission of mercy, nursing the sick and relieving the distress of the famine-stricken peasantry. The ladies were, during part of this charitable pilgrimage, granted a military escort, and the two young officers, cousins named Trench, who had the direction of the escort, became deeply interested in the work of mercy, and subsequently won the hearts and hands of the two charitable English sisters. One of the gentlemen afterwards became Baron Ashtown, the other Colonel Trench. Colonel Trench in 1850 married Mary, the daughter and co-heir of the late Richard Oliver Gascoigne, Esq., whose name he assumed by royal license in August, 1851. Colonel Trench

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The Irish House of Commons Pictures—*Continued.*

Gascoigne, on his recent demise, was succeeded by his son, Colonel Frederick Richard Thomas Trench Gascoigne, D.S.O., and to this gentleman's most kind permission is due the privilege I now enjoy of presenting to the public the first reproduction ever made of Wheatley's picture of the Irish House of Commons in 1780, and its explanatory key.

In 1853 the late Colonel Gascoigne lent this splendid national canvas to the loan collection of Dargan's Great International Exhibition, held upon the Leinster Lawn, Dublin. After the close of the Exhibition, Colonel Trench Gascoigne, who was a distinguished personality in Irish Society and a munificent benefactor of Irish charities, happened, while walking along Merrion Square, to observe a number of workmen removing cases containing pictures from the Exhibition building and packing the crates upon lorries. Just as he came alongside one of the lorries a case slipped from the hands of the careless workmen, crashed upon the pavement, and, bursting open, deposited Wheatley's splendid picture, battered and torn, at its owner's feet. This singular occurrence is quite authentic, and there are many living persons who can recall the incident as related by the late Colonel Trench Gascoigne. A close examination of the reproduction of this picture will show an almost straight line, like a crease, passing from left to right of the picture, near the top. This was one of the damages which the painting received, but the defect can only be discovered on a close scrutiny, for it has been almost obliterated by careful restoration. It is an object lesson of the extreme danger of lending valuable pictures to Exhibitions, other than those of the art academies.

Having arrived at Parlington, in response to Colonel Trench Gascoigne's kind permission, I had the pleasure of inspecting the Wheatley picture, and was surprised to find that the general arrangement of the figures was almost identical with that in Kenny's picture. The individual differences will be discovered on a close examination of the keys of the Wheatley and Kenny pictures now reproduced. In Wheatley's picture as in Kenny's, Henry Grattan is, as I have already said, addressing the House, and the portrait, allowing for the animation of the speaker engaged in an exciting debate, is marvellously akin to the large portrait of Grattan painted by Wheatley four years later. All the portraits are painted with extreme care, each being a perfect picture of the individual represented. The portraits in the galleries are almost identical with those in Kenny's picture, although the two episodes represented by the pictures are divided by a period of two years. It must be conceded that Kenny was familiar with Wheatley's work, and owes much to it in the general arrangement of his grouping. Nor has all Wheatley's care been expended upon the portraits, for the architecture of the House is accuracy itself. The wheel windows in the roof, the Ionic columns which support it, the lighting of the galleries, the entrances to the chamber, the recesses, all are exact and truthful reproductions. The arrangement and draping of the table, covered, by the way, with a plain unfringed green cloth, the disposition and form of the seating, the uniforms of Irish Volunteer regiments, and those of Daly's Club worn by the Members; no point was too small for the painstaking accuracy of Wheatley. It is a great memorial, a living picture of the time, and I have done what is possible to present it faithfully and worthily to the people of Ireland. It only remains, as regards the picture itself, to add that the painting is seven feet one and a half inches wide, and in height measures six feet four inches.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN FOSTER,

Last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and first Lord Oriel. John Foster, representative of Louth, was in 1785 unanimously elected Speaker on the resignation of Edmund Sexten Pery, who was created a Viscount. Foster occupied the Chair until 1800.
From a Mezzo-tint in the National Gallery of Ireland.

In securing the necessary plates for reproduction I was at Parlington, as at Houghton Hall, permitted to have the picture removed from the dining-room to the lawn, where more perfect light for reproduction purposes was obtainable. It affords me the greatest pleasure to here acknowledge the kind help, valuable information, and advice which I received from Mr. T. Herbert Prater, the agent of Colonel Trench Gascoigne's estates at Aberford. It may be interesting to add that, as Parlington is being dismantled, Wheatley's picture will in future find a home at Lotherton Hall, Aberford, near Leeds, Yorkshire.

A word as to the artist, who won his fame in Dublin. Wheatley was born in London in 1747, and early showed high artistic capability. He came to Ireland prior to 1780, and, attracted by the picturesque surroundings of the time in Dublin, he commenced the series of national pictures upon which his artistic reputation mainly rests. His first work was "The Muster of the Irish Volunteers in College Green, 1779." This picture is in the collection of the National Gallery of Ireland. His next work was "The Irish House of Commons in 1780," now the property of Colonel Trench Gascoigne, D.S.O., and herein reproduced for the first time.

Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters" observes that this picture contains portraits of all the more remarkable Irish politicians. Colonel Gascoigne understands that the picture was presented to his ancestor, Mr. Silver Oliver, by Wheatley as some acknowledgment of many kindnesses which the artist had received. This corrects an error in Redgrave's "Dictionary of Artists," where it is stated this picture was disposed of by lottery. Wheatley is said to have taken subscriptions from the

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The Irish House of Commons Pictures—*Continued.*

various sitters, whose portraits are presented in the picture, for the purpose of having the work engraved—an intention never carried out, as Wheatley was driven from Dublin, apparently in 1784, in disgrace, it being discovered that the lady who there had figured as Mrs. Wheatley was the wife of a brother artist, Gresse, with whom Wheatley had eloped from London to Dublin. Wheatley, it should be mentioned, painted at least one other Irish subject in addition to his portraits of Grattan and other distinguished persons. This work was the "Review of Troops in Phœnix Park by General Irwin," painted in 1781, exhibited in London two years later, and now also hung in our National Gallery. Wheatley became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1790, and R.A. the following year. His death took place in 1801.

It only remains to be mentioned that the other illustrations produced in this article are

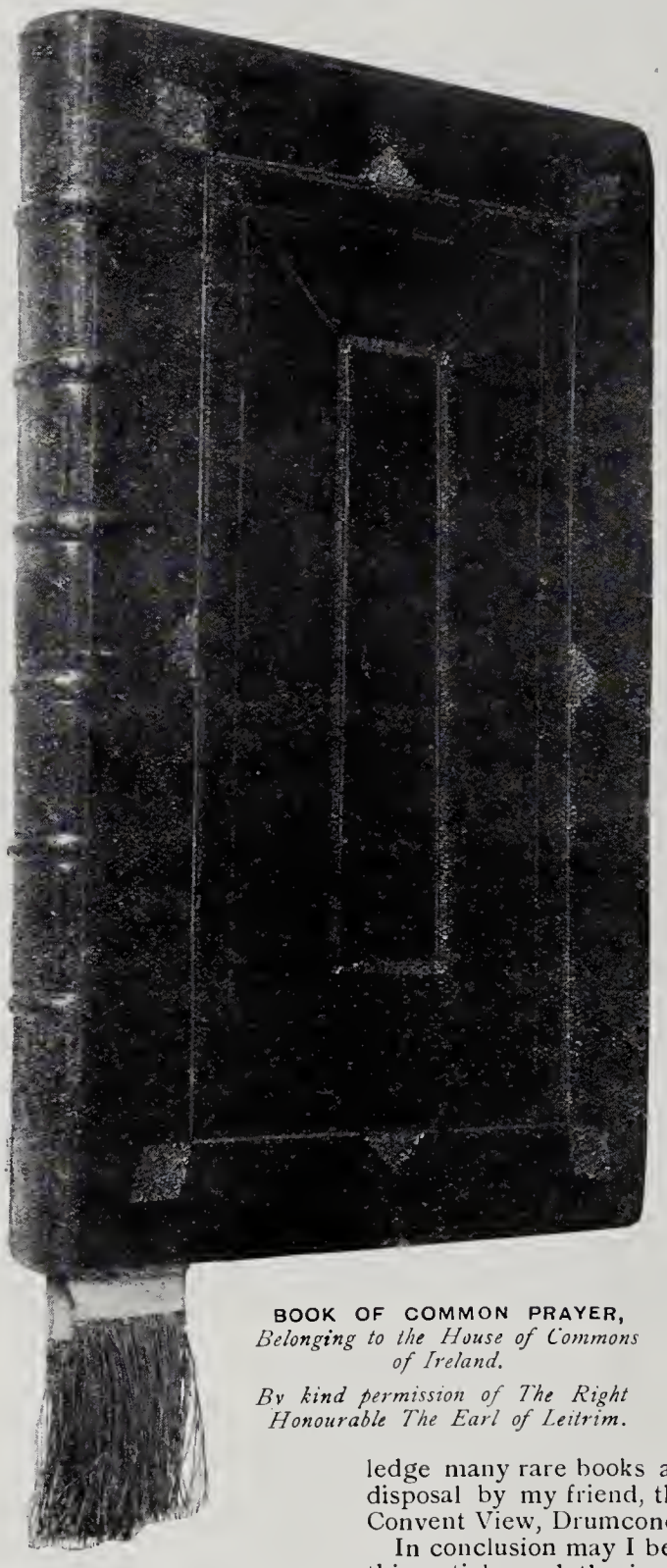
THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR AND THE MACE OF THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS,

from photographs by Mr. R. Welch, of Belfast. These interesting relics are the property of Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, who has kindly assented to their reproduction here. They can, at present, be seen in the Museum, Kildare Street, Dublin, having been lent by their owner from his collection at Antrim Castle, where they have been long and carefully preserved. The Chair* and Mace† were taken from the Irish House by its last Speaker, that incorruptible gentleman, the Right Honourable John Foster, afterwards Lord Oriel, whose name is commemorated in Foster Place, and whose official residence, the Irish Speaker's House, is now the head office of the Royal Bank of Ireland in that thoroughfare. Is is recorded that, when the surrender of the Mace was demanded, Foster, who had removed it from the House, firmly declined to commit it to the custody of any body except that of the Parliament of Ireland. It accordingly remains in the possession of Foster's successor, Viscount Massereene and Ferrard.

The BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, from which the Chaplain read the daily prayers to the Members of the House, is here reproduced by the kindness of the Earl of Leitrim, who lent me the Book for the purpose, and in whose residence, Mulroy, Milford, Co. Donegal, it is treasured, a cherished possession. This volume occupied a place on the Table, and is shown in both Wheatley's and Kenny's pictures, and a few particulars respecting it will be of general interest:—

"*This Book of Common Prayer belonged to the House of Commons of Ireland, and from this Book the Chaplain read prayers to the House.*"

Such is the inscription upon the fly-leaf of this handsome volume, which bears the imprint—"Dublin: Printed by and for George Grierson, at the Two Bibles in Effex Street. M.DCC.XXI." It is a magnificent example of Irish typography, printed from clear, sharp-faced type, in fine black ink, on excellent Irish hand-made paper. The chapter heads are embellished with artistic head-pieces, and ornate initial letters introduce the text. The binding of the time was hand-made calf, but this Book is covered in a black leather like crushed morocco, decorated with embellishments in gold. The Book contains several much-worn but unfaded broad markers of two inches wide Dublin poplin, fringed with gold bullion lace. These ribbons are of the Irish national colour, sky blue, which was adopted for the ribbon of St. Patrick when the Order was instituted in 1783. Green as a national colour, like the shamrock as an Irish emblem, are products of later times. In this interesting volume the "Prayer for the High Court of Parliament, to be read during the Session," is almost identical with the form now used. In addition there are four pages of "Prayers for Parliament," beginning with the Lord's Prayer. This is followed in order by prayers for "King George;" "Frederick, Prince of Wales; the Princess of Wales, the Princesses, the Issue of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family," also a prayer for "the Lord Lieutenant." The fifth Prayer, for the Parliament, is as follows:—



BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER,
Belonging to the House of Commons of Ireland.

By kind permission of The Right Honourable The Earl of Leitrim.

Almighty God, by whom alone Kings reign, and Princes decree iuſtice; and from whom alone cometh all counſel, wiſdom, and underſtanding: We thine unworthy ſervants, here gathered together in thy Name, do moſt humbly beſeech thee to ſend down thy heavenly wiſdom from above, to direct and guide us in all our conſultations: And grant that (we having thy fear always before our eyes, and laying aſide all private intereſts, prejudices, and partial affections) the reſult of all our counſels may be to the glory of thy bleſſed Name; the maintenance of true Religion and Juſtice; the ſafety, honour, and happineſs of the King; the publick wealth, peace, and tranquility of the Realm, and the uniting and knitting together of the hearts of all perſons and eſtates within the ſame, in true Chriſtian Love and Charity one towards another, through Jeſus Chriſt our only Lord and Saviour. Amen.

This most interesting Book also contains special "Prayers for the Use of Trinity College, *near* Dublin," which were so comprehensive as to include the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, "his Brethren the Aldermen, and the whole Aſſembly of the Citizens of *Dublin*." Towards the close of the volume there are several "Acts of Parliament that are to be Publickly Read in Churches," and amongst these an Act of William III. "for the more effectual Suppreſſing of prophane Curſing and Swearing."

The PLAN OF THE HOUSE has been kindly placed at my disposal by E. Macdowel Cosgrave, Esq., M.D., and the CROSS SECTION OF THE HOUSE is from an old engraving in my possession. The portrait of SPEAKER SEXTEN PERY is from a print in the Joly Collection; that of SPEAKER FOSTER from a portrait in the National Gallery of Ireland. This latter print is especially interesting as giving a suggestion of the circular Chamber rebuilt, after the fire of 1792, which destroyed the original octagonal-shaped Irish House of Commons. I have also to acknowledge many rare books and prints for reference placed at my disposal by my friend, that ardent collector, Mr. James Collins, Convent View, Drumcondra.

In conclusion may I be permitted to say that, if the perusal of this article and the inspection of the accompanying national heirlooms affords a tenth part of the interest and pleasure which their collection and presentation has given me, in what has indeed been a labour of love, I shall be more than amply rewarded for the toils of a quest occupying the leisure hours of many months spent in unwearied research. There is just one note of regret, caused by my inability to fitly and appropriately acknowledge the extreme kindness of those gentlemen, the happy possessors of these relics, whose acquiescence have rendered their presentation here possible.

* The Speaker's Chair is made of hard white wood carved and painted a deep brown. It is upholstered in red, cut velvet, which is not its original covering.

† The Irish Mace is richly decorated, of silver gilt, and bears the London Hall-mark, 1765-6.

THE SUBJECTS OF THE HITHERTO

Unpublished Authentic Pictures of the Irish House of Commons;

Also of BARRAUD AND HAYTER'S LATTER DAY PICTURE.

"THE CLAIM OF IRISH RIGHTS, 1780,"
THE SUBJECT OF F. W. WHEATLEY'S PICTURE

(KEY OF THIS PICTURE, PAGE 51).

The Claim of Irish Rights was first moved by Henry Grattan on the 19th April, 1780, in a full House. The following were the terms:—

"The King's Most Excellent Majesty and the Lords and "Commons of Ireland are the only power competent to make "laws to bind Ireland."

The division took place at 6 a.m., when the motion was lost by 133—99.

"THE DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS, 1782,"
THE SUBJECT OF NICHOLAS KENNY'S PICTURE.

(KEY OF THIS PICTURE, PAGES 41-44.)

The following excerpt from a resolution of the Irish House of Commons, passed unanimously on 16th April, 1782, is known as the "Declaration of Irish Rights." This resolution was proposed by Henry Grattan, and seconded by William Brownlow, Member for Armagh County:—

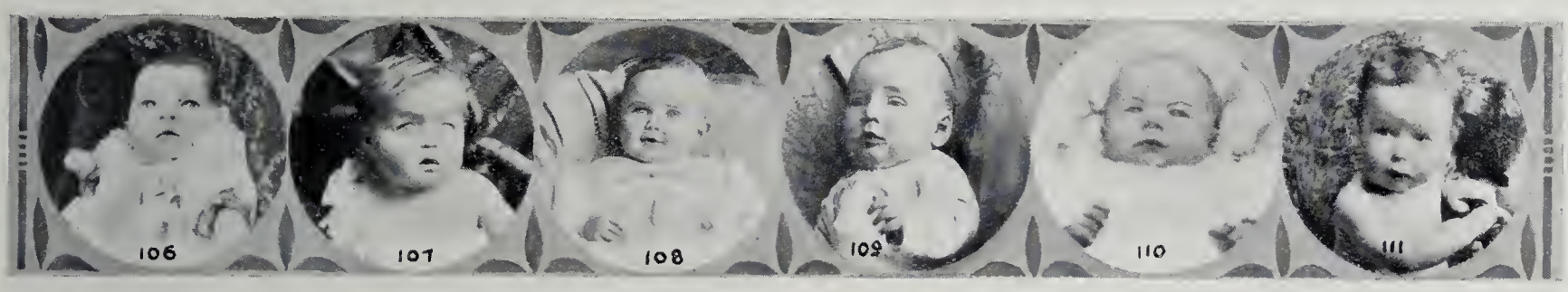
"To assure His Majesty that his subjects of Ireland are a free "people; that the Crown of Ireland is an Imperial Crown, in- "separably annexed to the Crown of Great Britain, on which con- "nection the interests and happiness of both nations essentially "depend; but the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a "Parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof; that there "is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation, "except the King,* Lords and Commons of Ireland, nor any Parlia- "ment which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever "in this country, save only the Parliament of Ireland; to assure "his Majesty, that we humbly conceive that in this right the "very essence of our liberty existed, a right which we, on the part "of all the people of Ireland, do claim as their birthright, and "which we cannot yield but with our lives."

"THE GREAT PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND, ELECTED A.D. 1790,"
THE SUBJECT OF BARRAUD AND HAYTER'S PICTURE.

(KEY OF THIS PICTURE, PAGE 48.)

The Session was opened in January, 1790, by the new Viceroy, the Earl of Westmoreland, after whom Westmoreland Street was named. In March of the same year John Phillpot Curran bitterly attacked "a contract entered into by the Ministers to raise to the Peerage certain persons on condition of their purchasing a certain number of seats in this House. It was a corrupt disposal of public money. . . . He pledged himself to prove the charge, if the House would agree to go into the inquiry." This is the incident upon which is based this picture, in which Curran is represented addressing the House.

* The King was this acknowledged as ruling by virtue of his Irish Crown. It will be recalled that, by desire of Henry VIII., the Irish Parliament in 1541 conferred upon him the title of the King of Ireland. Previously the English Kings only bore the title of the Lord of Ireland.



THE IRISH CHAMPION BABY OF 1906—Report of the Competition—*(Continued from Baby Souvenir.)*

A Remarkable Array of Splendid Little Sons and Daughters of Erin Born this Year.

51—Thelma A. Smith. 25, Drumcondra Park, Dublin; height 25 ins, weight 19 lbs, age 4½ months; very healthy; nursed.

52—Deborah Tutty, 6, Pembroke Place, Dublin; height 28 ins, weight 24 lbs, age 10 months 7 days; has never been ill; nursed.

53—James W. O. Freeth, Voke's Villas, Ballinacurra, Limerick; height 26 ins, weight 18½ lbs, age 4 months 27 days; health excellent; nursed.

54—Rachel T. Wolfe, North St., Skibbereen; height 28 ins, weight 18 lbs, age 5 months 1 week; never a moment ill; nursed.

55—George B. Hanna, Claremont, Ballymena; height 27 ins, weight 26 lbs, age 8 months; always in good health; nursed.

56—George B. M. Clarke, 56, Ellesmere Avenue, Dublin; height 26 ins, weight 18½ lbs, age 5 months; health excellent; nursed.

57—Malin Sorsbie, 9, Richmond Terrace, Cork; height 27 ins, weight 19½ lbs, age 5 months 18 days; health excellent; nursed.

58—James Parker, 40, Connell Terrace, Limerick; height 24 ins, weight 28 lbs, age 10 months; never ill; nursed.

59—Frances E. Wilson, 1, Elizabeth Terrace, Bangor, Co. Down; height 29 ins, weight 19½ lbs, age 8 months 19 days; health perfect; nursed for 5 months; afterwards given Allenburys' Food for 3 months; at present fed on milk and barley.

60—Eugene Mary G. M'Cabe, height 24½ ins, weight 15½ lbs, age 6 months; health good; bottle-fed on Neave's Food.

61—Eric O'Hara, Carina, Warrenpoint; height 29 ins, weight 20 lbs, age 6 months 1 week; health good; nursed, also fed on Allenburys' Food.

62—Irene J. Doyle, Austin Friars, Mullingar; height 26 ins, weight 23 lbs, age 8 months 9 days; health perfect; fed on equal parts of oatmeal water and new milk.

63—Dorothy Chandler, 58, Russell Avenue, Dublin; height 29 ins, weight 22 lbs, age 9 months 13 days; health perfect; nursed.

64—Ernest Taylor, 23, Glengarriff Parade, Dublin; height 29 ins, weight 22½ lbs, age 8 months 12 days; health excellent; fed on Mellin's Food.

65—William Edge Ballinderry, Rathdrum; height 28½ ins, weight 20¼ lbs. age 5½ months; health good; nursed.

66—Noel G. Talbot Cliffe, Clifton Lodge, The Curragh; height 28½ ins, weight 23 lbs, age 10 months 1 week; health excellent; has cut 6 teeth with little trouble, and is now cutting 2 more; fed from the mouth on Robinson's Patent Barley, with a little beef tea daily in addition after 10 months old.

67—Robert E. Nixon, 32, Bloomfield Avenue, Belfast; height 37½ ins, weight 26½ lbs, age 5 months; health perfect; nursed.

68—John Woodhouse, Duleek St., Drogheda; height 27 ins, weight 26 lbs, age 8 months health excellent; nursed.

69—Paddy Buckley, 8, Valentine Villas, The Lough, Cork; height 30 ins, weight 24½ lbs, age 9 months; health perfect; fed from 2 weeks to 3 months old on Robinson's Patent Barley, since then on boiled bread and milk, 3 pints of milk and a few ounces of bread, every 24 hours, increasing now to 3½ pints.

70—Reginald F. Synnott, 26, Mount Pleasant Terrace, Dublin; height 30 ins, weight 24½ lbs, age 10 months; very strong, healthy baby; nursed, and Neave's Food given from 2 months old.

71—Kevin MacVeigh, Lawrence Hill, Derry; height 27½ ins, weight 25 lbs, age 8 month very healthy child; has cut 2 teeth without the slightest trouble; fed on milk and barley water until 3 months old; then on Neave's Food.

72—Claude A. Stringer, Dunloe, Terenure, Dublin; height 28 ins, weight 20 lbs, age 7 months 9 days; health perfect; nursed.

73—Grace M. and Richard J. Dunwoody (twins), Blackwater Vale, Monaghan; girl's height 26 ins, weight 16 lbs; boy's height 28 ins, weight 17 lbs; age 8 months 1 week; very healthy children; girl cut first tooth in September, and boy cut first tooth in November; fed until 5½ months old on cow's milk, and now on Condensed Milk.

74—George L. Lindsay, 1, St Aubin Place Waterford; height 27½ ins, weight 21 lbs, age 6 months 3 weeks; health exceptionally good; has cut 2 teeth without any trouble; nursed.

75—William T. Saunderson, 8, Rosemount Terrace, Dublin; height 29 ins, weight 17 lbs, age 5 months 17 days; health perfect; 2 teeth; nursed.

76—William Harris, 9, Doris St., South Lotts Road, Dublin; height 30 ins, weight 24 lbs, age 7 months 17 days; not one day ill since birth; nursed.

77—Maud E. Ellis, 3, Elm Terrace, S.C.R., Dublin; height 28 ins, weight 19 lbs, age 7 months 9 days; had no illness since birth; nursed.

78—Edward W. Felton, 36, Oakley Road, Dublin; height 28 ins, weight 24 lbs, age 7½ months; health excellent; fed on Mellin's Food from 2 months old.

79—Patrick M'Cann, 32, Wentworth Place, Dublin; height 27 ins, weight 21 lbs, age 7 months 2 weeks; health excellent; nursed.

80—Annie J. Holohan, 1, St. Patrick's Terrace, Dublin; height 28 ins, weight 21 lbs, age 7 months 22 days; health excellent; 4 teeth cut; fed on bread and milk.

81—James J. Corrigan, 38, Graham Terrace, Dublin; height 27 ins, weight 18¼ lbs, age 6 months 17 days; health good; nursed.

82—Gordon Kelly, 5, Haroldville Avenue, Dublin; height 28 ins, weight 18 lbs, age 7 months 9 days; health good; very vigorous child; fed on Robinson's Patent Barley and milk first 4 months, then Neave's Food.

83—Mary C. Wolfe, The Rampart, Kinsale; height 25½ ins, weight 13 lbs 1 oz, age 2 months; health perfect; sleeps 21 hours out of the 24; chest measurement 17½ ins; weighed 11 lbs at birth; nursed for 4 weeks, since then fed on milk and barley water.

84—Maurice W. Dalton, Riversdell, Dundrum, Dublin; height 25 ins, weight 21 lbs, age 3 months 21 days; health perfect; nursed.

85—Gerald H. J. Reilly, Chapel Road, Belturbet; height 28 ins, weight 18 lbs, age 6 months; strong, healthy child; fed on Allenburys' Food.

86—Baby Beare, Sallins; height 29¾ ins, weight 25 lbs, age 9 months; always healthy; nursed.

87—Eileen Lynch, 50, Dufferin Avenue, Dublin; height 31 ins, weight 27 lbs, age 10 months; health excellent; fed on Neave's Food from 3 months old.

88—Kathleen M. Burrows, 3, Montpelier Hill, Dublin; height 27½ ins, weight 23 lbs age 8 months 22 days; health exceedingly good; nursed for 3 months, then fed on Frame Food and Brown & Polson's Corn Flour occasionally.

89—Henry Mulhall, 63, Kennedy's Buildings, James's St., Dublin; height 26 ins, weight 20 lbs, age 8 months 22 days; health excellent; nursed.

90—Kathleen C. Franklin, 18, William St., Sligo; height 28 ins, weight 18 lbs, age 6 months 16 days; health perfect; nursed.

THE IRISH CHAMPION BABY OF 1906—Report of the Competition—*(Concluded from the previous page).*

91—**Isabel Forbes-Howie**, 5, Mount Temple Terrace, Rathmines; height 28½ ins, weight 20½ lbs, age 8 months 1 week; health excellent; 8 teeth through; fed on Allenburys' Food.

92—**Isabel H. Livingston**, Annesboro' House, Lurgan; height 26 ins, weight 13¾ lbs, age 7 months 1 week; health good; nursed.

93—**Betty Knight**, Cookstown House, Kells; height 29 ins, weight 20 lbs, age 7½ months very strong, healthy child; nursed for 4 months, since then fed on Robinson's Patent Barley.

94—**Eric Young**, "Ardlea," Waterloo Gardens, Belfast; height 29½ ins, weight 22 lbs, age 4 months 3 weeks; health excellent; nursed until 2 months old; third month one bottle Robinson's Patent Barley in morning, and fourth month one bottle morning and evening, in addition to nursing.

95—**Patrick J. Burke**, Abbeyleix House, Abbeyleix; height 30 ins, weight 24 lbs, age 6 months; health very good; nursed.

96—**George J. Fullerton**, 5, Echlin St., Dublin; height 22 ins, weight 21 lbs, age 7 months; health good; nursed.

97—**Jack R. O'Sullivan**, Brookside, Clontarf, Dublin; height 26 ins, weight 14 lbs, age 2 months 9 days, 17 ins. round chest; health very good; nursed.

98—**Norman Smith**, c/o Mrs. Aherne, 10, Beresford Place, Dublin; height 28¾ ins, weight 21 lbs, age 10 months; health very good; bottle-fed from birth, also given Nestlé's Swiss Milk

99—**Kathleen W. Osborne**, Meredith Place, Armagh; height 28 ins, weight 20½ lbs, age 5 months 25 days; health perfect; no illness since birth; nursed.

100—**John N. W. Hughes**, Castle Place, Ardglass; height 32 ins, weight 28 lbs, age 9 months; health very good; nursed until 8 months old, since then fed on Allenburys' Food and bread and milk.

101—**William Smith**, Elm Park Lodge, Drumcondra, Dublin; height 28½ ins, weight 25 lbs, age 5 months; health good; fed with White's "Red Star" Oat Flour.

102—**Michael D. MacHale**, 29, William St., Sligo; height 29½ ins, weight 20 lbs, age 8 months; health excellent; nursed; Robinson's Patent Groats also given.

103—**Ernest M'Callion**, Shelbourne, Limerick; height 29 ins, weight 22 lbs, age 7 months; nursed.

104—**James F. Igoe**, 13E Block, Iveagh Trust Buildings, Dublin; height 28¼ ins, weight 20 lbs, age 6 months 25 days; health very good; nursed.

105—**George L. Dobbyn**, Riverdale, Waterford; height 28 ins, weight 19½ lbs, age 5 months 2 weeks; health very good; nursed

106—**Kathleen F. M'Cullagh**, 14, Mulgrave Terrace, Kingstown; height 25 ins, weight 12 lbs 12 ozs, age 8 weeks; health very good; nursed.

107—**Reta M Sweeney**, 18, Emmett Place, Limerick; height 30 ins, weight 32 lbs, age 9 months; health very good; fed until 8 months old on half milk and half water, since then on bread and milk.

108—**Edwin T. Coates**, Cranfield, Bawnmore Road, Belfast; height 27 ins, weight 20 lbs, age 5 months; health good; fed on Allenbury's Food, also nursed

109—**Chas. W. R. Murphy**, Marine Private Hotel, Donaghadee; height 27½ ins, weight at birth 7¼ lbs, at 3 months and 10 days 16 lbs 2 oz, age 4 months; health excellent; 2 lower teeth cut at 3 months old and 2 upper at 3½ months old; fed on Robinson's Patent Barley Demerara sugar, and cow's milk from birth.

110—**William R. Patten**, Munster and Leinster Bank House, Mitchelstown; height 25 ins, weight 14½ lbs, age 2 months; very healthy; nursed until 4 weeks old; since fed on bottle, half milk and half water.

111—**Thos. J. O'Hara**, Dargan St, Bray; height 28½ ins, weight 23 lbs, age 8½ months; health good; nursed.

112—**Mauria Horgan**, Boherbee, Cahirciveen; height 18 ins, weight 11 lbs, age 12 days; health good; nursed.

113—**Aileen R. Todd**, 1, French Church Terrace, Waterford; height 29 ins, weight 20 lbs 14½ oz, age 7 months; health good; never ill since birth; fed on Savory & Moore's Food.

114—**Mary F. Maguire**, 10, University Square, Belfast; height 29½ ins, weight 22½ lbs, age 9 months; health perfect; fed on Benger's Food.

115—**Reginald St. P. Russell**, 2, Waterloo Place, Cork; height 27 ins, weight 20 lbs, age 7 months 26 days; health excellent; fed on Allenburys' Food since birth.

116—**Sheila E. Birmingham**, The Rectory, Bective; height 28 ins, weight 23 lbs, age 10 months; health splendid; never had a day's illness; has 2 lower and 2 upper teeth almost through; cut first tooth at 8½ months; wet nursed until 5 months old; since fed with cow's milk, at first diluted with water, now taken pure.

117—**Samuel M. Watson**, 56, Ogilvie St., Belfast, height 27 ins, weight 21 lbs, age 4 months 3 weeks; health perfect; nursed.

118—**John V. Flood**, 165, Church St., Dublin; height 29 ins, weight 27 lbs 15 oz, age 9 months; health very good; bottle-fed on Neave's Food.

The following are amongst those **Highly Commended**, *and the portrait would in each case be published but that space for the purpose was not available, and in some instances the photographs being defective, could not be reproduced:—*

Patrick Sex, 4, George's Place, Dublin; height 27½ ins, weight 14 lbs, age 1¼ months; health excellent; nursed.

William C. M'Neaney, 3, Chester Road, Dublin; height 26½ ins, weight 17½ lbs, age 4 months; health excellent; fed on White's Oat Flour.

Annie V. Gault, 81, Roseneath Terrace, Dublin; height 26½ ins, weight 15 lbs 6 oz, age 5 months 19 days; health good; fed on condensed milk and barley gruel.

Alice M. Gregory, 55, Catherine St., Limerick; height 26½ ins, weight 19 lbs, age 4 months; health excellent; nursed.

Henry Livingstone, 59, Brunswick Road, Bangor, Co. Down; height 27½ ins, weight 20 lbs, age 7 months 23 days; health very good; nursed.

Thomas G. A. M'Hugh, Duke St., Athy; height 27¾ ins, weight 18 lbs 12½ oz, age 5 months; health excellent; nursed.

Maria F. Algar, 6, St. John's Avenue, Pimlico, Dublin; height 30 ins, weight 26 lbs, age 9 months; health good; fed on bread and milk.

Bridget Fleming, Ballenguile, Buttevant; height 30 ins, weight 22 lbs, age 10 months health good; fed on Robinson's Patent Barley.

John L. Wynne, Collingstown, Co. Westmeath; height 30 ins, weight 20½ lbs, age 7½ months; health excellent; sleeps very well; fed for first 3 months on barley water and milk, since then on Neave's Food.

Phyllis M. Pethick, 3, Anglesea St., Clonmel; height 30 ins, weight 21 lbs, age 8 months; health excellent; nursed.

John G. Tyrrell, Bridge St., Banbridge; height 30 ins, weight 29 lbs, age 10 months; health excellent; nursed.

James G. Colmon, 16, Rugby Road, Ranelagh, Dublin; height 28 ins, weight 21½ lbs, age 9 months; health excellent; 2 teeth when 6 months old, and 6 teeth when 9 months old; nursed.

George E. L. Rogers, Duke's Lodge, Athy; height 28 ins, weight 18 lbs; 10½ lbs at birth; age 4 months; health very good; fed on Neave's Food and milk.

David J. Gorry, 54, South Main St., Naas; height 28 ins, weight 23 lbs 7 ozs, age 8 months 1 week; has not been ill since birth; fed on Allen & Hanbury's Food.

Joseph P. Betts, 27, Power's Court, Lower Mount St., Dublin; height 28 ins, weight 18 lbs 4 ozs, age 5 months 21 days; health excellent; nursed.

James Flood, 76, Bride St., Dublin; height 28 ins, weight 25 lbs, age 7½ months; very healthy; nursed, and given bread and milk once daily.

Thos. Markey, 16, Benburb St., Dublin; height 28 ins, weight 20½ lbs, age 10 months; health good; nursed.

Frank G. N Greene, 10, George's St., Enniscorthy; height 31 ins, weight 33 lbs, age 8 months 21 days; health perfect; bottle fed with Mellin's Food first 2 months; afterwards bread and milk.

Alan Stuart, Stradbally Rectory, Queen's County; height 28½ ins, weight 17¾ lbs, age 4 months 16 days; has never been ill; nursed.

Edward Malone, 14, Coleraine St, Dublin; height 25 ins, weight 15 lbs, age 3 months 18 days; health good; nursed.

Kathleen Casey, 36, Cobra Park, Dublin; height 27 ins, weight 18 lbs, age 7 months; not ill since birth; nursed.

William P. Magrane, 27, Holles St., Dublin; height 26 ins, weight 22 lbs, age 7 months 2 weeks; health good; wet nursed.

Grosvenor L. V. Cooke, Moneygall, King's County; height 29 ins, weight 20 lbs, age 8½ months; has not been ill one day since birth; nursed until 7 months old; now gets 3 or 4 bottles during day; sago, made on water, at 10 am and 6 pm, and bread and milk at 1 pm.

Albert S. Burns, Main St., Longford; height 29 ins, weight 21 lbs, age 9 months 1 week; health good; never a day ill; fed on Neave's Food

William H. G. Harrison, 12, Tivoli Terrace E., Kingstown; height 29 ins, weight 22½ lbs, age 8 months 6 days health excellent; fed on Neave's Food.

SPECIALITIES.

ART NOVELTIES AND ORIENTAL GOODS.

Large consignments of artistic, decorative goods have been imported by Mr. Freke, 23, Grafton Street, Dublin, to meet the demands of Christmas time, and seekers for uncommon and tasteful bric-a-brac will be sure to enjoy a visit to these warerooms.

As usual at this establishment, artistic fabrics for curtains and furniture coverings may be seen—tapestries, printed linens, chintz, cretonnes, silk, etc., and these can be made up to order by experienced hands.

Pottery of various kinds is largely represented—many quaint and charming designs in Japanese and other Eastern ware being specially attractive.

Mr. Freke has also numbers of decorative and useful things, such as salvers, pots, frames, flower-holders, etc.

BUY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS EARLY.

We cordially recommend those who desire to present useful and acceptable articles to their friends at this festive season, to inspect the establishment of H. Johnston, 21, Nassau Street, Dublin (and of Belfast, Cork, and Londonderry).

Being the largest manufacturers in Ireland of umbrellas and walking sticks, this firm has always studied to produce goods that are at once durable, as well as of first-class appearance. The designs shown this year are strikingly handsome, and many indeed are works of art. The variety is astounding—and no one can possibly be at a loss in finding exactly what is required at "Blackthorn House," as each of Mr. Johnston's establishments are called. We shall not attempt to describe any particular line, for in our opinion H. Johnston's productions are the best of their kind at whatever price, while the range of prices offered is a large one, from 1/- to £8 8s., and all intermediate prices. But whether the modest umbrella (silver mounted) at 5/-, the smart 10/6 or guinea article, or the antique specimens costing several pounds—our opinion is, that H. Johnston's goods—umbrellas or walking sticks—are unequalled either for value or style.

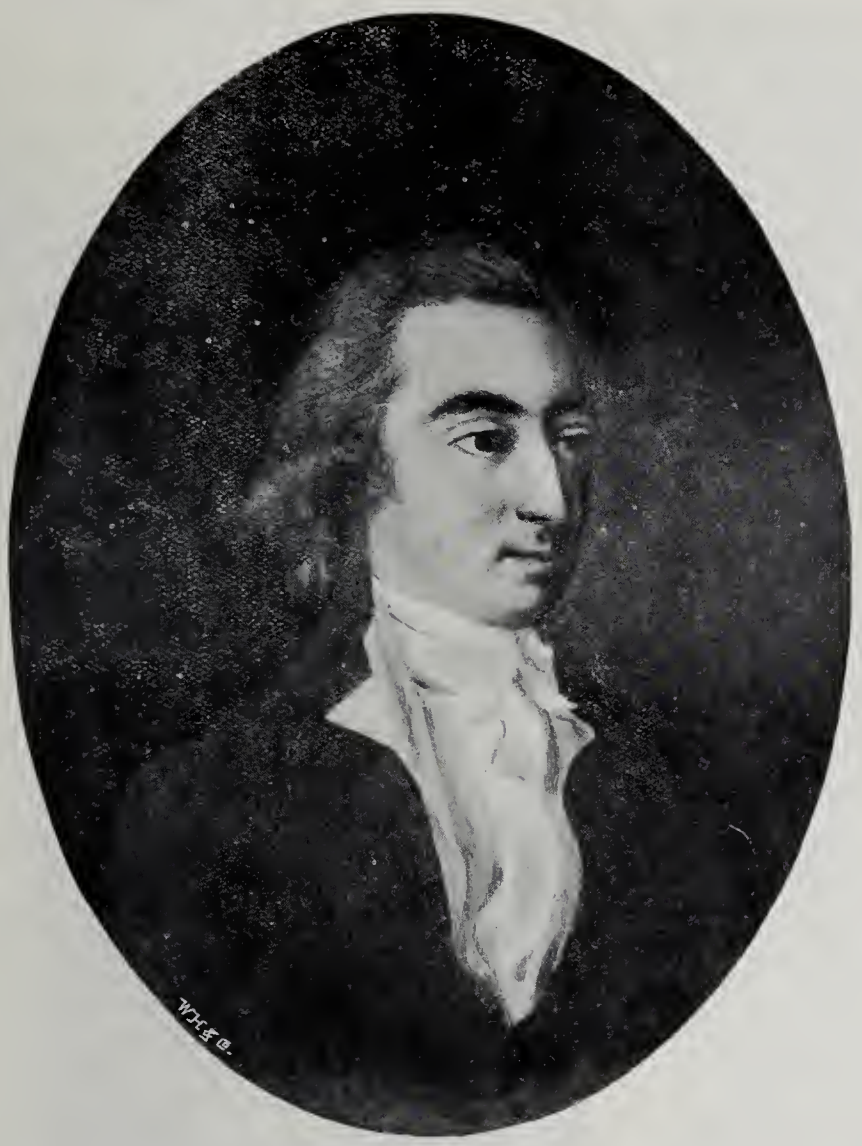
Already we have referred to the firm as being the actual manufacturers, and customers may, if they so desire, have umbrellas made while *waiting* at any of H. Johnston's addresses.

Special attention is given to country orders, large numbers of umbrellas and walking sticks being sent by parcel post all over the kingdom. Readers buying presents for the country or abroad will do well to avail themselves of Messrs. Johnston's system of packing, and by special arrangement the safe delivery of every parcel sent out by the firm is *insured free of cost* to the purchaser.

The re-covering and repairing of umbrellas is also done on a large scale, and in the best possible style. City customers are able to call, but from a distance umbrellas may be sent in by parcel post to be re-covered or repaired.

for MOTH **VACUUM** **for DUST**

Chief Office (Ireland)—55, AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN. Estimates Free. Telephone 2370.—Telegrams "CLEANER."



JAMES GRATTAN, M.P.,
Recorder of Dublin, Father of Henry Grattan.



MRS. GRATTAN,
Mother of Henry Grattan.



HENRY GRATTAN,
In his Uniform as Colonel of the Dublin Independent Volunteers.



HENRY GRATTAN,
From the Portrait by Comerford.

These Portraits are reproduced, by kind permission, from the collection of Sir Thomas H. Grattan Esmonde, Bart., M.P., at Ballinastragh, Gorey.

Relics of Henry Grattan.

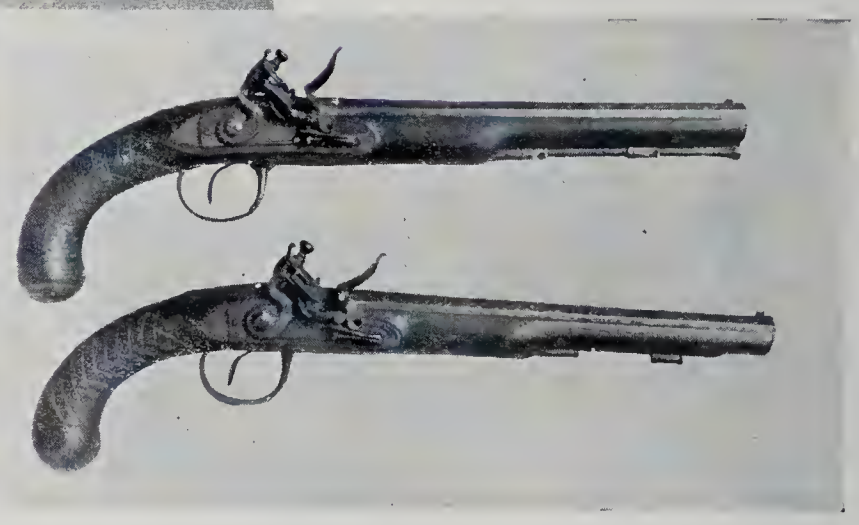
From the Collection of Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, Bart. M.P



SHOE BUCKLES, WATCH, AND EYE-GLASS,
Belonging to Henry Grattan, also
MRS. GRATTAN'S SPECTACLES.



HENRY GRATTAN'S SNUFF BOX,
Showing Portrait of Napoleon I. on back of lid.



GRATTAN'S DUELLING PISTOLS.
The lower pistol is the weapon with which Grattan shot Isaac Corry at Ball's Bridge, Dublin.

Christmas, 1906.

The Lady of the House.



DUKE OF LEINSTER,
General-in-Chief Dublin Volunteers.



RT. HON. JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON,
Provost T.C.D.
Author Commercial Restraints of Ireland."



JOHN FITZGIBBON
(Earl of Clare).



SIR LAWRENCE PARSONS
(Earl of Rosse).
Col. Parsonstown Loyal Independent Volunteers

Key to Nicholas Kenny's Picture,

THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS

On the 16th day of April, 1782, when Henry Grattan Moved the

DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS.

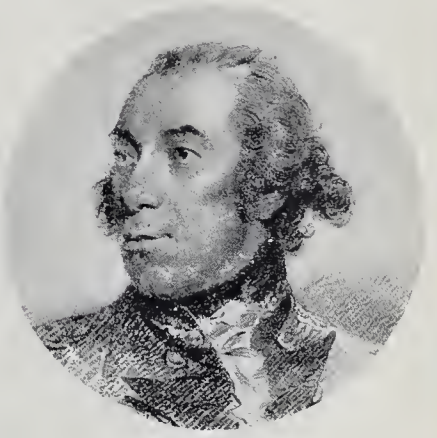


RT. HON. HUSSEY BURGH.

This Picture has occupied the space of four years to collect and arrange.

I dedicate it to the Irish People, in the hope, that it will be engraved, and a copy placed in the house of every man who values liberty and his country.

HENRY GRATTAN.



FRANCIS RAWDON
(Earl of Moira).

CATALOGUE.

Front Row on Floor, Right of Chair.

1. LUKE GARDINER (Lord Mountjoy).
2. Right Hon. JOHN BERESFORD.
3. Right Hon. Sir RICHARD HERON.
4. Mr. Attorney-General, Right Hon. JOHN SCOTT (Lord Clonmell).
5. Mr. Solicitor-General, HUGH CARLETON (Lord Carleton).
6. Right Hon. THEOPHILUS JONES.

Second Row, Right of Chair.

7. Hon. W. TAYLOR.
8. Hon. BURTON CONYNGHAM.
9. Right Hon. JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON (Provost T.C.D.)
10. Right Hon. RICHARD FITZPATRICK.
11. Right Hon THOS CLEMENTS.
12. Lord Viscount CROSBIE (Lord Glendore).
13. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.
14. Hon HERCULES LANGFORD TAYLOR.

Third Row, Right of Chair.

15. JOHN GODLY.
16. GEORGE PONSONBY.
17. Lord FRANCIS RAWDON (Earl of Moira).
18. Sir HERCULES LANGRISHE.
19. Right Hon. WILLIAM EDEN.
20. WILLIAM BURTON.
21. GEORGE PUTLAND.
22. ANDREW CALDWELL.
23. JAMES CUFFE (Lord Tyrawley).
24. Right Hon. JOHN (Lord) O'NEILL. (standing).

Fourth Row, Right of Chair.

25. JOHN TOLER (afterwards Lord Norbury).
26. JOHN MONCK MASON.
27. CHARLES FRANCIS SHERIDAN.
28. JAMES FITZGERALD (afterwards Prime Serjeant).
29. Right Hon THOMAS CONNOLLY.
30. Right Hon. RICHARD ANNESLEY.
31. Colonel ST. LEGER.
32. HENRY POMEROY (Vis. Harberton)
33. Right Hon. JOHN FOSTER (last Speaker),afterwards Lord Oriel.
34. JOHN THOMAS FOSTER.
35. WILLIAM COLVILLE.

Fifth Row, Right of Chair.

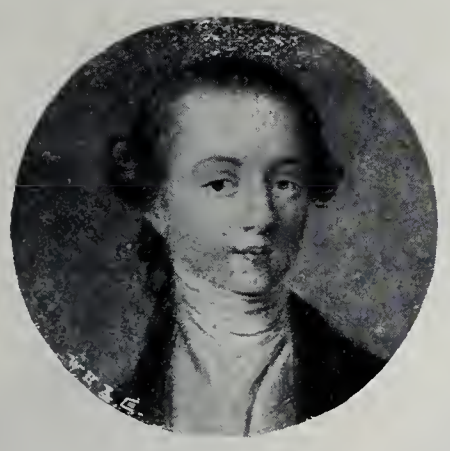
36. JAMES STUART (Killymoon).
37. Sir CAPEL MOLYNEUX.
38. EDWARD HUNT.
39. ROBERT JEPHSON.
40. JOHN BARRY MAXWELL.
41. JAMES BURGH.
42. JOHN REILLY.
43. Right Hon. OWEN WYNNE.



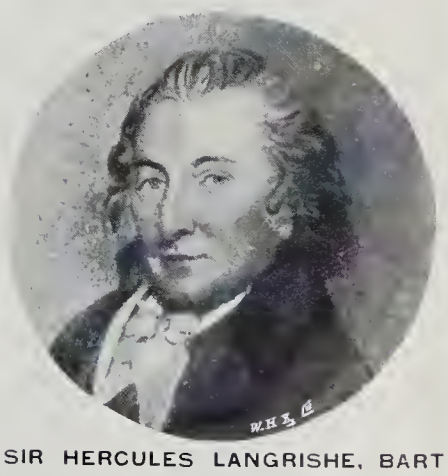
SIR JOHN PARNELL, BART.
Colonel Maryborough Volunteers.



JAMES, EARL OF CHARLEMONT,
Commander-in-Chief Leinster Volunteer Army.



RT. HON. JOHN FOSTER,
Last Speaker Irish House.



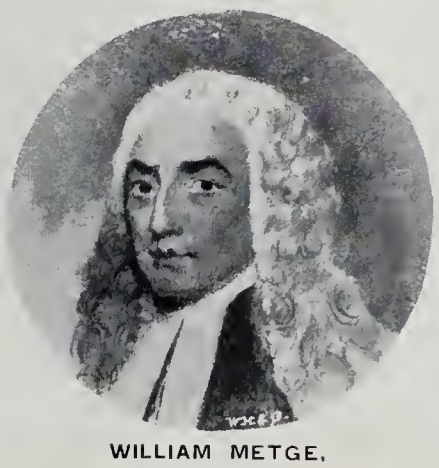
SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE, BART.



RT. HON. ROBERT STEWART
(Viscount Castlereagh).



ISAAC CORRY,
Whom Grattan Shot in a Duel.



WILLIAM METGE,
Grattan's Second in Duel with Corry.



RT. HON. HENRY FLOOD.
Lieut.-Colonel Dublin Independent Volunteers.

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RT. HON. JOHN PONSONBY.



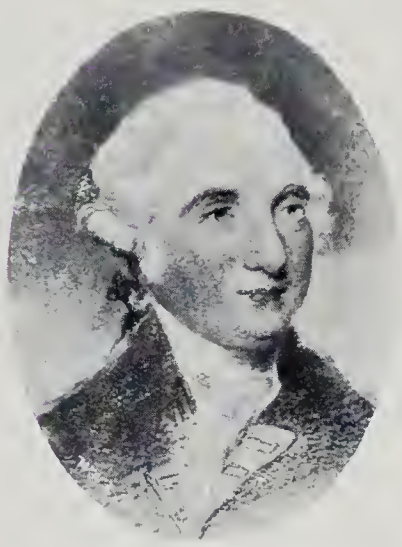
SIR SAMUEL BRADSTREET.



LORD CHARLES FITZGERALD.



GERVAISE PARKER BUSHE.



GENERAL CUNNINGHAME.



SIR EDWARD CROFTON.

KEY TO NICHOLAS KENNY'S PICTURE.—THE

Sixth Row, Right of Chair.

44 Gen. CUNNINGHAME (Lord Rossmore)
45. Lord TYRONE (Marquis of Waterford).
46. EDWARD BELLINGHAM SWAN.
47. HENRY LOFTUS.
48. Lord NEWHAVEN (standing)
49. Colonel CANE.
50. JOHN TUNNADINE.
51. Earl DESART (standing)
52. FITZHERBERT RICHARDS.
53. Right Hon. A VESEY.
54. RICHARD J. T. FOSTER.
55. Lord VALENTIA (Vis. Mountmorris).
56. Sir ROBERT SHAW, Bart.
57. Hon. THOMAS KNOX.
58. Right Hon. EDMUND SEXTEN PERY (Speaker) (Lord Pery).
59. Doctor ELLIS.
60. ——HIGGINS.

First Row on Floor, Left of Chair.

61. Sir BENJAMIN CHAPMAN.
62. Right Hon. ROBERT STEWART. (afterwards Lord Londonderry).
63. DENIS BOWES DALY.
64. JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON (afterwards Lord Hutchinson).
65. Sir RICHARD JOHNSTON.
66. Right Hon. WILLIAM BROWNLOW.
67. GERVAISE PARKER BUSHE.
68 HENRY GRATTAN.
69 DENIS DALY.
70. ISAAC CORRY.

Second Row, Left of Chair.

71. WILLIAM J. SKEFFINGTON.
72. RICHARD MARTIN.
73. Sir WILLIAM SKEFFINGTON.
74. PETER LATOUCHE.
75. Sir LAWRENCE PARSONS (afterwards Earl of Rosse).
76. Right Hon. Sir JOHN BLAQUIERE (Lord Blaquiere).
77. Lord CHARLES FITZGERALD.
78. WILLIAM METGE (afterwards Baron of the Exchequer).
79. HUSSEY BURGH.
80. BARRY YELVERTON.
81. GEORGE OGLE.
82. Lord ALTMONT (Marquis Sligo).
83. JOHN FITZGIBBON (Earl of Clare).
84. JOHN FORBES.

Third Row, Left of Chair.

85. CHARLES TOTTENHAM.
86. DAVID LATOUCHE.
87. Sir SAMUEL BRADSTREET (Recorder of Dublin).
88. JOHN WARBURTON.
89. HENRY MEREDYTH.
90. GORGES LOWTHER.
91. Colonel LONGFIELD.
92. Hon. JOHN BOURKE.
93. Lon. EDWARD COLONEL WARD.
94. Right Hon. Colonel R. H. SOUTHWELL.
95. Right Hon. JOHN PONSONBY (formerly Speaker).
96. HENRY FLOOD.
97. Sir ANNESLEY STUART.
98. Colonel LINDSAY.

Fourth Row

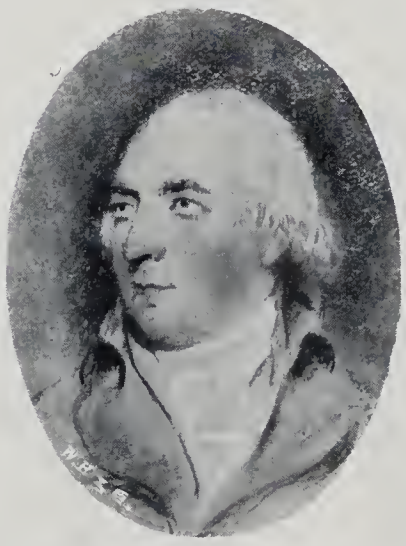
99. SIMON DIGB
100. Sir EDWARD
101. Sir FITZGER
102. Right Hon.
103. FRANCIS BER
104. CORNELIUS C
105. RICHARD DA
106. RICHARD HE Donoughm
107. WILLIAM STA
108. Sir NICHOLA
109. WILLIAM BR
110. Sir JOHN BL
111. Sir EDWARD
112. WILLIAM B. wards Lor
113. Sir JOHN PA
114. Colonel WIL

Fifth Row,

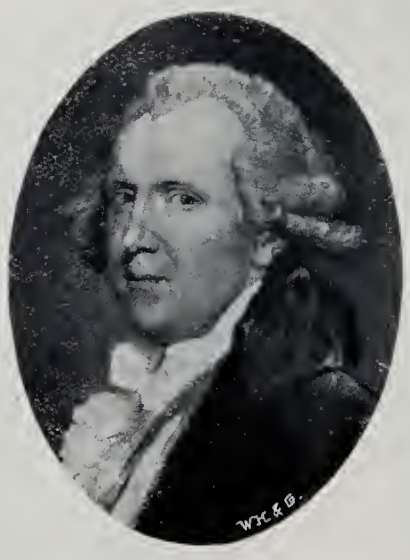
115. JOHN MOOR
116. JOHN KINGS
117. WILLIAM KE
118. WILLIAM OG
119. SACKVILLE H
120. THOMAS KN
121. HENRY V. B
122. LORD KING.
123. Colonel ROB
124. JOSEPH DEA
125. Sir LUCIUS
126. W. T. MONS
127. WILLIAM MO
128. THOMAS COB
129. CHARLES HE



HENRY POMEROY
(Viscount Harberton)



WM. BRABAZON PONSONBY



SIR ROBERT SHAW, BART.



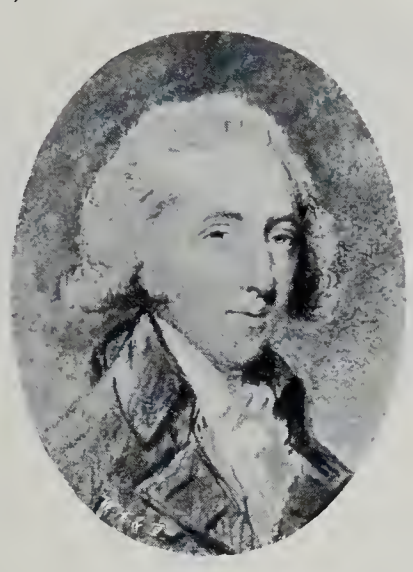
LORD KINGSBOROUGH.
Colonel Mitchelstown Independent Light Dragoon Volunteers.

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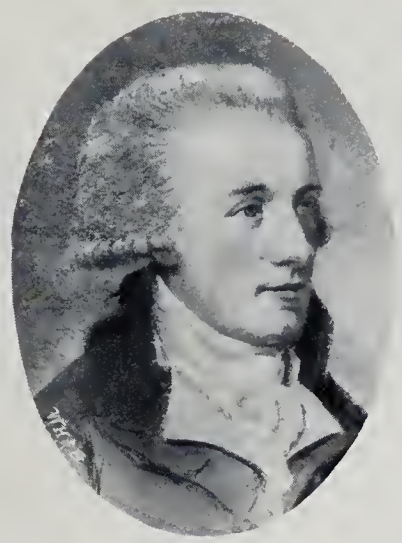
LADY OF THE HOUSE, 1906.



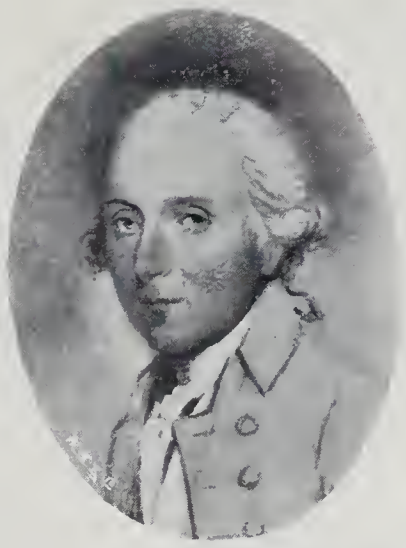
DENIS DALY.



JOHN BARRY MAXWELL.



HON. HERCULES LANGTON TAYLOR.



RT. HON. THEOPHILUS JONES.

CLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS, 1782.—Continued.

ft of Chair.

OFTON.
AYLMER.
HARD TOWNSEND.
D.
LAGHAN.
N.
UTCHINSON (Lord

AWLESS.
ON.
VOOD.
VENHAM.
ONSONBY. (after-
onsonby).
L, Bart.
CODDINGTON.

of Chair.

G TRENCH.
TON.
Vis. Northland).
E.
UGH.
UNIACKE.

RIEN.

MERY

COOTE.

Sixth Row, Left of Chair.

130. JOHN TEMPLE.
131. Lord SHANNON.
132. Lord MOUNTMORRIS.
133. ARTHUR BLENNERHASSET.
134. Lord CARLOW.
135. General STOPFORD.
136. JOHN KNOX.
137. JOHN LLOYD.
138. JOHN STAPLES.
139. Sir W. PARSONS.
140. ROBERT GAMBLE.
141. Lord CARYSFORT.
142. Lord CLERMONT.
143. JAMES STEWART.
144. Sir WILLIAM FORTICK.
145. Lord MORNINGTON (afterwards Marquis of Wellesley).
146. JAMES, Earl of CHARLEMONT.
147. The Duke of LEINSTER.
148. Lord ANNALY.
149. EDWARD MOSSOM.

GALLERY.

First Compartment.

1. JOHN EGAN, K.C. ("Bully Egan").
2. RICHARD MARLAY (Bishop of Waterford).
3. JAMES NAPPER TANDY.
4. A Lady—unknown.
5. Mrs. GULSTON.
6. A Gentleman—unknown.

Second Compartment.

1. WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM PLUNKET (afterwards Lord Plunket), Chief Baron and Lord Chancellor of Ireland).
2. A Lady—name unknown.
3. A Lady—name unknown.
4. Rev. EDWARD BERWICK.
5. Rev. WM. DICKSON (afterwards Bishop of Down).

Third Compartment.

1. A Lady—unknown.
2. ACHMET BORUMBODAD (a pretended Turk: an erector of baths: got a pension from Government)
3. General BURGOYNE (Commander of the Forces in Ireland, 1783).
4. A Lady.
5. A Gentleman—unknown.
6. A Lady—unknown.

Fourth Compartment.

1. Lady CROSBY.
2. ROBERT DAY, Esq. (Judge).
3. ED. COOK (Under-secretary, 1799).
4. FREDERICK HERVEY (Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry), an active Volunteer of the Convention in 1783

Fifth Compartment.

1. Miss PERY (Mrs. Knox).
2. Miss HARVEY.
3. Miss F. PERY (Mrs. Calvert).
4. A Gentleman—name unknown.
5. A Gentleman—name unknown.

Sixth Compartment.

1. Mrs. GARDINER.
2. A Lady—name unknown.
3. Mrs. GUBBINS.



SIR NICHOLAS LAWLESS.



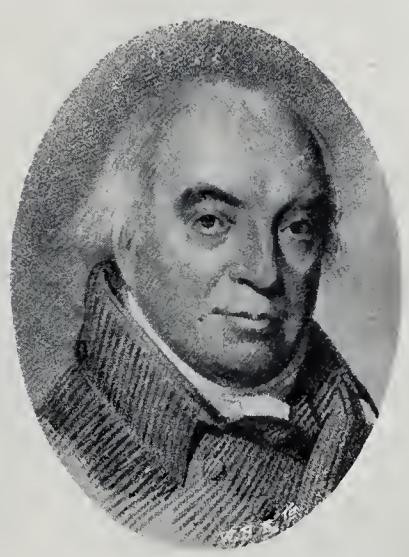
LORD ANNALY



SIR ANNESLEY STEWART.



COLONEL LONGFIELD



RT. HON. JAMES FITZGERALD.



RT. HON. GEN. LORD HUTCHINSON,
Who Delivered the Message from the King, 16th April, 1782.

D AMERICA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



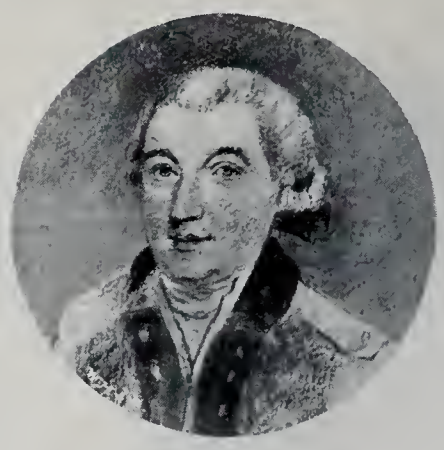
HON. COLONEL E. WARD.



HON. JOHN BOURKE.



HON. DAVID LA TOUCHE.



GORGES LOWTHER.

KEY TO NICHOLAS KENNY'S PICTURE.—Continued.

The Declaration of Irish Rights, 1782.

4. Mrs. FRANCIS.
5. A Gentleman—name unknown.
6. A Gentleman—name unknown.
7. A Gentleman—name unknown.

Seventh Compartment.

1. Miss BLACHFORD (Mrs. Henry Tighe), Authoress of "Psyche."
2. Mrs. O'KELLY.
3. Doctor PATRICK DUIGENAN, LL.D.
4. A Gentleman—name unknown.

Eighth Compartment.

1. Lady MAUDE.
2. Lady HARRIET CORRY.
3. A Lady—name unknown.
4. A Lady—name unknown.
5. A Gentleman—name unknown.
6. JOHN BALL.
7. JOHN GEOGHEGAN O'NEILL.

Ninth Compartment.

1. Miss BOLTON.
2. Lady ALDBOROUGH.
3. The Hon. MONTAGUE MATTHEW.
4. WILLIAM SAURIN, (afterwards Attorney-General).
5. ARTHUR WOLFE (afterwards Lord Kilwarden).
6. A Gentleman—name unknown.
7. A Gentleman—name unknown.

Tenth Compartment.

1. EMILY, Countess of KILDARE.
2. Mrs. O'NEILL.
3. Mr. WILLIAM BERMINGHAM.
4. ARTHUR MOORE (afterwards Judge).
5. A Lady—name unknown.

Eleventh Compartment.

1. Mrs. BUSHE (sister of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan).
2. CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE (afterwards Chief Justice).
3. Lady J. FITZPATRICK.
4. Mrs. MARTIN.
5. A Gentleman—name unknown.
6. A Gentleman—name unknown.
7. A Gentleman—name unknown.
8. A Gentleman—name unknown.

Twelfth Compartment.

1. Mrs. WILLIAM GARDINER.
2. A Child.
3. Mrs. MORTON.
4. Colonel THOMAS MARLAY.
5. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.
6. A Gentleman—name unknown.
7. A Lady—name unknown.
8. A Gentleman—name unknown.

Thirteenth Compartment.

1. THOMAS FITZGERALD (Lieut.-Col. 29th Foot, brother to Mrs. Grattan).
2. Mrs. HENRIETTA FITZGERALD GRATTAN.
3. A Lady—name unknown.
4. A Gentleman—name unknown.
5. A Lady—name unknown.
6. Rev. ARTHUR O'LEARY.
7. A Gentleman—name unknown.
8. A Lady—name unknown.

Fourteenth Compartment.

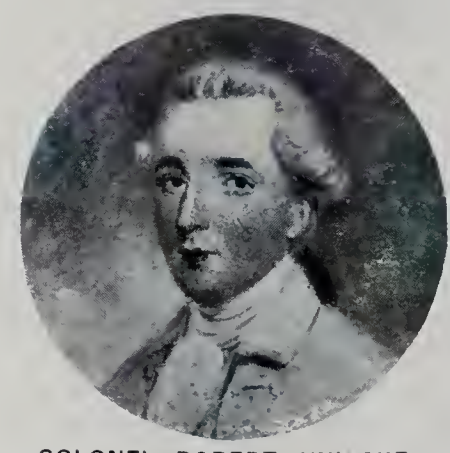
1. Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD.
2. THOMAS GOLD (Master in Chancery)
3. Sir JONAH BARRINGTON.
4. PETER BURROWES.
5. A Gentleman—name unknown.
6. A Lady—name unknown.
7. A Gentleman—name unknown.
8. A Gentleman—name unknown.

Fifteenth Compartment.

1. Mrs. BERESFORD.
2. Lady LOUISA CONNOLLY.
3. A Gentleman—name unknown.
4. ARTHUR O'CONNOR.
5. FRANCIS HARDY (author of "Life of Lord Charlemont")
6. A Gentleman—name unknown.
7. A Gentleman—name unknown.
8. A Lady—name unknown.
9. A Gentleman—name unknown.
10. A Gentleman—name unknown.



SIR FITZGERALD AYLMER.



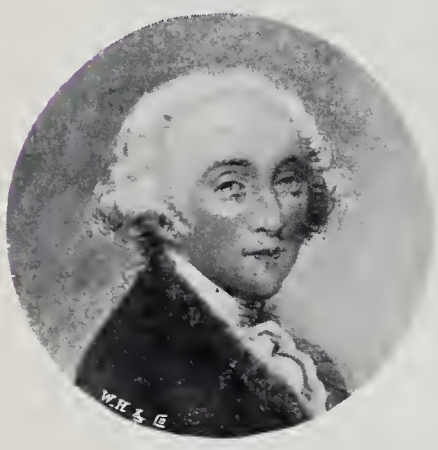
COLONEL ROBERT UNIACKE.



FRANCIS BERNARD.



SACKVILLE HAMILTON.



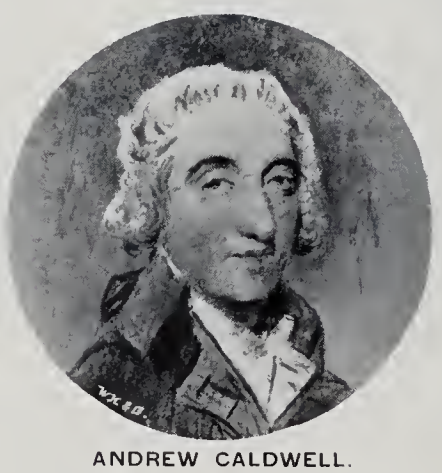
JAMES BURGH.



JOHN REILLY.



RT. HON. W. TAYLOR.



ANDREW CALDWELL.



JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON, JUN.



WILLIAM MONTGOMERY.

Numerous additional Portraits will be found at page 47.

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KEY TO NICHOLAS KENNY'S PICTURE, "THE DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS"
SOME OF THE PORTRAITS.



W. J. SKEFFINGTON.



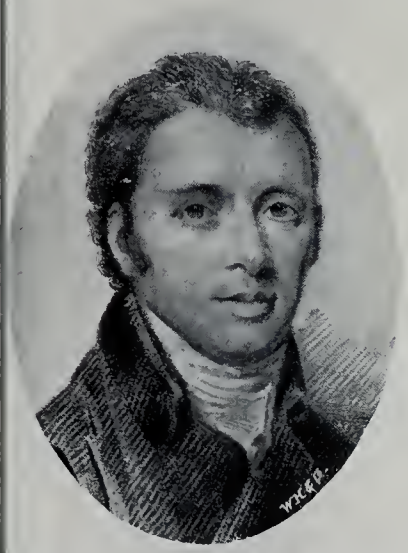
FRANCIS HARDY.
The Biographer of Charlemont.
In Gallery, Fifteenth Compartment.



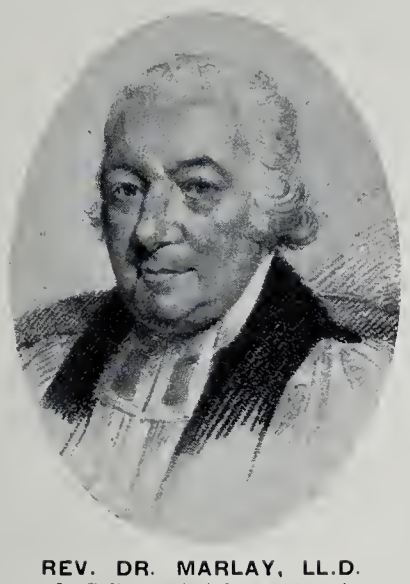
SIR W. FORTICK.



LORD E. FITZGERALD.
In Gallery, Fourteenth Compartment.



HON. W. CUNNINGHAM PLUNKET
In Gallery, Second Compartment.



REV. DR. MARLAY, LL.D.
In Gallery, First Compartment.



SIR JOHN M'CARTNEY, BART.



SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.
Author of "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," &c.
In Gallery, Fourteenth Compartment.



JOHN BALL.
In Gallery, Eighth Compartment.



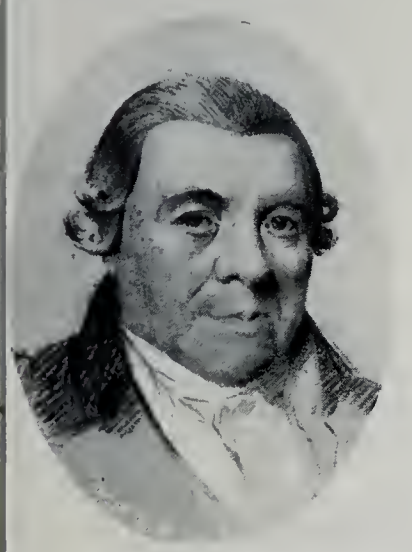
COLONEL CHARLES VEREKER
(Lord Gort).



JOHN PHILLPOT CURRAN.
Afterwards Master of the Rolls.
In Gallery, Twelfth Compartment.



ARTHUR WOLFE
(Lord Killwarden).
In Gallery, Ninth Compartment.



PATRICK DUIGENAN, LL.D.
In Gallery, Seventh Compartment.



JOHN EGAN, K.C.
"Bully Egan."
In Gallery, First Compartment.



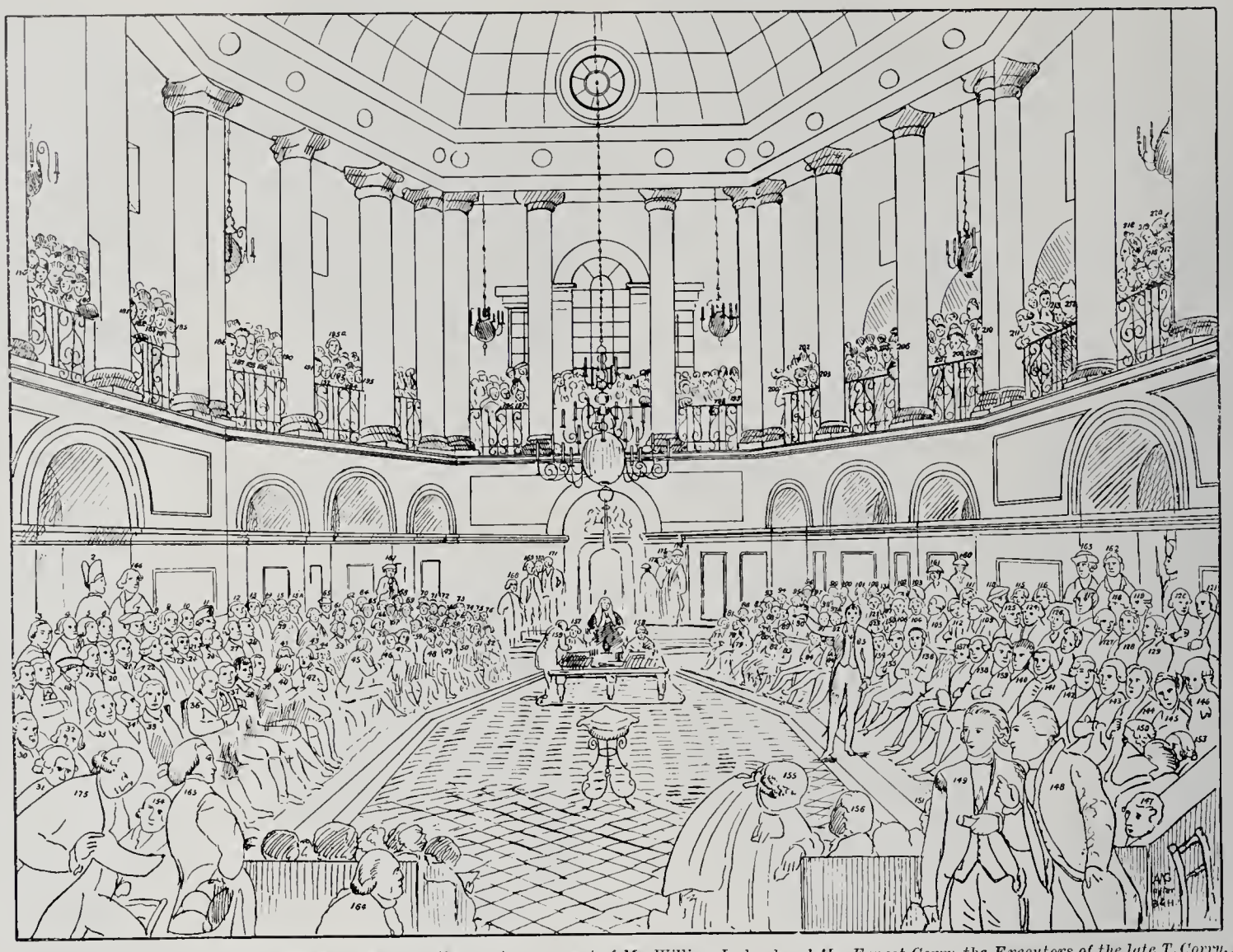
EARL OF GRANARD.
Colonel Ulster (First) Regiment Volunteers



THOMAS GOLD.
In Gallery, Fourteenth Compartment.

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KEY TO BARRAUD AND HAYTER'S PICTURE (Presented on Opposite Page).



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1 The Right Hon. J. Foster
2 The Hon. John Wolfe
3 Col. J. Ormsby Vandeleur
4 Robert Jephson, Esq.
5 Richard Morton, Esq.
6 Right Hon. Richd. Jackson
7 William Colville, Esq.
8 Col. Uniacke
9 Rt. Hon. Mat. Clements
10 Captain Henry Loftus
11 John Reilly, Esq.
12 John Moore, Esq.
13 Rt. Hon. John O'Neill
14 Thomas Burgh, Esq.
15 The Hon. William Moore
16 The Rt. Hon. J. Beresford
17 Rt Hon. J. Hely Hutchinson
18 Rt. Hon. J. Monck Mason
19 Sir Hercules Langrishe, Bt.
20 Sir Ewd. Newenham, Kt.
21 The Hon. James Brown
22 Sir Michael Cromie, Bart.
23 The Right Hon. Geo. Agar
24 Sir Thos. Osborne, Bart.
25 Col George Rawson
26 Edward Hunt, Esq.
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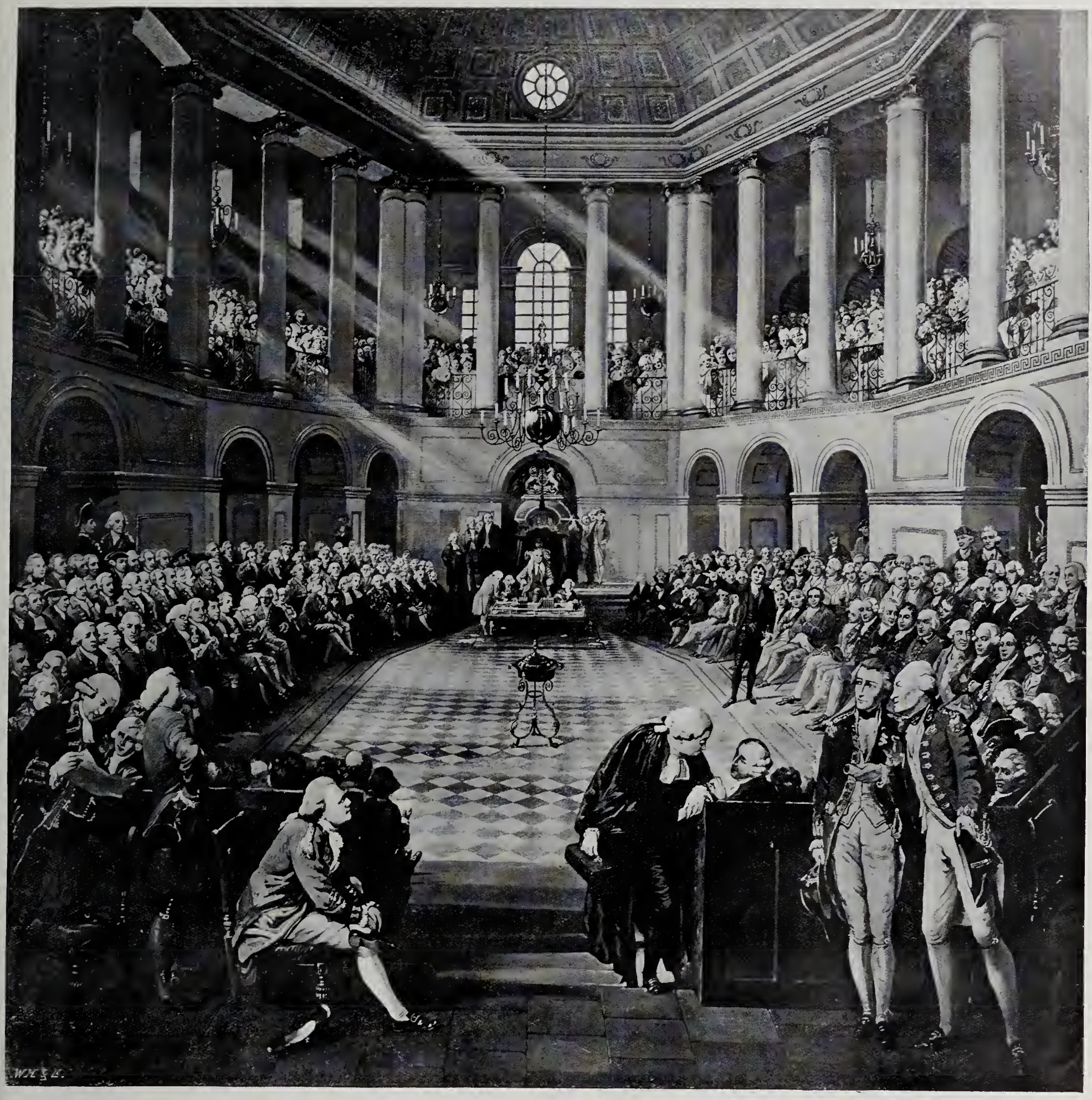
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A Dublin Social Party in the Last Century.

"BRILLIANT conversation! My dear sir, there are no brilliant talkers in Dublin society now-a-days! Forty years ago—*that* was the time; you should have heard the men of that day!"

And my friend the Doctor, stopping under one of the electric lamps in Merrion Square, glared at me defiantly.

We had been dining with a newly-made man, who was anxious to make a reputation for "culture," and I was seeing the doctor home.

It was Christmas Eve, and I was returning for the first time to a house I had lately taken in one of the leading streets. My friends assured me that if I wanted to "get on" I must live in a more expensive house than I could afford. I had followed their advice, but felt anxious as to the result.

"Yes, those were the days," the Doctor continued, walking on slowly. "Why I've sat at the table with Tisdall, Healy, and Nedley, and you wouldn't know which to consider the most brilliant. Society was worth going into then."

I confess I had listened during the evening to some talkers who had both interested and amused me. The company we had left could by no means be called dull; but the Doctor was old, and had dined well, and I refrained from argument.

When I had seen him safely inside his own door, I hurried home; I had some letters to write before I went to bed, and I was tired.

The servant had left my slippers before the fire, and an easy chair drawn up near it.

"I'll have a smoke before I do anything," I said to myself, as I settled in the comfortable depths of the chair.

Whether it was fatigue, or my host's excellent fare, I cannot tell, but I fell into a dreamy state, in which I saw and heard strange things.

I was in my own drawing room, which, however, was furnished in the fashion of the middle of last century. A walnut suite, covered in green velvet, was placed upon a carpet covered with gaudy bouquets of roses. A large mirror in a gilt frame stood at either end of the room; below one of them, on a marble slab, supported by thick, curved, gilt legs, stood alabaster vases under glass shades.

A huge fire burned in the well-polished steel grate, and on the hearthrug, which was adorned with a presentment of a huge lion, stood a man, whom I recognized as having been, when I was a boy, the tenant of the house. A lady in a rustling, silk dress, covered with flowers, was seated on a sofa, and company was evidently expected.

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Jones, Mrs. and the Misses Green"—one name after another shouted rather than spoken by the man at the door, announced a number of commonplace people, who, from the lack of *empressement* with which the host and hostess received them, were evidently merely the stage crowd who were to form the background for more distinguished guests.

"Sir Samuel and Lady Ferguson." A small man, peering through spectacles, with an urbane smile, and a tall woman, with alert expression entered.

Lady Ferguson, having greeted her hostess, turned to look for her husband.

"I am afraid of his mistaking someone else for you," she said, "he is so absent-minded. To-day, on our own doorstep, when he saw me coming up, he took off his hat, and hoped my excellent husband and amiable family were well. He told me he *thought* his wife was out, and asked the servant solemnly, when she opened the door, if Lady Ferguson was at home."

"My dear, you ought not to tell such things to an unfeeling world," expostu'ated Sir Samuel. "Ah, here come Gilbert and MacCarthy!"

A tall, loosely built figure, with a large head, slightly stooped, was advancing into the room, followed by a man of ruddy complexion, with a strong likeness to Lord Salisbury.

"We are late, I'm afraid," he said, as he shook hands with the host; but my friend Denis Florence here was the cause; I couldn't get him away from I's life of Wolfe Tone."

"That man has added a new horror to death," remarked Sir Samuel.

"Yes, it's a terrible thing to spend your time taking other people's lives like that," answered Gilbert.

"I shouldn't think the soap and candle business was an inspiring one," said MacCarthy; "they might assist a man to write a history of Greece!"

"Instead, they have produced a modern Suetonius!" said Gilbert.

"Dr. Nedley," was shouted at the door at that moment, and in came a man whose stiff grey hair surmounted the elastic face of a born comedian.

"Madam, I kiss your hand!" he said to the hostess; all near laughed.

"Now *don't* laugh!" he said; "I *beg* of you not to laugh. You make me feel that I am expected to be funny, and I never felt less funny in my life. I have attended two wakes to-day, to one of which an old lady advised me not to go. It wasn't worth while to go up them stairs for the like of that,' she said, as porter was the only beverage provided. She didn't know I came on business, not pleasure. It was late when I got there too; the person who summoned me gave me for all guidance, that the death had taken place in 'Bigumley Street.' It was only when she was gone that I realized that I didn't know where Bigumley Street was. I searched the directory, went into shops to ask the way, but all to no purpose. Just as I began to despair of ever finding the place, a happy inspiration seized me. Hailing an outside, I said to the driver, 'Take me to Bigumley Street, and in a few moments I was landed safely in *Montgomery* Street. How are you, Healy?" as that cheerful cleric entered, looking the picture of health and good spirits.

"I came from dining with Tom Martin," answered Father Healy. "I refused at first, but when he promised me a hare I succumbed. Samson's strength was in his hair; but it's my weakness."

"A case of capillary attraction," muttered Gilbert in a low tone.

"What's that you're saying, Gilbert?" asked Father Healy; "you always keep these good things to yourself."

"He's merely making a low pun, too low to be heard," put in MacCarthy, as "Sir William and Lady Wilde" were announced.

A shaggy-headed man, with piercing eyes, and a dark lady, dressed in white, with a peculiar gait, entered.

"Lady Wilde's walk always reminds me of one of the buoys in Kingstown Harbour when the weather's rough," whispered Dr. Nedley to Father Healy.

"Ah, Gilbert!" cried Sir William, "I've been making investigations about those Irish geese. It appears——"

"Oh, I've found out all about them!"

"What!" asked Sir William, a little annoyed at being interrupted.

"They became Wilde!"

Sir William turned away, muttering something about "those everlasting puns," and at that moment the hostess asked Father Healy to sing, which he presently did, without accompaniment, in a voice of great sweetness, and with much expression, standing with his hands behind him and his eyes closed.

"Do you know the 'Old Head of Denis'?" Gilbert asked him when the applause had died away.

"I don't, I am sorry to say, but it's a lovely thing."

(Concluded at Page 55.)

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A DUBLIN SOCIAL PARTY IN THE LAST CENTURY—(Concluded from Page 49.)

"*Do* you think so," answered Gilbert, staring down at MacCarthy, who stood in front of him; "I think it's one of the most dreadful objects I ever saw."

By general request, Dr. Nedley, in spite of his fatigue, consented to favour the company with "Sebastlepol."

Just as he was relating how "Ensign Kearney, of Ballinascorney," perished by a "Russian bullet," which tuk him in the gullet, causing him to fall "down dead as a pullet," another guest entered the room unannounced.

He stood in the doorway for a moment, a striking figure, his thick white hair brushed a little forward over the ears, and his blue eyes sparkling with latent humour.

"Ah, Tisdall!" cried the host, "how late you are; we were afraid you weren't coming."

"The play, the play's the thing," quoted the reverend chancellor. "You must blame that, and not me. I've just come from seeing Barry Sullivan in 'Richard.' and a very amusing experience I had too. Barry was crying: 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' when a voice from the gods inquired, 'Would an ass do ye, Misther Sullivan.' Barry paused, looked up, and answered quickly: 'Certainly; come down at once.'"

"That was ready of our friend Barry," said Dr. Nedley.

"Yes, but it was'nt as funny as a scene I witnessed in Macready's time. The play was 'William Tell,' and the point was reached where Tell has to shoot at the apple placed on his son's head. Macready advanced to the footlights, and inquiring in a hollow voice, 'Would you not give a larger apple to a *father*?' stood making faces at the offending fruit held at arm's length on the palm of his hand. There was a pause, silence that might be felt, rudely broken by a voice from the gallery: 'Sax sca-a-rlet craftans for a ha'penny—sax sca-a-rlet craftans for a ha'penny,' in exactly the tone in which that popular fruit is offered each night by hawkers at the theatre doors. *That*," concluded the Chancellor, "was about the most absurd experience I ever had. Macready's fury only made it funnier."

"By the bye, Gilbert," said MacCarthy, "I saw John Cornelius O'Callaghan to-day. You know his niece is married to Irving, and the theatre put him into my head. He's very feeble now, always has to have his housekeeper with him when he goes out," answered Gilbert.

"Personally conducted by Cook!" said MacCarthy.

While I was listening to this dialogue, a lady behind me was relating to Father Healy the antiquity and dignity of her family, the D——'s of Castle D——; "And may I ask, Father Healy," she said in conclusion, "to what branch of the Healy family *you* belong?"

"To the Francis Street branch of the Healys of Castle Healy!" was the prompt response.

I felt a little sorry for the lady, snob though she was, but I had little time to do so, for just then I woke up to find the fire out, the room cold, and the church bells ringing a Christmas morning peal.

As I crept up to bed, I felt a shivering satisfaction at having been present at an entertainment peopled by the ghosts of the social wits of Dublin fifty years ago, and the power it gave me of comparing its brilliancy with that of to-day.

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Aspinall's Wapicti is extensively used for panellings and dados in halls and in public buildings, while for doing up old wooden furniture, basket-work, brackets, or other small things, Aspinall's ordinary enamel should be chosen. The shabbiest things can be transformed by this exquisite paint, and very frequently look far better than when they were new. Like all Aspinall's preparations, it is easily applied, flows smoothly, and dries with a finish resembling ivory; not its least advantage being, that no experience is necessary for applying it: you just put it on, and the result is all you can desire. The Dublin agents for Messrs. Aspinall are Dockrell & Co., South Gt. George's Street, who will send full particulars gratis on application.



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CANTRELL'S GINGER ALE is the children's Champagne—the drink above all others that delights their palates and wins and holds their affection.

It satisfies their thirst, refreshes and gratifies them always. It is also the most healthful drink by reason of its absolute purity and paramount wholesomeness.



Cantrell's GINGER ALE

is the only cold drink that never chills. Without hesitation you can allow the youngsters to drink it whenever they wish, and as much as they want.

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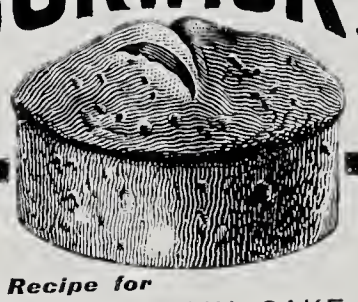
Ariel possess the sound qualities which distinguish the best British work all over the world, and have the lightness and refinement shown by the illustration.

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BORWICK'S



Recipe for
A GOOD PLAIN CAKE:

Mix well together one pound of flour, two full teaspoonfuls of BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER, a little salt and spice, and a quarter pound of sugar, rub in a quarter pound of butter, add 6 ozs. of sultanas, 2 ozs. currants, and 1 oz. of candied peel, moisten the whole with two eggs, and half-a-teacupful of milk, previously beaten together; or ½ oz. caraways instead of fruit and spice, then one egg only will be required, bake in a quick oven thoroughly.

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32 Patrick St., Cork

Christmas Decoration.

Once more Christmastide has come round, and everyone, willingly or unwillingly, is drawn into preparation for it.

To children, of course, it is an anticipation of unalloyed b'iss, meaning holidays, presents, parties with, alas! sometimes bilious attacks to follow! To those who have travelled further along life's road it must bring more or less of sadness; but I think everyone should make a determined effort to look on it as a real festival, not only considering the Great Event we are commemorating, which, of course, should come first, but I think it does one good at least once a year, to assume the virtue of a light heart, even if we have it not, and by doing so, and making our homes as bright and gay as possible, we shall attain it.

The Germans show us a good example in this: the meanest home will have its Christmas tree in memory of the Christ-kind. It is a wonderful sight to see all these trees brought into the market of the various towns just before Christmas: every size can find a purchaser, and even in houses where there are no children, they will have their little tree, lit with candles, which they contemplate with childish enjoyment.

In Ireland, of course, Christmas to be enjoyed most, should be spent in the country, where, if it is bright and frosty, trees and roads glistening in the sunlight, one naturally feels "Goodwill towards men," but, unfortunately, many of us have to spend it in town, in damp, muggy weather, and our cheerful surroundings depend on ourselves. Our first step, therefore, must be decorating our rooms in the prettiest and most artistic way. I spent last Christmas with friends in England, and the drawing-room looked charming with light ivy trails of different lengths, tied on a wire and put up as a frieze; I fancy it was fastened to the picture rail, but the effect was very good, light, and pretty. There was a large ball of holly and mistletoe hanging from the chandelier, and the flowers in the room were principally long stems of poinsettias in tall vases. If these are not to be obtained, a most graceful arrangement can be made with Pampas grass, dried Honesty, and long branches of Holly, which this year is so plentifully supplied with berries.

For our dinner table, I think we must choose Roman hyacinths, holly, and mistletoe. As a rule I do not care for any table covering except the damask, but to give extra brightness in this instance, I should like a square of light scarlet cloth in the middle, the raw edges turned in, and the line broken as much as possible with salts, peppers, etc. I think we will employ the potatoes cut in half again, that I mentioned in a former number. I should put one in the centre, covering it with moss, and arranging it with mistletoe and bright sprigs of holly, till it looks like a little tree. Then diamond-ways, four small silver bowls with a tiny Cocos palm in the middle, and the Roman hyacinths and asparagus fern round. (Old silver or Sheffield wine coasters, with tin linings, make an excellent substitute for the bowls). At the corners of the red square I should advise little arches made with ordinary bent green wire—old carnation wires would do—each end stuck into a potato to keep it firm, a small trail of smilax or asparagus fern twisted across to conceal the wire and form the little arch, and the potatoes arranged with the moss, holly, etc., like the centre one, but smaller. I should shower "Jack Frost" well over all these before placing them on the table. Silver candlesticks, with either red or white shades, would, of course, add immensely to the beauty of the arrangement, and also a good selection of crackers, which every year appear more wonderful and artistic.

Let me add one wish for a very happy Christmas for all the readers of *The Lady of the House*.

"Salterella."

THE HYDE PARK CORNER OF DUBLIN.



ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN GATE, DUBLIN.

All Dubliners will feel proud of the magnificent arch to be erected at the principal entrance to St. Stephen's Green, facing Grafton Street, as a memorial to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, officers and men, who fell in South Africa. The design was suggested by the celebrated Arch of Titus in Rome, and reminds one, too, of the Arc de la Triumph, Paris. Hitherto our capital has been far behind Continental cities as regards this form of architecture, so it was a happy thought to make the Memorial take a shape which will so greatly beautify an important thoroughfare. We suggest as a suitable "short title" for the memorial—"St. Stephen's Green Gate." We understand that the public have contributed a large sum for the erection of this work, and we trust the balance required, about £300, will shortly be provided.

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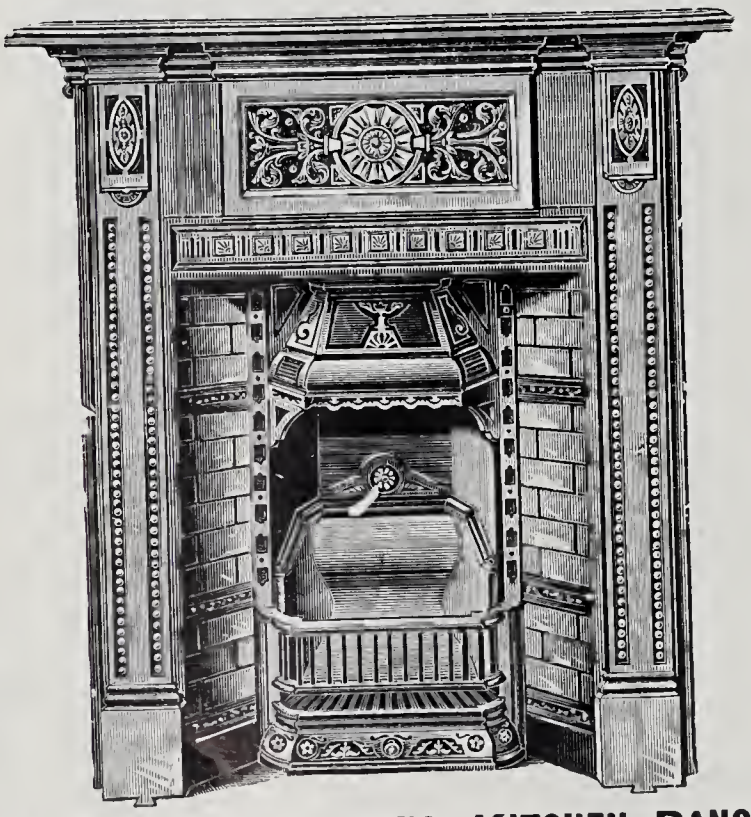
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They dry hard quickly, with a beautiful surface, and are easily renewed.

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Applied occasionally greatly lessens the wear and tear, and is an excellent dressing for Linoleum, Oil Cloth, &c., maintaining the strength of fabric and brightness of colour for many years.

It is a refreshing and purifying agent of the greatest Sanitary Value in **Hospitals, Asylums, Nursing Homes, Workhouses,** etc.

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MALT ST., OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.



THE BRUTE VENTURES TO SUGGEST THAT A BONNET MIGHT POSSIBLY BE MORE SUITABLE

By permission of Messrs. James Henderson & Sons

From the Gibson Calendar, 1907]

The Parisian Diamond Company.

"When in doubt play trumps" is an old Saw handed down from our card-playing ancestors, and now-a-days one may suitably paraphrase it by saying: "When in doubt about a Christmas present for a woman, be she old or young, give jewellery. Long experience has taught the Parisian Diamond Company to be specially well prepared for Yule-tide, and it is an interesting sign of the times to mention that their clients represent nearly all classes of the community, from the peeress, who purchases a splendid tiara, to the woman of ordinary purse, who gets for her daughter one of the dainty little brooches or clasps so indispensable with the present style of dress.

Striking as a work of art, and also for its marvellously genuine appearance is a magnificent Diamond Necklace, in large clusters, with a most elaborate Pendant, copied from an historic design; while another Necklace is on a smaller scale, and also of clusters, connected by tiny gold chains, the central portion being more elaborate.



DIAMOND AND PEARL BROOCH.

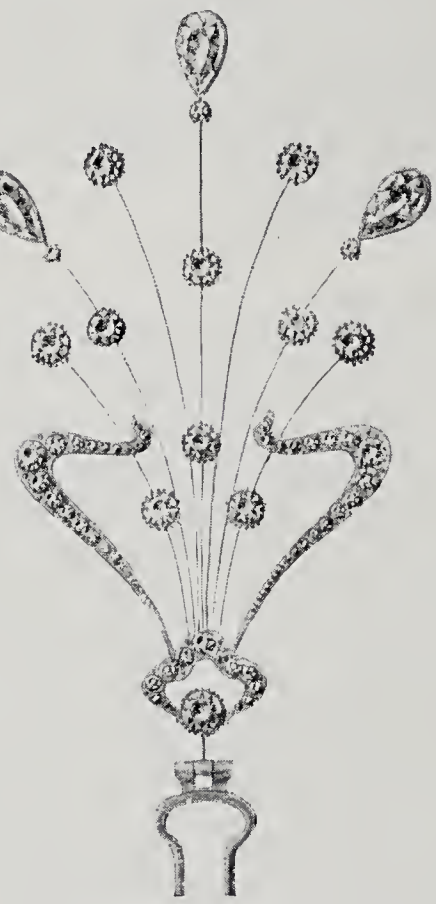
A huge pendant or corsage ornament of brilliants also illustrates the present taste for reproductions of the Antique, a branch of their business in which the company excels, keeping a large staff of first-rate artists to reproduce rare and beautiful designs, which they have collected at considerable cost.



DIAMOND HAT PIN



DIAMOND PENDANT WITH PLATINUM CHAIN.



DIAMOND AIGRETTE.



DIAMOND HAT PIN.



DIAMOND HAIR SLIDE.

There is a great rage at present for flexible jewellery, and a Pendant in this style of workmanship, consisting of a big, square amethyst quaintly framed with tiny brilliants, and suspended from a string of small amethysts is a striking example of old world art. Another Pendant, chiefly formed of a fine rose diamond is reminiscent of the 18th century; and a very beautiful Pendant consists of a cabuchon emerald encircled by diamonds; these uncut stones being greatly used by leading jewellers of late.

A marked change nas taken place, too, in the shape of bracelets, the solid bangle of a few years ago having given place to the narrow flexible bracelet, which is certainly more attractive. The Company has a charming selection of these, amongst the nicest being a simple single row of little diamonds, which show wonderful fire with every movement of the wrist; another of emeralds, set in the same flexible manner, is notable, and a third is composed of amethysts, a gem still in the fore-front of fashion. Other flexible bracelets have an edging of pearls or brilliants; and another new style consists of a small row of diamonds, with three huge, square emeralds set in the centre, a narrow gold chain forming the back portion. Diamonds similarly ornamented with amethysts are also in evidence. Indeed, so varied is the stock just now, that whatever be one's particular preference, as regards gems, the Company can supply exactly what is needed.

As the Empire style of dress will be greatly worn this season, special mention must be made of the new Empire Comb, shaped exactly like the combs of the Josephine period, and exquisitely embellished with a quaint, little wreath of diamonds and amethysts. So dainty and old-world is its appearance that this unique Comb looks like a relic of Napoleon's Court. For wearing with ordinary toilettes charming Tortoiseshell Combs have lately been designed. One which is slightly crescent-shaped and edged with diamonds is admirably suited for the present style of hairdressing; so too, is a Comb with a Tortoiseshell Turnover Ledge, headed with diamonds in true lovers' knots. Horn Combs, beautifully jewelled, are recommended for ladies with fair hair; and a charming little Tortoiseshell Hair Ornament, effectively jewelled is astonishingly inexpensive, and could be worn on any occasion.

Brooches, after the antique, make delightful Christmas gifts, and one can imagine the pleasure with which a square pink topaz, embellished by tiny brilliants would be received! Then there are a bewildering array of Butterflies, Beetles, Hunting Crops with a Horse Shoe in the centre, while a monkey on a bar is not the least attractive brooch in a huge collection.

The display of Ear-rings is very tempting, and those for non-pierced ears can be had in both solitaire and drop patterns. The former pattern is to be had in pearls, black pearls, and diamonds, all, needless to say, extremely realistic. The drop pattern is seen at its best in pear-shaped pearls, headed by brilliants, while a pair of cabuchon amethysts, with a quaintly-set cluster of the same stones at the top are very chic, and can be worn by unpierced ears. The circle-pattern ear-rings look their best in diamonds with a swinging centre consisting of a large emerald; but this new form of ear-drop is also made in all the gems now fashionable. The Company's Illustrated Priced Catalogue will be sent gratis and post free on application to the Manager, 143, Regent Street, W., the Company's other London addresses being 85, New Bond Street, and 37, 38, and 43, Burlington Arcade.

Stories of a Man who Wrote of Pre-Union Times.

Charles Lever: his Life in his Letters.

THOSE of us who admit to rejoicing in the career of two scamps of the first water, Harry Lorrequer and Charles O'Malley, will welcome Mr. Edmund Downey's "Charles Lever: His Life in his Letters," which has just been published in two volumes by Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons. Charles Lever was Harry Lorrequer to the life. A born Irishman, he was like all Irishmen, a true cosmopolitan, and he had all the Irishman's faculty for spending money when he had it, and for running up accounts when the bank balance was overdrawn. He lived an ideally reckless life, cared not what to-morrow might bring, and Mr. Downey tells us some most amusing stories of the great novelist's endeavours to make ends meet

* * *

A LOVABLE CHARACTER.

It was a lovable character that of Charles Lever. Enemies he had none; wherever he went all classes flocked to make friends with him. When he lived in Brussels, trying his hand at doctoring, everyone of importance, from grand dukes to ambassadors, visited him; his salon was the resort of all the noteworthy and notorious birds of passage who made Brussels a temporary home.

* * *

MANY ANXIETIES

Happy-go-lucky as was Lever's life, his letters reveal the fact that he had many days of anxiety and wonderment as to how he should keep his wife and children. His life is the old story of the reckless author whose career is made up of never-ceasing demands upon his publishers for payment on account of work done or ideas proposed. But except to his intimate friends these financial worries were never disclosed, and the general idea of Lever's life was that it was one of great happiness and comparative luxury.

* * *

A PUBLISHER'S DILEMMA.

Mr. Downey has included in his book many amusing stories of Lever's wit and humour. When Lever lived at Templeogue House outside Dublin he received a visit from his publisher and friend, James M'Glashan. "M'Glashan one night left dinner table early, fearing that the guests, who doubtless were exceedingly hilarious, were inclined to drink too deeply. Soon afterwards there was heard in the dining-room a strange noise. The noise continued persistently, and Lever could not at first locate it. Some of the guests suggested that it was the Templeogue ghost. At last a descent was made upon the kitchen. The kitchen was in darkness, but the candle-light disclosed the publisher lying on the floor. He had mistaken the pantry for a staircase, and travelled up the shelves only to fall from the top."



CHARLES LEVER AS A YOUNG MAN.

* * *

A DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCE.

Another story of the period concerns Dr. Whately. "Amongst Lever's acquaintances at Brussels was the future Archbishop of Dublin. At first when Lever took up the reins of 'The Dublin University' the archbishop and the editor resumed the friendly relations which had existed in Belgium, but possibly Whately fancied that the author of 'Harry Lorrequer' was a somewhat dangerous acquaintance for an archbishop in his own diocese. Whately was a man of hobbies, and horticulture was one of these. Soon after he was settled down in the County Dublin Lever invited the archbishop to dinner, and took much pains to get the correct kind of guests together. He was chagrined to find when the dinner hour had arrived that instead of putting in an appearance, his lordship sent a belated and lame apology. The chaplain who conveyed the apology also conveyed (as a peace offering) an enormous pumpkin grown in the archbishop's hothouse. Lever gravely placed the pumpkin on the chair reserved for his lordship, and during the dinner he addressed much of his conversation to it. When the guests rose from the dinner table the host said, 'In all my experience of the archbishop I never knew him to be so agreeable as he has been this evening.'"

* * *

"GOING TO TOWN."

In 1844 Lever was working for "The Dublin University Magazine," and Mr. Downey says that "On fine afternoons Lever and his friend, Mr. Pearce, rode to the office.

* * *

A MOTLEY PACK.

"A party of urchins were in the habit of meeting the equestrians on the outskirts of Dublin city—at Portobello Bridge. This motley crowd—known as Lever's pack followed the chaise right up to the office of the magazine in Sackville Street, sometimes yelping like hounds. At the door of Messrs Curry & Co.'s shop there was generally a fierce struggle amongst the youths for the honour of holding Lever's horse. It is needless to add that 'the pack' was treated liberally by its master."

* * *

A STORY OF THE 11TH HUSSARS.

Lever's power as an anecdotist was unrivalled, and Mr. Downey records him telling the story of the 11th Hussars. "When the 11th Hussars arrived in Dublin their notoriety made them a great attraction owing to the Earl of Cardigan being their colonel and the numerous duels and quarrels that had occurred in the regiment. One of the officers after a levée was walking along Sackville Street on a sunny afternoon, in full dress, and was met by two Irishmen fresh from the country. Staggered at the glittering and gorgeous apparition clanking towards them, they riveted their eyes on the blazing gold, blue, and crimson figure, and, with a wondering gaze, the one exclaimed to the other with a sharp nudge in the ribs, and a look of exquisite fun: 'Begorra, wouldn't I like to have the chance of pawning him!'"

* * *

THE STAFF OF "THE MAIL."

Major Dwyer, says Mr. Downey, told an anecdote of a dinner party given in Dublin at the house of Remy Sheehan, a well-known Dublin journalist of the period. Sheehan was the leading member of the staff of "The Evening Mail" (to which paper Lever was an occasional contributor). In the hall of Sheehan's house were certain wooden figures partly clad in armour. The lady whom Lever took in to dinner asked him if he could tell her who the wooden figures were intended to represent. "They are the staff of 'The Mail,'" replied the humorist.

* * *

HIS FRIENDSHIP FOR HIS PUBLISHER.

Quite the pleasantest side of the book is, says "The Tatler," the record of the friendship between Charles Lever and Mr. John Blackwood, the publisher. John Blackwood was the ideal publisher who took the keenest possible interest in the authors who wrote for him, and the letters reprinted in the second volume of Mr. Downey's book depict an ideal intercourse. Altogether the book is one which everyone interested in Irish life and character should read.

ARTISTIC ORNAMENTS AND WATCHES.

From an artistic as well as a patriotic point of view, what gifts could be more acceptable than the Celtic ornaments in gold and silver manufactured by Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins, of Sackville Street, Dublin, opposite the O'Connell monument.

The old Irish designs, from which these brooches and pendants are fashioned, are as quaint as they are charming and uncommon, and the workmanship upon them worthy of the greatest admiration. In addition to this speciality, these jewellers hold a magnificent stock of beautiful modern productions, both for personal wear and household use and decoration.

Watches also are a special feature at Messrs. Hopkins, and they show a most extensive and handsome assortment for ladies, gentlemen, and young people's use.

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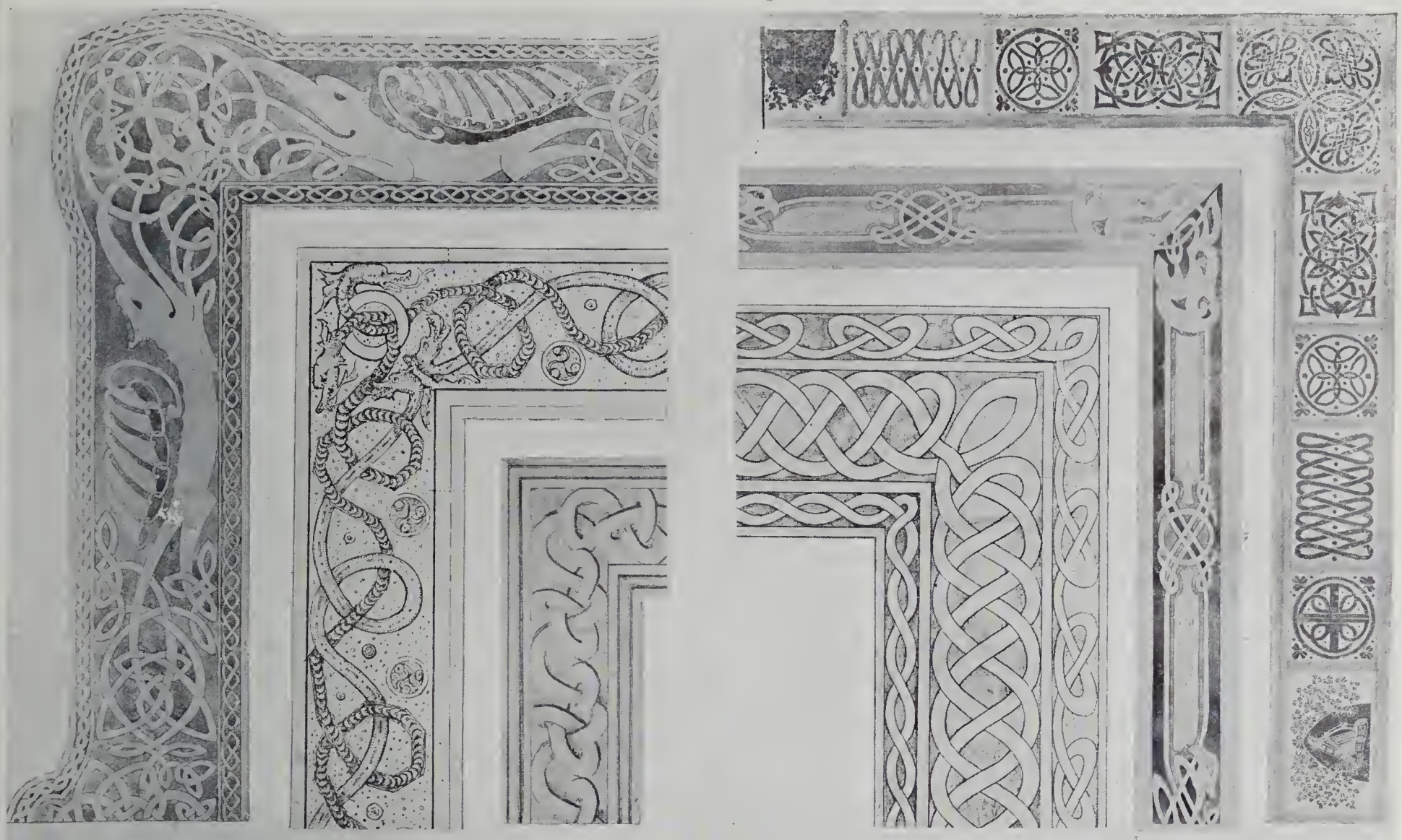
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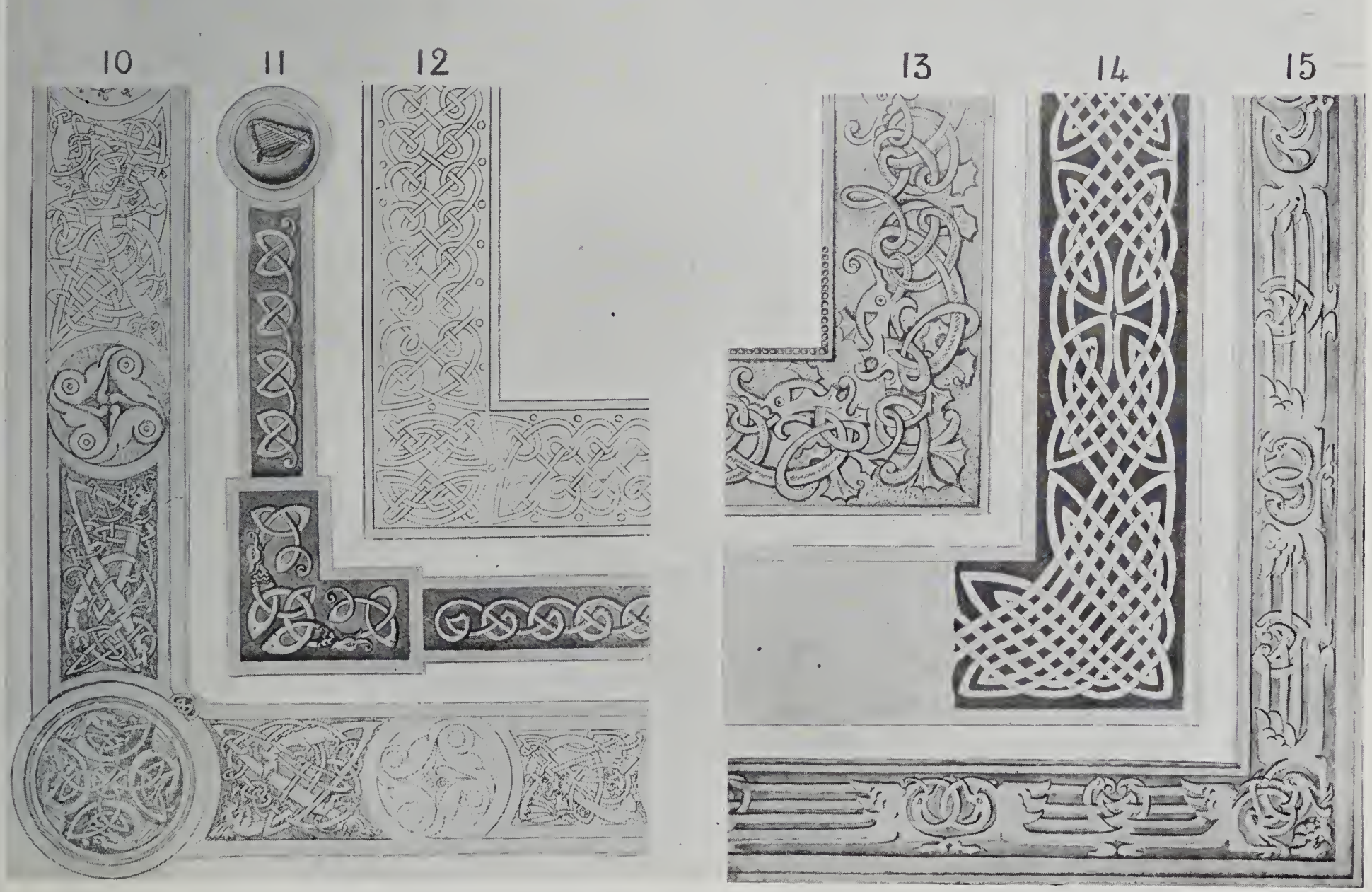
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VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Copyright Designs.

"THE LADY OF THE HOUSE"

Prize Designs for Picture Frames, by Irish Artists and Designers.

Report of Competition.—*Concluded from Second Page.*

After long and earnest consideration the final awards were made as follows :—

FIRST PRIZE—£3 3s., Awarded to MR. PATRIC V. MACENANEY, 5, Pacific Avenue, Belfast. (Design No. 1, Page 2.)

SECOND PRIZE—PAIR OF INDIA PRINTS, of Wheatley's "Volunteers in College Green, 1779," and Wheatley's "Irish Parliament in 1780," awarded to MR. W. J. DEASY, Blackrock, Cork. (Design No. 2, Page 2.)

THIRD PRIZE—£1 1s., Awarded to MISS ADA SMITH, Bella Vista, Ardbrugh Road, Dalkey. (Design No. 3, Page 2.)

These designs reach a high order of merit, and Mr. MacEnaney's beautiful drawing, which wins the First Prize, will, when worked in dark oak or walnut, with a gold slip, make up a really elegant frame.

The appended list contains the names of those whose designs have received the distinctions of VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED, HIGHLY COMMENDED, and COMMENDED. All the designs are now exhibited at the Galleries of the KILKENNY WOODWORKERS, 7 & 8, NASSAU STREET, DUBLIN.

A special commission of Ten per cent. will be paid by the Kilkenny Woodworkers to any artist whose design is selected for reproduction by customers. The readers of "THE LADY OF THE HOUSE" especially, and the public generally, are invited to visit the Kilkenny Woodworkers' Galleries, and inspect "THE LADY OF THE HOUSE" Prize Irish Picture Frame Designs.

Very many other designs were well worthy of reproduction had space permitted.

Very Highly Commended.

The number placed before a Competitor's name corresponds with the number under the frame design sent in by that competitor. These numbered frame designs will be found reproduced, in reduced facsimile, on preceaing page.

(4) J. Maguire, The Orchard, Enniskillen ; (5) M. K. Hughes, The White Studio, 11, Kelso Place, London, W. ; (6) William French, 9, Ashfield Road, Ranelagh, Dublin ; (7) Harold G. Forde, Methodist Manse, Kilkenny; (8) M. Mathews, 5, Derrynane Parade, N.C. Road, Dublin ; (9) C. Carr, 24, Warrenmount Place, S. C. R., Dublin ; (10) J. F. Maxwell, 143, Church Street, Dublin ; (11) Miss A. Deverey, 9, Lord Edward Street, Dublin ; (12) Miss Mary M. F. Carty, Abbey St., Wexford ; (13) Miss Emily Barney, 5, Mount Vella, Dalkey ; (14) Miss Lottie Scott, Iona, Clontarf, Dublin ; (15) Jennie FitzHarris, School of Art, Dublin ; Miss E. H. Johnston, 23, Annesley Park, Dublin ; Rev. G. H. Forde, 2, St. John's Place, Kilkenny ; Miss Annie Ford, William St., Kilkenny; Nora S. Nolan, Metropolitan School of Art, Dublin ; Chas. B. Powell, 167, Rathmines, Dublin; Vincent F. Murphy, 2, Emmett Place, Cork ; Miss Josie Murphy, Club House Hotel, Kilkenny.

Highly Commended.

Miss Katie Burke, Parkmore, Galway ; H. E. Bridge, The Metropolitan School of Art, Dublin ; Eirene M. Tyler, The Metropolitan School of Art, Dublin ; Geo. A. Cogan, The Metropolitan School of Art, Dublin ; P. J. Moonan, 81, Main Street, Bray ; M. Hurse, 3, Glanmire Terrace, Ranelagh, Dublin ; Miss A. M'Combe, Rosemount, Bryansburn Road, Bangor, Co. Down ; W. E. Emery, 8, Upper Erne Street, Dublin ; William Glover, Woodbrook, Bray ; John A. Conmee, 4, Albert Terrace, Ranelagh, Dublin ; Ruth Hart, Metropolitan School of Art, Dublin ; Kathleen Quigly, Metropolitan School of Art, Dublin ; Hugh P. Flynn, Metropolitan School of Art, Dublin ; J. G. Magahy, School of Art, Cork.

Commended.

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F. W. WHEATLEY'S AUTHENTIC PICTURE, **"THE VOLUNTEERS IN COLLEGE GREEN, 1779"**

PRESENTED GRATIS WITH THIS ISSUE.

The Lady of the House

CONDUCTED BY CRAWFORD HARTNELL.

VOL. XX. No. 221. DUBLIN, CHRISTMAS, 1907. PRICE ONE SHILLING. PER PARCEL POST, ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE.



ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL

Romances of the Irish House of Lords.



SANTRY COURT, COUNTY DUBLIN.

HOW THE SANTRY PEERAGE WAS LOST.

THE age we live in is not the worst that has been, either morally or religiously, notwithstanding the weighty assertions that are hurled upon it as to the luxury of vice and refinement of sin to which our advanced civilization has brought social life. We shall never retrograde to a condition even approaching the corruption of ancient Rome, or revert to the semi-barbarism of those Mediæval times when a superficial refinement, together with much splendour and pageantry, crusted over an apparent state of advancement, under which human life was held cheap, and domestic comfort was of little account.

Life works upon the system of a compensating balance, with eras, as towards individual humanity, therefore it is useless to uphold the characteristics of one period as having been preferable to those of another.

The eighteenth century appears to us to have been an especially attractive one from its surface polish of rich attire, elegant furniture, and daily round of social pursuits called pleasures; its dainty quaintness is *à la mode* at present and the fashions of earlier, more rugged, times obtain no favour under our ideas of refinement. No lady would feel comfortable in a tapestried drawing-room furnished with ponderous oaken chairs and never an upholstered sofa to nestle in, neither do such articles of familiar use as black-jacks and iron-girt wooden noggins blend with velvet and lace, or lend themselves to decorative purposes in enhancing modern feminine *espieglerie*. But, when we adopt Watteau sacques for tea-gowns, in which to dispense the China herb in Spode cups, or play cards at spindle-legged tables, and modify the plain solidity of gross-bodied tankards of much-prized Queen Anne plate by turning them into flower-holders amid these surroundings, we merely use the veneer of a phase of domestic life that was otherwise, to its core, coarse, false (in its culture), and often brutal.



HENRY BARRY, THE LAST LORD SANTRY.

Read Swift's Letters to Stella, or Dr. Tobias Smollett's equally true "Life of Mr. R. Random, Navy Surgeon," and look at Hogarth's pictures of "Morning," "Noon," and "Night," for personal diaries of many passing years of that oft-named *classic* century, and the exact presentiment of central London thoroughfares with the then population in its habit as it lived; the centres commemorated in the pictures are Covent Garden, Clare Market, and ——? Southwark, if we remember rightly, but all Hogarth's backgrounds depict the actual streets, well-known houses and even rooms in them, of the metropolis.

Mothers, aunts, and guardians must not blame us for calling atten-



THE HELL-FIRE CLUB.

From the Picture in the National Gallery of Ireland, now by kind Permission reproduced for the First Time.

(See Particulars on Page 54.)

HENRY BARRY.
Fourth Lord Santry.

COLONEL CLEMENTS.

COLONEL HENRY PONSONBY,
Second Son of Lord Bessborough. killed at Fontenoy.

COLONEL ST. GEORGE
(Richard St. George, Woodsgift, Kilkenny.)

SIMON LUTTRELL,
Of Luttrellstown, Dublin, Afterwards First Earl of Carhampton.

ROMANCES OF THE IRISH HOUSE OF LORDS.—Continued.

tion to the arch-satirist holding him, as we do, to be one of our great English historians; and if those of our readers who laughed good-humouredly with us at Rosa Matilda *eplorée* over "The Children of the Abbey" and "Fatherless Fanny," of the Victorian era, want to read veritable *autres choses*, let them take up, for realism, almost any eighteenth-century novel, save those of Madame D'Arblay which were *too* finely lacquered for even the *fin de siecle* during which she wrote them. Do not be timid, *mesdames mères*, *tantes*, *et gouvernantes;* the young person of to-day can digest strong meat, and even the *gros sel* handed round occasionally by Fielding and Smollett, those giants of their day, was not overcharged sea brine to her worthy grand-dame, and need not be to her. We have ventured upon giving these suggestions in literature and art as they occurred in connection with the subject of a beautiful illustration of the House of Lords in our old Parliament House, now the Bank of Ireland, and the trials of three Irish noblemen, members of that Upper House, who were successively tried by their peers in the dignified Commons chamber.

The first of these, which took place in the month of April, 1739, was that of Henry Barry, fourth Baron Santry, who had been spoiled during boyhood by the over-indulgence of a doting mother, a woman otherwise of imperious temper and dominant will. Dean Swift, who was her old friend and her son's guardian during his minority, remonstrated with this lady upon the grievous wrong she did her son in permitting his wild, passionate nature, marked by some eccentricity of behaviour, to develop unchecked; but she so strongly resented the cleric's well-meant advice as to cause herself to be denied to him upon several occasions of his calling at her residence. He consequently wrote to her a very strongly-worded letter, complaining of her refusal to receive him, and renewing his remonstrances with her upon the course she was pursuing with her son.

The year of date is 1730, and in the course of his homily he says:

"If you were really discontented I must cut off at least nine-tenths of the friendship I had for you, and list you among the herd of Irish ladies whose titles and those of their husbands with me never have the weight of a feather or the value of a pebble.

"I imagined you had so much sense as to understand all I said was for the service of you and your son. I have often spoken more severely to persons of much higher quality than your son, and in a kingdom where to be a lord is of importance; and I have received thanks, as well as found amendments. One thing I shall observe, which is, never to throw away more advice upon any Irish lord or his mother, because I thought YOU *would have been the last to deceive me."*



THE RUINED CLUB HOUSE OF THE HELL-FIRE CLUB, MONTPELIER HILL, CO. DUBLIN.

Four years after this Lord Santry succeeded to the title and estates of his father, by which time his career may be summed up in stating the fact that he had become a prominent member of the Hell Fire Club, which held its wild meetings at the King's Head Tavern in Fishamble Street or at an isolated hunting lodge on the top of Montpelier Hill. Some of the bronze medals struck as badges for this convivial brotherhood are still extant, and many stories of their insane doings are occasionally recited, but the notoriety of the club has waned in our better-ordered days.

It was on the 9th August, 1738, that Lord Santry committed the homicide for which he was subsequently tried. It had been Fair Day at the village of Palmerston, beyond Kilmainham, and a party of gentlemen who had ridden out there in the morning, doubtless as purchasers, dined at the local inn, and spent the afternoon over their liberal supply of wine. All left the house before sunset, save Lord Santry, who, having raised a quarrel with another guest, one Humphreys, not only came to high words but to blows, and even attempted to draw upon him; his condition not permitting this, he left the apartment baulked in his fury, and, meeting another guest, a complete stranger, in the narrow passage, pushed him rudely before him on towards the kitchen of the inn, where, at last succeeding in drawing his sword, he declared to those assembled there, "I'll kill the first man who speaks!" The unfortunate man whom he had so insolently pushed into the apartment naturally remonstrated, whereupon My Lord instantly ran him through the body. Sobered by the sight of blood, the homicide mounted his horse and was about to ride off, but, on being detained by the landlord and specifically taxed with the deed, he gave a piece of £4 for the benefit of his victim ere departing. The unfortunate sufferer was one Loughlin Murphy, a messenger and light porter, well known to be honest and industrious in the neighbourhood of his wretched home in Hammond Lane, where he died on the 25th September following. Upon this eventuality Lord Santry was arrested, charged with murder, and consigned to prison, where he remained until the 27th April in the following year, when he was carried before twenty-three of his fellow-peers assembled in the Commons chamber of the old Irish House of Parliament.

This was the first trial that took place within the House, and it was marked by much state and ceremony, and by somewhat of display also, the House being decorated for the occasion. At six o'clock a.m. a regiment of foot took up its position in College Green, and later a company of the Battle Axe Guard lined the approach to the building, while the city constables attended to maintain peace. The Lord Chancellor, Thomas Lord Wyndham, had been invested with the White Wand as High Steward, in order to preside at the trial, and our eminent fellow-citizen, Sir John Gilbert, Secretary to the Record Office in Dublin, published in 1896 a full, true, and particular account of the minute procedure observed throughout the entire trial, which will afford interesting reading to those who care to ask for the book at our public libraries. Space here admits only of our stating facts without detail, therefore we can only state that the prisoner was conveyed from his prison in a hackney coach, under charge of the High Sheriffs of the City, at half-past seven in the morning, to the scene of trial, where he had to possess his soul, in what patience he could muster, until ten o'clock, when the Judges, arrayed in their robes, assembled at the residence of the Lord Chancellor, in St. Stephen's Green, and, after much observance of State and legal formalities, followed him, "preceded by his twelve gentlemen, two-and-two, bare-headed, his Sergeant-at-Arms and Purse-Bearer, also bare-headed, the Usher of the Black Rod, the King of Arms, etc., etc.," in State coaches, "each coach having two horses," to the scene of the trial, a messenger having been despatched erstwhile, "to acquaint my Lords the Triers, who were already assembled in a room within the House, that His Grace was coming, whereupon they went and took their seats in the Court." Further, in due form, "when His Grace came to the gate where the Court was held, he was met by four other Sergeants, with their Maces, who attended him to his seat in the Court in this order—His Grace's Gentlemen, two-and-two, etc.," all very fine! as the old storybooks used to describe in fairy fiction. The scene must have been imposing, and the Bench was a very full one, but as to how many times the Macers called "Oyez," where everybody sat, and how everybody bowed to everybody else need not be cited at length.

The wretched prisoner himself, at his approach to the Bar of the House, "made three reverences, one to His Grace the Lord High Steward, the others to the Peers on each hand, and His Grace and the Peers returned the salute to him.

Then the Sergeant-at-Arms was commanded to call over the names of those noblemen summoned to appear, "and each, standing up in his place, uncovered, answered to his name, making a reverence to His Grace."

The indictment was then read, after which the Lord High Steward addressed the prisoner, and the Clerk of the Crown asked him, "Is your Lordship guilty or not guilty?" to which the reply was, "Not guilty!" The Clerk next inquired, "How will your Lordship be tried?" and the answer was, "By God, and my Peers!"

The Attorney-General, Robert Jocelyn, then opened the case, stating the facts given above; and the Solicitor-General of the day, John Bowes, Prosecutor for the Crown, distinguished himself by

(Continued at page 52.)

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Photo by] THE IRISH HOUSE OF LORDS, DUBLIN. [W. Lawrence, Dublin.

LOOKING FROM THE THRONE.

With the exception that the Throne has been replaced by a Statue, the Irish House of Lords Chamber is to-day in exactly the same condition as when the Irish Peers assembled within its walls.

IRISH PORTRAITS OF THE RULERS OF IRELAND.

FIRST PUBLICATION FROM IRISH STATE PAPERS IN THE RECORD OFFICE, DUBLIN.



OLIVER CROMWELL—LORD PROTECTOR.

From the Illuminated First Page of the Accounts of James Standish, Esq., Receiver-General of Ireland, 1654-56



CHARLES I.

From the Illuminated First Page of the Accounts of Sir Francis Annesley, Bart., Vice-Treasurer and Receiver-General of Ireland.

IRISH PORTRAITS OF THE RULERS OF IRELAND.

FIRST PUBLICATION. FROM IRISH STATE PAPERS IN THE RECORD OFFICE, DUBLIN.



JAMES II.

From the Illuminated First Page of the Accounts of John Price, Esq., Receiver-General of Ireland.



WILLIAM III.

From the Illuminated First Page of the Accounts of Thomas, Lord Coningsby, and Charles Fox, Esq., Receivers-General of Ireland.

92



QUEEN ANNE

From the Illuminated First Page of the Accounts of Thomas, Lord Coningsby, Vice-Treasurer and Receiver-General of Ireland.



JAMES I.

From the Illuminated First Page of the Accounts of Sir Francis Blundell, Bart., Vice-Treasurer and Receiver-General of Ireland.



CHARLES II.

From the Illuminated First Page of the Accounts of Arthur, Earl of Anglesey, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland



GEORGE I.

From the Illuminated First Page of the Accounts of Arthur, Earl of Anglesey, and Henry, Earl of Rochester, Vice-Treasurers and Receivers-General of Ireland.

Irish Portraits of the Rulers of Ireland.

The illustrations of this article are now reproduced for the first time, by kind permission of Mr. James Mills, M.R.I.A., Deputy Keeper of the Records and Keeper of the State Papers of Ireland, from the originals which embellish the Accounts of the Receivers-General of Ireland, and other rare official documents relating to Ireland.

In Dion Boucicault's play, "The Octoroon," revelation of the plot is made to the audience, and subsequent retribution brought upon the villain of the piece, an Irish-American, deeply-dyed, and bearing the strong name M'Cluskey, by means of a photographic camera artlessly set by an ingenuous boy for the amusement—puzzling, or chance enlightenment—of an equally artless Indian (of the pantomime tribe !), which efficient machine duly chronicles the murder of the boy by MacC., who wants a love letter addressed to Zoe, the Octoroon, among others in the mail bag carried by the ingenuous youth; not only did this youth idle, in his avocation, but, "exposures" being longer in the early days of those marvellous sun-pictures than now, the plate accidentally chronicles full details of a dastardly deed, and creates the "motif" or running joke of the play—"The apparatus can't *lie !*" which, given in characteristic nasal accent by an upright though comic planter, never failed to bring down the house in 1860, the period of the play's first production.

We deputed one of the first experts of our now advanced day in the photographic art, an official of high rank in mysteries necromantic and in-platina — an artist fully equipped with "all appliances and means to boot," who has reproduced for us many difficult subjects throughout our pages, to again make us acquaint with certain royal portraits treasured in the historic section of the Irish Record Office, adjunct of our great Four Courts. These are affixed to the official returns of dignified Receivers-General of the Kingdom of Ireland, and other important State papers, during the reigns of the monarchs portrayed.

"The apparatus *can't lie !*" No ! not to save its invaluable life, one may say; yet, exact, uncompromising as it is, in its vigour, it has been *baffled*, seemingly, by the cunning hands of 17th and 18th century illuminators—or perhaps by the stealthy action of old time, who has silently wrought upon the pictures, shading the once brilliant pigments down to what is termed, in studio *parlance*, an ultimately fatal, blackness.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

From the Patent appointing James Chatterton, Esq., Clerk of the Crown for Counties Waterford and Cork, 16th October, 1 Victoria, 1837.

The effigy of the Royal Prentice in king craft and ripe scholar, James I. must have been, at some time, put to it to parry Sol's rays, as well as to contend with the Old Man with the Scythe, for, in our reproduction the learned monarch is, practically, *non est.* That his royal countenance was not eminently handsome we know, and it is upon record that his gait was shambling; he quailed before an unsheathed blade but, recall that tragic scene of glittering swords and unerring daggers of which his ill-starred mother was made witness, in the privacy of her bedchamber, on almost the eve of the future King's birth, and there needs little explanation of that timidity, unlike the Prince's otherwise gallant nature.

James I. inherited inelegant features from his paternal ancestors, the brave Douglases; and his father's portrait, in Holyrood Palace, shews the young Lord Darnley, ere he became Prince Consort of Scotland, to have been but a plain-faced, red-haired youth, of slight frame, elegant bearing, prideful expression, and only medium height.

King James' chivalrous behaviour to his frivolous, extravagant Queen, Anne of Denmark, is well known, and among the Scottish regalia there is a St. Andrew's Cross, surrounded by diamonds of the purest water and great size, which he caused to be made for her as *gage d'amour* on their betrothal, and which is not surpassed, even among crown jewels.

. . . . . .

Our reproduction of Charles I., their son, fails to show the quality of the little Irish portrait, executed for his Receiver-General, which is very characteristic, and was probably taken from the King's coinage or a medal. The patron of Vandyke and Rubens, both created English knights by Charles, no other monarch was so often portrayed, save Philip IV. of Spain, who had Velasquez for Court Limner, and who was also by royal favour ennobled, under title of Don Rodrigo Velasquez.

"The White King" had, indeed, a regal presence; but, alas ! his refined face, so mild in its expression, seemed, from youth even, to be overcast by a shade of gentle melancholy, as of predestination to a sad fate. It was considered *ominous* that, at his coronation, he was attired in pure white satin; and on the sad day of his burial snow fell so heavily that, short as was the distance from the Chapel Royal at Windsor to the vault beneath, the pall of black velvet was entirely covered by the flakes, as if in evidence of the purity of that soul so ruthlessly, hastily sent on its flight. "Thus passed the White King to his rest !" it was afterwards recorded.

We have many fine portraits of this handsome Monarch notably those by Sir Anthony Vandyke at Windsor and in the Louvre; of these, the equestrian picture is perhaps the *chef d'oeuvre* of the master, while the well known "three heads," painted on one canvas, giving the full face and two profiles of His Majesty, is a more full, extensive rendering of the fine features. A calm, dignified, truthful-seeming portrait of the King in life-size, in a refined costume of grey, laced with silver, painted by Daniel Mytens, is now included in the collection of the National Portrait Gallery in Trafalgar Square; and we possess, in our Dublin gallery, a small panel portrait of merit, shewing the King with the sad expression of premature age upon his countenance, which characterised the tumultuous last seven years of his shortened life.

. . . . . .

Beside it hangs a similar panel picture "in miniature" of Oliver Cromwell—he who wrought dire work in Ireland. In it we see the massive-featured, strongly-marked face, with its knit brow, to tell of a dominant will, If we remember aright it was upon Walker, prominent painter during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, that Oliver threatened condign punishment—the Tower, or even the Block itself—"if you paint not the warts upon my countenance !" They are chronicled as seven in number. These facial blemishes were literally recorded by Roitier, the Dutch medallist, who modelled the effigy for the Lord Protector's coinage, representations which beholders feel bound to accept as faithful. Specimens are on view at the Museum in Kildare Street, where clear impressions, as in the Crown Piece, shew the blemishes very significantly.

The document from which our portrait is copied is curiously embellished with a menacing little figure clad in red, which threatens, with a sword, a small woe-begone figure clad in green. At the head of the document a number of men in armour are

(Concluded on Page 54)

THE MANOR MILL LAUNDRY, DUNDRUM, Co. DUBLIN.
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IRISHWOMEN AND SPORT.

AN IRISH LADY "MASTER" OF HOUNDS.

MISS EDITH Œ. SOMERVILLE is one of the very few lady Masters of Foxhounds that have ever existed. During the season of 1901-2, when Mr. Aylmer C. Somerville was Master, she was acting hon. secretary of the West Carbery Foxhounds, which, two days a week, hunt the sporting twenty square miles around Skibbereen Co. Cork. In 1903 Miss Somerville became Master, and has since then hunted the game hill and Cliff foxes of the West Carbery country with great success. The West Carbery country is that part of Ireland where hunting and the Atlantic Ocean meet in rivalry; a little further west still, and the Atlantic has the best of it, and no hunting is possible. Accordingly, the West Carbery has no boundary on its westward side, except a natural boundary of impossible country. Miss Somerville is not only a sportswoman, but is likewise a delightful humorist, who, in collaboration with her cousin, "Martin Ross," has given to the reading public some of the brightest, raciest, and most intensely amusing Irish sketches and stories. Through all their fun and mirth, there is the liveliest evidence of interest and affection for Ireland and her people, and they have added humour even to the brimful measure of humour of an unfashionable Irish hunting crowd, whose most ordinary conversation is all humour to unaccustomed ears. We trust that the West Carbery will show sport enough to retain its Master for many a year, and to furnish her memory with that which her wit may continue to improve upon in stories of Irish sport and character.



A LADY "MASTER" IN IRELAND.

Miss Edith Œ. Somerville, "Master" of the West Carbery Foxhounds, on Bridget.

AN IRISH LADY'S GREAT RACEHORSE.

"VELOCITY," one of the great horses of the present year, is not only Irish bred—being the son of Speed, by Ballast—but is owned and raced by an Irishwoman, Mrs. H. V. Jackson, of Inane, Roscrea.

There is no more commanding or better looking horse in training than the great five-year-old, Velocity, and his performances stamp him as one of the finest handicap winners of recent years. He began the season by winning the City and Surburban, with 9st. 2 lbs. in the saddle, one of the biggest weights ever borne successfully in the race; romped away with the Grand Prix de Ostend early in July; and more recently won the Chesterfield Handicap at Goodwood, under the crushing weight of 9 st. 10 lbs; and the Doncaster Cup with a still higher penalty. Last year his winnings amounted to £2,744, but this season he has accounted for an immense amount in stakes.

Small wonder that Mrs. Jackson has recently refused the great sum of £21,000, declining it is understood, to part with the horse under £25,000. The £20,000 paid by the Russian Government to the late Mr. John Gubbins for Galtee More, the triple crown winner of 1897, is, we believe, the largest amount ever hitherto paid for an Irish-bred horse, and is the nearest approach Ireland can show to the £25,000 paid for the great mare, "Sceptre," and the £39,375 realized for "Flying Fox."

A GREAT IRISH HORSE OWNED BY AN IRISH LADY.



MRS. H. V. JACKSON'S VELOCITY FOR WHICH £21,000 HAS BEEN REFUSED. [*Photo by W. A. Rouch.*

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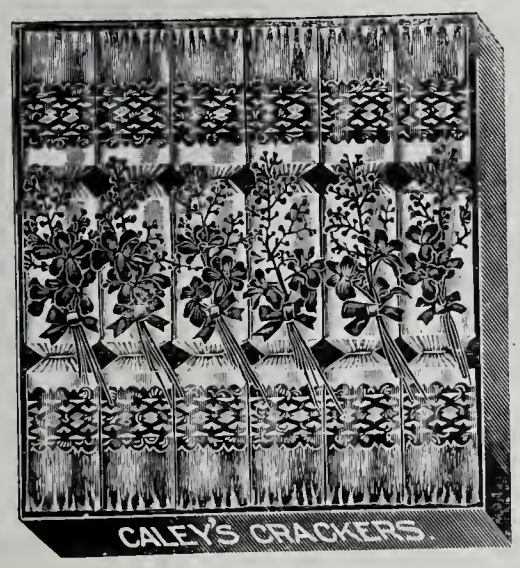
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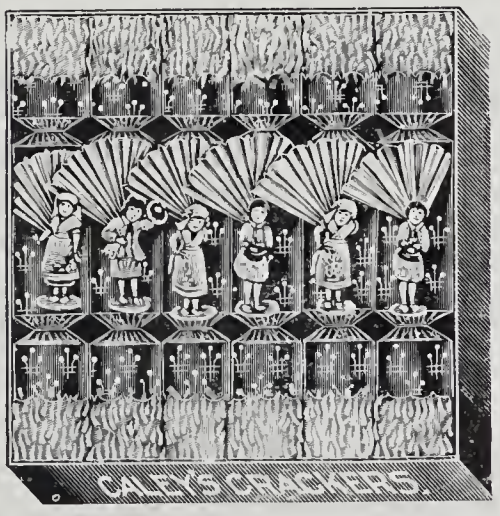
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A LETTER FROM DUBLIN IN 1872.

CLONTARF, *10th October, 1872.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I got to Kingsbridge all right. Tom and Kitty met me at the train, and we drove here in a cab. I was very tired, and went to bed early.

This house is very nice, though I'm afraid they'll find it rather far out of town. Unless you take a cab or car (which is rather expensive) you must walk the whole way into town. Tom was saying last night at dinner that he wished Uncle George had gone out



JOSEPH ROBINSON.

Terenure way, where the new kind of American omnibus they call a tramway has been started lately. It appears that for 3d. you can go the whole way in from Terenure village to Nelson's Pillar, a distance of three miles. Tom says Uncle seemed a little vexed, and said the air here is better than at Terenure; but when we were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner, while Uncle was asleep in the dining-room, Tom said that was all nonsense, that there was lovely mountain air at Terenure, and nothing here but the smell of the slob-land. He says the place will never be right till it's all reclaimed, but it's not likely it will happen in our time.

Some day while I'm here we're to make a grand expedition in the Terenure tram, and walk up towards the mountains. There's another tramway just been opened from Kingsbridge to the Exhibition in Earlsfort Terrace, but, of course, we have to walk into town before we can take either of them.

Well, now I must tell you about yesterday. We spent the whole day at the Exhibition. We went into the large concert hall first to hear the organ played by someone named "Gater," I think it was. I liked it very much, but I think I enjoyed the pictures more than anything, especially the National portraits. Tom says someone of the name of Elrington worked very hard in getting it up; and that he went out himself to a place called the Priory (which is somewhere between Terenure and the mountains) to get the Curran family to lend the portrait of Curran. I think the one I liked best was the portrait of Pamela and her little girl.

Last night we went to the opera in the Theatre Royal. It was "Don Giovanni," and I heard Titiens for the first time. Tom had raved so much about her that I was quite prepared to be disappointed, but from the moment she came on the stage, struggling with the Don to pull the cloak from his face, I could quite understand his enthusiasm. When she was on the stage, I could take no interest in anyone else; even to see her walk about was a pleasure. She completely fascinated me, and yet, strange to say, she isn't a beauty, by any means.

When the opera was over, Tom wanted to put us into a cab and send us home, as he was going to see the Trinity students draw Titiens' carriage back to her hotel, but we begged so hard to be allowed to come too, that at last he said we might.

I don't think I ever saw anything so exciting. A lot of the students carried torches, and they cheered wildly when Titiens came out of the theatre. Then they drew the carriage to the hotel, and when she had gone in they waited outside, and after a few minutes she came out on a balcony above. Then they cheered louder than ever for a minute, but presently there was silence. Then she sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and you could have heard a pin drop for a second or two after she finished, and then there was cheering till my ears ached. At last she went in, and we went home. I'm so glad I saw the whole thing.

Tom pointed out your old friend, Joe Robinson, in the theatre. He is very tall, with a large nose and very keen eyes. He has a funny habit of catching his beard in his right hand and stroking it down. We met him as we went out, walking quickly with great strides, and swinging his handkerchief in his hand.

There was a block on the great wide stairs as we went down, and I heard him talking about one of the singers. He said, "Yes, his voice is fine, very fine. He came to me once to rehearse Polyphemus in Acis and Galatea, and he *would* insist on singing

"'Like kindlings blithe and merry.'"

"My dear fellow," I said, "it isn't *kindlings*, it's *kidlings*." "Oh, all right," he said. "And I thought it would be all right; but no, not a bit of it. When the evening came he sang kindlings, kindlings! Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Probably the audience didn't notice it," the other man said.

"Oh, yes; but *kindlings, kindlings!* I never heard of such a thing! Good-night; I must be off." And he went away, still swinging the handkerchief.

Another man we saw in the theatre was Sir Robert Stewart. He's a great man in Trinity, and plays the organ in St. Patrick's. Aunt told me she went to hear some music there once, and all the seats were numbered. She couldn't find hers, and as she was rather late, it put her out a good deal. At last she saw Sir Robert Stewart coming towards her, and thought he could surely tell her, but when she asked him where she would find her number, he only said with a smile, "I'm sorry I can't help you, ma'am. I'm a stranger here myself."



SIR ROBERT PRESCOTT STEWART.

He conducts a choral society in Trinity, and Tom was telling me

(*Concluded on page 18.*)

DIXON'S DUBLIN SOAPS CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S
ROYAL ULSTER FLEECE
TRAVELLING or MOTOR RUGS.

Manufactured entirely from Pure Wool in our own Looms. Soft as Down, combining Warmth with Lightness.

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Extensive Show Rooms are now complete with all the Latest Novelties in Fancy and Useful Goods suitable for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. See Windows and Compare.

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Afternoon Tea Sets on Japanese Trays cheap, also Morning Sets.

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Pots and Pedestals, Flower Pots, Grass Vases, in Art Ware, at Lowest Prices.

Decorations, New Vases, Flower Bowls, etc., suitable for Drawing, Dining, and Breakfast Rooms.

Our extensive Showrooms are filled to overflowing with the Choicest Specimens of Newest Fancy Goods from the best English and Continental Manufacturers, at Lowest Prices.

Inspection Invited.
Show-Rooms Open to All.

South Gt. George's St., Dublin.

A LETTER FROM DUBLIN IN 1872—Continued.

he hears Joe Robinson intends to start one soon, which is to be called The Dublin Musical Society. Kitty sings a couple of his songs, "The Sailor's Grave," and "I Once Loved a Boy." His wife has composed a cantata called "God is Love," which is very good, they tell me.

There is some talk of Sims Reeves coming over. I hope it will be before I leave Dublin, but Tom says that even if I'm here, I'm not sure of hearing him, as he often disappoints at the last moment.

The night before we went to the new theatre in King Street. It is called the Gaiety, and is much smaller than the Royal. It is very pretty, and high up on the walls are pictures painted by Mr. John Fergus O'Hea. The subjects are Irish historical ones.

There are no gasaliers round the boxes as there are in the Royal, only one round cluster in the ceiling, which is called a sun burner, Tom says.

Another thing is different from the Royal, the playbills are quite small, and have no big blue letters like the ones at the Royal. I like the blue ones best. The queer smell always reminds me of the time you used to bring us up to town to see the pantomime on a "Juvenile Night."

Tom has a programme of the first night's performance—Mrs. John Wood in "She Stoops to Conquer," and "La Belle Sauvage."

There is such a funny notice on the front of the programme. Everyone laughed at it. I suppose the printer, in his hurry over the first night's programme, forgot his punctuation. The paragraph relates to the refreshment department, and concludes :—"*The frequenters are respectfully solicited to make known any want of attention or incivility to the Lady at the Bar of Grand Saloon.*"

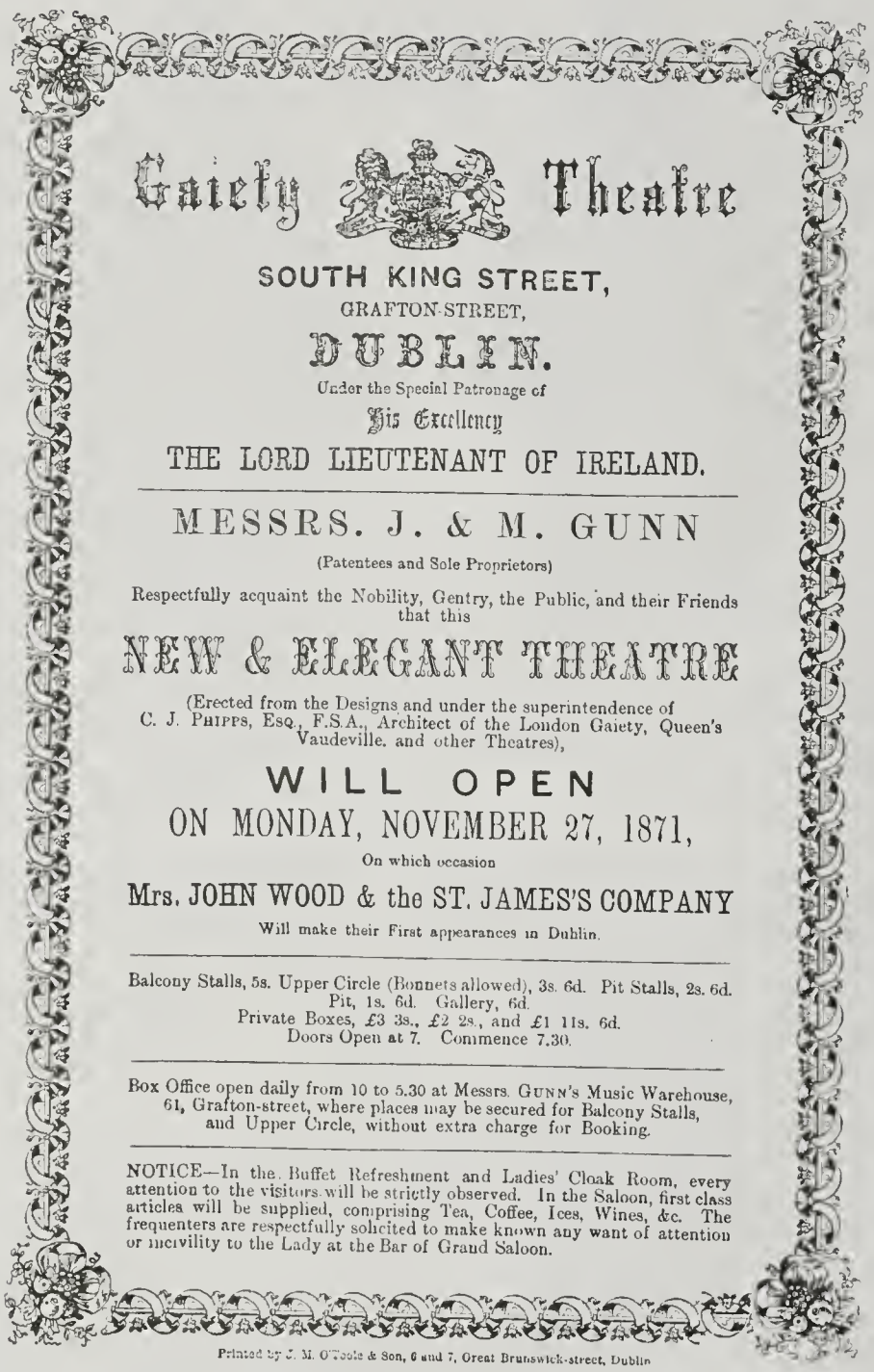
There is still a great deal of excitement about the Exhibition, but the streets are quieter than they were when I was here two years ago. At least Grafton Street is, as there are no men shouting "Smyth's war bulletins"* now, as they were then. It seems quite an old story now, and yet it is only two years since everyone was so excited about the bulletins.

My clothes came home from the wash, looking beautifully white. Aunt says it is the new Vartry water that washes them so well, it is so soft. She says there is not a particle of lime in it. Tom, doing the medical man, says that it will be bad for people's bones, but I must say it is pleasant to see the clothes so white.

We are going to a concert at the Exhibition next week, at which some of the opera company will sing. There is a Mme. Ilma de Murska, who, they say, can do wonderful shakes and trills with a high soprano voice, but I know I shan't like her as well as Titiens. Of the men I've heard, I like Foli best. His real name is Foley, and he comes from Cork. Cork may be proud of him.

Tom says when the opera goes he hopes I shall see some of the stock company at the Royal. He says there is a very funny man named Johnson, and a Miss Agnes Markham, who is extremely clever. He says the stage manager, Mr. Granby, is splendid in old men's parts, so I hope I may see them before I go home.—Love to all, especially yourself, from your loving daughter, *Nora.*

* These "Bulletins" were published by Christopher Smyth, a Grafton Street newsagent, when any news of importance arrived anent the Franco-German war. At a time when numerous editions of the solitary Dublin evening paper of that day were not forthcoming, Smyth's War Bulletin was regarded as quite a startling enterprise, and each new issue was eagerly bought up at a penny apiece from the street vendors, who rushed along, shouting "War Bullington, War Bullington"—their rendering of "Bulletin." Smyth subsequently issued "*Ireland's Eye*"—a kind of Irish *Vanity Fair*—"*Zoz*" and "*Pat.*" In these undertakings the artist was John Fergus O'Hea, and the editor, Edwin Hamilton. [Ed. *Lady of the House*]



Gaiety Theatre

SOUTH KING STREET,
GRAFTON-STREET,
DUBLIN.

Under the Special Patronage of
His Excellency
THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MESSRS. J. & M. GUNN
(Patentees and Sole Proprietors)

Respectfully acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, the Public, and their Friends that this

NEW & ELEGANT THEATRE

(Erected from the Designs and under the superintendence of C. J. Phipps, Esq., F.S.A., Architect of the London Gaiety, Queen's Vaudeville, and other Theatres),

WILL OPEN
ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1871,

On which occasion

Mrs. JOHN WOOD & the ST. JAMES'S COMPANY

Will make their First appearances in Dublin.

Balcony Stalls, 5s. Upper Circle (Bonnets allowed), 3s. 6d. Pit Stalls, 2s. 6d.
Pit, 1s. 6d. Gallery, 6d.
Private Boxes, £3 3s., £2 2s., and £1 11s. 6d.
Doors Open at 7. Commence 7.30.

Box Office open daily from 10 to 5.30 at Messrs. Gunn's Music Warehouse, 61, Grafton-street, where places may be secured for Balcony Stalls, and Upper Circle, without extra charge for Booking.

NOTICE—In the Buffet Refreshment and Ladies' Cloak Room, every attention to the visitors will be strictly observed. In the Saloon, first class articles will be supplied, comprising Tea, Coffee, Ices, Wines, &c. The frequenters are respectfully solicited to make known any want of attention or incivility to the Lady at the Bar of Grand Saloon.

Printed by J. M. O'Toole & Son, 6 and 7, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin

REDUCED FACSIMILE FIRST PAGE OF THE OPENING PROGRAMME
GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN.

The Full Sized Programme measured 9½ inches by 6 inches.

From a Programme of the Opening Performance in the possession of Mr. Charles Hyland, Gaiety Theatre, Dublin.

THE ART OF BUYING GIFTS THAT PLEASE.

Some people have a singular felicity for enhancing the value of a compliment by their choice of words and opportunity. During the Christmas season it is only necessary to start betimes in order to make our gifts to our friends as eloquent as the most happily-phrased compliment. One of the greatest mistakes possible is to leave the purchase of Christmas presents over to the last moment, when we are too rushed to make wise selections, and too hurried to consult such admirable memory refreshers as the *White House Budget,* which will be posted to every one of our readers who apply for it by a post card addressed to The White House, Portrush, Co. Antrim. There is absolutely no better guide or time-saver published in the United Kingdom for the benefit of all whose business or social connections prompt them to make presents on a large or small scale. It is designed to meet the needs of every class of gift-giver, from peer to peasant. It is, emphatically, a book worth buying, though you can have it for the trouble of writing a post card and affixing a halfpenny stamp. It enables you to make up your mind what to buy, at your leisure in your own cosy room, and, in truth, brings one of the largest business emporiums in the country to your door. There is no sallying out in the wet, or cold, or darkness, or the misery of all three adverse conditions combined. You simply decide what you want at your own fireside. You order it: by return mail it is delivered to you. If you are not perfectly satisfied you can have your money back. That offer is genuine because the proprietors of the White House, Portrush, know they can give their customers better value than they can procure in town or country, and customers are ever ready to acknowledge this when they receive the goods they ordered. We know what The White House Portrush can do, and have the most absolute confidence in recommending it to our readers. The *White House Budget* No. 9, is what you require. Write for it now, and keep it by you because you will often find it helpful in the choice of gifts for all seasons and occasions, and a guide to a market which challenges competition for good value.

SCENTS FROM THE NORTH.

The exquisite Irish perfumes, which come from Tate's Medical Hall, Royal Avenue, Belfast, are always appreciated as presents, and their popularity causes no surprise when we consider their peculiarly attractive fragrance, delicacy, and lasting powers. They are known and loved, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but in the far-distant colonies, by the names of "Irish Violets," "Erins-ohn," "Sweet Lavender," "Oyluvyu," "Ososweet," and "Mydelight"; and a new success, named "Medosweet" (the perfume of the meadows), has lately been added to the list. This scent, while differing from the others, is worthy to rank beside them—and no higher praise can be desired.

Mr. Tate's perfumes are sold by the principal chemists, or may be obtained direct from headquarters, and, as they are enclosed in pretty caskets, also of Belfast manufacture, they make charming Xmas boxes.

DIXON'S DUBLIN SOAPS CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

The Mythical Tragedy in the Dublin Zoo.

Bruin's Imaginary Luncheon of Irish Baby Boy.

"Come along, Master Bertie, come. Keep your bun for the kangaroo. No, I won't be liftin' baby, she's too much of a lump, besides how d'ye know but I'd be droppin' her into the jaws of that dirty brute, as the poor nurse did long ago."

"What are you saying?" Did a nurse drop a baby into that pit? When? How? Who told you?"

"Is it true, Bessie, really true?"

Half a dozen eager hands clutched the speaker's skirt drawing her back to the circular railings, which enclose the climbing bear in the Royal Zoological Gardens, Phoenix Park.

"Of course it's true, Miss Gladys. Sure, wasn't half Dublin lookin' on? It's easy seen you was all born and bread in Ingia or you'd know the story as well as meself."

"The poor, poor baby! how awful!"

And Bessie's youthful charges gazed with bated breath through the pit bars exactly as the writer did long ago, as thousands of children have done during the last sixty years, living in imagination through the thrilling historical tragedy.

In all the gruesome annals of captivity there is not one which has obtained such a hold on the public fancy as that of the Brown Bear and the Beautiful Baby, patented by the Zoological Gardens, Phoenix Park.

"It was a Sunday evening in June, a lovely evening," Bessie narrated, and the Gardens was full. There was a crush round the railings, for the bear hadn't had his dinner, and he was leppin' up and down the pole like a monkey for the buns and biscuits they were throwin at him. Well, the nurse—a slip of a girl from the back of Roscommon, who'd never seen the like before — was leanin over, and when the brute was on top she whipped one of her arms from round the child, and hung half an apple into the gapin' jaw. The poor baby feelin itself free——"

"Was it a boy or a girl baby, Bessie?"

"A boy, Miss Laura—a bouncin' boy, just cuttin' his teeth like himself here——

"And I always heard it was a girl, the only child of a doctor in Merrion Square, interposed a listening neighbour with a cold in her head.

"Then you heard wrong," Bessie snapped, "for me Aunt Eliza's godmother was lookin on, the creature: an' be the same token couldn't sleep for weeks after. Well, as I was tellin you, the baby feelin' the grip on him, gave a lurch like, and over with him into the pit, landin' with a thud that brought the brute scamperin down double quick. Yes, before they could get a gun or anything to beat him off—under the eyes of me Aunt Eliza's godmother, the child was torn alive limb from limb, the flesh picked off him to the bone—oh, the awfullest sight ever was seen."

"Did no one jump down and try to save him?" Oh, surely, someone did, Bessie?"

"Not a livin' soul: and that's the truth."

"They did," broke in the undaunted lady with the sniff; "two poor boys out of Pill Lane sprang over an' whacked at the bear with sticks, one getting so mauled that he had to get the leg off him in Steevens over the way."

"Don't be mindin' strangers children that speak to you in the Gardens," Bessie said, leading her charges reluctantly towards the harmless kangaroo.

As Bertie—a thoughtful-looking boy—passed me by, I caught his remark:

"But, Bessie, sure bears don't eat up people alive like lions and tigers. They squeeze them to death, don't they?"

"Are you giving me Aunt Eliza's godmother the lie, Master Bertie?" Bessie retorted in a voice that crushed discussion.

The enquiry set me thinking, induced me to take some trouble in finding out the true particulars and actual time of the accident.

I sought one of the keepers, who I knew had been a long time in the Gardens, and asked for definite information.



[Photo by D. H. Leonard.

THE BEAR PIT IN THE DUBLIN ZOO

Where Bruin Ate his Imaginary Luncheon.

He said the terrible thing had happened long before his time, and apparently in a hurry referred me to an older keeper.

The older keeper said it was before his time too, and wouldn't undertake to give me the year, so that I could look it up in the papers. His manner also was a trifle hurried and ungracious, I couldn't tell which, so I did not persist.

But talking it over with some friends a few days later, they advised me to interview a wonderful old man up in Drumcondra, who remembered everything worth remembering in Dublin during the last eighty years.

Old Dan had been a great athlete in his youth, and thought no more of "leppin'" the locks of the Royal Canal when the gates were open to let barges through, than another man would mind crossing Grafton Street.

He was now paralysed in the lower limbs, and all the energy suppressed by the stroke seemed to have gathered in the other end.

The vividness of his memory and his power of conversation were simply astounding. He allowed no member of his family to speak while he was in the room, nor to remember anything, though he had a daughter over sixty.

When we introduced ourselves as humble members of the press, wishing to have a chat with him over old times, he talked for twenty minutes by the clock, denouncing the modern state of things—the trash that was walking the streets of Dublin nowadays, cumbering every official, professional, and industrial branch of the city—that is, as compared with the good old times.

He had no difficulty, whatever, in recalling the incident which was the object of our visit; for he had actually been in the Gardens on the day of the tragedy, and was instrumental in bringing assistance. The account he gave bore a stronger stamp of probability than any of the many versions I had heard, and we eagerly filled our note-books, scenting valuable copy.

It only remained to fix the exact date.

This, after a few minutes' reflection old Dan was able to do most satisfactorily.

He was perfectly certain of the date; it was the winter of the great wind, 1822, because in that year his Uncle Ned came to Dublin for the first time in his life, and got lost at sea crossing to Liverpool.

On the third Sunday of March, 1822, he and his uncle and father went to the Zoological Gardens in the Park, and then and there saw the terrible incident which has been the talk of Dublin ever since.

Whereupon a mild member of our party moved to the door.

You are quite sure of that date, old Dan?" he asked; "you were in the Gardens that day?"

"Aye, as sure as you are in this room. I was only a lad, of course. But could any child forget a thing of the like, I ask you that?"

The difficulty in remembering it, the mild man explained, "is that there were no Zoological Gardens in Ireland in 1822; they weren't opened till 1831."

. . . . . .

This is the truth, alas!—

There never was a child destroyed by a bear in the Dublin Gardens.

The story was started by a wag of a viceregal postman, before old Lord Carlisle's time.

One fine Sunday he came on three or four car loads of city friends going for a drive in the Park.

"Ye heard the awful news?" he shouted to them. "The big brown bear gobbled up a child in the pit, and is now running loose through the Gardens."

Before the end of the week every child of intelligence in Dublin had heard the story, which has never stopped travelling since.

This Christmas pebble certainly won't stop it.

Mary Costello.

28 GNS. TO 36 NEW PIANOS at 10/6 Per Month till PAID for

POHLMANN & CO., 40, Dawson Street, DUBLIN.

A PAGE FOR LADIES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS—WHERE AND WHAT TO BUY

(*Concluded from page 22*).

happen to know any prospective bride, advise her to send there for a catalogue. It is a pity we could not go on wearing the embroidered linen dresses and blouses during the winter. However, they only retire for a time, and will come out as fresh as ever again.

I do not suppose you have seen damasks to surpass those you got from Murphy & Orr, and the quality of all their goods is so reliable—house linens and everything from there seem to stand the laundry so well, and to prove such good value. When next you are in Belfast do call at 59, Donegall Place; but in the meantime send for the lists of handkerchiefs, laces, and embroideries—you will find lots of hints in them for Christmas presents!

Trusting the season will be a happy one for us all round, and in the hope of seeing you soon—Believe me, affectionately yours,

"AUNT KITTY."

ON THE QUESTION OF BEAUTY.

Everyone knows that the beautiful woman carries all before her, and wins all hearts. She influences all with whom she is brought into contact. To nature, of course, a woman is chiefly indebted for her good looks; but whether nature has been lavish or the reverse, every woman can immensely add to her attractions by a little forethought and care for her complexion. It is her duty to do so. Thanks to Mrs. Pomeroy, of 39, Grafton Street, Dublin, and 29, Old Bond Street, London, W., a lady who has devoted many years of her life to the scientific study of the skin and complexion, we now know that beauty may be cultivated to a much greater extent than is really supposed, by a very simple means of treatment.

Among Mrs. Pomeroy's many preparations which women use in every civilized country, Pomeroy Skin Food deserves special notice. It takes lines from the face, fills out hollows, and clears the skin.

Pomeroy Skin Food is a simple natural treatment, which unfailingly produces the desired result—healthy colour and a clear, smooth, unblemished skin, the two essentials to beauty; and its moderate price should recommend it to ladies of every class and station. We would specially recommend our reader to cut out the coupon on page 60 of this issue, and send same to Mrs. Pomeroy, 29, Old Bond Street, London, for a free sample of the Pomeroy Skin Food, which will be supplied gratis to all who mention this paper.

FOR INVALIDS.

For sickness and convalescence one of the best helps is found in Brand's Essence of Beef, for it affords a means of conveying nourishment without taxing enfeebled digestive powers, and is so easily assimilated that its restorative effects are at once apparent. It acts both as a stimulant and a food, and its sustaining nature often enables the patient to tide over a difficult crisis. It is prescribed by the medical faculty everywhere, and has been thoroughly proved to be all its makers claim for it. Messrs. Brand's other invalid specialities are also widely known and used, and are prepared from the very finest meats and ingredients with scrupulous care and attention to hygiene. Full price lists of their preparations may be obtained from the Mayfair Works, Vauxhall, London, S.W., and they are sold by all first-class chemists. Messrs. Brand hold the Royal Appointment as Purveyors to King Edward.

LADIES' WEAR.

Ladies' dress for the season is well and fashionably represented at 100 and 101, Grafton Street, Dublin, Messrs. Forrest & Son's well known establishment, which has now, by the way, completely recovered from the recent explosion of gas, an unpleasant, if only temporary interruption to business.

Gowns according to the latest models, and for all occasions—day, evening, golfing, motoring, etc.—may be seen, also the newest materials for reproducing these designs.

Messrs. Forrest make a speciality of several Irish manufactures, notably lace, linen, embroidery, handkerchiefs, Balbriggan hosiery, and Irish-made kid gloves. In lace they hold the Royal Appointment to King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and they can show some of the very finest work of this kind.

AN IDEAL SOAP FOR NURSERY USE.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is universally acknowledged to be one of the best made, both the public and medical press having been loud in its praises for the past half century. It is a perfect soap for the bath, or, in fact, for any purpose, acting most beneficially in securing a healthy skin, while its antiseptic and disinfecting qualities make it most valuable for all sorts of household work. For children its use is highly recommended, and no nursery should be without it.

Purchasers should insist on seeing that the name "Wright's" is on the wrapper.

IN WARMER CLIMES.

The fortunate few whose occupation and income admit of their spending the winter in a serener clime will be interested in Messrs. Cook's arrangements. These admirable organisers have so reduced the difficulty and expense of travelling that the luxury of a tour abroad has been brought within the reach of a much wider circle than formerly.

Three methods are offered by Messrs. Cook—independent tickets, available all over the world, by which holders are entitled to facilities for break of journey and conveyance of luggage, also to the services of interpreters; (2) popular holiday tours, providing for travel tickets and hotel expenses, but allowing tourists perfect freedom of movement; (3) select parties under experienced conductors, leaving London for different places.

At this season the Nile, the Mediterranean, Rome, Switzerland, all attract numerous visitors in search of health and pleasure, and we advise every one able and wishful to travel to send to 118, Grafton Street, Dublin, for pamphlets descriptive of these tours.

SUCHARD CHOCOLATE RECIPES.

Chocolate enters largely into modern cookery, and rightly so, for its effect is beneficial, and even should every one not incline to begin the day with a cup of the fragrant beverage, there are many other ways in which it can be enjoyed.

Recipes of various kinds, in which chocolate is used, may be found in Messrs. Suchard's little book, written by a lady cake maker ("Violette"), gold medalist in cookery. Many of our readers would no doubt enjoy trying their hands in the composition of the dainty dishes described therein, especially at this season of feasting, and the publication may be obtained from the agency, 33, King William Street, London, E.C.

The specialities of the firm are Breakfast Chocolate—a most luxurious drink; Velma Chocolate, for eating—a pure, full-flavoured sweetmeat; Milka Chocolate, combining the purest chocolate with genuine Swiss milk; Suchard's Cocoa, the purest product of choice cocoa beans, most nourishing and easily digestible.

TO KEEP THE HOME BRIGHT.

To keep parquet, varnished floors, and all kinds of woodwork, as well as linoleum, cycle enamel, harness and brown boots in good condition, nothing can be found to excel Jackson's Camphorated Wax Polish. This preparation has, in fact, proved so excellent, and gained such favour that, as usual, with successful inventions, it has led to numerous imitations, which neither afford the same polishing value nor a sanitary and wholesome effect. In some of these inferior ingredients emit a strong, disagreeable smell, very different from the pleasant aromatic odour arising from the Camphorated Wax. The fact that Jackson's Polish has been adopted by the Admiralty, the War Office, and numerous hospitals, asylums, and public institutions, shows that its value is appreciated; and wherever used in the home it affords satisfaction, both on account of the brilliant gloss it produces, and its hygienic qualities.

It is sold by oil stores and grocers almost everywhere, but should any difficulty be found in obtaining it from dealers in country towns in Ireland, the manufacturers will arrange for a supply, on application to Messrs. T. & S. Jackson & Sons, Malt Street., Old Kent Road, London, S.E. The firm will also send, if desired, some useful booklets containing practical hints on domestic comfort. These are entitled "How to Manage a Home," and "How to Cook." Both may be had for 1d. postage.

OUTFITS FOR CHILDREN.

Boys' and girls' clothing is, as usual, well represented at Messrs. Lewers & Co., 33, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin, where garments for the young people may always be obtained in the nicest, newest, and most serviceable materials. At present a special overcoat for boys from ten to fourteen is much in favour. It is named the "Sackville," and is neat, smart, and comfortable looking, and made in a variety of patterns.

Messrs. Lewers' costumes and reefers for girls are also remarkable for fit and finish, and nothing could be more cosy for winter wear than the frocks in navy or cream serge, with cosy reefer jacket.



A complete ideal diet requiring no cooking whatever.

MELLIN'S FOOD

Of the utmost value to children of all constitutions and all

The New Birth of an Ancient Irish Industry.

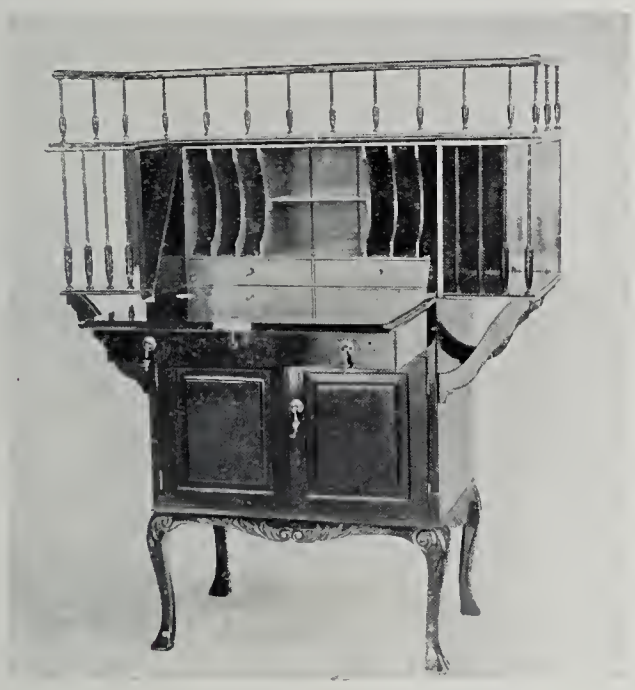
THAT the lack of manufactories throughout our country (Ulster, of course, excepted) is one of Ireland's greatest ills, no thoughtful man or woman can deny. Many suggestions have from time to time been made, with the idea of improving our "distressful" country and putting it on a sounder financial basis, yet the years roll on, and we have not gone much further on the road so desirable to reach prosperity.

And why not?

Because, answer those practical persons who believe in deeds rather than words, Ireland is far behind other countries so far as manufactures are concerned.

In or about 1905 a laudable attempt was made in Kilkenny to resuscitate the furniture industry, a little factory being opened in the city. Of necessity it was on a small scale, and hampered, unfortunately, by want of capital. However the promoters struggled bravely on, encouraged by the promise shown by the workers. Indeed, it was clear that with proper appliances and instruction, furniture attractive as that made a century back could be turned out, but to achieve this end a big outlay was required.

It was at this crisis, that Captain the Honourable Otway, Cuffe, who had been sympathetically watching the enterprise, came forward with a scheme which has resulted in the establishment of a three-fold industry, so to say, comprising a furniture factory, woollen mills, and a tobacco farm; and he is now the moving spirit in the already flourishing colony which has sprung up a mile and a half from the town.



WRITING BUREAU IN MAHOGANY.

Only about eight months have elapsed since the furniture business was transplanted to the extensive premises, where the "Kilkenny Woodworkers" are permanently fixed. The visitor, however, observes with surprise that building operations are going on, and hears that even within the opening year additions must be made, so rapidly is the business growing. One of the pleasantest items of information in this connection, informing one, that in addition to doing a lucrative trade at home, "The Kilkenny Woodworkers" are supplying furniture to British furnishing establishments, whose representatives came to the Dublin depot on what they obviously considered was a remote chance of finding goods up to the standard of a high-class trade. But after a thorough examination of the things on view, they gave orders, which have amply evidenced the favourable opinion they had formed of the latest Irish venture. Accustomed to the higher prices asked for English made or imported goods, these agents were agreeably surprised by the extremely reasonable rates at which "The Woodworkers" can sell first-class furniture; and there is every prospect of a large cross-Channel trade in the near future, while Americans are also amongst "The Woodworkers'" customers..

The furniture factory is well worth inspection from several points of view. Let us begin at the beginning, and fancy ourselves passing through the gates, when very likely huge portions of trees, *en route* to the log-saw will be in evidence. Entering this preliminary department, one is immediately in the midst of the most up-to-date machinery, with busy workmen intent on making the "raw" material fit for household furniture. The spindle-moulding machine, which is the most important machine in the cabinet-making, arrests one's attention, the revolutions of the spindle being about 4,500 per minute, while the rapidity with which the large horizontal saw splits up, and the planing machine smooths the rough wood is well-nigh magical. Indeed the quickness with which the materials pass in and out of the turning lathes, circular saws, dove-tailing and fretwork machines seems wonderful to the uninitiated spectator.

In workshop No. 2, timber ready for use is placed near the door, and close down one pauses to watch the initial stages in the formation of familiar objects. Further down the workshop things are nearing completion, amongst them a handsome capacious ward-



KILKENNY WOODWORKERS' MODEL COTTAGES FOR MARRIED MEN.

robe of Irish walnut, with a mirror door. Several toilet chests and chests of drawers are almost ready for use, and so is also a magnificent sideboard of quartered oak, ornamented with an elaborately inlaid border, contrasting effectively with the tint of the Oak. The doors of this sideboard are of unique shape, and it is fitted with several roomy drawers, which are as carefully finished inside as out, a remark applicable to everything seen at "The Woodworkers." Very covetable are the dainty little occasional tables of mahogany, inlaid with satinwood, which are so necessary nowadays for displaying one's possessions. "The Woodworkers" make a speciality of these fashionable tables, at prices starting from 13/9, really beautiful inlaid tables selling for £2 7s. 6d. As Christmas is at hand, and there is often a difficulty in hitting on the right gifts, it is safe to suggest that an occasional table may be entered on our readers' lists of acceptable Yule-tide presents.

In workshop No. 2, the process of inlaying is carried on, and also that of veneering, which is the best form of work. Colossal glue boilers (heated by steam) are in request all day for this work, and another necessity here is the trimmer, constructed on the principle of a guillotine, for perfecting wooden edges.

In the third workshop, or polishing department, the finishing touches are given, and the exquisite carving, which beautifies the furniture is also done in the same place. Of late years the vogue for wooden bedsteads has been revived, and we must confess they are infinitely more pleasing objects than the brass bedsteads which superseded them. "The Woodworkers," as may be supposed, turn



CORNER OF MACHINE SHOP.

out these bedsteads admirably, several with carved panels at the end being especially commendable. It may be news to many to hear that Irish woods are suitable for cabinet-making, and "The Woodworkers" are using oak, walnut, elm, lime, ash, birch, etc.,

The New Birth of an Ancient Irish Industry.—*Concluded.*

of genuine "home growth." A recently invented and costly method of seasoning wood enabling them to guarantee every piece of timber used. Fumigated oak, which shows the graining, and keeps its colour for ever, seems a popular style of treatment, judging from the variety of things ordered in it; these including revolving bookcases, chairs, tables, and hall-stands. Sheraton furniture is a pronounced feature of the manufactory's products. A Sheraton sideboard, composed of Honduras and Spanish mahogany, wi h characteristic inlaying outlining the front, had the old-world appearance suggestive of an heirloom, and a bureau beside it corresponded.

"The Woodworkers" make their own gas, and the engine and machine rooms contain "the last word" in machinery, these being situated within a stonesthrow of the workshops.

Looking across the river to the furniture factory, the model cottages lately erected stand out clearly, and the entire settlement makes an imposing array of buildings. "The Woodworkers," by-the-bye, have a warehouse in Kilkenny, where their upholstery is done, and mattresses are made, and Dublin residents need hardly be reminded that a depot for the sale of their furniture has been opened at 7 and 8, Nassau Street, Dublin. Inspection is invited, and those interested in the welfare of Ireland ought to call at the depot to see for



SHERATON CABINET..

themselves the handiwork of their fellow-countrymen—for 90 per cent. of the employees are Irish, the few English and Scotch engaged being experts whose presence is obligatory to ensure first-rate work, since our own people are, as yet, without sufficient experience to work alone. "The Woodworkers," it must be understood, want no favour or sentiment shown them because they are an Irish firm. On the contrary, they are prepared to stand or fall on the merit of their goods, and they challenge competition both as regards the quality of their furniture and the prices charged for it. A few items may be quoted. They sell handsome drawing-room cabinets (for holding china or curios) in mahogany, inlaid with satin wood, the shelves covered in velvet, from £3 15s, and will, if required, specially make any design to order. Bedroom suites in handsome wood begin at £6 15s. A good chest of drawers may be purchased for 26/-; occasional tables (as already specified) with inlaid tops and legs, are purchasable from 13/9 to £3 15s.; Chesterfield sofas, luxuriously upholstered in pale blue silk tapestry, and a large range of other colourings and fabrics; easy chairs, couches, etc., etc., all seem extraordinarily cheap as compared with the charges which are obtained elsewhere; while people requiring antique furniture accurately copied, or a particular pattern reproduced, may confidently entrust their orders to the manager, who is very pleased to let visitors (whether the latter desire to purchase or not) see the specimens of the new industry, which are stocked in the showrooms.

This month the frame designs sent in competition for the prizes offered by the Editor of *The Lady of the House* will be shown at the depot; and on other pages of this number will be found the names of the artists whose designs obtained prizes in a popular and unique competition

It is advisable to inform the public, that every piece of furniture made by "The Kilkenny Woodworkers" has their name on it, and



COPY OF ANTIQUE CHAIR IN TAPESTRY.

the trade mark, A 024. The more expensive things have the name and trade mark on an inlaid bone tablet attached to each article, the ordinary furniture being stamped with a die. No furniture minus these is genuine, and the fact that "The Woodworkers" put their name on each article proves that it was no mere figure of speech, when they announced that they guaranteed their work.

One word more. Let it not be presumed that the low prices charged necessitate poor wages to the employees. On the contrary,



OCCASIONAL TABLES IN MAHOGANY—FROM 1319.

the men are well paid, because the business is so cleverly organised and managed, that it is possible to buy the best materials, pay the workers adequately, and still make a fair profit from the sales.

The employees (whose numbers must be largely increased in the near future) and their families, are prosperous and content. Emigration can have no attraction for them, seeing that they can live comfortably in the old country, and with the prospect of remunerative employment for their children in the time to come.



"MIND HIS KISSING YOU? NO, NOT IF YOU DON'T! IT SHOWS AFFECTION, AS ONE'S NEPHEWS SHOULD BE AFFECTIONATE. BUT IF I WERE DISPOSED TO BE CRITICAL, I SHOULD SAY THAT GROWN-UP NEPHEWS WHO KISS THEIR AUNTS, BY MARRIAGE, SHOULD KISS THEM SOMEWHAT MORE DEFERENTIALLY AND PERFUNCTORILY—MORE LIKE A TIMID FLY APPROACHING A BON-BON, AND NOT QUITE SO LIKE A HUNGRY ORPHAN TURNED LOOSE IN A CONFECTIONER'S. I'D TELL HIS MOTHER, AMELIA, IF I WERE YOU. HE NEEDS TRAINING."

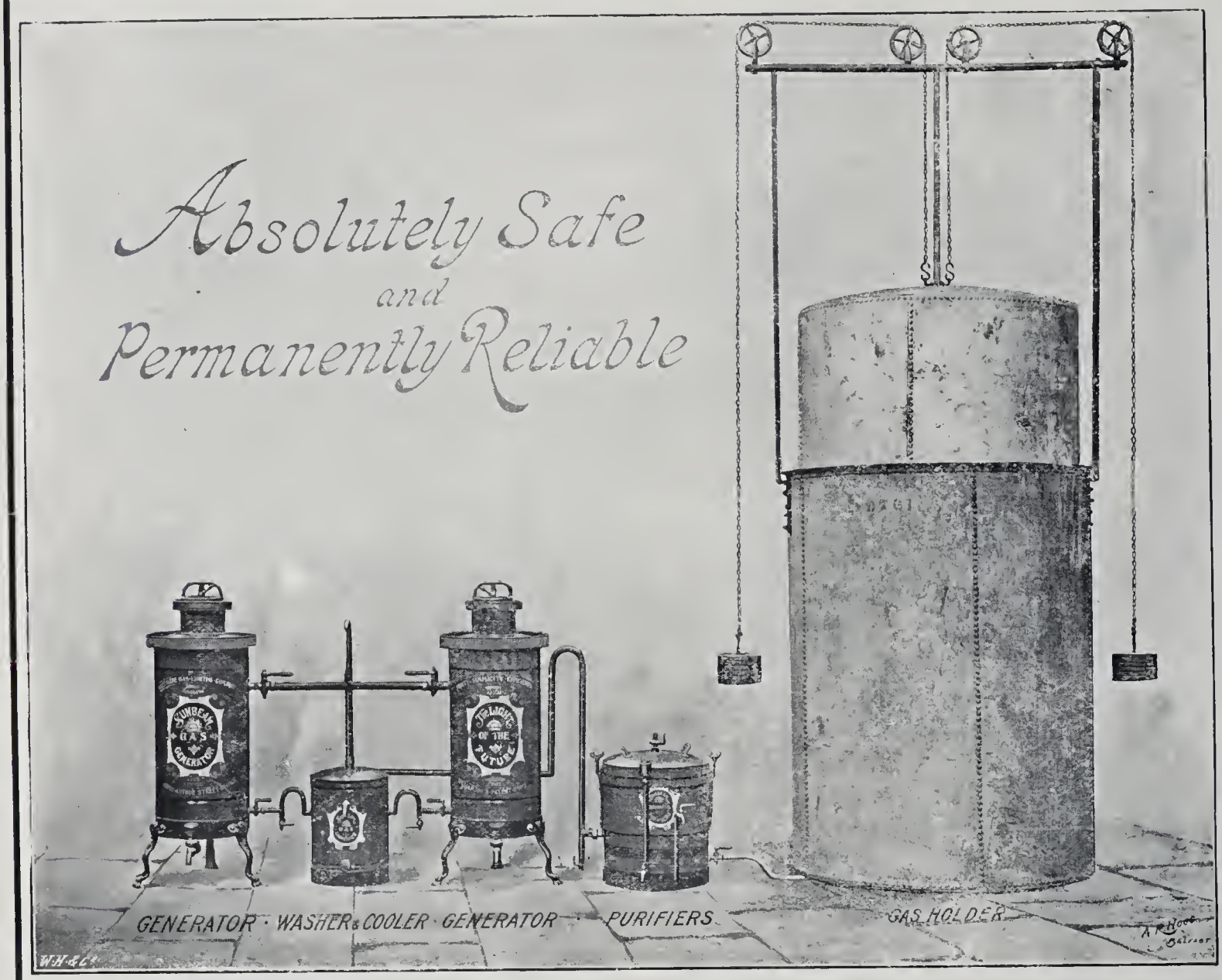
From the Gibson Calendar, 1908.] [*By permission of Messrs. James Henderson & Sons.*

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An Extraordinary Dublin Fairy Tale.

MADAME STEEVENS AND THE FABULOUS PIG-FACED LADY.

"Oh! Credulity!
Thou hast as many ears as Fame hath tongues."—HAVARD.

BISHOP STILLINGFLEET (friend of the metaphysician Locke) has declared in piquant verse that

"A story should, to please, at least seem true,
Be *apropos*, well told, concise, and new."

But the worthy divine was, in his theory of fiction as in his learned discourses, not for The People, those voracious swallowers of "the rank and guilty garlic" of narrative, who reject such mildly-flavoured and wholesome preparations in romance as are compounded after any recipe of the merely probable seasoned with sense.

The Loathly Lady of Sir Gawaine's knight errantry of old was never portrayed with so coarse a hand, even on Flemish tapestry, as was the fictitious human monstrosity painted by George Morland's too facile brush. That a gifted artist may have to paint pot-boilers is a common enough accident of daily life; but that our most charming delineator of homestead and farmyard scenes should lend himself to public taste at its lowest ebb as a vulgar caricaturist, causes us to grieve as well as wonder.

We have had verbal pictures from many sources, undeniable, of poor Morland during his later years, painting "little bits" or groups of the "little black Bedfordshires" (swine) he was so famous for, on loose boards and barrel tops for publicans to whom he owed a score, with a stiff glass of his fell destroyer, brandy, in one hand to supply temporary power to that other which never entirely lost its cunning. His portraits shew him to have become not unlike one of his own little black Bedfordshires—that is, to the extent of his comely, short-featured, dark-complexioned face having become bloated and, as we may say, "piggy." But, alas! that he should have lent his fine ability, even as a practised caricaturist, to promulgate this repellent, vulgar absurdity of "The Wonderful Miss Atkinson, born in Ireland, who has a fortune of £20,000," reputed to have been born with a pig's face and to be "fed out of a silver trough every day."



MADAME GRISELDA STEEVENS.
From the Portrait in Steevens' Hospital, Dublin.
(See Note on next page).

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the coloured prints taken from Morland's drawing there appeared a further biographical account of this repulsive Irish capitalist, with portrait illustration of the daily banquet, in which full justice was done to the realism of the trough; and so ready a credence did the marvel obtain that further evidence subsequently appeared in print to the effect that the Irish pig-faced lady had come to London and had been seen, "in a sumptuous coach," among the illustrious personages who crowded all leading thoroughfares to witness the display of illuminations in celebration of the overthrow of "The Little Corsican," after the Battle of Waterloo. This has been equalled, even in acknowledged fiction, only by Sheridan's brilliant dialogue in the scene at Lady Sneerwell's card party in *The School for Scandal*, where, it will be remembered, Mrs. Candour's recital of how an interesting event in the life of a prize ewe got by degrees translated up to that of a woman of fashion, gathering as it rolled from tongue to tongue until it became a huge lie and mass of mischief.

How this gross absurdity of a pig-faced lady came to be moved back and attached to the name of a pure-minded, elegant, and charitable gentlewoman, one of Ireland's early benefactors, it is now impossible to trace; but there may have been Mrs. Candours, Lady Sneerwells, and Masters Snake too, in Dublin during the mid-Georgian period, from whom Brinsley Sheridan took notes for his brilliant, genteel comedy. Certain it is that a vile calumny has been spread and repeated down to our own day, that one of those truly "Heavenly Twins," the founders of Dr. Steevens' Hospital, was the Pig-faced Lady, and that her unsightly countenance was the embodied curse sent upon her mother for having banished from her doorsteps a poor Irish mendicant with several children, whom she designated dirty little pigs. That Dr. Richard Steevens and his sister Griselda were English, both by birth and parentage, is true, their father having been in clerk's orders, and so true a son of mother Church as to withstand the rule and preach against the supremacy of the Lord Protector, "The Man Oliver," for which open rebellion he had subsequently to fly his country, seeking refuge in this sister isle, after Cromwell's Protectorate was established. The twin children thus became Irish by adoption, and in time proved themselves right loyal to the land that had sheltered them during helpless infancy.

Dr. Richard Steevens had in early youth shewn so marked a leaning towards medical science that his father wisely gave him his bent, although he had intended that his only son should take holy orders, as he himself had done. The young physician's talents brought him not only into eminence in his profession, but secured to him an ample fortune, which he affectionately determined to bequeath to his sister, although the manly turn of his mind prompted him in another direction to benefit the science he had followed so ardently, and through it the vast poor of all Ireland, by placing it for public disposal towards building an hospital. During his last illness the good physician asked his sister if she had any intention of marrying, and, on hearing from her a very firmly-expressed intention of remaining a spinster, he forthwith submitted to her the public-spirited and charitable scheme he had devised. To this Madam Steevens not only agreed, but urged her brother to make his will at once, embodying in it all such practical plans as he had devised for the perfecting of his scheme, which was promptly done by her assistance, on the 14th December, 1710, and on the following day the testator died.

The will conveyed the whole personal estate of Dr. Steevens to his sister for the period of her lifetime, and on her demise a building was to be either purchased or erected wherein to house subsequent legatees, the sick poor of Dublin; but Miss Griselda, who was evidently a woman of action, determined to carry out the public part of her brother's munificence during her lifetime, so that all honour should be done to him while his memory was yet fresh, so she called upon those gentlemen whom he had named as his executors to carry out the bequest *at once*, begging them to accept as an augmentation of the capital her own private fortune of £800,

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AN EXTRAORDINARY DUBLIN FAIRY TALE.—Continued.

which she had inherited from her parents. A decision was made in favour of building, and ground purchased, as a site, in a lot extending from the River Liffey to St. James Street, part of which was afterwards sold under trust, in 1745, to the trustees of Dean Swift for the carrying out of his charitable foundation of St. Patrick's Hospital for persons mentally afflicted. It must be borne in mind, while reciting all such eighteenth-century bequests, that money was then worth more than double what it is rated at nowadays, in the present instance especially, while quoting the purchase money of the site of Dr. Steevens' hospital as having been £600, and the cost of building the hospital at £16,000. While the undertaking was yet in progress many well-disposed citizens contributed towards the completion, and a bequest of a field, with right of commonage, at Dolphin's Barn proved a permanent source of income.

Several notable personalities of Queen Anne's reign and the Georgian era are interwoven with the subsequent history of this now venerable and always useful institution, and we must allot space to one of especial interest, that of Esther Johnson, the reputed daughter of Sir William Temple (the most capable of King William's ministers), also the reputed wife of the afore-mentioned Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. "Stella," as we all love to call her, by the beautiful *Soubriquet* given her by the Dean, left a sum of £1,000 wherewith to endow a chaplaincy for Dr. Steevens' hospital, among the conditions of which a *requirement* is specified that the said chaplain shall be an unmarried man, and that he should not be permitted to remain outside the precincts of the house for more than one night in the year, unless with the especial permission of the governors; and a more remarkable clause of the bequest, shewing as it were a preternatural foresight, conditions that "If it shall happen, as God forbid! that at any time hereafter, the present established Episcopal Church of this kingdom shall come to be abolished, and be no more the National Established Church of this kingdom. I do in that case wholly, null, and void the above bequest . . . and my will in that case is, that the aforesaid £1,000 shall devolve to my nearest relation then living." Stella's foresight was no doubt promoted by the fear of a possible restoration of the Stuart succession.

. . . . . .

I wonder whether modern children, those glittering young models of fashion, and members of "society" from their cradles, are permitted to hear such homely tales from their credulous attendants as these old romances of Pig-faced Ladies? They do not listen to anything so unfashionable, I dare say; but in 1860 once, when a little girl, on her first car drive to Phœnix Park, asked the old Kerry woman by her side, "What is that nice old château, Bridget?" She was promptly answered that it was "the Hotel Steevens," home of the Pig-faced Lady, who was cursed because her mother called the poor woman's child "a pig," and who all her life could only eat out of a trough, so they had one made of silver for her.

Seeking a reason why so fantastic a story should have been associated with the personality of the benevolent Miss Steevens, the authors of the "Book of Wonderful Characters," a now rare publication, thus speculate :—

"Whether it was the uncommon name of Griselda, or the then uncommon benevolence of this lady, that gave rise to the vulgar notion respecting her head, will probably never be satisfactorily explained. But her portrait hangs in the library of the hospital, proving her to have been a very pleasant-looking lady, with a peculiarly benevolent cast of countenance.

"The idea that Miss Steevens was a pig-faced lady still prevails among the vulgar in Dublin; but when the writer was a boy, some fifty years ago, everybody believed it. It was customary then, even in genteel society, for parties to be made up to go to the hospital, to see the silver trough and the pig-faced picture. The matron, or house-keeper, that shewed the establishment, never denied the existence of those curiosities, but always alleged that she could not show them, implying, by her mode of saying it, that she dared not, that to do so would be contrary to the stringent orders she had received. The matron, no doubt, obtained many a shilling by this mode of keeping up the delusion. Besides, many persons who had gone to the hospital with the express purpose of seeing the trough and picture, did not like to acknowledge that they had not seen them. And thus, as one fool makes many, there were plenty of persons in Dublin ready to swear that these curiosities were preserved in the hospital."

Just as myriads of visitors to Blarney claim to have kissed that famous Blarney Stone which has never yet been saluted by the lips of mortal man.

Morland was born in 1763 and died in 1804, and these dates would appear to show that he had heard the absurd Dublin fable anent Miss Steevens, and, knowing its baselessness and how readily it might be contradicted, had created the mythical Irish "Miss Atkinson" as the imaginary victim of the "visitation."

E. CATTERSON SMITH.

[The portrait of Madam Steevens, given on the preceding page, hangs in Steeven's Hospital, and is unsigned. Mr. T. Percy C. Kirkpatrick, M.D., F.R.C.P., however, informs me that the hospital possesses an account dated 25th July, 1741, and furnished by the artist, one Michael Mitchell, who makes the modest claim of £11 16s. 6d. for painting the picture and supplying it framed as it now hangs. The date proves the authenticity of the picture, for the benevolent Madam Steevens lived until St. Patrick's Day, 1747.—EDITOR, "LADY OF THE HOUSE."]

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The well-known house of Messrs. Whyte & Sons, of George's Street, Dublin, has, as usual, a splendid selection of goods to choose from. Perhaps in their establishment is to be seen one of the finest and most unique stocks of china, glass, etc., to be found anywhere out of London. Customers can be shown the most up-to-date novelties in table decoration, flower vases in electro-plated bronze and other mounts; figures, vases, pedestals in every colour, dinner, dessert, and breakfast sets in the newest designs, etc., etc. These goods come from the largest and best English manufacturers, such as Copelands, Minton, Worcester, Crown Derby, Jones, etc.; in fact there is not a manufactory of any note not represented. The stock of cut-glass is one of the largest and best in the three kingdoms, being fine copies of old Waterford patterns, etc., in table sets, decanters, etc. In useful kitchen goods everything is to be had, and the public would do well to inspect the stock before purchasing elsewhere. In fact, everything in the china and glass lines are to be had of the best at Whyte's.

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"FOR OUR COUNTRY."
Front Cover of Almanac.



View *of the* Volunteers *in College Green Nov^r 4. 1780.*
the R^t Hon^ble James *Earl of* Charlemont *General.*



"FREE TRADE AND THE RIGHTS OF IRELAND."
Back Cover of Almanac.

These Illustrations are reproduced from Magee's Miniature Volunteer Almanac for 1781, an artistic little pocket volume, contained in leather case, embossed in gold. The two volunteer figures were delicately printed in colours and the small engraving of the Volunteers, reproduced, like the figures, full size, made a double-page frontispiece in the Almanac, which was printed by J. Magee, No. 41, College Green. These Illustrations are reproduced, by kind permission, from the copy in the Collection of Mr. Leonard R. Strangways, M.R.I.A.

In the Days of the Irish Volunteers.

By CRAWFORD HARTNELL.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN.—The important duties and responsibilities which were formerly yours are being restored to you, and when you return hence to undertake this great and honourable task I look to you to foster and direct, by precept and example, the spirit of patriotic and voluntary effort." These were the words of King Edward VII, spoken to His Majesty's Lords Lieutenant of England, Scotland, and Wales, assembled on Saturday, the 26th of last October, at



H.M.S. Brilliant. *Marshal Bellisle (Thurot's Flagship).* *H.M.S. Æolus.* *La Blonde.* *H.M.S. Pallas.* *La Terpsichore.*

FINAL DEFEAT OF THUROT'S FRENCH FLEET AFTER THE LANDING AT CARRICKFERGUS, 1760.

The British Squadron, under Captain Elliot, encountered the French vessels off the Isle of Man on 28th February, 1760, and Defeated them after a spirited engagement. From a Rare Print "Painted by Richard Wright, from the Real Ships," and dated 14th March, 1762. In the Collection of F. J. Bigger, M.R.I.A., Belfast, and reproduced by his permission.

In the Days of the Irish Volunteers.—*Continued.*

Buckingham Palace. The occasion was the baptism of that "Imperial Army of the Second Line" which, when properly trained and equipped, is to stand ready at all times to take the field within the shores and for the defence of the Three Kingdoms. The Yeomanry and Volunteers of England, Scotland, and Wales are to form this territorial army, and the Lords Lieutenant of these countries and their County Associations are to jealously watch over the destinies of these defensive arrangements. It is anticipated that, ere the present year has closed, the County Associations will have been formed, and that, before the springtime of the New Year, these associations will be ready to organise and administer the Army of the Second Line, which men of English, Scottish, and Welsh blood



The EARL of CHARLEMONT'S HOUSE.

Published according to Act of Parliament. March 1. 1779

At this Mansion, or Rutland Square North, Dublin, James, First Earl of Charlemont, Henry Grattan, and Henry Flood drew up the three chief resolutions subsequently adopted by the Dungannon Convention of 1782.



"THE CRADLE OF IRISH LIBERTY"—THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE VOLUNTEERS AT DUNGANNON.

Where the Ulster Volunteer Delegates Assembled, 15th February, 1782.

From a Drawing in the Editor's Possession.

In the Days of the Irish Volunteers.—*Continued.*

have hitherto known as the Volunteers, a name which hereafter becomes a memory—a memory, too, fraught with no such stirring episodes as those which surround the famous muster of the Irish Volunteers of 1782.

On the success of this new English, Scotch, and Welsh movement the whole principle of Volunteer enlistment will depend. Should it fail, the fate of voluntary service will no doubt be sealed, and the Empire will stand face to face with the only alternative—conscription. A national service, voluntary or compulsory, is of immense value on physical, moral, and military grounds—physical, because a military service is found to train and develop the man, and the man to-day admittedly deteriorates physically, under modern conditions, amongst town dwellers especially, at an alarming rate; morally, in that cleanliness, self-restraint, and obedience are cultivated in the individual, and that the citizen is rendered capable of defending his homeland instead of being content to pay others to do so for him. The military reason is plain beyond the necessity for showing; for, while I was privileged in witnessing His Majesty's Lords Lieutenants assembling in response to the King's command at Buckingham Palace on that forenoon last October, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was inaugurating a new rifle range on the roof of the London General Post Office at St. Martins-le-Grand, and expressing the belief that "it would be a great thing if all our rising generation were to know how to use their rifles, and use them well." At the same time, and upon the identical day, Major-General Sir Edward Hutton was opening yet another rifle range at Horsham. In the course of his remarks, Sir Edward Hutton said there had been a great discussion as to the possibility of an invasion of this country. He knew of no general officer of his standing and experience who did not consider an invasion possible, and many like himself believed it was most probable that an attempt might take place. The scheme for a territorial army provided the framework whereby such a fighting element as was supplied by rifle clubs might be utilised when the emergency arose.

The event of the year in rifle-shooting circles is usually the international contest for the Elcho Shield amongst the picked riflemen of England, Ireland, and Scotland. In this contest Ireland, as if by a miracle, has frequently proved victorious. She has a few small rifle clubs from which her champions must mainly be selected for seemingly hopeless competition against the myriads of crack shots turned out by the 260,000 citizen soldiers and the countless rifle organisations of Great Britain. This year Ireland, in the face of this apparently hopeless disparity, again brought home the Elcho Shield.



JAMES, FIRST EARL OF CHARLEMONT, K.P.,

Chosen in July, 1780, Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Volunteers.
The Irish Volunteer Camp is seen in the background of the Picture.

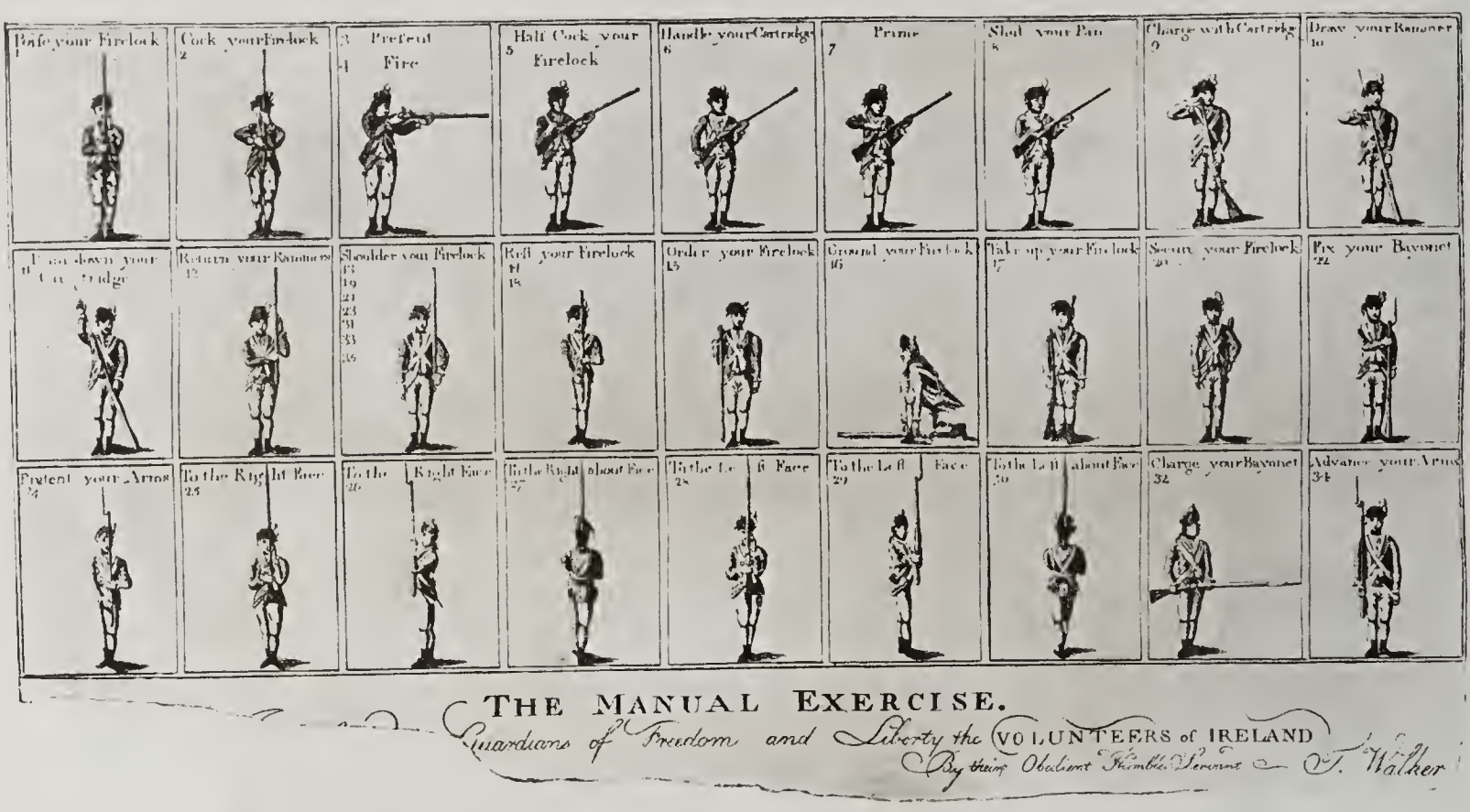
From the Mezzotint engraved by John Dean in 1785, after the picture by Richard Livesay, formerly in Charlemont House, Dublin, and now in the National Portrait Gallery, London. The mezzotint is in the Collection of the National Gallery of Ireland, and is here reproduced by kind permission.

It is an evidence that in the organising, for national defence, of efficient rifle talent, Ireland could prove a potential force to reckon with. Apart from mere marksmanship, the military aptitude and prowess of the Irishman goes without the saying; it has been long proved, within and without the Empire—by the Irish exiles at the huts on Fontenoy; by the grim Northern levies, driven from their fields and homes in Ulster, at Charlestown and right through the war which culminated in the independence of America; by the devotion of the Irish soldier in the Peninsula, of which Shiel in burning phrases reminded his brother Irishman, the great Duke of Wellington. It indeed seems only the other day that the aged Queen Victoria paused upon the threshold of this city of Dublin to pay a last tribute to that puissant Irish valour, in the lamentable war against the Transvaal, "as conspicuous now," to quote her words, "as ever in your glorious past."

"Partakers in every peril, in the glory are they not now to be permitted to participate?" The words of Shiel are pregnant with significance to-day as they were when uttered in the bygone time. To-day no Lord Lieutenant of the thirty-two Irish counties has been bidden to organise the military genius of Ireland to defend its native land against the time when storm-clouds gather. There is no Volunteer force now in Ireland, and even the cadet corps of the

In the Days of the Irish Volunteers.—*Continued.*

DRILL INSTRUCTIONS ISSUED TO THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.



From a Print in the Editor's Possession.



LEINSTER HOUSE, in Dublin.
most Humbly Dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Leinster by Thos. Milton
Published by T. Milton N.º 35 Gt. Georges Street Dublin

The Dublin Volunteers Drilling on the Leinster Lawn, Merrion Square, Dublin.

In the Days of the Irish Volunteers.—*Continued.*

English public schools find no echo at the butts in any Irish educational establishment. The Irish public schoolboy in Blackrock College may read of the rifle in his romances, or see one during his holidays in the windows of the Dublin gunmaker, but the bearing of arms is as great a technical mystery to him as it is to the young student of the Campbell College, Belfast, who, in all the seventy splendid acres surrounding his school home, finds no corner devoted to a rifle range.

It was not always so with us, for towards the close of the eighteenth century the gentry of Ireland, in a time of deadly peril, called the manhood of the island to brace itself within a girdle of steel, and repel invasion; and ere those Irish Volunteers faded into the limbo of things past, but not forgotten, they had secured the legislative independence of the country, the freedom of her trade, had beheld the removal of many religious restrictions, and came near to reforming her very faulty Parliament, and setting the dear old country most securely on her feet.



Painted by G. Gethin. Engraved by C. H. Hodges.

His Grace Will^m Rob^t Duke of Leinster

From a Mezzotint in the Challoner Smith Collection.
By kind permission of the National Gallery of Ireland.

It was not by any means Ireland's first exploit in Volunteering, for in 1745, after the landing of Prince Charles Edward in Scotland, when a descent on Ireland was feared, a Volunteer Corps was formed at Cork, "The True Blues," while a company of Belfast Volunteers held the castle and town of Carrickfergus. Again, in 1760 there were the Belfast levies summoned to repel the invasion of Thurot at Carrickfergus. In 1776 Volunteers were doing the duty of the main guard in Limerick. But when mention is made of the Irish Volunteers, those of 1782 are generally understood, as, in numbers and service, the organisation of that time completely overwhelms the small levies of 1745, 1760, and 1798.

The Irish Parliament, in the early days of the 1782 Volunteer movement, was really a Parliament of the Pale—an assemblage supposed to represent a section of the English and Scotch settlers in Ireland and their descendants. It was in no sense a Parliament of the people of Ireland, and did not by any means represent two-thirds of the intelligent life of the country. It was, besides, a senate which moved in fetters. The Irish Privy Council was created by the Sovereign. This body at first originated legislation in the form of Heads of Bills, which afterwards the Irish Parliament was permitted to submit. These "Heads," however originated, were forwarded to the Privy Council in London to be, with the assistance of the British law officers, amended, altered, revised, upset, and, if not altogether suppressed, at length submitted to the Sovereign for his approval, and, under the Great Seal of Great Britain, returned to the Irish Parliament to be passed, precisely as received, without alteration or amendment of any kind, or, in the only alternative, to be utterly rejected. The King could, at his peril, refuse assent to any British Bill. The Irish Parliament could, with unquestioned right, refuse its assent to any Irish measure. Both had the power in common to reject utterly, but neither possessed the right to amend, shape, or alter legislation. Such was the position of the Irish Parliament from the days of Henry VII.

The Irish House of Lords had, by an Act passed by the British Legislature in the reign of George I., been deprived of its ancient right as the Court of final appeal.

By these two sinister checks the powers of the Irish Legislature had been reduced to a nullity. The penal code was in active operation, "a complete system," as Edmund Burke declared, "full of coherence and consistency, well digested and well composed in all its parts . . . for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people." Manufacturing industry, enterprise of every description—the enterprise and industry, be it remembered, of the loyal English and Scotch settlers and their descendants—had been repeatedly restricted, repressed and almost utterly destroyed. The country was practically bankrupt, and its social condition was miserable in the last degree—so much so that in 1776 the Hon. Temple Luttrell told the British House of Commons that "a people so wretched, so oppressed, as the Irish were scarcely to be found in any part of the civilised globe." Within two years Lord Nugent, addressing the same assembly, described the people of Ireland "as suffering every species of misery and distress human nature was capable of bearing—a people nine-tenths of whom laboured for fourpence a day; whose food in summer was potatoes and butter-

In the Days of the Irish Volunteers.—*Continued.*

milk, and in winter potatoes and water." Within another year Lord Beauchamp declared "that good estates in Ireland were offered for sale at sixteen and fourteen years' purchase, yet no buyers appeared at that low price."

In 1775 the American colonies had revolted against the mother country, which had, as Froude truly declares, in America as in Ireland, asserted her "right to utilize her dependencies for her own interests, irrespective of their own consent." By an agreement with the Irish Parliament, England had undertaken to maintain in Ireland, for the defence of the country, a force of 12,000 men. England, in order to prosecute her American campaign, required both men and money. To obtain the former she drafted 4,000 men from her Irish forces for service in America—"armed negotiators," to use Flood's unfortunate phrase. It is true that the proposal was made to import, for the better protection of Ireland, an equal number of foreign troops (Hessians), the charges for this force to be defrayed without expense to Ireland. Despite the monetary advantage to the impoverished country, the Irish Parliament peremptorily refused the protection of these foreign levies. The Irish coast, seaports, and harbours were almost quite defenceless, and there was no money to fortify them. As events progressed, France entered into the famous treaty of friendship and of commerce with America, assuming and recognising American independence. Ships of the allies appeared in the Irish Channel; vessels trading between the ports of England and Ireland were captured. In 1778 Paul Jones, that enterprising and intrepid Scotsman, had so distinguished himself by his privateering exploits on the American side as to find his reward in a command of the "Rover," a fast 18-gun sloop, and a roving commission. Within twenty days he had crossed the Atlantic, captured a Waterford brig, a Dublin ship (the "Lord Chatham"), a schooner and sloop, all of which he looted and then sank. He next sailed up the Lough to Carrickfergus, and was chased out by His Majesty's ship "Drake," stood across channel to Whitehaven, landed his crew, dismantled the batteries, fired the shipping, and was off to pay an unwelcome visit to his native Kirkcudbright, where he pillaged the seat of Lord Selkirk, doubling back to Carrickfergus to close his week's work by luring out the "Drake," capturing her, and, with another prize, a Whitehaven vessel, sailing for Brest to convert his booty into money and refit.

THE IDOL OF THE NORTHERN VOLUNTEERS.



Painted by Angelica Kauffman. Engraved by James Bromley.

Frederick Augustus Earl of Bristol
Bishop of Derry.

Reproduced from James Bromley's engraving (after the picture by Angelica Kauffman), in the Collection of the Representative Body of the Church of Ireland, and here presented with the kind assent of the owners.

The summer came, and the Irish Channel was gay with the colours of French and American privateers. Two usually lay off Bray Head to watch the port of Dublin; Cork and Waterford were also closely picketted. Trading vessels fell victims in shoals. How long would the pillage be confined to the sea? Were not the country houses of the gentry near the seaboard as liable to invasion and plunder at the hands of the privateers as Lord Selkirk's mansion at Kirkcudbright had proved, when the ubiquitous Paul Jones had executed his piratical foray there?

The sturdy people of Belfast had vivid recollections of Thurot's descent on Carrickfergus eighteen years earlier, and had still more recent experiences of Paul Jones and his exploits with the "Drake." They now made urgent representations to the Government for such adequate protection as would avert or repel any further threatened invasion.

The Viceroy of Ireland at the time was Lord Buckinghamshire, who had filled the office of British Minister at St. Petersburg without any especial distinction. He brought to Ireland as his Chief Secretary his land agent and the supervisor of his estates, a plain, dull, dry bookkeeper, one Mr. (afterwards Sir) Richard Heron, who, however much he may have been at home in a counting-house or an estate office, was sadly out of place at Dublin Castle. The urgent appeal of Belfast came before the sage Mr. Heron, who lightly replied to Stewart Bruce, the Sovereign (or magistrate) of Belfast, that "His Excellency can at present send no further military aid to Belfast *than a troop or two of horse, or part of a company of invalids.*" The administration of Lord Buckinghamshire at Dublin won for him from Mr. Froude the flattering title of "a fluttered imbecile." The Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan, D.D., anticipated the criticism by paying to the Viceroy's Secretary a very similar compliment in his "James, Earl of Charlemont." "Immediately," says Dr. O'Sullivan, "the North took fire, from a spark struck, as it were, by the hand of an unconscious idiot." What the Government would not, or could not, do for them they were resolved to perform themselves. An armed association was immediately formed for their protection against external dangers; and such was the military ardour of the people that within a few months Down and Antrim had a force of just 4,000 men enrolled and equipped at the cost of these counties. This, too, at a time when all an almost bankrupt Government could furnish to defend the northern coasts of Ireland was a troop or two of horse and Mr. Richard Heron's hospital contingent.

The Government had expressed to the authorities at Belfast its appreciation of the spirit and loyalty of its Volunteer companies. Apart from the threatened danger to Belfast, other sea-coast towns, Derry, Drogheda, Dublin, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and Galway, stood in equal peril. The British troops had been steadily withdrawn from Ireland, until only some three thousand men remained. The Volunteer movement spread from Down to Armagh, where a body of independent men had been enrolled, with Lord Charlemont in command. These Armagh Volunteers well illustrated the spirit of the movement, showing that the mere defence of a section of the northern coast was not so much their object as the safety of the entire country. A rumour having been circulated that an invasion of the South of Ireland was impending, the Earl of Charlemont, who was Colonel of the Armagh Corps, which consisted of a thousand men, two troops of horse and two artillery companies, at once waited on the Viceroy and stated that "he would instantly set out for the North, where he had no doubt such a spirit would be displayed as would baffle every effort of foreign hostility." The Lord Lieutenant warmly approving, Charlemont set out, arriving at Armagh while the officers of the Armagh Corps were in the city

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From the Unique Collection of Medals, Breastplates, and other Volunteer Relics in the Possession of Robert Day, F.S.A., by whose kindness they are here presented



Medal of the First Ulster Volunteer Regiment, Awarded by Colonel the Earl of Charlemont to the Best Shot.



1787.



1779.



1782.



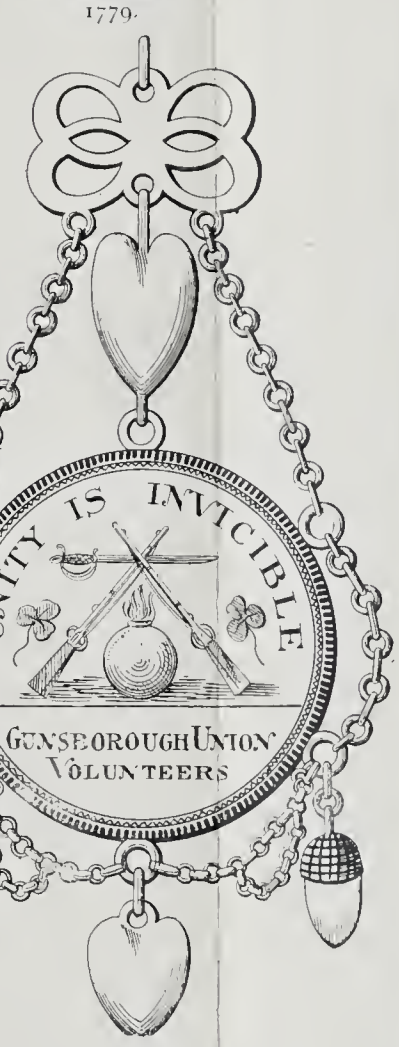
Castle Mountgarrett Volunteers. 1779



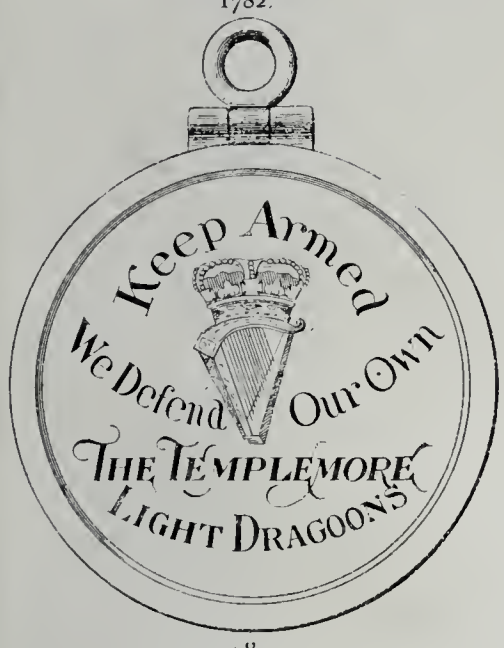
Parsonstown Loyal Independent Volunteers.



1779.



1782.



1784.



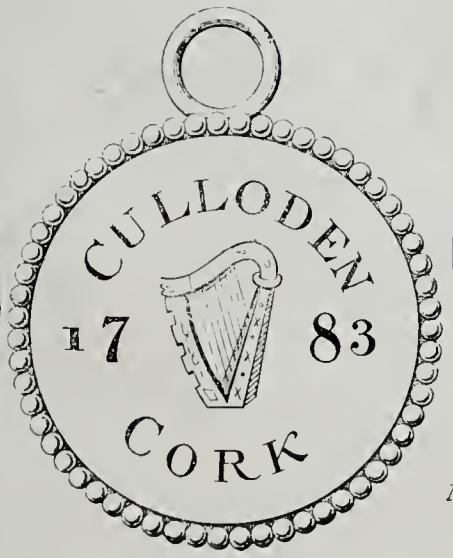
1785.

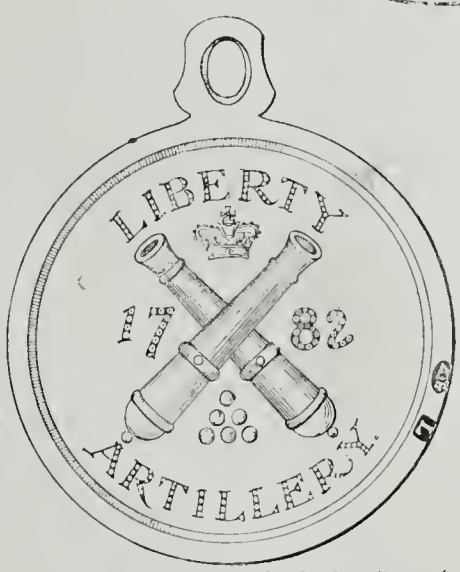


1781.

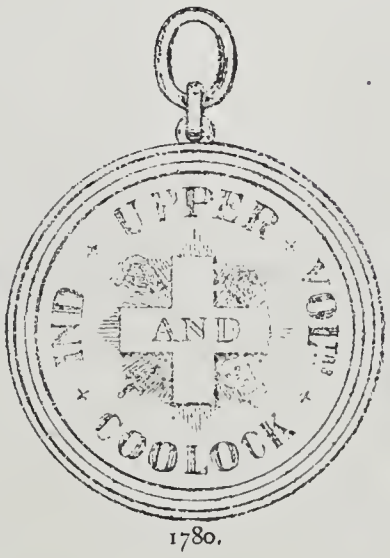


1779.





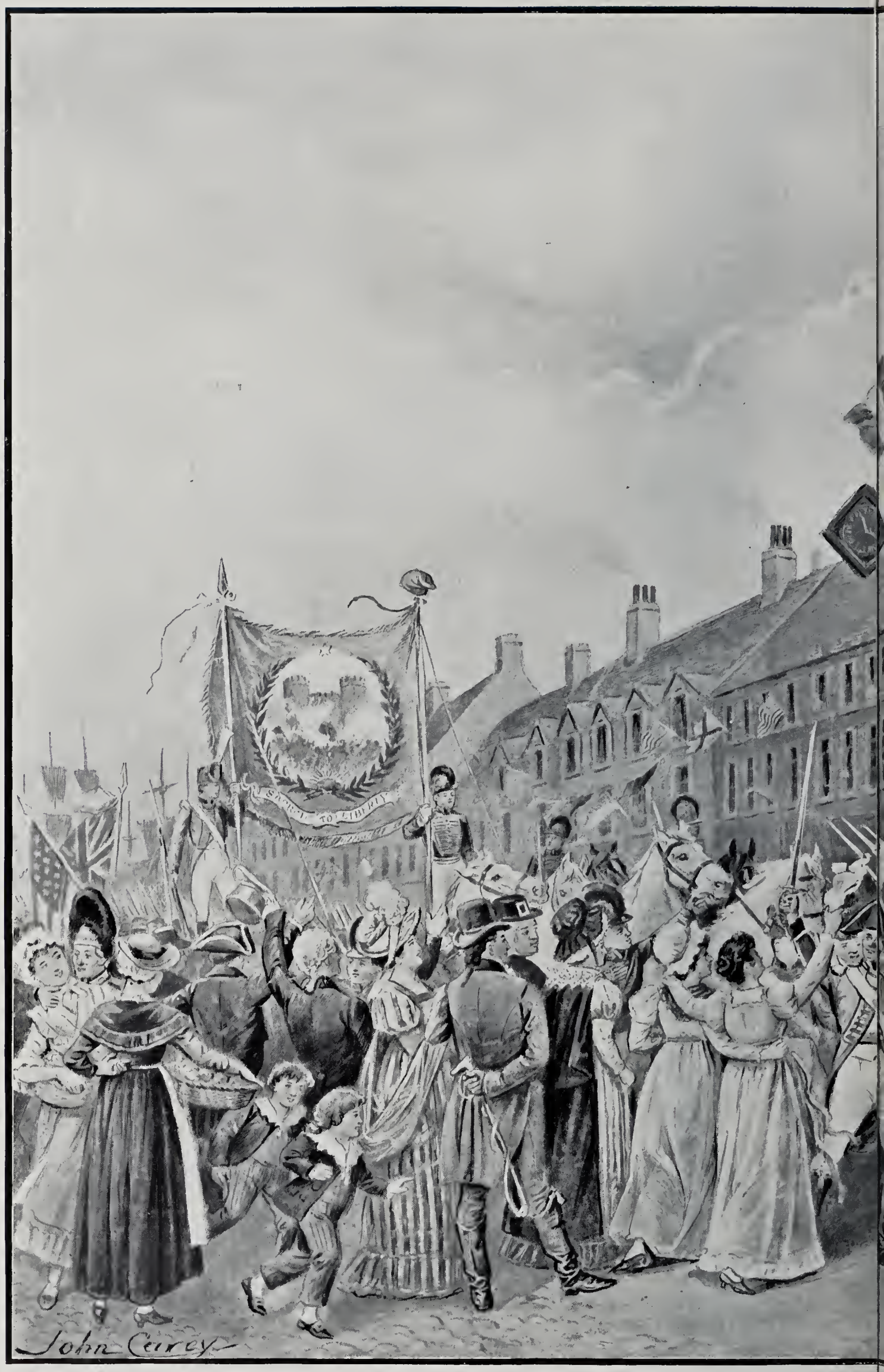
Medal Presented for Skill by Captain Napper Tanày, Liberty Artillery, Dublin.



1780.







VOLUNTEER DEMONSTRATION IN THE OLD HIGH STREET OF BE

In the collection of Robert Day, F.S.A , Myrtle Hill House, Cork, by whose kina permiss

The North began

God bless the N



BELT PLATE OF THE
BELFAST VOLUNTEERS, 1778.



FAST, 1793, IN HONOUR OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILE.

the Picture is here reproducea. Painted by John Carey from Designs by F. J. B, Belfast.

ne North held on.

nern land !—DAVIS.





BELT PLATE OF THE
BELFAST MERCHANTS' CORPS, 1779.

Medals of the Irish Volunteers.—Awarded for Military Services, Skill in Gunnery, Swordsmanship, etc.

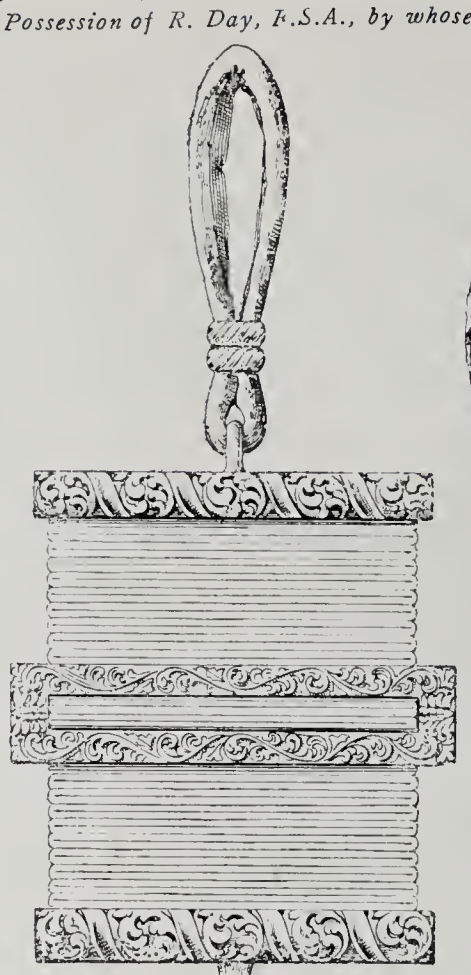
From the Unique Collection of Medals, Breastplates, and other Volunteer Relics in the Possession of R. Day, F.S.A., by whose kindness they are here presented.







L. V. 2nd Batt. Co. 1780.







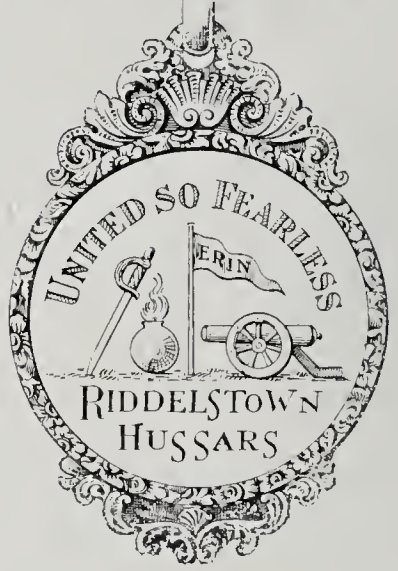
1779.



1782.



1782.



1780.



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1778.



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1783.



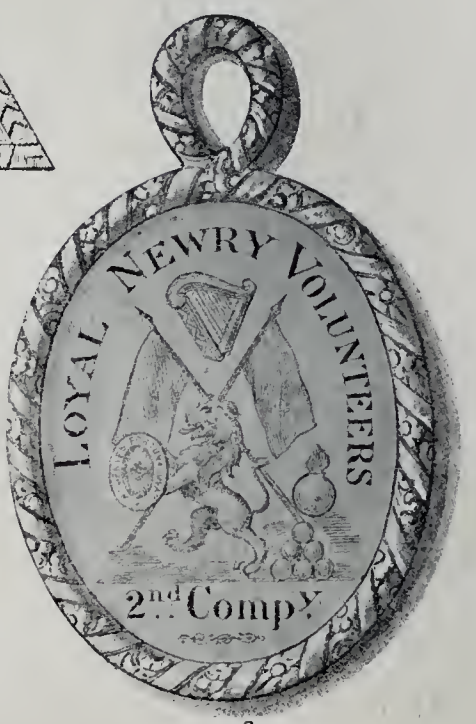
1779.



1778.



1778.



1784.

In the Days of the Irish Volunteers.—*Continued.*

DOMESTIC RELICS OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

These Jugs and Teapots were designed and made by Josiah Wedgwood.





IRISH VOLUNTEER JUGS COMMEMORATING THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS OF THE KING'S COUNTY.

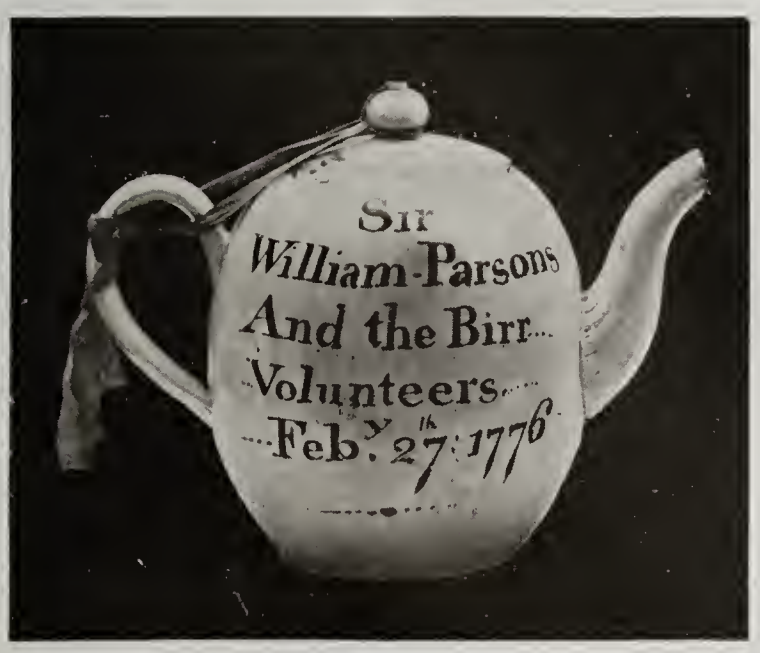
From the Collection of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosse, K.P., the name of whose ancestor, General Sir William Parsons, Bart, is inscribed on the Jug.





IRISH VOLUNTEER TEAPOTS.

The reverse side of the Pot bears a Picture of the Death of Wolfe. From the Collection of Mr. Robert Day, F.S.A., Cork.





IRISH VOLUNTEER TEAPOTS.

Commemorative of the Parsonstown Loyal Independents, formed in February, 1776; Colonel, Sir William Parsons, Bart. From the Collection of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosse, K.P.

In the Days of the Irish Volunteers.—*Continued.*

attending the assizes. Lord Charlemont briefly related the circumstances, and desired to know what reply he was to carry to the Lord Lieutenant. After a short consultation, the senior officer stepped forward. "Your present application to us," said he, "is not only needless, but in some degree offensive to our feelings. We have unanimously chosen you as our Colonel; and in that quality, relying upon our spirit and certain of our obedience, instead of applying to us, you should in the first instance have assured the Lord Lieutenant that your regiment would immediately join the King's troops at Cork. You should then have sent down your orders, and we would have instantly obeyed, marched, and met you in the field. Have the goodness, my Lord, to acquaint his Excellency that our regiment shall be as soon in Cork as any troop in his Majesty's service. . . Answer at once for us in your own name, and command us always."

The military fervour, however, did not confine itself to the North. The whole island caught the frenzy, and military organisation spread and ramified, until Ireland started up an armed nation. Thus were the Irish Volunteers of 1782 called into active life by the destitution of Government and the pressing sense of public danger. The danger and the destitution passed, but the formidable combination of over 80,000 men, which sprang from the gallantry and the dynamic energy of the Ulsterman, remained to assist the birth of liberty in Ireland. The Government had abdicated, so far as national defence was concerned, and the people were left to take care of themselves. This they proved so thoroughly well able to accomplish that when Paul Jones, with a formidable squadron manned by many thousands of men, returned towards the close of the summer, bent on a profitable foray, and put into Ballinskelligs Bay, he heard from his spies amongst the fisher folk such an account of the measures for insuring him a thorough Irish welcome, that he decided not to risk a landing and retired in quest of a less perilous enterprise. This the privateer found in the North Sea, in the shape of a British fleet, which he mauled severely, capturing and bearing off two British frigates.



IRISH VOLUNTEER JUG.

From the Collection of Mr. Robert Day, F.S.A., Cork.

This interesting utensil is described by Mr. Day as being of cream ware, "marked underneath in the centre with a circle, and near the edge with the well-known name of Josiah 'Wedgwood,' which is accompanied by a small annulet. All of these marks are impressed. The Jug is five inches high. . . . . It is of more than ordinary value, because it depicts the colour of the uniform of a cavalry soldier, grenadier, light infantry, and line battalion volunteer, in full dress, all in scarlet, with blue facings, white knee breeches, and jack boots; the head-dress differs." Beneath the lip of the Jug is the toast, "Success to the Irish Volunteers."

To have averted so great a peril was an additional distinction to the independent companies, and Volunteering received another and a mighty fillip. Several who had at first stood aloof now joined the movement from necessity or fashion. No landlord could meet his tenants, no member of Parliament his constituents, no manufacturer, merchant, or trader his customers, who was not willing to serve and act. The drums and pipes of the Volunteers summoned the nation to the most sacred of all duties—the defence of their liberties and their country.

There were no symptoms of treason or disloyalty to the Sovereign or the connection between Great Britain and Ireland, and this was so far recognised that the Government, while obviously viewing the ever-growing citizen army with a secret apprehension, furnished the necessary arms and munitions of war which rendered the combination really formidable. The secret apprehensions of the Government were not difficult to understand, for there was a bone of contention in the absence of those equal trade privileges with Britain which Ireland had so long ceased to enjoy. True, the Irish Volunteer army had not been called into active life by any such considerations; but once a living fact, might it not well turn its powers to the freeing of those vitalizing forces out of which all must live—the exercise of unrestricted industry? Not all the humiliating shackles which checked every movement of the Irish Parliament, not all the Penal Laws, the Test Acts, the Pension Funds, could move the people to convulsion as did the snatching away of daily bread—the interference with their manufactures, industries, and agriculture, and the embargo placed on the export of provisions from the Irish ports.

> "Murder a man's family and he may brook it,
> But—keep your hand out of his waistcoat pocket."

The danger of foreign hostility had diminished, but the mighty combination which it had called into being remained. Nor was Britain at this time in a position to resist. Her reverses in America had humbled her spirit and curtailed her power, and the principle at issue between her and the Parliament of Ireland was nearly the same as that, the assertion of which in America, had cost her so dear.

Ireland, too, had suffered much through that war which had closed the principal market for Irish linens. After inflicting fearful injuries on the country, the embargoes were removed which prohibited the export of provisions—almost the only trade allowed to exist in Ireland. A motion proposing to humbly lay before the King a full detail of the national distress had been negatived by the powerful Government party in the Irish Parliament. A committee of the British Cabinet had recommended that Ireland be allowed free exports and imports within limits; this, however, was abandoned, owing to the pressure exerted by some English manufacturing towns which had long enjoyed a profitable monopoly in the woollen trade.

These events occurred during 1778, and the following year an address demanding free trade was carried to the Lord Lieutenant, at the Castle, by the members of the House of Commons; the Volunteers under the command of William Robert, second Duke of Leinster, General-in-Chief, lining the streets from the Parliament House to the Castle, and presenting arms to the Speaker and the Commons as they passed through their ranks.

"Free trade for Ireland" in 1779, be it explained, meant something quite different from the political economy free trade of the present day. The latter means an exemption from duties to the State on exports and imports, whereas the former meant a release from the restrictions on Irish trade imposed by the sister country solely for the benefit of England. The reform of free trade, when it came, continued the duties, but enjoined that they should be imposed by the native legislature solely for the benefit of the Irish kingdom. The Irish Free Trade Parliament was strongly and consistently protectionist.

The 4th of November, 1779, saw the Dublin City and County Corps of the Irish Volunteers—to whom, by the way, the House of Commons had already passed an enthusiastic vote of thanks for their services—assembled in College Green. This assemblage forms the subject of F. W. Wheatley's famous picture, of which a fine replica is presented with this issue of the LADY OF THE HOUSE. The muster was in College Green, at the statue of King William III.

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In the Days of the Irish Volunteers.—*Continued.*

On the pedestal shields were placed, bearing significant inscriptions: "Relief to Ireland"; "The Volunteers of Ireland—Quinquaginta Millia Juncti Parati pro Patria Mori"; "A Short Money Bill—Free Trade or else——." In front of the statue were two field pieces belonging to the Liberty Artillery, commanded by Captain Napper Tandy, each bearing the significant inscription, "A Free Trade, or This!" Twenty days later the Irish Parliament, by a majority of 47 in a House of 170, had refused extra supplies, declaring "that at this time it would be inexpedient to grant new taxes."

In April, 1780, Grattan had unsuccessfully opened his campaign for obtaining the independence of the Irish Parliament. He moved two resolutions which have long been famous in the history of Ireland, one declaring the King, with the consent of the Parliament of Ireland, as alone competent to enact laws to bind Ireland; the other averring Great Britain and Ireland to be indissolubly united, under the tie of a common sovereign. These have come to be known as the Claim of Irish Rights, and formed the subject of F. W. Wheatley's great picture, "The Irish Parliament in 1780," the companion picture to the same artist's "Dublin Volunteers."* This Irish Parliament picture, the only authentic picture of the Irish senate painted during its actual existence, was, it will be remembered, published for the first time with the 1906 Extra Christmas Issue of this magazine.

Tea had proved the upsetting subject in America. Sugar was destined to lend impetus to the progress of events in Ireland, already travelling with an extraordinary velocity. When the Supply Bill had gone to London it had contained a provision for imposing a protective duty against loaf sugar imported into Ireland, for Ireland was now bringing in the raw sugar from the West Indies, and was manufacturing it at home. This the English Council, in their usual subediting of Irish legislation, had expunged. The Merchant Corps of the Dublin Volunteers, like most of the corps, were clad in uniforms woven and made in Ireland, and were warm advocates for the encouragement of the industries of Ireland. This important corps assembled, with Mr. Peter Digges La Touche in the chair. They declared their disapproval of the action of the Irish Parliament in granting Supplies after the protective sugar duties had been eliminated from the Bill by the English Council, considering their removal as calculated to ruin the new sugar refinery recently established in Ireland. This and other Volunteer Corps also expressed the strongest opposition to a Perpetual Mutiny Bill which had just become law, sanctioned by the majority in the Irish Parliament.

But the Irish Volunteers were not occupied solely in passing resolutions. Lord Charlemont and Col. Henry Grattan went to the North and reviewed the different Volunteer Corps in Ulster. Lord Erne reviewed the Londonderry companies. The Duke of Leinster was busily engaged in Dublin, the Earl of Belvidere in Westmeath, Lord Clanricarde in Sligo and Galway, Lord Shannon was active with the Southern corps, the Earls of Inchiquin and Lord Kingsborough with those of Clare and Limerick, and Lord Powerscourt divided his attention between the Wicklow and the Dublin Corps.

Lord Camden, keenly interested in Irish politics, came over and reviewed in the Phœnix Park several of the Dublin Corps, "part," as he observed, "of that noble association formed for the defence of the country, in these times of danger and distress." Afterwards Lord Camden went to the North and attended the great Volunteer review held in Belfast, when Lord Charlemont and his aide-de-camp, Colonel Henry Grattan, were selected to inspect the corps.

All over the country every effort was directed towards perfecting the military efficiency of the organisation. The raw levies quickly learned the use of arms, and directions for manual exercises (of which I reproduce an example) were published and disseminated amongst the recruits. The various corps nominated their officers, purchased artillery and weapons, tents and accoutrements for the field. Presentations of ordnance were made by public subscription. The Protestant Church gave liberally, and the Roman Catholics in various parts of Ireland contributed with open hands towards the funds for equipment, although at that time men of their communion had not been admitted to the ranks. The ladies of Ireland wove and embroidered the colours, in many cases beautiful and artistic, for the various corps. Volunteer curtains (of which I give an example) were woven, printed in colours with pictures of the Volunteer reviews, and placed upon the windows of Irish homes; quilts of similar designs were made for the bedchambers; the china closets and the tea tables were furnished with fine white china jugs, many of them designed and made by Josiah Wedgwood, and on these utensils effigies of the Volunteer cavalry and infantry were represented, and to-day afford the most lifelike little pictures of the Irish citizen soldiers which we possess. Examples of these utensils embellish this necessarily brief outline. The Volunteer filled the public eye all over Ireland; and not to wear the uniform, if qualified to do so, was accounted an act of poltroonery and a disgrace.

DOMESTIC RELICS OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.



PORTION OF AN IRISH VOLUNTEER CURTAIN

Of Printed Linen, found in a House at Banbridge.

The Design is believed to represent a Review of the Volunteers held in Phoenix Park, Dublin, by the Commander-in-Chief, James, First Earl of Charlemont, on the 5th June, 1781. Eighteen infantry corps represented Dublin, Meath, Wicklow, and Louth, while bodies of Light Dragoons attended from Dublin, Wicklow, and Westmeath. The centre of the design represents a marquee with a banquet prepared. The coaches to right and left are believed to have been those of the Earls of Charlemont and Moira, as the letter "C" appears on one coach panel, and "M" upon the other. To the left side, at foot of the picture, the Chief Secretary's Lodge is shown, and at the opposite side the Phoenix Column. This Curtain is in the National Gallery of Ireland, and a most interesting paper, descriptive of it, was contributed in 1905 to the Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, by Mr. E. Macdowel Cosgrave, M.D. A similar curtain is preserved at Kilkenny.

*Magnificent engravings of both these celebrated works, on India paper, size 27 inches x 34 inches, have just been published by Wilson, Hartnell & Co., Commercial Buildings, Dublin.

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In the Days of the Irish Volunteers.—*Continued.*

Before the year 1780 had run its course Lord Buckinghamshire closed his ill-starred Viceroyalty, being succeeded by the Earl of Carlisle, with Mr. Eden (afterwards Lord Auckland) as Chief Secretary. The reason for their selection is as difficult to conjecture as was that of Lord Buckinghamshire and Sir Richard Heron. The newcomers had been the unsuccessful Commissioners to America, sent to arrange the existing grievances there, and had hopelessly failed in their mission. They entered on their duties in Ireland at a period full of difficulty, for when Parliament met in October, 1781, it did so in the presence of an armed nation. Every vessel of the English fleet was in the West Indies, at New York, Gibraltar, or watching the Dutch. A fleet of privateers held the approaches to Waterford Harbour; there were apprehensions of a French descent on Cork. All sorts of legislative projects were in the air—an attack on Sir Edward Poynings' old Act which had reduced the Irish Parliament to a mere Court for registering decrees; a Declaration of Irish Parliamentary Independence; the Mutiny Act was to be reopened, the Sugar Question certain to be revived. The Irish Public Debt, which at one time had been extinguished, now stood at three millions, and the annual outgoings exceeded income to the tune of half a million. To cap all, the news of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, Virginia, had arrived.

F. W. WHEATLEY'S FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF HENRY GRATTAN IN HIS IRISH VOLUNTEER UNIFORM.



From a Print in the Possession of the Editor.

When the session of Parliament opened on the 9th October, 1781, the Address was coupled with votes of thanks from both Houses to the Volunteers, to whom the Viceroy expressed his gratitude. Many contentious matters were debated on College Green, but nothing practical was effected. A stimulus was obviously necessary, and it was supplied by the Volunteers. For, in the closing days of the year 1781, the southern battalion of the First Ulster Regiment, commanded by Lord Charlemont, met and declared that they beheld with much concern the condition of the Constitutional rights of Ireland, and invited every Volunteer Association in Ulster to assemble and consider the alarming state of public affairs in Ireland. The place appointed was Dungannon; the day the 15th February, 1782.

Three of the most important out of the twenty resolutions adopted at this famous Convention were drawn up by Lord Charlemont, Grattan, and Flood, who met at Charlemont House, Rutland Square, Dublin, for this purpose. The Volunteers of Belfast had consulted Lord Charlemont, and had requested him to indicate some specific plan of reform, to be recommended to the consideration of Parliament by the Convention, and the meeting at Charlemont House was in response to this invitation. The following three resolutions, the pith and marrow of the Dungannon proceedings, were here evolved.

The second resolution submitted to the Convention was drafted by Grattan, and declared "That a claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, to make laws by which Ireland was to be bound, was illegal, unconstitutional, and a grievance."

Flood was the father of the third resolution: "That the powers exercised by the Privy Council of both kingdoms, under colour or pretence of the Law of Poynings, were unconstitutional and a *grievance.*"

These resolutions were approved by the three consultants. Grattan drew up what formed the fourteenth resolution, rejoicing at the relaxation of the Penal Laws as a measure "fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland." From this Lord Charlemont and Flood dissented, but Grattan was not to be denied. Major Francis Dobbs sat in the saddle, and had already received the first two resolutions. At the last moment Grattan ran out bareheaded, and thrust the third resolution into his valise, and the horseman started for his long and cold journey to the County Tyrone.

The 15th February, 1782, saw the ever-memorable Convention assembled at the old Presbyterian Meeting-House—the cradle of Irish liberty—at Dungannon. One hundred and forty-three Ulster delegates assembled, representing over thirty-two thousand men. The delegates were received by the Dungannon battalion, which

In the Days of the Irish Volunteers.—*Continued.*

lined the streets, and marched two and two, in full uniform and bearing arms, to the church, where their deliberations, under the presidency of Colonel William Irvine, lasted from noon until eight o'clock in the evening. All the resolutions, signed by men of the highest station and influence in the kingdom, were adopted. At this Convention it was that the Earl of Bristol, who was also Bishop of Derry, declared himself favourable to Irish independence. It was the first act of his extraordinary career in connection with the Volunteers. The next step in the Volunteer movement was the holding of a Convention in Connaught under Lord Clanricarde, in Munster with Lord Kingsborough presiding, and in Leinster under the chairmanship of Flood, and in every case the Dungannon resolutions were endorsed and adopted. They were also adopted by each of the regiments, by the freeholders, and the Grand Juries.

Ere two months elapsed the ministry of Lord North had fallen, Lord Carlisle had been dismissed from the Lord Lieutenancy of Yorkshire, and, as a matter of course, had retired from the Viceroyalty of Ireland, and the Duke of Portland reigned in his stead. Early on the 16th April the Irish Parliament assembled in response to a special call, the members wending their way to College Green through streets filled with armed men, horse, foot, and artillery. Once assembled, the Secretary of State (John Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College), by the order of the Viceroy, made a momentous communication to the House. This was a message from the King, recommending the House to take into its most serious consideration the discontents prevailing amongst his loyal subjects of Ireland, in order to effect such a final adjustment as might satisfy both kingdoms.

In reply to this message, George Ponsonby proposed a humble address, and Grattan at once formulated an amendment, the celebrated Declaration of Right :—

"To assure His Majesty that his subjects of Ireland are a free people ; that the Crown of Ireland is an Imperial Crown, inseparably annexed to the Crown of Great Britain, on which connection the interests and happiness of both nations essentially depend ; but the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a Parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof ; that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation, except the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, nor any Parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever in this country, save only the Parliament of Ireland ; to assure His Majesty, that we humbly conceive that in this right the very essence of our liberty existed, a right which we, on the part of all the people of Ireland, do claim as their birthright, and which we cannot but yield with our lives."

The amendment was seconded by Mr. William Brownlow, Member for the County of Armagh, and received the unanimous assent of the House. "The interior of the House of Commons on this ever-memorable occasion, with its assembled members, formed," writes Sir John Gilbert, "the subject of a painting by Francis Wheatley." It is almost superfluous to remind my readers that last Christmas this celebrated and beautiful work was reproduced for the first time as a supplement to the LADY OF THE HOUSE, also the imperfect copy of it which Nicholas Kenny painted for Henry Grattan, M.P.

The enumeration of the grievances to be redressed was quickly drafted and sent to London, and the Irish Parliament adjourned. The Irish House of Lords made difficulties, but these were finally overcome. "I could never have got them to move,' said Grattan, "if it had not been for the bayonets of the Volunteers."

On the 27th of May the Irish House assembled, and received the assurance of the Viceroy that the British Legislature had concurred in a resolution to remove the causes of the discontents and jealousies, and were united in a desire to gratify every wish expressed in the address. The gracious assent of His Majesty the King was also notified. The Irish Parliament, in response, adopted an address to the King, declaring that, as Great Britain had approved of its firmness, so she might rely on its affection. The members voted £100,000, and undertook to supply twenty thousand sailors, to the British Navy.



FLAGS OF THE CORK VOLUNTEERS.
In the Collection of Mr. R. Day, F.S.A., Cork.

The natural rejoicings of the people, and the compliments showered upon the Volunteers, may be passed over. The final act of that body in relation to the Irish Parliament was a much-needed effort to reform the Senate.

The scheme of reform was approved by the Convention held at the Rotunda, Dublin, and was no doubt planned by the Earl-Bishop of Derry and Henry Flood. The latter introduced a Bill into the Parliament to give effect to the plan of reform which was aimed at the Parliamentary existence of two-thirds of the House. Many of the features of this scheme have since been incorporated with the British Constitution, especially the creation of a broad county franchise and the destruction of corrupt borough influence. But Flood's plan only sought the emancipation of a section of the

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In the Days of the Irish Volunteers--*Concluded.*

people, and, having no real driving power behind it in the country, the Irish Parliament felt safe in its rejection. The Rotunda Convention adjourned; and the Volunteers of Ireland, having accomplished the work for which they were first called together—the defence of the country in a time of imminent danger—gradually disbanded. In the North they long held their organisation together, and in 1793 the Belfast Volunteers—lovers of liberty to the last—celebrated in force the fall of the Bastile. I am fortunate in being able to present, with this necessarily brief and imperfect outline, a replica of a most interesting picture designed by Mr. F. J. Bigger, painted by Mr. John Carey, of Belfast, and now in the possession of Mr. Robert Day, F.S.A., Cork. This picture illustrates the Belfast Volunteer Demonstration, in the old High Street of Belfast, 1793, in honour of the destruction of the Bastile. During that year (1793) the Lord Lieutenant issued a proclamation against the assembling of armed bodies, and the Volunteers of Ireland—the patriot body of 1782—finally closed their career, being superseded by the militia regiments, of which thirty-eight were enlisted during 1793. Volunteer bodies were revived some years later, but that revival forms no part of my subject here.

As lately as 1896 a curious evidence was revealed of how deeply the spirit of Volunteering had entered into the life of the North. From the site in Donegall Square, where now stands Belfast's beautiful civic palace, the new City Hall, a far more modest edifice, the White Linen Hall, faced towards what is now the bustling life of the Royal Avenue. Some eleven years ago this stately old building, with its air of cloistered eighteenth-century repose, was taken down to give place to its somewhat grandiose successor. During the work of demolition the inscribed foundation stone, bearing date 1783, was unearthed, and secreted within this stone was found a glass cylinder containing several documents. The first paper was a cutting from the *Belfast News-Letter*, dated 25th April, 1783. This cutting was chiefly a reprint of a Bill which had a short time previously passed through the British Parliament and received the royal assent. This Act declared the recognition by Great Britain of Ireland's demand to be bound only by the laws passed by the Parliament of Ireland and approved by the King.

The second enclosure was a printed record of the meeting of the Irish Volunteers' delegates in the old Presbyterian Meeting-House at Dungannon in the February of 1782, and a report of the meeting at Belfast, held rather less than a month later, at which the transactions of the Dungannon meeting were endorsed and confirmed.

The third document was in writing, and read as follows :—

"BELFAST, *28th April*, 1783.—These papers were deposited "underneath this building by John M'Clean and Robert Bradshaw, "with the intent that if they should hereafter be found, they may be "an authentic information to posterity that by the firmness and "unanimity of the Irish Volunteers, this kingdom (long oppressed) "was fully and completely emancipated.

"If in future times there should be an attempt to encroach upon "the liberties of this country, let our posterity look up with admir-"ation to the glorious example of their forefathers, who at this time "formed an army, independent of Government, unpaid and self-"appointed, of eighty thousand men. The discipline, order, and "regularity of which army was looked upon by all Europe with "wonder and astonishment."

In concluding my brief review of the Irish Volunteers I have the pleasure to acknowledge the kindness of the gentlemen who have enabled me to illustrate this subject so fully. My earnest thanks are especially due to Mr. F. J. Bigger, M.R.I.A., Belfast, the erudite editor of the "Ulster Archæological Journal," and the designer of Mr. John Carey's painting, "The Ulster Volunteers in the Old High Street, Belfast, 1793, honouring the fall of the Bastile." I have also to express my gratitude to Mr. Robert Day, F.S.A., Cork, the owner of this picture, who placed at my disposal replicas of his magnificent collection of Volunteer relics, medals, and gorgets, and a file of the interesting pamphlets in which he has preserved so much that is deeply interesting regarding the "Muster of the North." Mr. Leonard R. Strangways, M.R.I.A., in the kindest manner has contributed several items from his rare and valuable collection having special reference to the Irish Volunteers. Mr. E. Macdowel Cosgrave, M.D., and Mr. James Collins, Convent View, Drumcondra, have as ever generously placed their accumulation of rare prints, books, and pamphlets at my command; and Mr. Walter Strickland, with unvarying kindness, opened the rich storehouses of the National Gallery of Ireland in order to enable me to do some reasonable measure of justice to my theme. Nor must I omit to acknowledge the generous assistance of Mr. J. Ribton Garstin, D.L., and of Mr. Thomas Greene, M.A., Representative Body of the Church of Ireland. As I hope to elaborate the Volunteer period in my forthcoming "Illustrated Monograph of the Irish Parliament," I shall be obliged if the fortunate possessors of documents and relics relating to the Irish Volunteers will kindly communicate with me, care of the Publishers, Wilson, Hartnell & Co., Commercial Buildings, Dublin.

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KEY TO PICTURE OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS IN COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

By F. W. WHEATLEY, R.A. (The Companion Picture to the Irish Parliament in 1780.)

1. Duke of Leinster, Colonel of the 1st Regt. of Dublin Volunteers.
2. Sir Edward Newenham, Colonel of the 2nd Regt. of Dublin Volunteers.
3. Right Hon. Luke Gardiner (Afterwards Viscount Mountjoy), Colonel of the Co. Dublin Light Horse.
4. ———, Capt. of the Castleknock Light Horse.
5. Sir John Allen Johnston, Capt. of the Rathdowne Light Horse.
6. John FitzGibbon (Afterwards Earl of Clare).
7. Right Hon. David La Touche.
8. ——— Tisdal.
9. John Armit, Accomptant-General.
10. ——— Crosbie.
11. Captain Schomberg, R.N., Commanding the Royal Yacht.
12. Princess Daschkaw, Lady of Honour to Catherine II. of Russia.
13. William Porter, Bookseller.
14.
15.
16. ———, Ensign carrying the Colours presented to the Duke of Leinster, Inscribed "The 12th October, 1779."
17. William Long, Coachmaker.
18. Richard Moncrieff, Bookseller.
19. James Napper Tandy, Ironmonger.
20. John Carleton, Merchant.
21.
22. Jasper Joly.
23. ——— Johnston (Afterwards Porter at Carton).
24.
25.
26. Counsellor Pethard, Captain of the Lawyers' Corps.
27.
28.
29.
30. Counsellor Caldbeck, Captain of the Goldsmiths' Company.
31.
32.
33.

THE VOLUNTEER CORPS OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF DUBLIN, WITH A LIST OF SOME OF THEIR OFFICERS.

*Merchants' Corps.—Colonel Jackson. Captain Pasley.

*Liberty Volunteers.—Captain Riddall.

*Barony of Castleknock.—Captain-Commandant Luke Gardiner.

*Barony of Coolock.—Captain Richard Talbott.

*Uppercross Fusiliers.—Captain John Finlay.

*Lawyers' Company.—Colonel Townly Patten Filgate.

*Goldsmiths' Company. — Counsellor Caldbeck.

*Castleknock Troop of Light Horse.—Captain William Armit.

*Rathdowne Light Horse.—Sir John Allen Johnston.

*Dublin Volunteers.—Colonel, Duke of Leinster. Lieutenant-Colonel H. Monk. Captains, Jasper Joly, N. Warren. Licutenant E. Medlicott. Adjutant W. Osbrey.

Lawyers' Artillery. — Captain William Holt.

Coolock Independents (North).—Captain James Walker.

Dublin Independent Volunteers.—Colonel Henry Grattan. Lieutenant-Colonel Right Hon. H. Flood. Major A. H. Rowan. Captain White. Lieutenant John Willis.

Lord Charlemont's Troop. — Major Edwards.

Goldsmiths' Corps.—Major Bacon. Captains, O'Brien and James. Lieutenants, Harney and Stoyte.

Liberty and Donore Union.—Colonel J. Napper Tandy. Captains, Kennedy and Paine. Lieutenant Lambert.

Dublin Rangers. — Major Ashenhurst. Captain Mills.

Dublin Legion—Captain Doyle. Lieutenants, Sullivan and W. Smith.

Liberty Volunteers.—Sir Edward Newenham.

Aldborough Legion.—Colonel, Earl of Aldborough.

Building Corps.—Colonel Read.

Raheny Volunteers—Colonel Theophilus Clements.

Ouzle Galley Corps.—Captain Theophilus Thompson.

Merchants' Artillery.—Captain George Maquay.

Finglas Volunteers.—Colonel Seagrave.

Thus marked * were the Corps in College Green on 4th November, 1779. The two Field Pieces used were those belonging to the Goldsmiths' Company. The Volunteers were then only in their infancy in Dublin; from this the organization proceeded rapidly. There is no record of the officers of the Dublin Corps, and the names mentioned above were ascertained from various sources, as little could be had from the newspapers of the day.

The following Resolutions were adapted at a Quarterly Meeting of the DUBLIN VOLUNTEERS, held at the Eagle Tavern, in Eustace Street, the DUKE OF LEINSTER Presiding:—

"'RESOLVED—'That Great Britain and Ireland are and ought to be inseparably connected, by being under the dominion of the same King, and enjoying equal liberties and similar constitutions.'"

"'RESOLVED—'That it is the duty of every good citizen to maintain the connexion of the two countries, and the freedom and independence of this Kingdom.'"

"'RESOLVED—'That the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland *only* are competent to make laws binding the subjects of this Realm, and that *we will not obey* or give operation to *any laws* save only those enacted by the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, whose rights and privileges, *jointly* and *severally*, we are determined to support with our lives and fortunes.'" "*Signed, by Order*, "FRANCIS DAVIS, SECRETARY."

THE VOLUNTEERS, 4th NOVEMBER, 1779.

"The appearance in College Green of our Constitutional Forces, the Volunteer Companies, produced a scene of satisfaction unknown before in this Country."

"The accustomed annual procession round the Statue of King William, by mercenaries equally ready at the word of command for that or the perpetration of any deed, as was ill-calculated to convey to the minds of the enthusiasts of Liberty a pleasing recollection of the Constitutional blessings derived from the Glorious Revolution."

"On Thursday the scene was changed. A body of a thousand Citizens, men of various professions, ranks, and fortunes, appeared under arms, perfectly disciplined, and appointed in all respects. They formed a square inclosing the Statue, and the Light Cavalry paraded and defended the Infantry from annoyance.

"In the front of them were two Field Pieces, with the inscription on each, 'A FREE TRADE—OR THIS.'

"On the four compartments of the pedestal were inscriptions, which, beginning at the south side, and ending on the west, read thus—'RELIEF FOR IRELAND.' 'FIFTY THOUSAND VOLUNTEERS READY TO DIE FOR THEIR COUNTRY.' 'A SHORT MONEY BILL.' 'A FREE TRADE—OR ELSE!!!' 'THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION.'

"The respect and veneration which appeared in the mob on this occasion was conspicuous. They yielded with unusual temperance and condescension to every arrangement. A smile of congenial affection appeared on the countenances of the people, and when, after the third volley of fire, which was distinguishingly accurate, the DUKE OF LEINSTER flung up his hat in a 'HUZZA,' there was not a covered head in the multitude. The cheers resounded from street to street through the City, gathering strength in their progress.

"In the evening, a thing never done on the 4th November, the whole City was illuminated, and it was observable that all distinctions of religion and prejudice were suspended; the antient Jacobite who found heretofore in William's partiality towards England, with regard to this Country, a patriotic mask for his political antipathy, was content to yield to the occasion, comforting himself that the King upon this day was made to recant. In short, there never was such harmony and delight. Fortunately, also, not a single accident happened, which in such an uncommon concourse of people was extraordinary.

"The night concluded as the day began—innocently, auspiciously, and singularly marked in the Calendar of Ireland."

ROMANCES OF THE IRISH HOUSE OF LORDS.—Continued from page 6.

his eloquence, in which, we are told by Dr. Rundle, the then Bishop of Derry, who was present, that "he did not use one severe word against the unhappy Lord, nor omit one severe observation that truth could dictate."

On the other hand, the Attorney-General was considered not to have exerted himself on behalf of his noble client, and to have embarrassed his cause by calling as witnesses certain servants of the Santry family, who outran discretion in their zeal for the safety of their young master. The Peers shewed signs of much agitation when they returned into court, and each pronounced his verdict of "Guilty! upon my Honour!" but they unanimously recommended their brother to the Royal Mercy, which, being seconded by the Lord Lieutenant, obtained a reprieve from the King, followed subsequently by a full pardon. It was asserted, in his defence, that the surgeon who had been called in to attend the victim had not done all that was possible for his patient, who, it was known, was in wretched health, constitutionally, at the time of the outrage; also, that ailments other than his wound had ensued after the victim's removal to his wretched home, where he did not receive either the comforts or attendance necessary to his condition; there were then four hospitals in Dublin, and assuredly this man ought to have been conveyed to one of them, where he would have had chances of recovery. But, with mismanagement and death ensuing, Lord Santry came to be roughly handled and sharply dealt with for his act, his previous career and personal habits rendering his case less excusable than it might have been.

He was but twenty-nine years of age at the time of his trial, and had been married but a few months previously.

He lay in prison for two months under sentence of death, during which period public sympathy waned, and no one personally espoused his cause so ardently as to aid in an escape. But his mother, a woman of great energy and a strong will, found a means of at least holding in suspense the active fulfilment of the law. She was Bridget, only daughter of Sir Thomas Domville, Baronet, with a considerable fortune in her own right. Her brother, Sir Compton Domville, had become possessed of a considerable estate at Templeogue, on the attainder of the Talbot family who had espoused the cause of King James II. during the past generation, and to whom Domville had lent the sum of £3,000 in mortgage on the said lands at Templeogue.

From springs rising on this estate issued the water supply of the City of Dublin, which brought the owner into very important connections with the Corporation.

Now it occurred to the Dowager Lady Santry that if the prerogative of the Crown was not to be exercised on her son's behalf, she would induce her brother to threaten the citizens, that if Lord Santry were not released, he would cut off the water supply of the metropolis.

In accentuation of this threat the intrepid woman published lampoons, showing the Lord Mayor and Aldermen offering their wealth for one drop of water, and further, the certain dire plight of the citizens, should her request remain ungranted.

Meantime, however, the Duke of Devonshire, who was then Viceroy, unremittingly used his personal influence with George II. and Queen Caroline, on behalf of the condemned noblemen, while nearly the whole of the Irish Peerage augmented his Excellency's endeavour by means of such Court favour as lay in their power, so that finally a pardon was obtained for him on June 27th, 1739, on condition of his forfeiting his rank and absenting himself from Ireland during the remainder of his life. He went to England immediately on his release, accompanied by his young wife, who was the daughter of a gentleman of property, William Thornton, Esquire, resident at Finglas. They settled in Nottingham, and there Mr. Henry Barry died on the 18th March, 1751, having survived his wife nine years. Two months before his demise he married again, his second wife being Miss Shore, a near relative of the Teignmouth family. His title has never been revived, nor was he buried with his ancestors in the interesting old churchyard at Santry Court, his remains lie within St. Nicholas' Church, Nottingham.

LORD NETTERVILLE'S TRIAL FOR MANSLAUGHTER

gives, with marked emphasis, the etiquette and elaboration of procedure of these trials before the house of Irish Peers. The accused was the same Nicholas, fifth Viscount, who had acted as one of the noble jurors in Lord Santry's prosecution. In like case, the noble Viscount was indicted for manslaughter, his victim having been one Michael Walsh, and the deed committed in the County Meath. The then Lord Chancellor, Robert Jocelyn Baron Newport, acted as Lord High Steward; the Earls of Kildare, Clanrickard, Antrim, Roscommon, Meath, Cavan, Drogheda, Mount Alexander, Ross, Londonderry, and Bessborough; Viscounts Valentia, Mayo, Strangford, Ikerrin, Massareene, Molesworth, Boyne, Allen, and Lanesborough; also their Graces the Archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, and Tuam, with the Bishops of Meath, Kildare, Limerick, Derry, Dromore, Cork, Elphin, Killala, Clonfert, Waterford, Down, Ossory, and Killaloe; and the Lords Athenry, Kilsale, Blayney, Kingston, Tullamore, Southwell, Durrow, and Desart.

These brethren of the Ermine Bars assembled at 8 a.m. on the morning of the 3rd February, 1743, and, marching according to precedence towards their own Chamber, heard prayers there, after which William Hawkins, Esquire, Deputy to the Ulster King-of-Arms, came to the table, and the House was called over by the Clerk of the Parliaments, the Deputy marking the names of those lords who answered as being present. Then that house being adjourned, the Peers, called upon according to their rank by the Ulster's Deputy, passed in order to the Court appointed for the trial, where they seated themselves, in their order, upon certain High Benches prepared for them, the Lord Chancellor upon the Woolsack, after which the House was resumed.

The Clerks of the Crown presented the Commission upon their knees to the Lord High Steward; then the proclamation was made for silence, and the Lords, all standing, uncovered, the Commission was read, and, that being ended, the Sergeant-at-Arms said, "God Bless the King's Majesty." Then the Deputy-King-of-Arms, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, presented the Staff, on their knees, to His Grace the Lord High Steward; proclamation was made for all persons, save Peers of this realm, to be uncovered; the Certiorari was then read by the Clerk of the Crown of the King's Bench; the Lord High Steward removed from the woolsack to the chair, prepared for His Grace, and placed upon a high ascent just before the uppermost step of the throne, where he seated himself, and the trial began.

Proclamation having been made for bringing the prisoner to the bar, according to the order of the House of Lords, and he being come, and kneeling, His Grace the High Steward desired His Lordship to rise, and acquainted him on what account he was brought thither, and he had it in command from the Lords to let His Lordship know that he was not to hold up his hand at the bar, and that His Lordship, and all other persons who had occasion to speak to the court, were to address themselves to the Lords in general, and not to the Lord High Steward. Then the Clerk of the King's Bench read the indictment, and, after His Lordship was arraigned, he was asked whether he was "Guilty of the felony, treason, and murder, whereof he stood indicted, or Not Guilty?" The prisoner's reply being made, "Not Guilty!" he was asked by whom he would be tried, and he said, "By God and my peers."

Proclamation was next made for witnesses to be brought into court; then Mr. Prime Serjeant Malone opened the indictment, Mr. Attorney-General and Mr. Solicitor-General being likewise heard on His Majesty's behalf.

At this point of the elaborate proceedings, those Spiritual Peers present were permitted to withdraw, and the trial wended its way at an easy pace into the prosaic hearing of witnesses. The two most important persons called in that capacity had died since the committal of the deed, and their depositions being *rejected* in evidence, no case could be sustained in evidence against Lord Netterville, therefore, the trial ended, with as much state and dignity as it had commenced, and in the following manner, we are told.

The peers being again come into court, and silence proclaimed, the High Steward said, "This house having heard all the evidence, the question is, whether Nicholas Lord Viscount Netterville is guilty of the felony, treason, and murder whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?" Then His Grace stood up, and called over, by list, every peer then present by his name, beginning with the youngest Baron, and put to every lord, by his name, the question to know what his judgment was. And the lord to whom he called stood up in his place, uncovered, and, laying his right hand upon his breast, delivered his judgment—"Not guilty, upon my honour!" Then the Lord High Steward, still standing, and uncovered, laying his right hand upon his breast, pronounced, "My Lord Viscount Netterville is Not Guilty, upon my honour!" and then declared that their Lordships, his peers, were unanimously of opinion that My Lord Viscount Netterville was not guilty of the felony, treason, and murder, of which he stood indicted.

The noble prisoner was again brought to the bar to hear for himself a reiteration of this verdict, and that he was discharged. The White Staff then being delivered to the Lord High Steward, he, standing up, and holding it in both his hands, broke it; after which, descending from his high chair, returned to the woolsack, where he addressed the Lords; inquired of them, "Is it your Lordship's pleasure to adjourn the House of Peers?" which being agreed upon, their Lordships returned to their robing-room in order as they came, and afterwards dispersed.

THE ACQUITTAL OF ROBERT, EARL OF KINGSTON, FOR SLAYING THE ABDUCTOR OF HIS DAUGHTER.

The third State trial held in the House of Commons was that of a nobleman more advanced in years, respected by all, and beloved by those who intimately knew him. It occurred fifty-five years after that which we have chronicled above; and although the state and

CONCLUDED AT PAGE 54

Has reared many thousands of babies to vigorous maturity

MELLIN'S FOOD

Will do for your child as much as it has done for others.

Dublin at the time of the Irish Volunteers.

The period immediately preceding the formation of the Irish Volunteers was marked by great activity in the erection of property in the city of Dublin, the establishment of many beneficent institutions, and the general improvement of the city. During the forty years ending 1753 over 4,000 houses were erected in the city, and the population increased by over 30,000 inhabitants.

Mercer's Hospital was incorporated in 1749, and the construction of the Lying-in Hospital in Gt. Britain Street was commenced two years later. The square of Trinity College, facing College Green, was finished in 1759, and in 1762 the north side of Merrion Square was built.

The Poolbeg Lighthouse was completed in 1768, and in the following year the Hibernian Hospital (Phoenix Park) began to be built.

During the next succeeding years the Meath Hospital (on the Coombe), the Hibernian Marine School (on Rogerson's Quay), the King's Inns Buildings, and the Custom House were erected; while during the same period the streets of Dublin were all repaved and lighted on an improved plan by oil lamps, with double burners. Of course numerous large fires occurred from time to time; but during all these years the public had the protection of the "Royal Exchange Assurance," which so far back as A.D. 1722 had opened an office in "Abbey Street, near the Strand," being the *first* insurance company to transact business in Ireland.

At the time of the muster of the Volunteers in College Green, in 1779, the "Royal Exchange Assurance" was located in the Commercial Buildings, in Dame Street, not 100 yards from the scene, and doubtless many of its clerks and firemen (from its Fire Brigade Station in Crown Alley) were interested spectators of that strange scene, a scene almost unique in the chequered history of Ireland.

The building at the extreme left of our presentation supplement, No 5, *College Green*, is the present site of this venerable Corporation's offices. Eleven years after the "muster," in 1790, Daly's famous clubhouse was erected on this position, and was declared by travellers to be "the grandest edifice of the kind in Europe." The "Royal Exchange Assurance" rented portion of the club (at the corner of Anglesea Street) in 1805, and two years ago celebrated its centenary on the site, though it is now lodged in a handsome modern edifice, erected in 1878, more suited to the growing exigencies of its business in Ireland. What changes the whirligig of time has since wrought in College Green! The Houses of Parliament are now the headquarters of the Bank of Ireland.

> Here, where old Freedom was wont to wait,
> Her darling Grattan nightly at the gate,
> Now, little clerks in halls and colonnade
> Tot the poor items of provincial trade—
> Lo! round the walls that Bushe and Plunket shook,
> The teller's desk, the runner's pocket-book.

Trinity College, once the home of "tests," now opens its portals to all, irrespective of creed or sex.

The old town houses of the aristocracy have given place to handsome banking and insurance offices; and this old Assurance Corporation, no longer content with the transaction of "Sea, Fire, and Life Assurance" solely, has, by entering the domain of Employers' Liability, Accident, Burglary, and Fidelity Guarantee insurance, afforded striking evidence of the versatile character of modern insurance requirements, and shown how it has kept well abreast of the times.

A STRAIGHT STORY.

Most mothers are familiar with the plea—"Tell me a story! Not about a very good little boy, and not about *me*!"

That innocent distinction between the "very good little boy" and the "me" is a trifle pathetic, but strictly true to life. Do not mothers themselves constantly echo the request for a story that is not an exposition of the model mother, nor yet a revelation of personal shortcomings?

Messrs. Mellin, in their delightful little book, "The Care of Infants," accept these conditions. The book does not talk *at* any mother, but speaks wisely and sympathetically with all mothers concerning the up-bringing of their little ones.

No feature of child-life is lightly passed over. "The Care of the Baby" is treated very fully and very seriously, and, reading the book, a mother or responsible nurse is led to realise not only the solemnity of her charge, but also the delights of it, for what other womanly duty can be so encouraging and satisfying to the truest feminine instincts as the rearing of a little baby through happy infancy to healthy and vigorous childhood?

A mother is naturally anxious about her baby, and it is right that she should be so. And specially is this the case when the mother is unable, from one or other of many potent and oft-recurring causes, to provide her little one with Nature's sovereign infant food—mother's milk. Look at it how you will, there is no mother who has a *right* to be content unless she has quite decided in her own mind what food she would use for her baby if nature's supply were suddenly to fail, to diminish, or deteriorate.

The writer of the book of which we are speaking steps out to meet the anxious mother, and explains to her why it is that Mellin's Food may be absolutely relied upon to do every bit as well for the baby as the milk of the perfectly healthy mother.

More than three-fourths of the babies who die under the age of one year are hand-fed. This appalling mortality must not, however, be traced to the initial fact of hand-feeding, but to the lamentably inadequate character of the feeding.

An infant's food must be either right or wrong. It cannot possibly be partly right and partly wrong. If in any one detail it falls short of perfection it is not right, but wrong. And when one remembers that a fortnight-old baby has a stomach so tiny that it can contain only three tablespoonfuls of food, one realises the grave importance of giving an infant the food that is *right*.

An infant's food, if it is perfect, will contain in exactly the correct proportions those wonderful constituents which may be called expert body-builders. One constituent will supply warmth to the tender little frame, another will make flesh, a third develop bone. Think how imperative it is that these body-builders should be skilfully balanced, so that the one may co-operate with the others towards the rearing of an entirely sound and *evenly-developed* body.

Again, no infant's food is perfect which does not readily yield its nourishment to the baby. Every mother agrees that her little one, if he is to get the full benefit of his food, must be able to digest it with ease; but how few realise that a great proportion of the so-called foods given to infants are *starchy*, akin, that is, in composition and behaviour, to bread, rice, and potatoes—substances which a young infant cannot possibly digest.

Mellin's Food, like mother's milk, is entirely devoid of starch. That is why it can be given to the frailest of new-born infants without the least fear of upsetting the tiny stomach. When mixed to directions, it possesses exactly as much "cream" as mother's milk, and its sweetening agent is just what it ought to be, *not* cane sugar. There is no single weak spot in Mellin's Food. It is in every minute detail just as perfect an infant diet as is mother's milk, and will nourish a baby every bit as well. It is easily made, too, and that counts for a very great deal in the life of a busy mother, who has a thousand reasonable and urgent claims upon her time. This Food, being already cooked, can be prepared to absolute perfection in one minute. It should be clearly understood that Mellin's Food modifies and *humanises* cow's milk, bringing it up to the exact standard of breast milk.

Having led the mother so far on the right way, she is asked to consider "the rest" of her duty towards her baby. To "do one's best, and leave the rest," used to be accounted a quite comfortable and wholesome motto; but in these stirring days when our children have to be built up in preparation for a battle that is every day growing keener and more strenuous, a mother, having done what she considers her best with regard to the choice of a food, must needs take up that which is still left undone, and must learn, not how to *leave* it, and how to *do* it.

Messrs. Mellin have invented a very special form of feeding bottle, which they urge the mother to use in connection with their Food. The Food in a Mellin's bottle lies quite close up round the teat, *leaving no air space*. So long as there is any food left in the bottle it keeps up close to the teat, and this makes it quite impossible for the baby to "suck in wind" with the food. The teat is non-collapsible, and offers natural resistance to the mouth of the infant. The valve, which provides for the necessary inlet of air, is so constructed as to preclude the possibility of leakage. This valve admits the air so gradually as to suit the suction power of the weakest child, and prevents the troublesome choking-fits which so often accompany the too-hurried drawing-in of food.

Mothers will be glad to know that this delightful book, "The Care of Infants," which contains such a capital working stock of commonsense counsel, is to be had post free on application to Messrs. Mellin, Peckham, London, S.E.

A sample of the Food, quite sufficient for a satisfactory trial, is sent free with the book. Messrs. Mellin's straight story will doubtless find many thousands of interested readers.

THE RULERS OF IRELAND—*Concluded from page 13.*

depicted fighting furiously, symbols all, no doubt, that Oliver brought to Ireland not peace but a sword.

. . . . . .

Of Charles II. the best delineation is, also, that upon his coinage, modelled by the same Roitier, *hollandais,* or the most talented of his sons. Samuel Pepys, who accompanied his patron, Captain Montague, afterwards Lord Sandwich, in command of the battleship "Naesby," re-named "The Royal Charles, in the capacity of temporary Purser or Admiralty's Secretary, vouches for this, and himself describes the King at his restoration, as "a black-a-vized man." On the coinage, Charles is represented wearing his own abundant hair, in weighty locks, which were as coal black as were his eyes; that *trait* of deep colouring came by his Bourbon blood, along with somewhat else in him. Our little picture appears to have been done in well-advanced years of his hard life, and shews harshness of features that must have characterised him, even as Prince of Wales; but it also gives a clearer suggestion of his *taille* than any of his more authentic portraits. It may be remembered that the proclamations, issued by Oliver for his arrest, after Worcester Fight, describe him as "a young man, over two yards high," etc., etc. The beautiful miniature on ivory, set in diamonds, executed for Mademoiselle de Querouaille, and now in possession of the Richmond family, shews the King at a later period of life than when Roitier modelled him in wax for the coinage, and appeals to us as an equally undeniable likeness. In it His Majesty wears a periwig "like Mr. Pepys!" whom he joked anent his assumption of that new mode, and is attired in royal robes, with his collar and George; it was lent to the interesting exhibition of Stuart Portraits, in London some years ago, and a photo of it is included among others of that collection at our museum.

. . . . . .

Of James II. what shall we say? The less the better. Our little head was done during comparative youth, probably when he was sufficiently well-looking, as Duke of York and Lord High Admiral of England. But his portraits as King shew him as of a thin, lantern-jawed visage, with narrow eyes and a bad mouth; superstition, and even something of cowardice, in his expression.

. . . . . .

King William's countenance is here milder and less aggressive than in most of his portraits, and one feels less weighted by the amount of profile he usually displays; the original picture was probably that of *Guillaume d'Orange,* not William, Rex Britaniarum. Our most *military* British Sovereign since the Plantagenets, he was, in person, a small man, like the Duke of Wellington and Lords Roberts and Wolseley, the three great soldiers Ireland has given to England.

George I. looks younger, and shows somewhat more *bonhomie* in our picture than he does upon his coinage and medals; they, as a rule, give him in profile, revealing a vulgar nose, tip-tilted, surely an undignified feature in a monarch. His strong character is shewn in a firm chin. How intrepid he was; how unrelenting to that poor wife of his, the unhappy Sophia of Zell. If she did prefer the dashing, handsome, young Königsmarck to her obese, goggle-eyed spouse, in which she cannot be excused, of course, yet her stubborn lord need not have shut her up in that gloomy tower of Ahlden for her entire lifetime. We are not on his side there!

. . . . . .

"Great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Who sometimes counsel takes, and sometimes *tay.*"

Occasionally strong waters and fat ale, too, if report says truly, has been libelled in this water colour portrait even if we accept Arabella Churchill's insolent designation of her as "Anne Hyde's ugly daughter" (the *ci-devant* Court favourite was jealous that her son, the Duke of Berwick, had not been declared Prince of Wales on his father's succession to the Crown). Her Royal Highness had that crowning glory of womankind, a fine head of hair; it was dark, and lent itself to an elaborate *coiffure* of heavy ringlets; all her portraits shew this natural adornment and although her figure was heavier than that of her sister Queen Mary, she was, until gout rendered her an almost helpless invalid, equally, a dresser. Unhappy Lady! wedded to a stupid consort; "I've tried Prince George drunk, and I've tried Prince George sober, and there's nothing in him either way!" said that always racy, Merry Monarch, the princess's uncle. She had to grieve the untimely loss of her children, and, sinking into personal habits of indolence, she became a prey to harpies and intriguers. In her dressing-room at Kensington Palace there hang two oval half-length portraits, very touching to contemplate—one is that of her eldest boy, the Duke of Gloucester, who died of smallpox, at twelve years old; the other represents her luckless half-brother, that Chevalier de St. George who, born so *mal apropos,* in a Sedan chair while the Queen, his mother, was on her way to St. James', the legal birthplace of kings then, had to buffet through life against a fate as markedly predestined in his face as was that of his grandsire.

Of the Maiden Majesty who "did not like bishops because of their wigs" (a *tangible* reason at any rate), it is unnecessary for us to recount one word, except that this Irish portrait of the young Victoria resembles no other that we have seen; yet it shews the sweet oval of all *young* Guelph faces.

ROMANCES OF THE IRISH HOUSE OF LORDS (Con. from page 52.).

etiquette observed at both previous trials by the Peers was accurately observed, the scene was even more touching, as the interest shewn in it by the nobility, especially the ladies, was more widespread, and the *cause* so pathetic as to almost remove it from the character of an offence, if not entirely from the category of crime.

Robert, Earl of Kingston, had shot Colonel Henry Fitzgerald for the abduction of his daughter; and although no subject, however noble by birth, is permitted to take the law into his own hands, much sympathy was felt for the afflicted father as well as the insulted gentleman.

Lord Kingston was apprehended, and summoned for trial by his peers on the 18th May, 1798. The Commons' Chamber was decorated for the purpose of its legal occupation, and fitted with much solemnity of effect. An innovation, marking the advance of social refinement and gentle courtesy, was that a section of the floor was laid with red cloth, and seated for the accommodation of sympathising peeresses and their daughters; the Speaker's chair was also newly adorned for the occasion, and members of the Lower House with their families filled the galleries. Sir Chichester Fortescue was then King-of-Arms, and he carried the armorial bearings of the accused Earl before him when summoned to the bar, and remained on his left hand during the trial. Attired in deep mourning, moving with slow step, and his eyes cast to the ground, Lord Kingston advanced in a seeming deep melancholy, followed by the executioner, carrying the axe, black, save within two inches of its sharp edge, where it glittered cruelly. The predecessors of this ominous official had attended in like manner at the previous trials, and in Lord Santry's case laid the axe on a block placed on the table of the house; but subsequent form required that the Headsman should carry the dire weapon of vengeance or justice, and maintain it during the trial, with its edge averted, raised to the level of the prisoner's neck, with the further observance in reserve that should the verdict be "Guilty!" he should at once turn the edge of his weapon towards the prisoner, and hold it so, during sentence and on the escort back to prison, thus indicating a verdict of death.

Lord Kingston's actual trial, after preliminaries of State, lasted but one hour; witnesses were cited, both generally and by name, three times, during an interval of intense anxiety of suspense, but none appeared, and thus the trial terminated, after which the President of Court put the question to the Peers, who each, with much earnestness, as they walked past the chair, pronounced their verdict of "Not Guilty, upon my honour," after which a formal acquittal was pronounced by the Lord Chancellor, who broke his wand in due form, and thus ended the proceedings.

THE HELL FIRE CLUB. *(Explanation of the picture on page 5.)*

This notorious Club was established in Dublin in 1735, and held its meetings at the famous Eagle Tavern, Cork Hill, and afterwards at the House on the summit of Mount Pelier, near Rathfarnham, which was built in 1725 as a hunting lodge by William Connolly, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. Clubs of this character were the subject of a Special Report, in 1737, to the Irish House of Lords. The original picture is believed to have been painted by James Worsdale, a member of the Club. It was formerly at Santry Court, Co. Dublin, where our Editor, when a child, remembers to have first seen it. After the collection of Sir Charles Domvile, Bart.. was sold, the picture passed into the hands of Mr. John Wardell, of Dublin, and, in accordance with his wishes, the work was, after his death, presented, in 1878, to the National Gallery by his son.

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Intensifying the Domestic Servant Problem.

Stupidity and Cupidity may go Hand-in-Hand How to Protect both Employers and Servants

IGNORANCE of the law does not protect its innocent transgressor from penalties upon evading or breaking it. Many people think otherwise, but they are wrong. If, however unwittingly, they do, or cause to be done, anything which the statutes forbid, their statement, true as it may be, that they did not know they were doing wrong, will not shield them from the punishment meted out to wilful offenders. It is true that, under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, which came into operation on the 1st July last, we are not obliged by law to insure our servants. But the effect of the new Act is that all domestic servants are now insured against accidents incurred whilst engaged about their employers' business. Parliament, through the Treasury, does not pay the premiums, but gives the employer the option of taking all the risk, or, by arrangement with an insurance company, providing that in case of accident his or her servant, or servants, or dependants, shall receive the amount of compensation indicated in the Act. As it has been in operation for only four months and a half, the time is too short to bring the effect of its working into that prominence which assuredly awaits it.

Few of the statutes inscribed during the present generation opens up so wide a field for contention as this one.

THE OUTLOOK IS SERIOUS INDEED.

Here in Ireland, where so many people of limited incomes contrive to keep servants, the responsibility fixed upon them by the new Act is distinctly serious. We recall a case, some years ago, where a servant in a Dublin suburb came down one frosty morning, and, as usual, lit the fire in the kitchen range. The water being congealed in the boiler supply-pipe, the overnight supply in the boiler was quickly converted into steam, and, having no means of escape, blew the range to pieces, one portion striking the unfortunate girl on the head, and killing her instantaneously. In the same neighbourhood a resident sent a maid to post a letter. On the way to the pillar-box a horse under a coal-dray became restive, and backed the vehicle up on to the pathway! Like most people in similar circumstances, the maid became confused, and before she could escape to a place of safety she was pinned between the end of the dray and a wall—crushed to death. If the Act of 1906 had been in operation then and these poor girls had anyone wholly dependant upon them, as many servants have, the employers would have been obliged to pay such dependants a sum equal to three years of the girls' earnings, but *not less than* £150, nor more than £300. There are few domestic servants who have not someone partly dependant upon their earnings. In such cases, where the servant, male or female, is killed whilst engaged about the employers' business, the amount of compensation to be given those who received the employee's contributions is to be determined by agreement, but may not exceed £300. It will be said, "Oh! it's very rarely a servant gets killed; there isn't much risk of that happening!" But the writer had personal knowledge of the two cases mentioned above. Others will be remembered by readers who try to recall similar distressing occurrences within their circle or acquaintances.

A HURT MAY COST MORE THAN A DEATH.

It seems anomalous, to a certain extent, that it should cost less to compensate a father, mother, or orphans for the loss, by violent or misadventurous death, of their breadwinner, whose warm-hearted and filial affection have been proved, than to provide for a servant who has been seriously hurt in the pursuit of his or her avocation. Yet such is the law. In such circumstances the employer would have to pay the incapacitated persons a weekly allowance, during the time they are unable to work, not exceeding one-half of their average weekly earnings. The amount is not to exceed £1 a week. We do not believe we understate the minimum at 6/6 weekly, and for this reason. Our experience is, that a servant—the average maid in a middle class household—costs her employer £30 a year at least. Her "earnings," according to the reading of the Act, includes the value of her board and lodging. It may also, for all we know, embrace the value of Christmas presents, clothes, and "tips" from visitors, elements which, in some cases, would probably tend to increase the sick allowance payable to the invalid. One can imagine an optimistic reader saying that 6/6 a week wouldn't be much to have to pay a good girl whilst she was disabled. The chances are that you may be paying a very indifferent girl, a girl you were contemplating "parting with." Six and sixpence a week for doing nothing, whilst at the same time you have to employ and pay someone else for doing the work she is unable to perform. If it be a very serious case of disablement, such as injury to the spine, or a grievous hurt, causing paralysis and consequent protracted incapacity, a capital sum of nearly £1,000 would be required to provide for such. Accidents will happen. It is all very well to look back upon a long series of years without any disconcerting accident in a household, but such immunity is rare indeed. And, nowadays particularly, when really good servants are exceedingly scarce, and devoted retainers are as rare as centenarians, there are so many changes of servants taking place that the most careful mistress runs the risk of employing a servant who may be clumsy or prone to accident.

THE COMPLEXITY OF THE LAW MAKES ITS ADMINISTRATION EXPENSIVE.

It is a matter of conjecture to the writer whether, here in Ireland, the mistresses or the maids are the better informed respecting the operation of the new law. We have no doubt the masters and men are fairly well acquainted with its provisions, for they read the "dry" articles which appear in the papers respecting the work that is being done in Parliament. As the servants have most to gain by the new Act, it is hardly likely that they are unaware of its existence. They know enough to feel justified in consulting a solicitor, if they think they have a grievance. As members of the learned professions are increasing in the United Kingdom at nearly double the ratio of increase of the general population, there will be no dearth of advisers. Some solicitors make a speciality of conveyancing, others are experts in guiding clients through the bankruptcy court, others again are *au fait* in company law, and so on. We shall probably find, ere long, a considerable number of the profession so skilled in the intricacies of the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, that professional reputations will be made on that Act alone. As we have already stated, the Act was not designed to promote litigation, but it must, inevitably, give rise to an immense number of costly legal wrangles during every recurring year in the near future. Questions to be decided in the course may be the amount of compensation, or weekly allowance to be paid; proving whether "dependants" were really what they alleged themselves to be; whether the accident was caused by *deliberate* carelessness on the part of the servant. But if such deliberate carelessness causes the death or serious and permanent disablement of the servant, the employer has to pay up. If, however, it can be *incontestibly proved* that a lesser injury was caused by the servant's own wilfulness, the employer may escape the obligation to pay sick or disablement allowance. It is not an agreeable occupation to be warning our subscribers of troubles that may be in store for some of them, that are certain to arise in some of the thousands of homes where the *Lady of the House* is a welcome periodical. We should hesitate to proclaim the disease if we did not know the remedy.

HOW TO INSURE AGAINST THE RISK.

In view of the confusing number of insurance companies in existence, and of the varying conditions under which they issue policies covering an immense variety of risks, it is more imperative than ever that Irishwomen and the great majority of Irishmen seeking insurance against risk of any kind should obtain independent advice, which is now given free of charge to those insuring by insurance brokers. We have pleasure in recommending Messrs. Coyle & Co., of 7, Anglesea Street, Dublin.

SERVANTS' INSURANCE RATES.

The ordinary rate, interesting to our readers, is that of 2/6 per head for indoor servants for insurance against all legal liability imposed, and we may observe that Messrs. Coyle & Co., leave the selection of the insurance company to their clients, or give them the benefit of their wide knowledge and experience of the business in the selection of a solvent company dealing liberally with the public, without any cost to those who consult them.

OTHER FORMS OF INSURANCE.

Messrs. Coyle & Co. are equally available to advise and carry through any form of insurance against risks known to the insurance world. In effecting insurances against risk of fire the services of this most respectable firm enable you to procure far and away better value for your money than can be obtained without the assistance of experts. For instance, they will tell you that, without extra charge, policies should be extended to insure one-tenth of amount insured on personal property and effects, while visiting at friends' houses or staying for a while in a hotel, and should, further, extend to insure the property of all members of the family and of servants living-in. Loss through gas, or domestic boiler explosion, or lightning, should also be covered. The usual rates for insurance against fire are so low as to make it penny wise and pound foolish not to be protected. For the dwelling-house proper—that is, the building alone, the payment to be made is usually 1/6 for every £100. A house worth £500 would cost 7/6 a year to be insured against fire. The general contents, furniture, clothes, etc., are generally protected by payment of 2/- per £100 insured. That is to say, if you value the goods in your house at £300, you would only have to pay 6/- a year. Insurances against burglary and housebreaking are effected on very similar terms.

CHILDREN'S DEFERRED ASSURANCES.

Incidentally Messrs. Coyle & Co. draw our attention to a system of assurance which may be of particular interest to a very large number of our subscribers. Most men who insure would like to insure for at least £1,000. Those who can afford to do so find the premium pretty stiff. Usually at the age men *do* recognise the necessity of making this necessary provision they have to pay in or about £30 a year for the privilege. Under this new idea the parents of an infant may insure the child for a £1,000 so that, on attaining its majority, it will only have to pay annually the same amount as the parent or guardian paid up to the time of its coming of age—viz., £8 15s. 10d. per annum. If the child died before attaining the age of twenty, all the money actually paid in would be returned.

A SOLID TALK.

We are rarely tempted into such a serious strain in these columns, but we must lay the blame with the Legislature and the domestic servants. We are confident, however, that what we have felt impelled to say on the subject is imperatively necessary, and, having had to touch upon insurance at all, we take special pleasure in recommending all our subscribers who contemplate effecting an insurance of any kind or description whatsoever, to secure the intermediary services of perfectly reliable experts such as Messrs. Coyle & Co, of 7, Anglesea Street, Dublin, whose advice will be invaluable though free. Insurance companies look after themselves, but insurance brokers look after their clients.

An Irish Lady's Experiences of Irish Linen.

USEFUL FACTS ABOUT IRISH LINENS.

To the Editor, "Lady of the House."

DEAR SIR,—The daily papers recently gave an account of the reception by the Countess of Aberdeen of a deputation from the Hand-Loom Weavers' Society, to ask for her Excellency's countenance for the support of hand-loom damask weaving.

It is to this Ulster cottage industry that the world-wide fame of Irish linen is due, and it is alarming to hear from the Secretary's remarks that this important industry is in danger of being extinguished, because the hand loom damask bears no trade mark by which the inexperienced purchaser can distinguish it from that woven by power looms, and it is to urge the necessity for a compulsory trade mark being woven into all handloom linens that the deputation invoked the Countess of Aberdeen's assistance. Her Excellency accorded to the subject the ever gracious interest she always evinces towards Irish industrial questions, and offered to bring the matter before the Home Industries Association, suggesting also that a conference should be held of persons with expert knowledge of the subject, which is one of very serious importance in Ulster, where



1.—AFTERNOON BLOUSE OF SILK AND LACE.

The silk falls loose in a square bolero shape to just above the waist, and is finished with silk fringe and embroidery, revers, vest, and waistbelt, covered with lace; fastened with little velvet bows.

2.—A Fashionable Hat of brown velvet trimmed with a cluster of white birds.

between eleven hundred and twelve hundred weavers and their families—about five thousand souls in all—are dependent on this industry for their livelihood.

As to the advisability of the desired trade mark, I think there can be little doubt, though in some minds there is an idea that a trade mark, such as the words, "Hand-loom Irish," being woven into the edge of table linen would have an ugly effect. To reassure these doubters, it is only necessary to refer them to the hand-loom damask made specially by the well-known linen manufacturers, Walpole Brothers in their hand-looms. Into all their hand-made damask the words, "Walpole Brothers, Limited," are woven, and unless actually looked for, can pass without observation, yet the existence of this private trade-mark secures the purchasers at Messrs. Walpole's the certainty that they are getting the article they pay for. It is provoking to think how many people pay a great price for what is called "Irish linen," but only procure a quite inferior article, simply because there is no way except by an experienced judgment that the difference can be detected at the time of purchase; it is in the wearing power that the great difference lies.

Not very long ago I bought table-cloths at Messrs. Walpole Brothers. I got some hand-woven, some power-made; the former cost about 8/- more each than the latter, and at that time did not look as attractive, as they were not either as white or as glossy as the machine-made cloths; after a couple of years equal wear, the difference was all the other way—the machine-made cloths showed signs of wear, they had become thin and poor-looking, and their patterns no longer showed up with a good effect, whereas the hand-made cloths had gained in appearance by each visit to the laundry, and presented a rich and sheeny effect, delightful to an appreciative eye. To anyone who can afford to spend on house linen, I should advise the buying of hand-loom damask. It does cost more, but it is worth quite double what machine-made is, and if a trade mark is secured to the Hand-Loom Weavers' Association, I feel confident that householders will soon begin to look out for the mark by which they will know that they are securing the real article, instead of linen made up to look well, sold as Irish, but often foreign linen of a sadly inferior description.

Before closing these remarks, a friend has allowed me to see in the same connection a recent report from the firm which so largely represents the interests of the hand-loom weavers, and I am glad indeed to notice the encouragement afforded by the results referred to. Messrs. Walpole say:

"In no previous year was there so much hand-loom damask turned out by the company's weavers; and when it is considered that this is one of the oldest and most extensive of Irish cottage industries, the fact is most gratifying, as affording evidence of extended appreciation of an important and valuable Irish manufacture."

—E. E. CARMICHAEL-FERRALL.

Augher Castle, Co. Tyrone.

WHITEWELL DYE WORKS, BELFAST.

The work of cleaning, dyeing, and general laundry goes on successfully at the Whitewell Works, Belfast, whose town office is at 8, Royal Avenue, where all inquiries may be made and price lists obtained. The methods employed by this establishment are thoroughly modern and efficient, and the best and most approved machinery, under skilled management, hastens the work.

The utmost care is taken of clothing, household goods, etc., entrusted to its treatment, and the results both in cleansing and re-colouring are most commendable.

Precautions are used to ensure against infection of any kind, and trained hands accomplish the getting up of linen in very best style.

A Lucky Sixpence

This tells you how for sixpence
You can put yourself in the way
Of preventing medical worry and physical strain.
If you fear a breakdown in health
Spend the sixpence and be convinced.

Sir James Crichton-Browne has pointed out that one of the main causes of such physical and mental degeneracy as exists amongst us is bad or insufficient food.

This is unfortunately but too true, as the proprietors of Vi-Cocoa have been pointing out for years, and now food-faddism has reached a point at which it is seriously affecting the health of the community. The craze for getting thin is on a par with race suicide.

Vi-Cocoa is the most perfect flesh-forming food beverage ever placed before the public.

It not only possesses highly nutritious and sustaining properties, but it is also soothing, acts as a tonic, and considerably assists weak digestions.



Vi-Cocoa—a packet of which can be obtained everywhere for the small sum of sixpence—is in a great measure self-digesting, and exceeds tenfold in nutriment and sustenant power any other food beverage, and it will steadily build up your body to a healthy condition, if taken regularly night and morning.

WORLD'S RECORD of 135 YEARS as Piano Makers IS POHLMANN'S

UPS AND DOWNS OF IRISH SOCIETY.

By MARY BUTLER.

NO country has suffered such social upheavals as Ireland has. Wave after wave of colonisation and confiscation and plantation has passed over the country, with the result that scarcely a vestige of the original nobility and gentry of the country now remains. Their descendants are scattered to the four winds of heaven, and scarcely possess an acre of their ancestral lands. It is a pathetic, even a tragic story, this scattering of the old clans, and the moralist would find many a text to preach upon concerning the transitory nature of human greatness in the study of an old genealogical map of Ireland. Such a map is before me as I write. In it are defined the territories over which the old chieftains held sway. Every acre of the country then was in the possession of the O's and Mac's. The gentry as well as the democracy then bore none but Gaelic names, and nowadays but a handful of families bearing such patronymics are in positions of fashion and importance.

"The high house of O'Neill
Is gone down to the dust,
The O'Brien is clanless and banned.

. . . .

Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba!"

The next epoch in our history which our genealogical maps explain is that of the Norman invasion. Here, for the first time, we find the dominion of the Gaelic chieftains disputed, and the O's and Mac's receding before the conquering Norman. Still the Gael held his own to a great extent for centuries. Sometimes he overcame the invader, and at other times he absorbed him. The Normans became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." They spoke Irish, they adopted Irish customs and dress. They chose for their children Irish godparents and foster parents, and, above all, they wedded Irish wives, despite all the pains and penalties which the English laws called down upon them for so doing.

"What king dare say to Geraldine,
Your Irish wive discard?"

The Leinster Fitzgeralds were foremost in their defiance of the Statute of Kilkenny, which forbade intermarriage between Norman and Gael, and the other Norman knights followed in their footsteps. The Dane and the Norman had both been assimilated by the Gael, and the Irish social order did not suffer any serious upheaval by these two waves of colonisation. Bard and Brehon, monk and poet, remained undisturbed in their powers and prerogatives; and Gaelic civilisation, with its festivals, its law courts, its universities, its commerce, and its art, proceeded in its development along native lines.

But the next wave of colonisation belonged to a different, more disturbing order. The troopers of Cromwell, the planters of James, the men-at-arms and undertakers of William, came with no intention of adopting the country or of assimilating the native elements. They were fiercely antagonistic to everything Irish. To exterminate the people, to seize their lands, to suppress their language, to destroy their civilisation—such were their openly avowed objects. And before this new, fierce onslaught the old gentry, both Gaelic and Norman, went down. The Flight of the Earls (O'Neill and O'Donnell) was the first herald of the breaking up of the old order. But it was not till after the fall of Limerick that the old noblesse finally disappeared. They fled, in Sarsfield's company, to France and other Continental countries, and from that period it is abroad we must seek for the scions of the Gaelic gentry. With a few exceptions Irish families of distinction emigrated; they sought and found fame and honours in foreign courts and camps.

The story of the Irish gentry abroad reads like a chapter out of a high-coloured romance. There was no post too high for the Irish exiles to aspire to. Ambassadors, field-marshals, prime ministers, were to be found in France, Spain, Australia, Holland, and other Continental countries, bearing distinctively Irish names. The families of the exiles moved in the most brilliant Court circles. The Irish ladies, by their beauty and charm, won homage wherever they went; and the Irish princes and nobles might have said of them, as Napoleon said of his consort, "I conquer kingdoms, but Josephine conquers hearts."



Mr. Mahoney, how dare you attempt to kiss my daughter?
But, madam, what reason have you to suppose that I did so?
What reason, sir? Why, the two hairpins I observe sticking in your front hair.

We can imagine the impression made abroad by the daughters of a race which, when in its heyday, is thus described by an Irish scholar: "The women in rich and brilliant yet fastidiously simple dress, many of them wearing crescent-shaped, plain diadems of gold over their heads; circlets of gold, plain or in simple and elegant design, around their necks; large, elaborately wrought brooches on the shoulder, and perhaps cinctures of gold around the waist. For beauty of complexion, of eyes, of features, and of form, this assemblage of women excels anything that the outer world has ever seen."

But now we come to the strange part of the story. All this brilliant Gaelic gentry has vanished like a wreath of smoke, leaving nothing but a memory. It is true that there are some notable exceptions. A MacMahon was recently President of the French Republic; a Taafe, Prime Minister of Austria; an O'Donnell, Prime Minister of Spain, and Duke of Tetuan in that country. The O'Neill of Lisbon is one of the leading grandees of Portugal, and close friend of the reigning house. The King of Portugal has become so interested in Irish art and music through hear-

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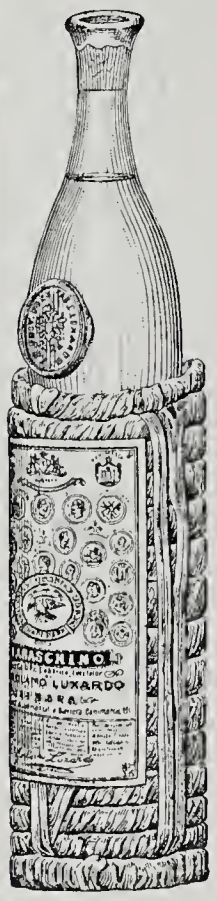
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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

UPS AND DOWNS OF IRISH SOCIETY.—*Concluded.*

ing of Ireland from The O'Neill, that he has offered a prize to the next Oireachtas. And in Russia, Holland, Hungary, and Germany, we occasionally come across Irish names high up in diplomatic and military circles. But this is a mere handful when compared to the thousands of Irishmen who went abroad to European countries after the fall of Limerick. In the service of France alone 500,000 fell, from the year 1691 to 1745; and there were so many Irishmen in the Dutch Navy in the seventeenth century that Admiral De Ruyter, the greatest of Dutch naval commanders, became a fluent speaker of Irish: so many men in his fleet were Irish speakers that he found it necessary to acquire a knowledge of the language. The tercentenary of this great hero was celebrated this year amid great rejoicings by his countrymen. When recently in Holland I visited his tomb in the "New Church," Amsterdam, which was decorated with the flags of all free European nations; and it was standing by it that a Dutch friend, himself a speaker of Irish, and a Gaelic enthusiast, gave me this interesting information. (It was in this church that Queen Wilhelmina took the oath of fidelity to the Dutch Constitution, and was crowned Queen of the Netherlands 6th September, 1898; and many another historic pageant has this stately old edifice witnessed.) But what has become of the descendants of those Irish men and women who made history abroad? They must exist still in great numbers, though probably their names have become corrupted beyond recognition, and their descendants are now merged in a foreign nation.

A few Irish families with whom I am acquainted keep up a communication with their kindred abroad, but in most instances the tie has been completely broken. It is ten thousand pities that it should be so. How much it would add to the interest of our lives, and the brilliance of present-day Irish society, if there were still comings and goings between the "Wild Geese" abroad and the parent stock at home! How delightful it would be for our girls and boys to be exchanging visits with their Dutch and French and Austrian cousins! What romantic vistas such a possibility opens up!

At home it is the same strange story of the total disappearance of a class. Looking at the map of the clans, we cannot but wonder what has become of the descendants of the O'Kanes of Ulster, the MacCarthy's and O'Sullivans of Munster, the O'Garas of Connacht. Each of these families, and numbers of other Gaelic ones, were among the grandees of our race, and not only lordly chieftains and gallant soldiers, but the patrons of art and learning. In the O'Garas' Castle the greater part of the "Annals of the Four Masters" was written. The O'Gara of that day was proud to act as host to the learned clerics who compiled these historic annals. To-day there is not in the length and breadth of Ireland anyone bearing the name of O'Gara enjoying rank or fortune. There are some unlettered tillers of the soil in the West bearing this noble and historic name; perhaps they are the lineal descendants of the O'Gara, or perhaps they are only descendants of his clansmen. Certain it is that some of our most distinguished Irish families did become merged with the peasantry after the confiscation of their properties. It is unlikely that so many powerful families were entirely blotted out of existence, and the probability is that most of our great Gaelic houses have left descendants either abroad or at home, if only one could trace them.*

The next stage in our social history, after the dispersal of the great Gaelic and Norman houses, is that of the landed proprietors who resided on their properties in the country during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. They were drawn partly from the remnant of the old aristocracy and partly from the new planters, but they kept up none of the old Gaelic customs, and certainly the new customs they introduced were no improvement on them. They were an irresponsible, scatter-brained, extravagant set, much given to carousing, drinking, and gambling, and left their posterity an inheritance of mortgaged estates and debts. There were, of course, some noble exceptions, but most of them belonged to the reckless, good-for-nothing type to be met with in the pages of Lever. It is the irony of fate that this type should have become so generally accepted as the characteristically Irish type, when in reality nothing could have been more opposed to Gaelic traditions than the mode of life adopted by these squires and squireens. Numbers of families were ruined by extravagance, and the properties were sold in the Encumbered Estates Court. Those families who did retain fortune and property became more provident in the next generation, and began to live sensibly and soberly, determined not to squander their heritage. But, behold, a new social upheaval came! The Land War broke out, and, as a result, landed property is again changing hands in Ireland, passing from the landlords to the former tenants. Is this to be the last of our social revolutions, or have we not yet reached finality in the Irish social scheme?

In the capital there have been as sweeping changes as in country society. The Dubliner of to-day lives in a city of traditions. There are a thousand years of history in the streets of Dublin—and what changes those grey old streets have seen! To go no farther back than a hundred years, we find society in Dublin at that epoch startlingly different from society of to-day. It was immeasurably more brilliant. Ours is a very humdrum life when compared to that led by our great-grandmothers, who, gorgeous in powder and patches and brocade, were carried in their sedan chairs to many a gay ball and rout, or to the ladies' gallery in the Irish House of Parliament night after night in the season.

With one hundred and twenty resident peers, with the members of the House of Commons, and scores of other distinguished personages residing in the Dublin of pre-Union days, we can well imagine how brilliant society was. We have retrogaded in many aspects of our social life since then, and it is grievous to look at the magnificent mansions of our former resident nobility and gentry, now dilapidated tenement houses or bare, grim public offices. Still it has not been all disimprovement that time has brought in its flight. "The good old days" would seem very bad old days indeed to us in many respects if we were suddenly transported back to them. Electric-light, circulating hot water pipes, telephones, telegraphs, tramways, bicycles, motors, such are but a few of the things unknown to the Lady Betty's who thought themselves so grand, but who really did not enjoy a tithe of the comfort a middle-class woman of very moderate means enjoys now-a-days. In some ways our ancestors were much less exacting than we are. Here are two delicious extracts from the diary of a lady of fashion of one hundred years ago—"We are going for sea-bathing to Ringsend;" and later, "I am thinking of taking the girls for an agreeable change to Harold's Cross." Imagine how a girl of this period would look if such proposals were made for her amusement. Of course Ringsend and Harold's Cross were fashionable quarters at the time the diary above quoted from was written; but, even so, how disdainful our latter-day globe-trotters would be if asked to content themselves with change of air and scene so near home.

* Miss L. M'Manus, the historical novelist, informs me that, when in the course of her literary researches, she had occasion to look up the French and other Continental army lists, she found dozens of distinctively Irish names borne by these foreign officers at the present day.

Just this amount

will give you a delightful Cup of



VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

Best & Goes Farthest.

SEASONABLE SHOPPING.

GIFT BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

We have been greatly interested in looking through a copy of one of Blackie's Nature-Study Picture Books for Children, entitled "Our Wonderful World." It is only a shilling book, but some of the drawings in black and white, and several of the full page coloured illustrations are the best we have ever seen of child life. The full page drawing, representing three children seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, watching a rabbit at large in a wood, if equally well reproduced in oils, and shown at the Royal Academy, would be one of the pictures of its year. Other illustrations of singular merit are, "Looking for jelly fish," "Watching the bees at work," "Jack and Molly watch the squirrel," "Poppies." The accompanying letterpress is interestingly instructive, and the authoress, Alice Talwin Morris, and publishers, Messrs. Blackie & Son, Ltd., are to be congratulated on the result of their labours.

"Tales and Talks about Children—Here, There, and Everywhere," is of special value to youngsters, inasmuch as it imparts a very great deal of information, pictorial and literary, respecting children of all climes. In addition, a section of the book is devoted to illustrating the most popular forms of transit by land and sea, the illustrations and letterpress being well designed to make this portion of the publication particularly attractive to its young readers. Bound in picture-boards, cloth back, this handsome present costs half-a-crown; in cloth, with gilt edges, 3/6.

The third volume submitted to our inspection by Messrs. Blackie & Son, Ltd., is the fourth issue of "Blackie's Children's Annual," a marvellously cheap gift-book at 3/6, in picture-board binding; or 5/- in more luxurious clothing. The book is really cheap because it embodies 192 quarto pages of stories by some of the greatest living writers for children, such as Evelyn Sharp, Mrs. Molesworth, L. T. Meade, Felix Leigh, A. G. Herbertson, Alice Talwin Morris, etc, and designs and drawings by Gordon Browne, R.I.: John Hassall, R. I.; Chas. Robinson, Helen Stratton, A. H. Buckland, Joseph Simpson, and others. All the literary and graphic art contributed to the volume is now published for the first time, so that purchasers are assured they will not be presenting their little friends with any matter already seen or read by them. It is absolutely fresh and entertaining from the outside front cover to the amusing little figure on the back cover.

Any one of the three books indicated above may be relied upon as welcome gifts for genuine children up to 14 years of age. Probably many of our subscribers may desire a wider choice for youths and maidens of maturer minds. Under such circumstances they will be greatly facilitated by sending a post card to Messrs. Blackie & Son, Ltd., 89, Talbot Street, Dublin, for a copy of "Blackie's Gift Books' List for 1907-8."

NOVELTIES IN XMAS CRACKERS.

Christmas parties would lose in gaiety were Tom Smith's crackers not forthcoming. These helps to merriment are greeted each year like old friends; and lest by any chance they might grow monotonous the makers present them in new clothing every season.

The ingenuity displayed in devising novel and up-to-date variations of the original crackers is really astonishing, and this year we have a most bewildering and clever assortment, far too numerous to specify here.

We may, however, mention that a few of the very newest are, "Pierrot," "Chino-Jap," "Crowing Rooster," "Tommy Atkins," "Red-Riding Hood," "Lover's News," "Suffragette," "Parlour Fireworks," "High Art," "Half Mask," and "Motoring" Crackers.

The crackers for table decoration are also indispensable—their artistic colouring, floral effect, and dainty construction being most attractive and ornamental.

Cracker novelties are a development of these, and are contrived to stand on the table They are formed like rustic baskets, and other receptacles for flowers, and contain blossoms, grasses, and butterflies, with crackers, of course, included.

Santa Claus Surprise Stockings are another item affording happiness, fun, and frolic to the young people. They contain toys, jewels, musical instruments, confectionery, books, fans, etc., and should never be forgotten, where children's tastes are to be considered in the programme of Christmas day.

Yet another source of pleasure is found in the endless variety of fancy articles, from tea-cups to motor cars, filled with chocolates and bon-bons. These prove an immense assistance in the get-up of Christmas trees.

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS AND CAKES.

Messrs. Harrison & Co., of 17, Henry Street, and 29, Westmoreland Street, Dublin, are fully prepared to supply the public with their famous Christmas cakes and plum puddings. The puddings and cakes provided by Messrs. Harrison are made of the very best ingredients, properly cooked, and are sold at various prices according to size—puddings from 2/6, and cakes from 2/-. The latter may also be had iced and richly ornamented from 3/6 to 30/-.

ON "GIFT-SHOPPING."

We recently received a copy of the "Bright Gift Book," an attractive catalogue published by the well-known specialists in novelties, Messrs. Bright's Stores, Ltd., London and Bournemouth.

Catalogues are usually most uninteresting things, but this has such a "bright" appearance—naturally—and the introduction on its first page discloses such a pleasing mission, that it is quite a refreshing possession. Our readers should secure a copy as soon as possible. It will assuredly settle the vexed question of Christmas present giving, and Messrs. Bright's Bournemouth depot engages to send one post free on receipt of a post card. Address in full—42, The Bright Buildings, Bournemouth.

Bright's Stores will be known to everybody who has visited the evergreen valley, for the "Bright Buildings" are the "centre of everything" in Bournemouth. Few visitors leave the town without some purchase from one of the twenty odd departments in this great store, and such a large proportion of these send "repeat orders," from their homes, that Messrs. Bright found themselves in the unique position of possessing a large postal business even before they entered the field of public advertising. This discloses a state of affairs of which the firm may well feel proud, and should inspire confidence in all who decide to entrust Messrs. Bright with their wants by letter. A special postal department has been established, and altogether there seems ample ground for the claim, that "there's no seal of satisfaction like a Bright's Stores label."

MUSIC IN THE NORTH.

Residents in the North of Ireland, to whom Belfast is the chief shopping centre, as well as the inhabitants of the city itself, will find it to their advantage to visit Messrs. Scott & Evan's piano warehouse, at 8, Arthur Street, where a fine assortment of instruments may be inspected. If distance or lack of opportunity prevents a personal call, price lists and particulars may be obtained by post, and reliable advice as to choice will be given. Tuners from the establishment visit the various country towns, at regular intervals, and will attend at any address by arrangement, so that not only the purchase of a piano may be satisfactorily accomplished from this firm, but the keeping of it in good condition and tone.

Everybody can afford to have good soup with dinner.



No matter what the rest of the meal may be, whether a roast, some cold meat, or even a "bit of cheese," a basin of good, hot, nourishing soup is an ideal beginning.

E.D.S. is real soup; soup complete with beef, vegetables and seasoning; nourishing, strengthening, appetising soup.

Just needs boiling, that's all.—Penny Packets.

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FAMOUS IRISH LOVE AFFAIRS.

I.—THE FIRST DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.



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THIRD DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF LONGFORD.
AFTERWARDS FIRST DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.



HON. ARTHUR WESLEY OR WELLESLEY,
M.P. FOR TRIM BOROUGH, CO. MEATH, IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT, 1790-1797.
AFTERWARDS FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Married in the Drawing-room of the Earl of Longford's Town House in Dublin, 10th April, 1806.

The Portrait of the First Duchess of Wellington is from the drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at Apsley House, and is now for the first time published by special permission of His Grace the Duke of Wellington. The early Portrait of the First Duke of Wellington is from a rare coloured print.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL



"DEAR, DEAR, FRESCATI," BLACKROCK, CO. DUBLIN.

The Dower House of Amelia Olivia, Countess of Kildare, First Duchess of Leinster; and the Residence of her ill-fated son, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Pamela, his wife.

Some Famous Irish Love Affairs.

II.—LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AND PAMELA.

THE love story of Lord and Lady Edward Fitzgerald is one of great sweetness and charm, gathering a nervous force of interest as it wears on to its tragic, terrible end. We find in it a romantic beginning, a consummation in over five years of nuptial happiness, crowned by the blessing of three children, throughout which the picture of domesticity is enhanced by other family ties, the most loving and enduring, especially between a dutiful son and most estimable, confiding mother. Yet all is ruined by political asperity, then conspiracy, followed by open rebellion, leading to death almost at the steps of the scaffold.

We have, ere now, given in these pages a detailed account of certain successful events which led to the united history of these noble young people, each with royal blood in their veins; for Lord Edward was, through his mother, fourth in descent from King Charles II. by the ducal house of Richmond, while Pamela was the natural daughter of Philippe—*Egalité*—Duc d'Orleans, son of the brother of Louis XIV.

Our interest at present lies around the local scene of the newly-wedded couple in Ireland, at Leinster House, in Kildare Street, and their happiest home, Frescati, Blackrock.

Frescati, Blackrock, near Dublin, belonged to the Dowager Duchess of Leinster, who, upon her surprising second marriage with William Ogilvie, her son's tutor, went to England, where she resided at several places of resort, and ultimately at Goodwood, in Sussex, a favourite seat of her brother, the then Duke of Richmond.

The letters of Lord Edward to his mother from this pleasant retreat are delightful in their purity, gentleness of spirit, contented-



FRESCATI, BLACKROCK, CO. DUBLIN.

Now the Residences of Mr. Frederick Kennedy, and Mr. W. A. Craig
The Seaside Residence of Amelia, First Duchess of Leinster and her Children The lower room in the projecting bay in the centre is the beautiful apartment known as "Pamela's Room."

1347



LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD,

Fifth son of James, 1st Duke of Leinster, and his wife Amelia, 1st Duchess of Leinster. Born 15th October, 1763. Served with the British troops in America. Subsequently Military Leader of the United Irishmen, arrested in Thomas Street, Dublin, and wounded by a pistol bullet; died of his wound in Newgate, Dublin, 4th June, 1798.

From the Painting by Hugh Douglas Hamilton in the National Gallery of Ireland.



PAMELA, WIFE OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

The girl-wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Born 1776. Married January, 1793. Died 1831. Daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Genlis.

"The most perfect piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on."

SOME FAMOUS IRISH LOVE AFFAIRS.

II.—LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AND PAMELA—Continued.

ness, and devotion to Her Grace; there is no sign whatever of a rebellious spirit, nothing rancorous expressed even upon public affairs, so that one does not regard him as having been a rebel by nature. Alas! no. He was a misguided, treacherously-betrayed gentleman of high spirit, a soldier by profession, and filled with the fine military instincts which ever marked this race, the Norman Geraldins.

That he was ill-starred we believe, and it was an ill fate that guided him towards *Egalité's* daughter. It was in the theatre one evening that he first beheld his future wife, separated from him merely by a grille between the boxes, where he was instantly so struck by her resemblance to his deceased friend, Mrs. Sheridan, the beautiful queen of song, *nee* Maria Linley, who had married Richard Brinsley Sheridan, that he at once desired to know who she was, and could not rest until he obtained an introduction to her and her mother. It was not many days later that he tersely mentioned in a letter to his mother, "To-day I dine with Madame Sillery"—Citoyenne Stephanie, Félicité, Ducrest Breelart Sillery, ci devant Comtesse de Genlis. How he sped in his wooing we can guess, that ardent, impulsive young soldier of eight-and-twenty, and Mademoiselle readily took to the military figure and the interesting face, with its beautifully-arched brows over those fine grey eyes, the shapely nose, and thickly-clustering dark brown hair. She who, although *Egalité* had given her a *dot*, yet looked forward to nothing more to her liking in matrimony than the usual *mariage de convenance* allotted to French gentlewomen.

Lord Edward's truest friend, humble Nicholas Murphy, who sheltered him in his hour of need, has declared that "any person he addressed must have admired his manner, it was so candid, so good-natured, and so impregnated with good feeling; as playful and humble as a child, as mild and timid as a lady, and, when necessary, as brave as a lion."

In three weeks from the night he saw her at the theatre, Lord Edward was married to Pamela Capet, known hitherto as Sims, a native of Fogo, in Newfoundland—a veritable Fogland, well selected for the lie by her intrepid mother—at Tournay in Flanders, first by civil contract before a notary public, and subsequently by religious ceremony.

Madame de Genlis had been commissioned to convey her former pupil, Princesse Adelaide, over the French frontier into Belgium for safety, and it was upon that journey that the celebration of marriage came to take place at Tournay, on December 27th, 1792, and by the 2nd January the young pair arrived in London, *en route* for Ireland, where Lord Edward was in haste to present his bride to his much-loved and loving mother.

It was after a three weeks' visit to his family at Carton that Lord Edward came to Dublin to take his seat in the Irish Parliament, where he speedily shewed opposition to certain Governmental measures, and waxed more and more wrathful at the treatment of Ireland by King George's Minister, but did not join the United Irishmen till fully four years later. Alas! that there should be any rebellion to record! We read with dread the approach to that dark time of his sad history, and gladly avert its recital in quotations from those cherished letters, written at "dear Frescati."

While yet in Dublin, Lord Edward writes:—

DEAREST MOTHER,—I have been idle, and so has my dear little wife, but I hope you will forgive us. The truth is, sitting up so late has made us late in the morning, and we get on so agreeably, and chatter so much in the morning, that the day is over before we know where we are. Dublin has been very gay—a great number of balls, of which the lady misses none. Dancing is a great passion with her. I wish you could see her dance; you would delight in it, she dances so with all her heart and soul. Everybody seems to like her, and behave civilly and kindly to her. There was a kind of something about visiting with Lady Leitrim, but it is all over now. We dined there on Sunday, and she was quite pleasant, and Pamela likes her very much. We intend going to Castletown next week. I had one very pleasant day with dear Aunt Louisa, and had a long talk about you, which was not the least pleasant part of it, etc., etc.

Would not the warm-hearted Irish, genial, and hospitable to a fault at that period, receive kindly, with delight, the brilliant Parisienne whose education and previous surroundings had been of the most courtly elegance and refinement? She did indeed dance well, and her young husband accompanied her to these balls for the main pleasure of seeing her dance. Her feet were beautifully formed, but, strange to say, her hands were large, dry, and the skin unusually thick, though sufficiently white.

Pamela made a pretty picture when driven out by her husband in his curricle, the first that had been seen in Dublin streets, and we have heard her apparel recorded by aged gentlewomen, whose mothers beheld her. She wore beautiful shawls and very large bonnets, quaint things, of the *conne grâce* description. Her best portrait shows her with her girlish, matronly head bound by an eastern bandanna handkerchief, two curled locks only shown over the temples. We hear of her delicate condition of health, her husband's solicitations for her, her own dainty preparations of a *layette*, and ultimately the birth of a son, in all these letters written at Frescati, by a most loving, dutiful son, as thus:—

"Frescati, May 6th, 1903.

DEAREST MOTHER,—Wife and I are come to settle here. We came last night, got up to a delightful spring day, and are now enjoying the little

THE FIRST DUKE AND DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.



JAMES, 20TH EARL OF KILDARE AND 1ST DUKE OF LEINSTER,
Who built Leinster House, Dublin.



AMELIA, 1ST DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.
In 1747 married James, 20th Earl of Kildare and subsequently 1st Duke of Leinster.

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ANOTHER IRISH PICTURE BY F. W. WHEATLEY, R.A.,

Painter of the "Irish Volunteers in College Green in 1779"; "The Irish Parliament, 1780"; "The Cries of London," &c.



A REVIEW IN THE PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, 1781.

By Gen. Sir John Irwin, K.B., Commander of the Forces in Ireland, 1775-1782.

This work, like F. W. Wheatley's "Irish Volunteers in College Green," is in the Collection of the National Gallery of Ireland.

"The Irish Parliament in 1780" is in the collection of Colonel Gascoigne, D.S.O., Lotherton Hall, Aberford, Yorks., and was published for the first time with the 1906 Christmas issue of this Magazine.

SOME FAMOUS IRISH LOVE AFFAIRS.

II.—LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AND PAMELA—Continued.

book-room, with the windows open, hearing the birds sing, and the place looking beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered; and, with the door open, the room smells like a green-house. Pamela has dressed four beautiful flower pots, and is now working at her frame while I write to my dearest mother. Upon the two little stands there are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bow window, with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the pretty wife, and Frescati gives me—with your last dear letter to my wife before me—so you may judge how I love you at this moment. Yes, dearest mother, I am delighted at the Malvern party, and am determined to meet you there. I dote on being with you anywhere, but particularly in the country, as I always think we enjoy one another's company there more than in the town. I long for a little walk with you, leaning on me—or to have a long talk with you, sitting out in some pretty spot, of a fine day, with your long cane in your hand, working at some little weed at your feet, and looking down, talking all the time. But I won't go on in this way, for I should want to set out directly, and that cannot be. So I shall give you some account of what we have been doing," etc., etc.

A charming picture that of the stately "Sir Joshua's Duchess," whose likeness we have known since childhood, as it hung on the brocaded panels of the green drawing-room at Castletown, from whence it has, within this young century, been moved to the ducal house at Carton. But the above chatty epistle was interrupted in its pleasant flow, and resumed two days later :—

"My Dearest,—I was stopped in my letter by my dear wife being taken suddenly ill; she is now much better, and is going on as well as possible. She has not kept her bed, by the doctor's advice, but lies on a couch in the book-room. I was frightened a good deal the first day at her great weakness, but she is much stronger to-day, and I feel quite comfortable about her. We have luckily had two of the finest days that ever were, so we have all the windows open. Not to be far from her, I am amusing myself dressing the little beds about the house, and have had all the little green full mowed and rolled; the little mound of earth that is round the bays, and myrtle before the house, I have planted with tufts of gentianellas and primroses, and lily of the valley, and they look beautiful, peeping out of the dark evergreen; close to the root of the great elm I have put a patch of lily of the valley. The beds are well dressed, and the whole thing looks beautiful, and I mean to keep it as neat as possible when here; in short, dearest mother, I only want you here, and little wife well; for, in the midst of the feelings of the fine weather, I want her to enjoy them with me."

In June following there is a description of the gardens and pleasure grounds at Castletown, Co. Kildare, the residence of Colonel Conolly, who was married to Lady Louisa Lennox, the Duchess' younger sister, and a comparison of that noble seat with Carton, with the fond declaration, "I believe there never was a person who understood planting and making a place as you do! The more one sees Carton and this place (Frescati, to which she had returned), the more one admires them."

A visit to Her Grace's and daughter's, in England, followed, and again they were in Dublin in January for Parliament, after Xmas at Castletown and Carton for balls, hunting, and visiting, but he writes, "I regret our dear quiet Malvern, and no party will ever be so pleasant to me. My dear little wife has been, upon the whole, cheerful and amused, which, of course, pleases me. I never have received an answer from her mother, so Pamela is still ignorant of what has happened."

In the following February he turned practical gardener at Frescati, "to help Tim. Weather so hot that I go without my coat, and the birds singing like spring. I have been hard at work cleaning the little corner at the right of the house, digging round roots of trees, raking ground, and planting thirteen two-year old laurels and Portugal laurels. . . . Have also trimmed the rose trees. I mean from thence to go to the rosery, . . . and am to have hyacinths, jonquils, pinks, cloves, narcissuses, in little beds before the house, etc. Pamela sends you her love—hers and mine to all the rest. Bless you all—I wish to God you were here. If you want anything done tell me. . . . Pam has not been in town since we came. She goes to the manufacturers' ball on Friday. She is quite well, eats, drinks, and sleeps well. She works a great deal, and I read to her. I have left off gardening, for I hated that all my trouble should go to that vile Lord Westmoreland, and my flowers to be for *aides-de-camp*, chaplins, and all such followers of a lord lieutenant."

The then Viceroy, one of the most inefficient Ireland ever possessed, had some idea of renting Frescati from the Duchess, and Lord Edward removed his modest household to the town of Kildare, where Colonel Conolly gave him the use of a small house, the lodge, which he describes as "the smallest thing imaginable, and to numbers would have no beauty," yet "I feel pleasant, contented, and happy, and all these feelings and sights never come across me without bringing dearest, dearest mother to my heart's recollection. . . . Pam is as well as possible, better than ever; the only inconvenience she finds is great fulness, for which she was bled this morning, and it has done her a great deal of good. I can't tell you how delighted she was with your china, and how it adds to our little *ménage*—it is beautiful, and your dear way of buying and giving it goes to my heart. What would I give to have you here drinking tea out of it! If you do not come we will go to you. I don't know how nursing and travelling do, but if the child prove strong it won't mind it.

"Parting with poor dear Frescati did make me melancholy. . . . I have not stirred from this place since we came" . . . from Dublin. "I ought to thank you for the *requisites*, which really helped us a great deal, and which you were quite right in supposing we had not thought of. Pam is going on as well as possible, strong, healthy, and in good spirits. We drive and walk every day. She never thinks of what is to come, I believe, or, if she does, it is with great courage; in short, I never saw her, I think, in such good spirits. Seeing her thus makes me so, and I feel happy, and look forward with good hope. Thank God! I generally see all things in the best light. . . . I confess Leinster House does not inspire the brightest ideas. By-the-by, what a melancholy house it is; you can't conceive how much it appeared so to us when we first came from Kildare, but it is going off a little. A poor country housemaid I brought with me cried for two days, and said she thought she was in prison. Pam and I amuse ourselves a good deal by walking about the streets. . . . My little place will be charming next year; this last month and the present would require my being there; but I must take care of the little plant that is coming, which will give me great pleasure, I hope. Believe me, dearest, best mother,

"Your affectionate son, "Edward."

. . . . . .

What a contrast does this quiet, orderly, domestic life form to the career of maddening politics, rebellion, treachery, and an ignominious death which followed, and ended for ever those days of happiness and love.

That sad history is too well known to need comment here. What a terrible scene was that death bed of the young hero, and how splendidly did his noble aunt, and brother Henry show during its protracted agony. Lady Louisa Conolly appealed in vain to the Viceroy, Lord Camden, for permission to see her nephew in prison; he heard her entreaties with callous indifference, although as she herself admitted, in her just indignation at his refusal, "I, who never before kneeled to aught but my God, grovelled at that man's feet in vain!"

Different, be it told with emphasis, was the reception she met with from Lord Clare. It has been recorded by her more successful nephew, Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular war, that on Camden's cold refusal and imperturbable indifference, she drove straight from her interview with him, at the Castle, to Lord Clare's house, in Leinster Street, where she sent in her name with the request of an interview, without leaving her carriage. The great lawyer was at dinner at the time, but not only granted her request, but waited upon her at her carriage door, his dinner napkin in his hand, just as he had risen hastily from the table. Lady Louisa promptly asked him for an order to see Lord Edward Fitzgerald in prison, and he as promptly told her he could not give her one—it had been so settled. "But," added he abruptly, "I can go with you and let you into the jail," and, jumping into the carriage, with the table napkin still in his hand, they drove to the jail, where he introduced her, then after a time returned to tell her niece, Miss Napier, who had been of the party, "Lady Louisa will be here a long time; it is not fitting that you should remain with her; *I* will remain with her." After which he placed a police officer in charge of the carriage, to protect it on its way across Dublin, to Merrion Street, where the Conolly family had their town house, and himself re-entered the prison, where he remained, in the outer room of Lord Edward's cell, for three hours awaiting Lady Louisa's exit.

Lady Louisa again visited that sad deathbed scene, accompanied by Lord Henry Fitzgerald, a most loving brother, on the evening of June 3rd, this time by permission of those in authority, who now realised that their noble prisoner had but a few hours to live. The occasion has been fully recorded by her ladyship in a letter to Mr. Ogilvie, and we ourselves have had the sad privilege of reading in painful detail the full account of Lord Edward's illness and death from the manuscript notes of Dr. Garnet, who attended the prisoner professionally, and whose last duty was to forward the following note at "Six o'clock, June 4th, 1798. Mr. Garnet presents his respectful compliments to Lady Louisa Conolly, and begs leave to communicate to her the melancholy intelligence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's death. He drew his last breath at two o'clock this morning, after a struggle that began soon after his friends left him last night."

We know how that faithful, loving aunt took upon herself the arrangements of burial, and arranged for the temporary interment in a vault of St. Werburgh's Church, to be effected at midnight, in order to avoid all public notice and probable tumult. The devoted mother had long resided in England, where, completely stricken, she died.

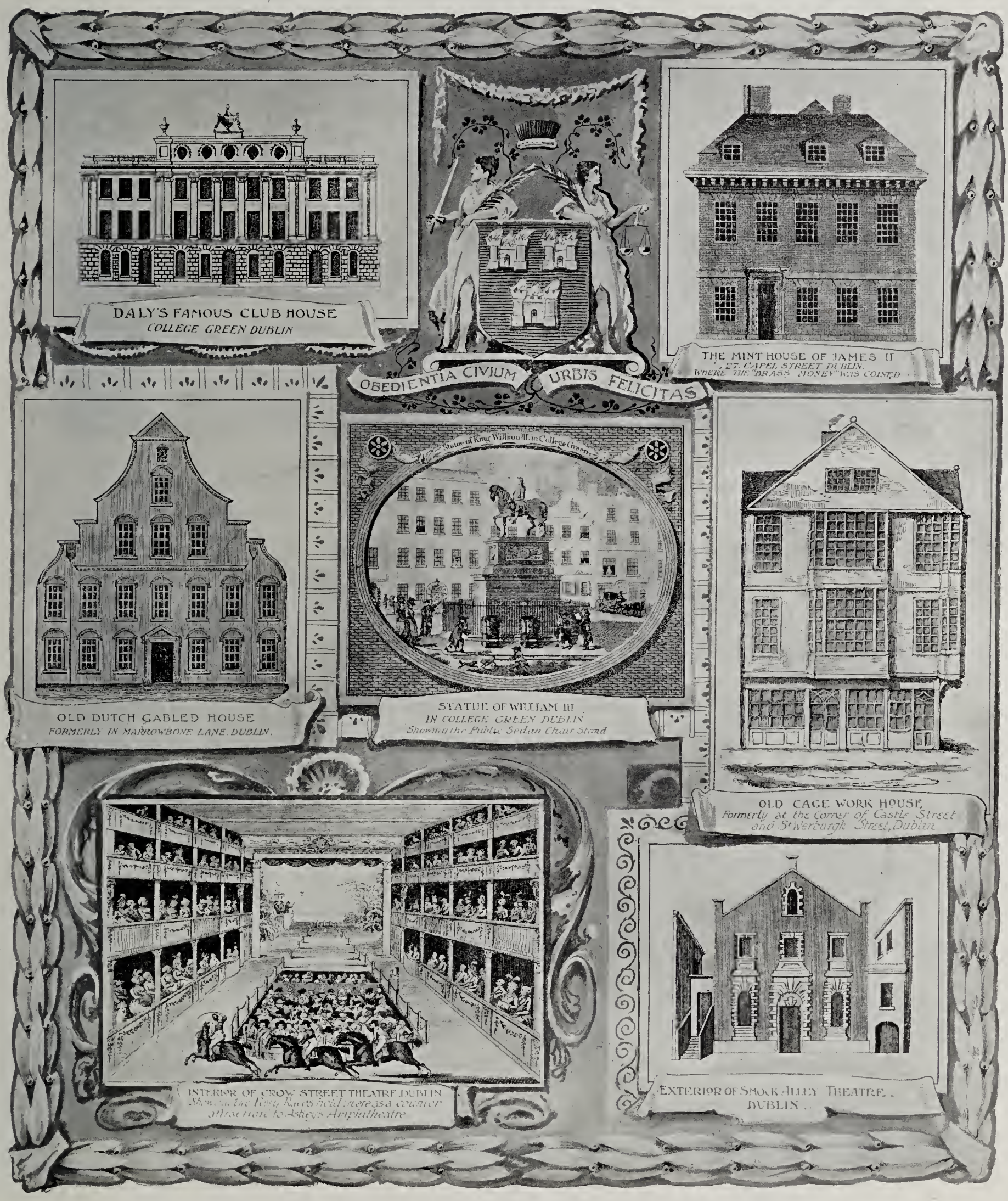
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Some Features of Old Dublin.



Some of the above views are from rare prints presented to the National Gallery of Ireland by Mr. Walter G. Strickland; others are from prints in the possession of the Editor.



MARRIAGE OF RICHARD DE CLARE, EARL OF PEMBROKE,

Surnamed Strongbow, with Eva, daughter of Dermot MacMorrogh, King of Leinster, after the capture of Waterford in 1170.

By Daniel Maclise, R A. In the National Gallery of Ireland.



IRISH WARRIORS AND PEASANTS, 1521, BY ALBERT DURER.

The original of the above pen drawing, washed with colour, is now in Berlin. Above the two figures upon the left is a line signifying, "Here go the Warriors in Ireland beyond England"; while above the figures on the right the intimation is written in German, "Here go the peasants in Ireland." At the top of drawing Durer's monogram and the date appears. The above facsimile is reproduced from the copy by Dr. F. Lippman, of Berlin, now in the National Gallery of Ireland.

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A DUBLIN CHRISTMAS IN 2008.

ON the morning of Christmas Eve, 2008, Peggy O'Connor, on coming down to breakfast, found the following message on the telegraphic notice plaque in the hall:

"We are dining half-an-hour earlier this evening, as George has sent word from Bombay, that he will turn on the cinematograph at nine."

Having read the message, Peggy went into the breakfast room, and while waiting for her husband to come down turned on the news stop of her literary machine.

On the white, dull glass, the following announcements appeared one after another:

"The Prime Minister, after his week's holiday, in the course of which he visited China, Japan, and Central Africa, has returned to Dublin."

"The air-fight between the opposing powers, which waged all the early part of yesterday, was brought to a sudden close by a fierce tornado, of such violence that the storm resisting apparatus was rendered useless. The airships have been blown into space, and no trace of their whereabouts can be found."

"Yesterday a large crowd collected to witness the demolition of the few houses remaining in the Camden and Aungier Streets' area. The new garden dwellings in the neighbourhood are rapidly approaching completion. Some regret was expressed by some very old people present, at the destruction of the last remnant of old Dublin."

Just as she finished this paragraph, Peggy heard her husband's step on the stairs.

"Happy Christmas Eve, Peggy!" he said, as he kissed her. "I see we're to be at Harry's half-an-hour earlier than usual.

"Yes, George is turning on the cinematograph at nine, and they think, I suppose, it would be pleasanter to watch it after dinner."

"I hope the night will be fine," her husband said, as he looked out of the window. It will be pleasanter to fly than to go by motor."

"Are you ready for breakfast?" asked Peggy, as she touched a button in the wall.

A faint, whirring sound was heard, and presently a panel in the wall opened, and a dumb waiter, laden with an excellent breakfast, wheeled into the room, stopped at the table, when Peggy touched a spring on one side. She spread the dishes over the table, and breakfast began.

"Do you know?" she began, "that I was just thinking this morning how funny it must have been to have lived a hundred years ago. Grandmother used to tell me that even in her mother's time people used to keep a woman to cook their food for them, and a great part of the morning was taken up with going to shops and buying provisions. Then there were servants to clean the house, and carry round the dishes at dinner time. Fancy having a person fussing round you like that while you were eating, and listening to everything you were saying, and, most curious of all, these strangers used to sleep in the house. I wonder how all the girls who work now in the public kitchens and laundries and dressmaking places would like to leave their nice little garden homes like that?"

"Well, I've been told these servants became attached to the family, but I must say I shouldn't like to have a perpetual stranger within my gates, besides now that the Local Authorities give a free house to every family, on condition of at least one member working for the State without wages there doesn't seem any reason for girls leaving their homes."

Breakfast finished, Miss Peggy walked out into the garden, while the local cleansing employees cleaned the house from top to bottom by an air process, which lasted for a quarter of an hour. Her house lay on a slope on the borders of the Devil's Glen, to which the outskirts of the city of Dublin now stretched. The house stood at some little distance from the station of the electric railway, which stretched its network high over the houses and gardens of the city, formed in its central part of beautifully planted squares, surrounded by houses, each standing in its own small garden. As the city spread outwards these gardens became larger, till, in the neighbourhood of Peggy's house, each house stood in its own grounds.

The supports and parapets of the railway were covered with light, evergreen creepers, which in summer formed a foundation for fruit bearing plants, such as tomatoes, and vegetable marrows.

"I don't think I'll go very far to-day, as I've such a long fly before me to-night. I'll just take the train to the dressmakers, and get a new dress in honour of Christmas Eve."

Presently she was seated in one of the lightly built, elegantly appointed carriages, flying along over the houses and gardens.

She soon reached the State dressmaking building. Like every other, it was surrounded by a beautifully planted space. Long balconies ran round the buildings, which in summer were gay with flowers, and even now at Christmas looked green and refreshing.

Peggy wished for a white dress, so she made for the white department, which with all the other colours and black took up the whole of the ground floor. The dresses were arranged on rows of expansible figures, which stood on circular rails, which revolved slowly, making the dresses pass in procession before the intending buyers.

Just as Peggy entered, she met a crowd of girls leaving the place, their six hours' work was over, and their place was now to be taken by others.

Peggy chose her dress, which was then dispatched by pneumatic tube to her home, where she soon followed it, and rested till evening.

Dressed in her new frock, she stood waiting for her husband at the foot of the staircase leading to the roof. As the clock struck six he came out of his room, and together they climbed out on the flat roof, where attached to tall painted poles, resembling gondola poles, their air motors were moored.

Peggy stepped into the inflated waterproof cylinder, which contained a cosy seat like an armchair, and seeing that her husband was also ready, she unmoored her car, and together they set out on their airy flight. High over the town they passed, where the air was full of flyers like themselves, many of whom waved their hands and wished them a Happy Christmas. On over the open country, till they came in sight of the sea. Then after an hour's flight they descended to the roof of a country house near Youghal.

Their host and hostess were waiting for them in the clear frosty air, wrapped in furs; they were enjoying the moonlight, in which the firs and pines around the house stood out in stately darkness.

"I'm glad you're punctual," said Peggy's sister-in-law, as they exchanged Christmas greetings. "I want to have dinner well over before George rings us up."

"What a grand thing it is to have both brother and husband electrical engineers!" said Peggy. "If George wasn't one and Paul another we couldn't have had our cinematograph to-night."

"No, indeed, we couldn't afford it, but now let's go to dinner."

At dinner, as at breakfast, all the service was accomplished by touching a series of buttons. When the dumb waiter had vanished for the last time, the hostess rose and led the way to a room at the back of the house, one end of which was occupied by a large screen. Numbers of wires ran along the ceiling, and disappeared behind the screen. A large gramophone horn projected at the side.

They sat down, extinguished the lights, and waited in the dark.

Suddenly a voice, faint but distinct, sounded in the darkness:

"A Merry Christmas to you all; I'm going to turn on now."

And at the same time a light flashed upon the screen, while the faint voice went on.

"We've just finished dinner; if you look you'll see us all sitting on the verandah."

As the voice described, figures in light evening dress were seen sitting in the verandah of a bungalow. The men were smoking and the women chattering together.

"Here we all are, you see. How do you think Kitty's looking? That girl beside her is Mrs. Keatinge. Kitty's written to tell you about her. We've had a splendid time the last week, and now we're going to have a conjuring entertainment, but first Kitty wants to show you the baby. I tell her she mayn't have an opportunity like this for some time, as it's jolly expensive."

As the voice spoke, an Indian woman appeared, carrying the baby. The mother took it from her, and held it so that its face was plainly to be seen.

"It's the image of George!" cried Peggy, "tell him so, Paul."

"I can't," her brother-in-law answers. "When the vocal wire is in use, it can only be worked from one end."

"What a pity!" cried Peggy; "however I can write and tell her."

The voice went on: "His mother says he's the finest child ever was, but here come the jugglers."

The baby was laid in a basket on the ground, and the juggling entertainment began. The usual Indian tricks were shown—the tree growing from a seed in a moment of time, the rope thrown into the air and vanishing from sight, the Indian basket and the egg that swells till it becomes a man's head speaking.

But the blood of the audience in the darkened room froze in their veins at sight of a figure crawling through the grass towards the basket in which the baby lay. Nearer and nearer it came, unnoticed by the onlookers, who were engrossed in watching the jugglers, till a long, skinny arm was thrust forth, and the child was grasped.

A gasp of horror broke from Peggy and her sister-in-law.

"Kitty, Kitty, the child!" broke from them both, forgetting that Kitty could not hear them.

But while they sat motionless with horror, the native nurse rushed upon the scene, and seizing the long, skinny arm, held it in a grasp from which there was no escape.

In a moment all was confusion, then the light on the screen vanished, and still they all sat motionless in the darkness.

Then once more the voice sounded: "I can't show you any more, but you've seen enough, I daresay. The fellow who tried to steal the child has borne me a grudge for many a long day. However, we have him safe enough now. Good-night and God bless you all!"

"I don't know," said Peggy, an hour later, if this over the seas' cinematograph is such an advantage after all. Just think what we've gone through to-night. Imagine if the child had been stolen."

"Oh, well, we needn't worry about it, as it's quite safe," said her husband.

"All the same," answered Peggy, "I think in some ways the people who lived a hundred years ago must have had a quieter time."

"And a duller," said her husband. "You have to pay for everything."

"Still a peaceful life is a blessing," answered Peggy.

THE ONLY PIANO MAKERS with 135 YEARS EXPERIENCE ARE POHLMANNS', DUBLIN, and 9, Marlboro' St., CORK.

Some Famous Irish Beauties.

"Irish Girls of no fortune, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, and who are declared the handsomest women alive."
HORACE WALPOLE *writing of the Gunnings.*



ELIZABETH GUNNING.

Born, 1734, Castle Coote. To London, 1751. Married Duke of Hamilton, 1752 he died 1758. Married Colonel Campbell (1759), subsequently (1770) Duke of Argyll. Created peeress, own right, Baroness Hamilton of Hambledon, 1776. Mistress of Robes to Queen, 1778. Died 1791.
After Francis Cotes, R.A.



MARIA GUNNING.

Countess of Coventry. Born at Castle Coote, Co. Roscommon, in 1733. The daughter of John Gunning and Bridget, daughter of Theobald, 6th Viscount Mayo. Came to London in 1851, and in the following year married the Earl of Coventry. Died in October, 1760.
After Francis Cotes, R.A.



KITTY GUNNING.
(Mrs. Travis.)

"The youngest of the Graces, | Whoe'er compares their features and their fame
So like in beauty to the other two, | Will know at once that Gunning is her name."

After Francis Cotes, R.A.



DOROTHEA MONROE.

Famous Dublin beauty, "Dolly Monroe." Rejected eligible offers, hoping to marry Viceroy, Lord Townsend. He humoured idea to gain votes of her uncle's (Lord Ely) puppets (6) in Parliament. Ultimately she married a Commoner, Member for Armagh, 1775, and died 1811.
After Angelica Kauffman.

Some Irish Love Affairs.

III.—DEAN SWIFT AND "STELLA."

Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And, if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them, but mockeries of the past.—BYRON.

THE latest utterance upon the vexed problem of the Relations of Swift and Stella comes to us from the Very Reverend John H. Bernard, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's, who is, we venture to say, the most scholarly of Swift's successors in the dignified position which that wrathful, charitable, disappointed, and afflicted great Irish churchman held during the reigns of George I. and George II.

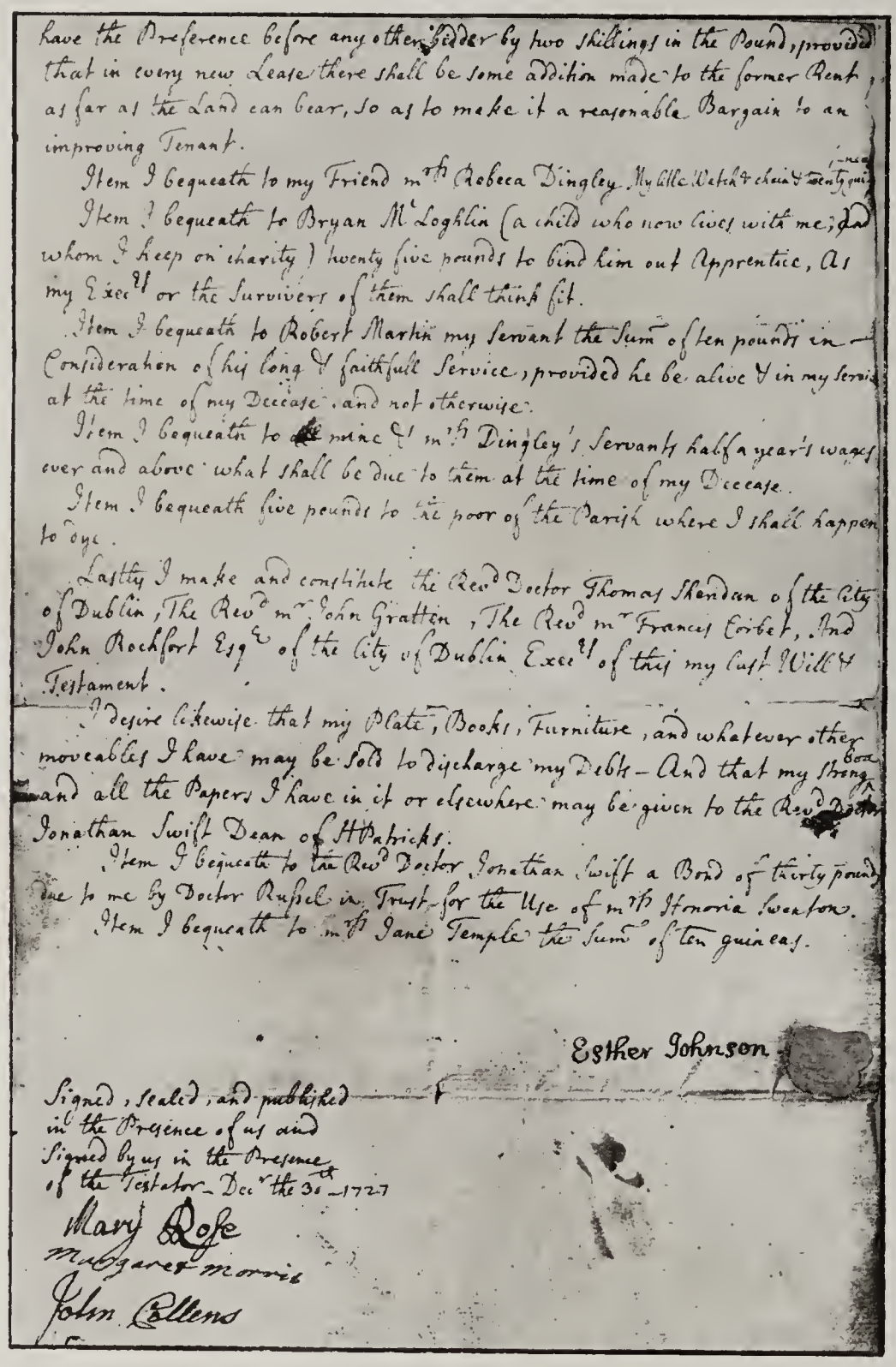
Dean Bernard's valuable criticism has but issued from the press on the morning of this day upon which we write, and appears as an important section of the Appendix, Vol. XII., to a new edition of Swift's works published by Messrs. Bell. The Dean's pen is as fluent as his delightful conversation, and he is chivalrous to Stella. He does not believe her to have been the daughter of Sir Wm. Temple, but he brings important evidence from the Chapter Book of St. Patrick's Cathedral towards proof of the alleged mysteriously secret marriage between this strange pair of life-long friends. His support of Stella's legitimacy of birth is founded upon a registry entry of her baptism as Esther Johnson, together with an ascertained fact that Temple was abroad upon diplomatic service for two years, including the period of the child's birth.

But, as "Love laughs at Locksmiths," so even in that comparatively dark age, the seventeenth century, Ambassadors made little of the then tedious journey between England and the Continent—were, indeed, frequently called upon to undertake it upon secret missions necessary to the intricate politics of the time, especially during the Revolution and after the accession of William and Mary. We may therefore, in this age of scepticism and the emancipation of womankind, uphold if we will, the alleged gentlewomanhood of our heroine, who was known later, in the *entourage* of the ex-Minister as "Miss Hetty," who had her hair curled and her gowns as smart as need be, and who was, as Swift himself assures us, "looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in all London—only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection."

We hear nothing of the grace, perfection, or even gentility of her sister, Ann Johnson; and we know that her mother was employed as housekeeper at Moor Park, and subsequently as ordinary waiting-woman, or lady's maid, to Lady Giffard, Sir William Temple's sister.

THE LAST PAGE OF STELLA'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Containing the Bequest to Dr. Jonathan Swift, and appointing the Rev. J. Grattan, brother of Henry Grattan, as an Executor.



have the Preference before any other Bidder by two Shillings in the Pound, provided that in every new Lease there shall be some addition made to the former Rent, as far as the Land can bear, so as to make it a reasonable Bargain to an improving Tenant.

Item I bequeath to my Friend mrs Rebeca Dingley My Sille Watch & chain & twenty guin

Item I bequeath to Bryan Mc Loghlin (a child who now lives with me, & whom I keep on charity) twenty five pounds to bind him out Apprentice, As my Exec.rs or the Survivers of them shall think fit.

Item I bequeath to Robert Martin my Servant the Sum of ten pounds in Consideration of his long & faithfull Service, provided he be alive & in my Service at the time of my Decease, and not otherwise.

Item I bequeath to mine & mrs Dingley's Servants half a year's wages over and above what shall be due to them at the time of my Decease.

Item I bequeath five pounds to the poor of the Parish where I shall happen to dye.

Lastly I make and constitute the Revd Doctor Thomas Sheridan of the City of Dublin, The Revd mr John Grattan, The Revd mr Francis Corbet, And John Rochfort Esqr of the City of Dublin Exec.rs of this my Last Will & Testament.

I desire likewise that my Plate, Books, Furniture, and whatever other moveables I have may be Sold to discharge my Debts—And that my Strong Box and all the Papers I have in it or elsewhere may be given to the Revd Doctor Jonathan Swift Dean of St Patricks.

Item I bequeath to the Revd Doctor Jonathan Swift a Bond of thirty pounds due to me by Doctor Russel in Trust for the Use of mrs Honoria Swanton.

Item I bequeath to mrs Jane Temple the Sum of ten guineas.

Esther Johnson

Signed, Sealed, and published in the Presence of us and Signed by us in the Presence of the Testator—Dec.r the 30—1727

Mary Rose
Margaret Morris
John Collens

Reproduced from the Original Document in the Public Record Office of Ireland. By kind permission of Mr. James Mills, I.S.O.M.R.I.A., Deputy Keeper of the Rolls in Ireland.

It is upon that raven-black hair, and the peculiar, shelving character of Stella's features, that we venture to found our conviction of the parentage, in which traits a marked resemblance to Temple may be easily traced in a fine portrait of him taken in the prime of life, now in the National Portrait Gallery in London, and the various pictures of Stella, as well as the cast of her small skull taken in 1835. Captious critics will not accept any of these pictures as Stella's true semblance, or nearly all of them have fallen a prey to so-called picture *restorers*—those necessary evils consequent upon the ravages of old Time!—and in looking at that one attributed to Jervis, in our own National Gallery, we share Gentle Elia's indignation against these sapient trouble tombs Mr. Commentator Malone and the officious sexton of Stratford Church who whitewashed Shakespeare's sweet monumental effigy; and we would inflict severer chastisement than mere "clapping in the stocks" upon all such ignorant defacers of our illustrious dead. We perceive at a glance that a coarse, rash hand has daubed Stella's ringlets with commonplace brown paint and robbed her of a birthright that "hair as black as a raven." The form of her fine bust and pillar-like throat remain to us less coarsely obliterated; yet we doubt the whole picture as it is now presented to us, and feel its beauty has been blurred by that unfeeling, sacrilegious brush.

Further, can we help taking as significant Temple's evident, especial interest in "Miss Hetty," in bequeathing to her for her personal benefit the then considerable sum of £1,000, and the lease of a farm in County Wicklow? That small landed interest was the *raïson d'etre* of her becoming our countrywoman by adoption; or it at

Continued at page 12.

DIXON'S DUBLIN SOAPS CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, AND "STELLA."



REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.,

Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Born at 7, Hoey Court, Dublin, in 1667. The posthumous son of Jonathan Swift, Steward of the King's Inns, and of Abigail his wife. Educated at Kilkenny School and Trinity College. Author of "A Tale of a Tub," "Drapier's Letter," "Journal to Stella," "Gulliver's Travels," &c. Died 19th October, 1745. His remains were interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral, beside those of "Stella."



ESTHER JOHNSON,

Swift's "Stella." Born in Richmond, Surrey, 13 March, 1681. Her mother was companion to Lady Giffard, sister of Sir William Temple, at whose house, Moor Park, Swift first met her. In 1708 she came to Ireland. Swift formed a life-long attachment to her. It has been stated that a secret marriage took place in 1716, but the evidence is inconclusive. Her death took place in 1728.

From a Painting in the National Gallery of Ireland, attributed to Charles Jarvis.

SOME IRISH LOVE AFFAIRS. III.—DEAN SWIFT AND STELLA—Continued from Page 10.

least gave Swift some grounds for inducing her to establish herself near him when he obtained the living of Laracor.

She was accompanied hither by Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, a distant connection of the Temple family and a still leaner annuity than herself, who was also advised by Swift that living was cheaper, and a higher rate of interest to be had for invested money here than in England. These two ladies remained firm friends throughout the term of their united lives; but much as we admire their constancy, we could now wish Dingley to have been a less staunch confidant, so that by some letter, journal, or even verbal tattling with "Goody Stoyle" Mrs. Raymond, or the landladies at Ormond Quay and the corner house of Stafford Street, we might yet learn more about Stella and their joint domesticity in Dublin. We do know that both ladies took snuff, and loved playing at cards, after the manner of their kind in the days of good Queen Anne, and "the Doctor" himself has not spared dear Stella's *embonpoint* in maturer years, or hesitated to rail at her life-long inability to learn, even from him, how to spell otherwise than phonetically. Yet these women were good Christians and kindly, neighbourly souls, ready for a mild junketing, a "ride" out to Donnybrook with small money in their pockets for the inevitable game at Quadrille or Ombre, and ready to help a country curate's wife down in Meath to prepare baby clothes.

That Stella met warmer-blooded, more practical admirers than Swift in this land of her adoption we also know; and the brutal way her self-appointed guardian met the honourable proposal for her hand made by the Rev. Dr. Tisdall is one of the blackest marks against him in all his treatment of her. Yet, would Stella ever have loved with all her heart any other man than her life-long ruler? Alas! no; we fear not. Gentle lady! her mild star was but a satellite of his flaming orb.

And, why did Stella submit to being placed in such a false position throughout her subsequent life of full ten and a half years' duration after the alleged marriage? True, she had a deep and full revenge in that terrible *mise-en-scene* at Celbridge which killed Vanessa and further embittered her own fast-wearing years; but what a price to pay for that final triumph! And *what* a man was he for whom these devoted women sacrificed themselves! We would have none of him now, we women of the Victorian age. We shrink from even the picture of that stalwart, high-shouldered frame with ponderous head, hirsute, judging by those beetling brows that project penthouse-wise over the cold, steel-blue eyes, "as azure as the heavens," though Pope declared them to be; for we know that they could glare, admonish, threaten, and wither, without word spoken as in poor Vanessa's case; and that sanguine complexion with black shadows in the flesh tells of a nature strong, but capable of savagery.

. . . . . .

There must have been a many-facetted individuality in the harsh man, however. A delightful essayist, himself *preux chevalier*, has claimed for him that "he had treasures of wit and wisdom, aye, and tenderness too, locked up in the gloomy caverns of his heart, which shewed fitfully to one or two whom he took in there"; while Voltaire graciously condescends to him in a description: "M. Swift est Rabelais dans son bon Sens, et vivant en bonne compagnie. Il n'a pas la gaîté du premier, mais il a toute la finesse, la raison, le choix, le bon goût qui manquent à notre curé de Meudon."

Kindly Sir Walter Scott has left us what is, after all, perhaps the fullest life of Swift; and it is by a man's *life*, taken all round, that we must judge him. Sir Leslie Stephen, an able critic, has said that Swift "took possession of men," and assuredly he shewed the same masterful temper towards women, when he troubled himself about them at all. Self-interest led him to first bully and then break away from Varina. Vanessa's wild passion only fed his vanity, for he never intended to marry her; while Stella, whom he really loved, was the most cruelly sacrificed by him of all.

We ourselves firmly believe in the secret marriage romance, and accept as leading links in the broken chain of evidence as to that still doubted solemnization, the facts proved by Dean Bernard that Swift was absent from Dublin and his official duties between the dates of 28th July and 4th October, 1716, and 5th December and 18th March, 1717.

These absences fit in with a passage in Doctor Johnson's Lives of the Poets, relating to Swift. "In 1716 he was married to Mistress Johnson, by Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, as Dr. Madden told me, in the garden"—meaning the garden of the Deanery House at Clogher, where both parties had in previous years visited Dr. Ashe while he was in residence there, and doubtless the honeymoon was spent there, Dr. Ashe himself having the Palace in the town of Clogher as his own official domicile by that time. But why should the bridegroom enjoin his wife and confidential friend to secrecy?

(*Concluded at Page 64.*)



H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

By Appointment



To His Majesty The King.



His Majesty The King of Spai .



SCHWEPPES

The Table Waters of Kings.

DRY GINGER ALE, SODA, etc.



Soda Water

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Historic Figures in the Past of Ireland.



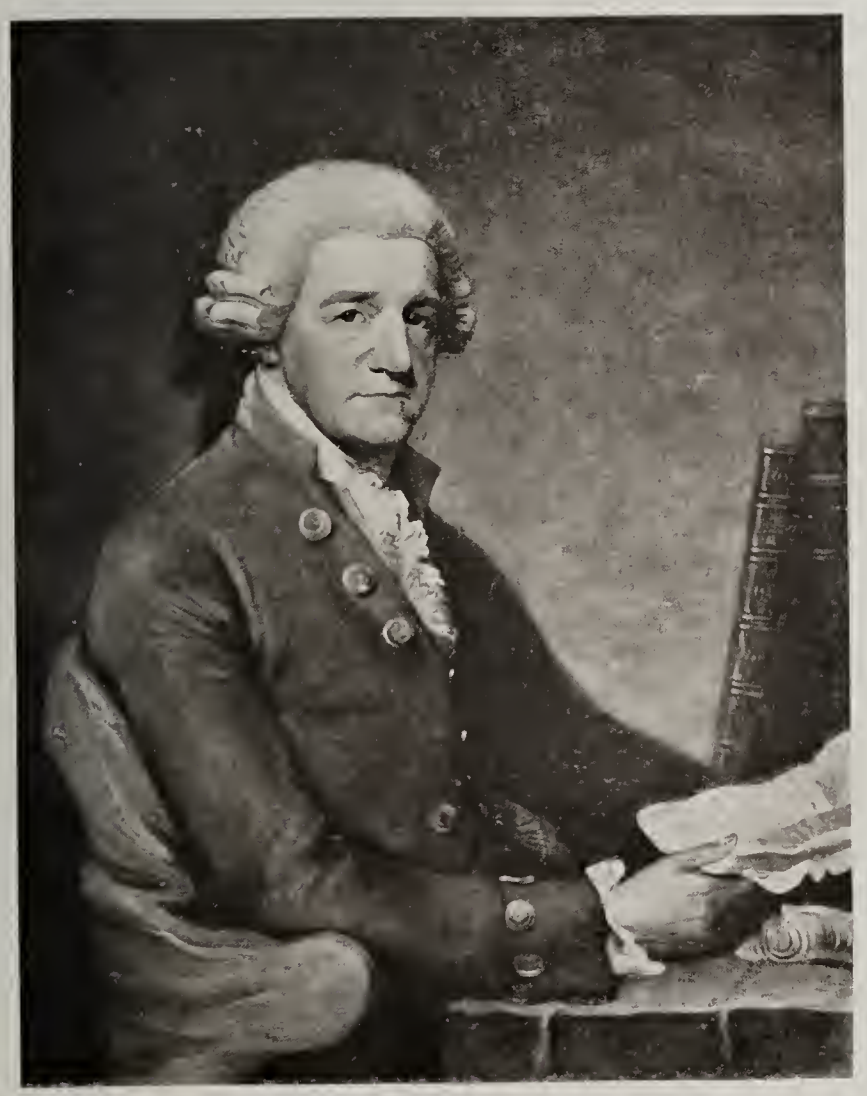
JOHN FITZGIBBON,

First native Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Persistent pioneer of Union; influential in passing measure. Born, 1749. Called to Irish Bar same year as Grattan, 1772. M.P for T.C.D., 1780. Attorney-General, 1783. Lord Chancellor, 1789. Earl Clare, 1795. Died 1802. *From Picture by Hugh D, Hamilton in National Gallery, Ireland.*



CHARLES (COOTE), EARL OF BELLAMONT, K.P.

Opposed Union, every stage, in Irish House of Peers. Born 1738. Knight of the Bath 1764, reward for quelling insurrection in Ulster. Succeeded cousin, Baron Collooney, 1766; a Privy Councillor same year. Created Earl of Bellamont, 1767. Died 20 Oct., 1800.
After Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds in National Gallery, Ireland. Earl here shown in robes as a Knight of the Bath.



EDWARD SEXTEN PERY,

Last Speaker but one, Irish House of Commons. Author of Declaration of Rights proposed, 178?, by Henry Grattan, M.P. for Charlemont, seconded by William Brownlow, M.P. for Armagh. Born 1719. Entered Parliament 175?, Speaker 1771-1785. Created Viscount Pery 1786. Died 1806. *From Mezzotint by Wm. Say, after Painting by C.G. Stuart.*



RICHARD TALBOT, EARL OF TYRCONNEL,

Irish Viceroy James II., summoned Irish Parliament held by James II. at old King's Inns (on site present Four Courts), Dublin. Born 1630. Served in Spain and Flanders, and against Cromwell in Ireland. Fought (Boyne) against William III. Died 14 Aug., 1691
From Drawing by John Bulfinch.



HELENA SELINA, LADY DUFFERIN,

Granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Born 1807. Married Price, 4th Lord Dufferin. Authoress of many songs, poems, and ballads, including the pathetic "Irish Emigrant's Lament," "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary." Died 13 June, 1867.

From the Engraving by Robinson, after F. Stone.



CATHERINE HAYES.

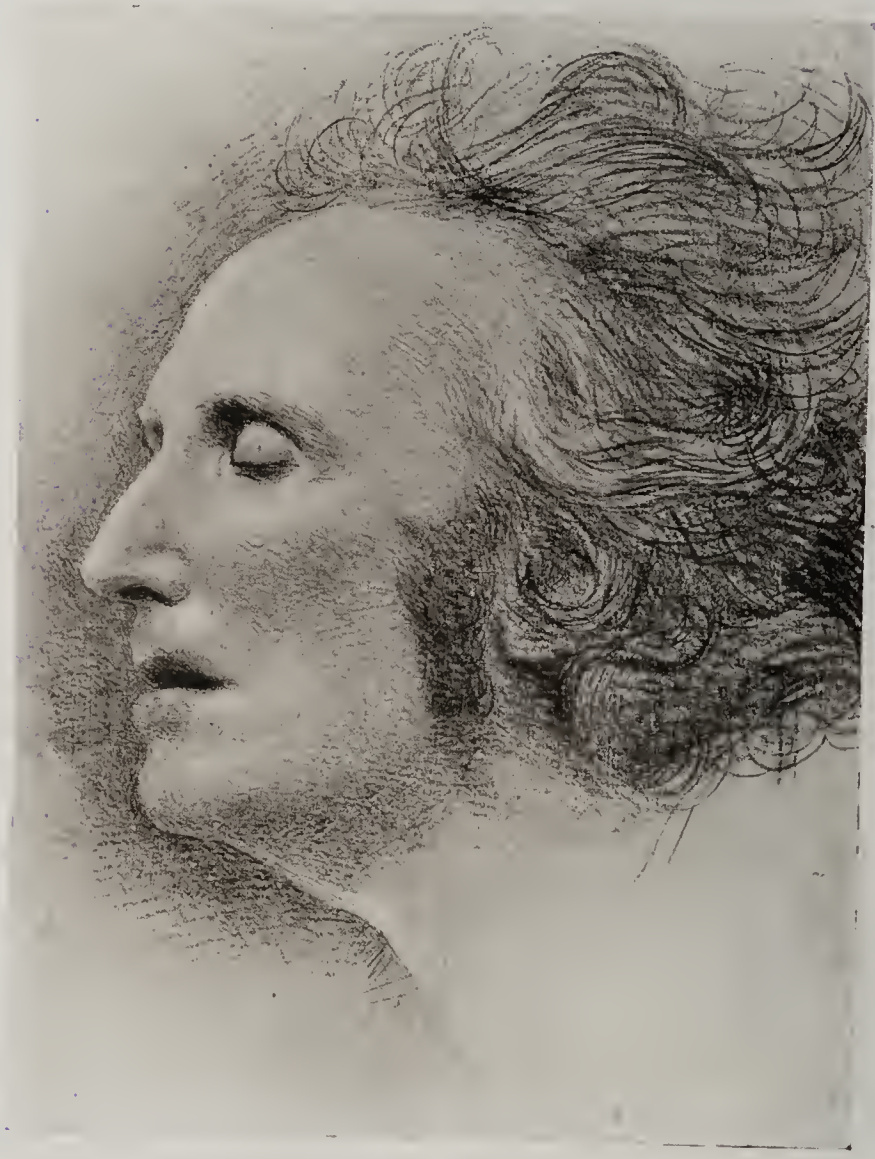
Born, Limerick, 29 Oct., 1825. First sang publicly, Rotunda, Dublin, 1839. Studied for operatic stage under Manuel Garcia and Felice Ronconi. Debut at Marseilles, 10 May, 1845, "I Puritani." Died, Biarritz, 2 July, 1858, leaving a fortune of £16,000.



THOMAS MOORE.

Born at 12, Aungier Street, Dublin, 28 May, 1779. Educated at Trinity College. His chief works were "Lalla Rookh," the famous "Irish Melodies" set to music, founded on old Irish airs, by Sir John Stevenson, and a life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Died 26 Feb., 1852.

From a Chalk Drawing by George Richmond, R.A.



JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Born, Dublin, 1803. Attorney's Clerk, subsequently employed Library T.C.D. His exquisitely beautiful verse contributed to various Dublin periodicals. Died in great poverty, Meath Hospital, Dublin, June, 1849; there, after death, Sir Frederic Burton, R.H.A., made pencil sketch reproduced.

A Pageant of Irish Genius.—Great Irish Churchmen.



JAMES USSHER.

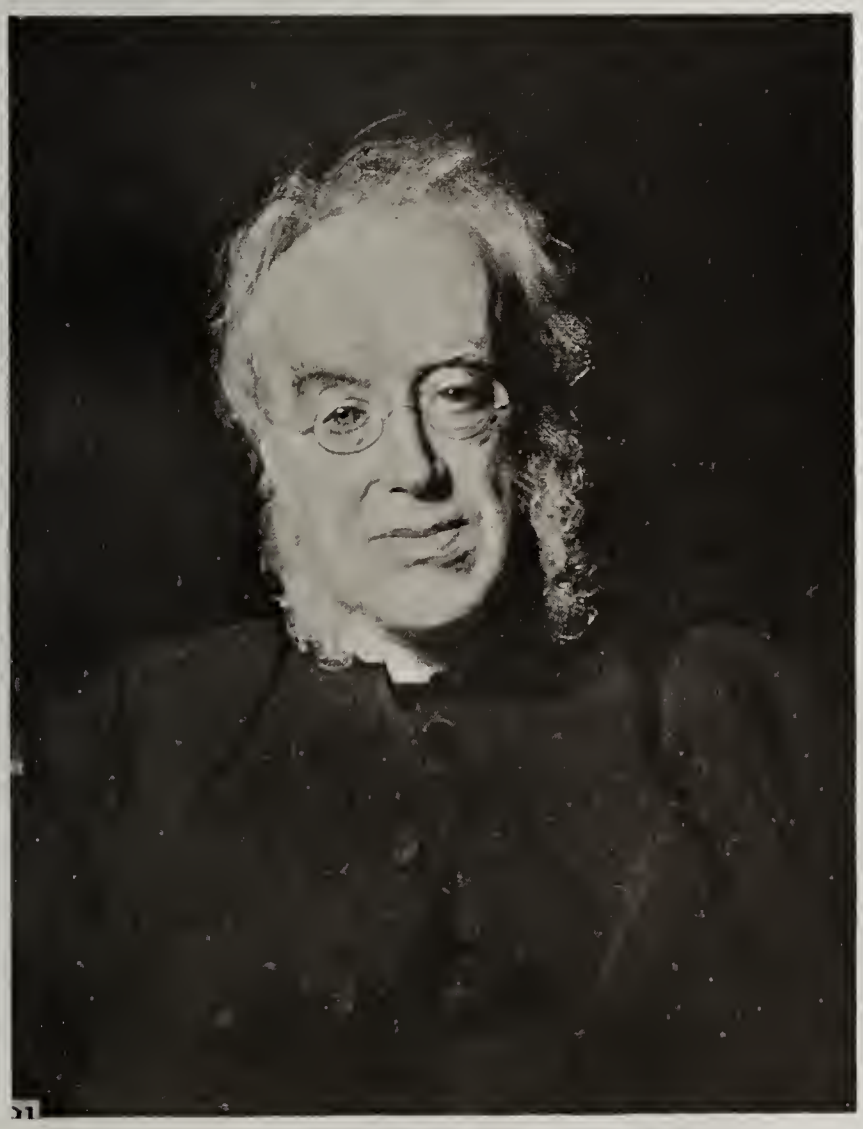
Protestant Archbishop of Armagh. Born 4 Jan., 1581, in High Street, Dublin. Educated at Trinity College. Bishop of Meath, 1620. Archbishop of Armagh, 1624. A voluminous writer on history and chronology, whose works achieved European fame. Died, 21 March, 1656, and his remains were buried in Westminster Abbey.



OLIVER PLUNKETT.

R.C. Archbishop Armagh. Born, Loughcrew, Co. Meath, 1629. Educated, Rome. Professor, Theology, College of Propaganda, 1657-69. Returned to Ireland 1670. Arrested 1679; charge, "treason." "Tried" and "convicted" in London. Hanged, Tyburn, 1 July, 1681. Innocence subsequently admitted.

From the Mezzotint by J. Vander Vart, after G. Morphey's Painting.



REV. GEORGE SALMON.

Theologian and mathematician. Born, Dublin, 1819. Educated, Cork and T.C.D. Senior Moderator in Mathematics. Fellow of T.C.D. Regius Professor of Divinity, 1866-88; Provost, 1888-1904. President, Mathematical and Physical Section, British Association 1878. Died 1904.



REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

Born at Thomastown, Co. Tipperary, 10 Oct., 1790. Entering Capuchin Order, was stationed at Cork. In 1838 began extraordinarily successful Temperance Crusade in Ireland, England, Scotland, and the United States, terminated by his death, 1856

A Pageant of Irish Genius. Music, Sculpture, and Architecture.

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MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

Born, Dublin, 15 May, 1808. Made debut, 1816, solo violinist, public concert. Member, orchestra, Drury Lane, London. Composed and sang in opera abroad till 1835. *Bohemian Girl* most popular of his 26 operas. Died 20 Oct., 1870.

From a Chalk Drawing by John Wood.



WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.

Born, Waterford, 11 March, 1812. Organist at Thurles when 18. Subsequently a violinist, Theatre Royal, Dublin. Spent many years abroad, returning to produce *Maritana*, 1845; *Lurline*, 1860; and the *Amber Witch*, 1862. Died in France, 12 Oct., 1865.



JOHN HENRY FOLEY, R.A

Born, Dublin, 24 May, 1818. Studied at Royal Academy. First exhibited in 1839. In the Sculptor's native city are some of the most beautiful examples of his work. Died 27 Aug., 1874. Interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

From Painting by Thos. Mogford in National Gallery, Ireland



FRANCIS JOHNSTON, P.R.H.A.,

Architect. Born in 1761. Founder of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and at his own expense erected the Academy House in Lower Abbey Street, Dublin. He was architect of the General Post Office and St. George's Church, Dublin.

From the Engraving by H. Meyer, after the Picture by T. C. Thompson, R.H.A.

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JOHN HELY-HUTCHINSON.

Author of "Commercial Restraints of Ireland"; awakened people to necessity for Free Trade, ultimately secured by Irish Volunteers; born 1724; Barrister 1748; entered Irish Parliament 1759; Prime Serjeant, P.C., Provost Trinity College, 1774; Secretary of State, 1777; died 1794. *From James Watson's Mezzotint, after Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*



WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

Born, Ireland, 26 March, 1838. Educated Cheltenham and T.C.D.; Author, History of Ireland, 18th century; charming book. "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" discloses great research, impartial judgment. Historian of morals and rationalism also. Died 1903.



CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

Born Dublin, 31 Aug, 1806; graduated T.C.D; qualified in medicine; first novel, *Harry Lorrequer*, 1837, followed by *Charles O'Malley*, *Tom Burke*, *Jack Hinton*, etc.; editor *Dublin University Magazine*, 1842; subsequently British Consul at Spezzia and Trieste; died, Trieste, 1 June, 1872.
From Chalk Sketch by Stephen Pearce at Florence in 1849, now in National Gallery, Ireland



SAMUEL LOVER.

Born Dublin, 24 Feb., 1797; first novel, *Rory O'More*, 1836; six years later, *Handy Andy*. A prolific writer of songs, tales, and dramatic pieces; as a miniature painter tolerably successful. Died 6 July, 1868; interred at London.
From Chalk Drawing by himself, then 31 years of age.

A Pageant of Irish Genius.—Art and the Drama.



DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

Born, Cork, 1806; studied there, subsequently at R.A., London. Elected A.R.A., 1836; R.A., 1840; declined Presidency, 1866. Painted "Death of Nelson," "Meeting, Wellington and Blucher"; "Marriage, Strongbow and Eva," wall pictures Houses of Parliament, etc. Died 25 April, 1870. *From Sketch, pencil and colour, by himself, in 1829.*



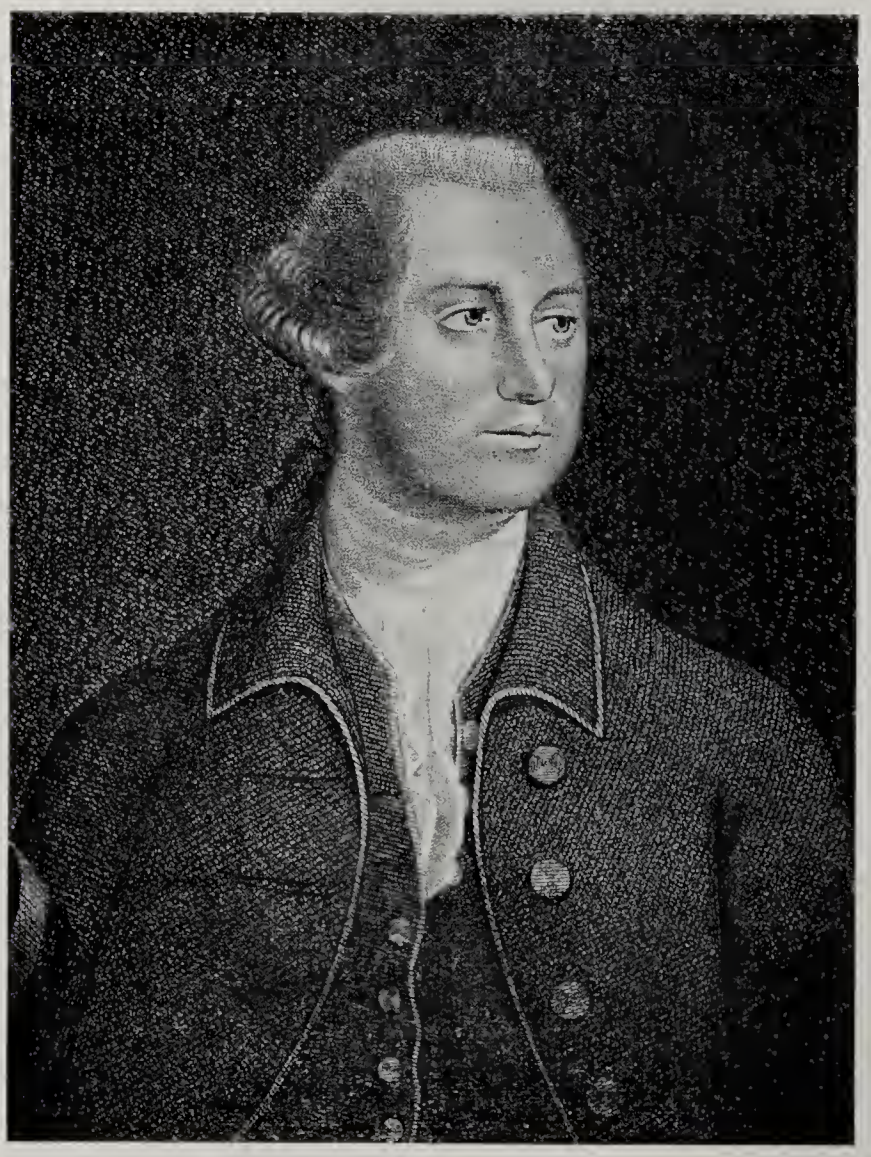
SIR FREDERIC W. BURTON, R.H.A.

Born Corofin, Co Clare, 8 Apr., 1816. Studied in Dublin; exhibited first work, R.H.A., when sixteen. His Irish subjects include "Connaught Toilette," "Arran Fisherman's Drowned Child," "Blind Girl at Holy Well." Director, National Gallery, London, 1874–94. Died, London, 1900. *From Chalk Drawing by himself.*



JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Born, Cork, 12 May, 1784. On stage, Dublin, 1808. Failed as actor, won fame as blank verse dramatist. Subsequently drew thousands to Exeter Hall by his oratory as a Baptist preacher. Died, Torquay, 1 Dec., 1862.



SPRANGER BARRY.

Born, Skinner's Alley, Dublin, 20 Nov., 1719. First appeared Smock Alley, 15 Feb., 1744. Next Garrick, Barry greatest and most fascinating actor 18th century. Noted, manly beauty and glorious voice. Died, London, 10 January, 1777; buried, Westminster Abbey.

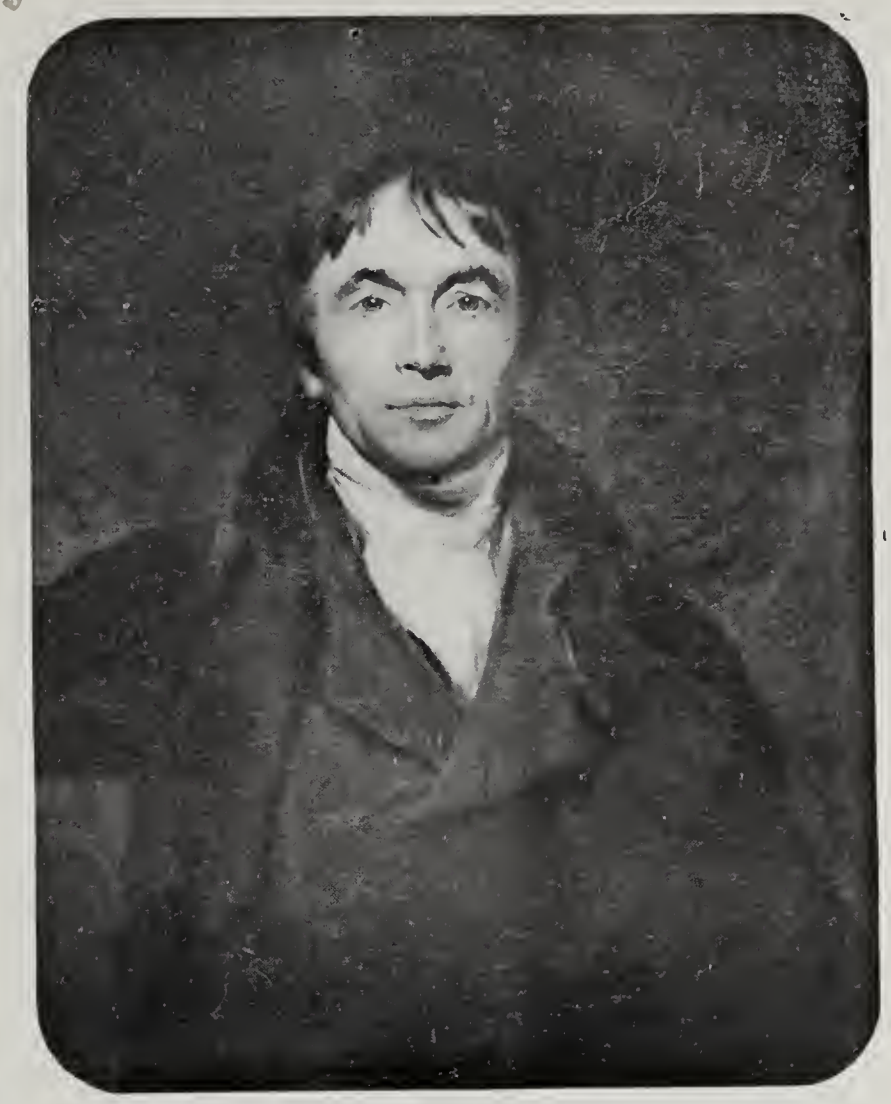
A Pageant of Irish Genius.—Orators, Statesmen and Jurists.

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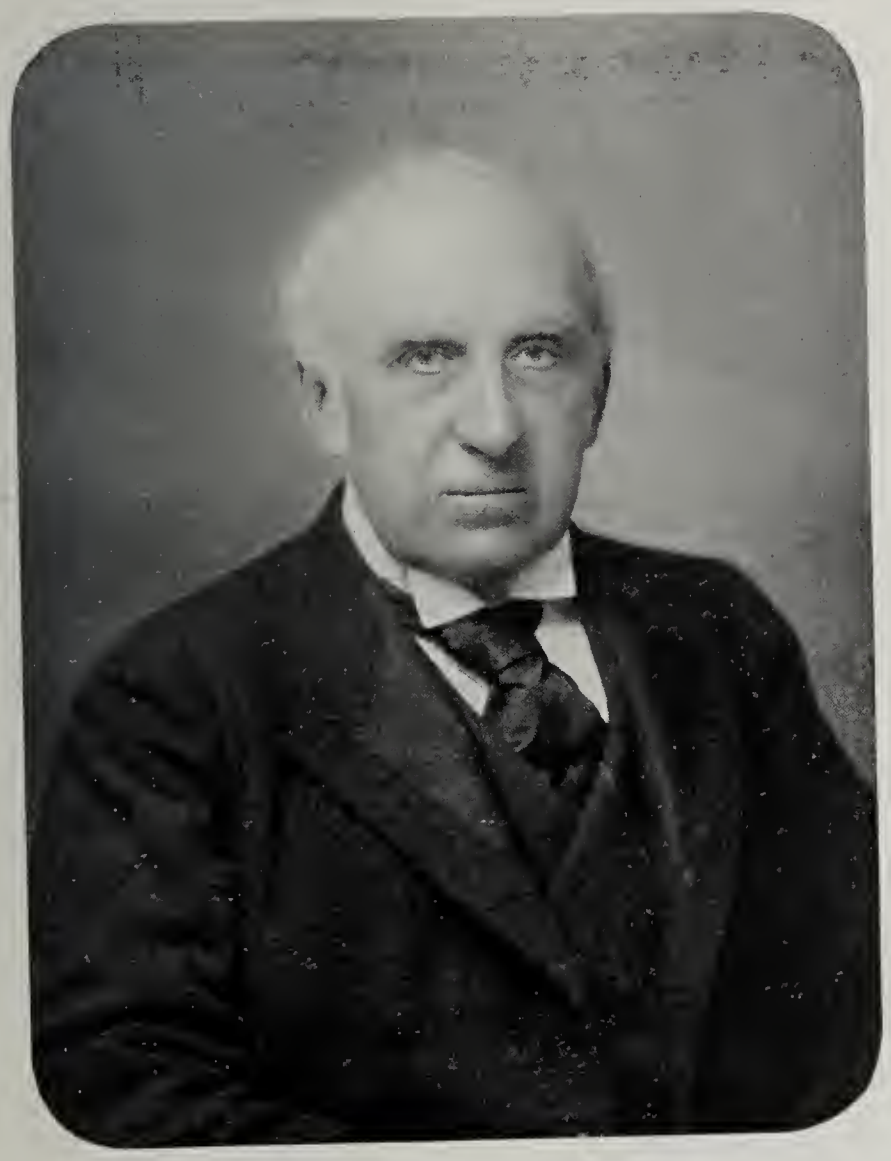
RICHARD LALOR SHEIL, P.C.

Born, Waterford, 17 Aug., 1791. Educated T.C.D.; Barrister, 1814; Dramatist, 1815-25; Zealous Catholic Emancipationist. Vindicated "Irish Valour and Loyalty" in Parliament. Vice-President Board Trade, 1839; Master, Mint, 1846; British Minister, Florence, 1850. Died there, 25 May, 1851. *From Water Colour Miniature by J. P. Haverty, R.H.A.*



JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

Brilliant Opposition leader in Irish Parliament. Born, Newmarket, Co. Cork, 24 July, 1750. Educated T.C.D.; Barrister, 1775. Incorruptible patriot and advocate; brilliant forensic defender of lost causes. Master of the Rolls (Ireland), 1806-14. Died 14 Oct., 1817, in London. *After the Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.*



LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

Born 10 Nov., 1832. Educated, Castleknock College and T.C.D.[?] Soundest lawyer, acutest cross-examiner, most persuasive advocate at English Bar, 1859-94. Lord Chief Justice of England for last six years of his life, 1894-1900.



EDMUND BURKE.

Born, Arran Quay, Dublin, 1 Jan., 1729. Graduate T.C.D. First achievement, "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," 1756. Secretary to Chief Secretary, 1761. Entered British Parliament, 1766; thanked thereby for his fidelity, 1794. Died 9 July, 1797.

A Pageant of Irish Genius.—Distinguished Irish Warriors.



FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS.

Born Cawnpore, 30 Sept., 1832. Educated, Eton, Sandhurst. Fifty-three years' brilliant military service. Received thanks of both Houses of Parliament thrice.



ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Born in Dublin, 29 April, 1769. Fought, Flanders, India (1797–1805), Holland, Spain, Waterloo. Presented by Parliament with estate, Strathfieldsaye (cost £263,000). Received £60,000 prize money out of Waterloo. Died 14 Sept., 1852.



FIELD-MARSHAL HUGH, FIRST VISCOUNT GOUGH, K.P., G.C.B.

Born Woodstone, Co. Limerick, 3 Nov., 1779. Served in West Indies, Spain, India, and China. In 1843 appointed Commander-in-Chief in India. Died at St. Helens, Booterstown, Co. Dublin, 2nd March, 1869.

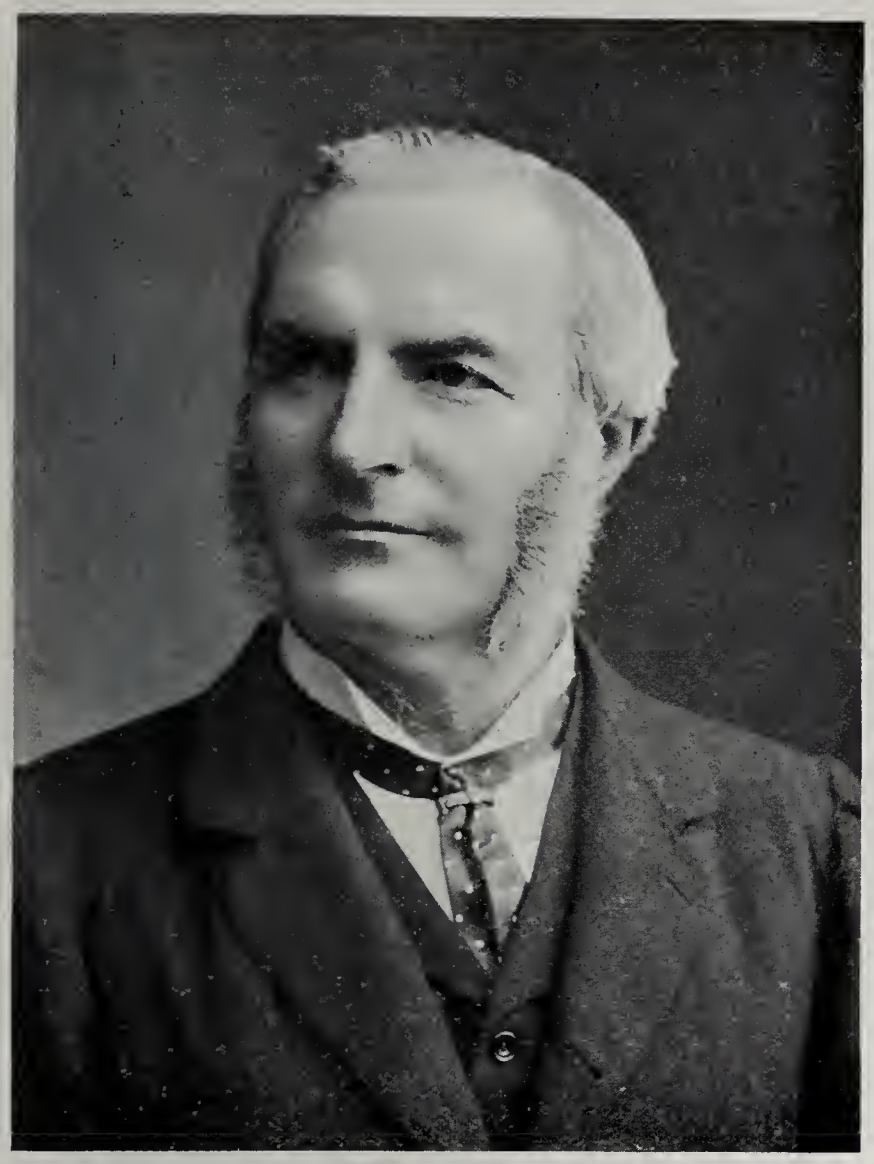


ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES WILLIAM DE LA POER BERESFORD, K.C.B., G.C.V.O.

Born 10 Feb., 1846, in Ireland. Entered Royal Navy, 1859. Awarded three medals for saving life. Distinguished for bravery and resource in action on land or sea.

A Pageant of Irish Genius.—Great Captains of Irish Industry.

167



SIR EDWARD HARLAND, BART.,

Founder of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Ltd., Belfast, greatest Shipbuilders in the world. Designer of modern type of steam vessel. Although not born in Ireland, his life work was performed here, and won credit for Irish industrial ability.



WILLIAM DARGAN.

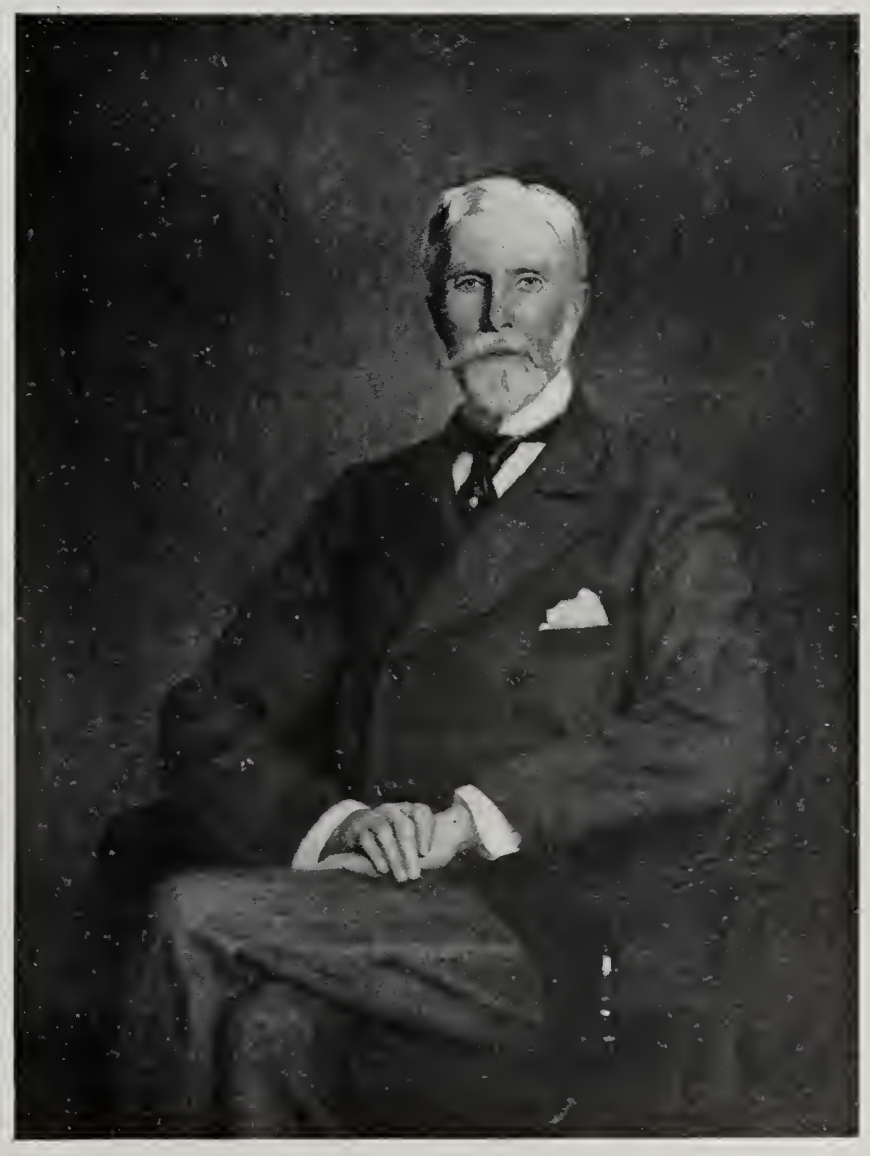
Builder of first railway in Ireland and of the parent G.S. & W. and M.G.W. Ry. systems. Provided first great Exhibition, held at Dublin, 1853. Born, Carlow, 28 Feb., 1799. National Gallery a memorial to Dargan, who died 7 Feb., 1867.

From Portrait by S. Catterson Smith, P.R.H.A



SIR BENJAMIN LEE GUINNESS.

Born, Dublin, 1 Nov., 1798 Sole proprietor Guinness's Brewery. First Lord Mayor, Dublin, under reformed Corporation. Restored St. Patrick's Cathedral, £150,000. Member of Parliament for Dublin. Died, London, 19 May, 1868. Personalty sworn under £1,100,000.



ROBERT H. READE, ESQ., J.P., D.L.,

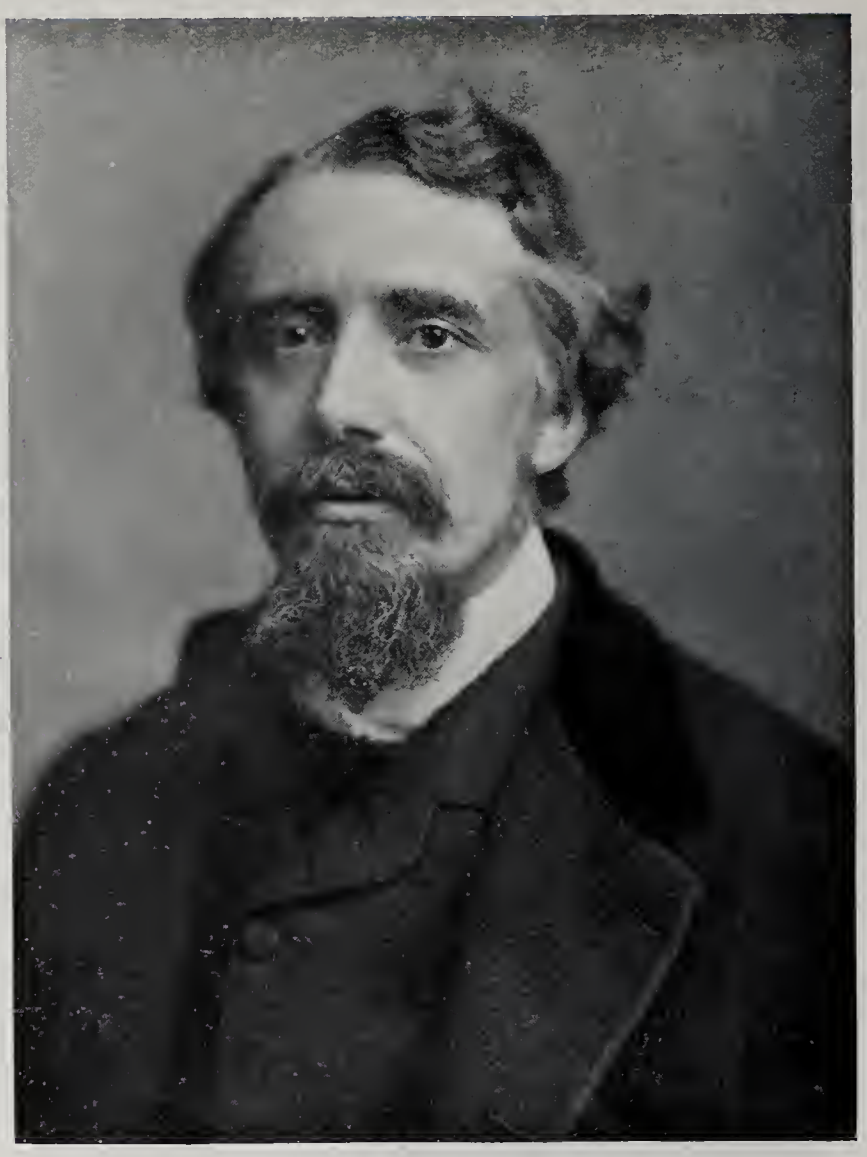
Chairman of the largest linen factory in the world, the York Street Flax Spinning Co. Belfast, where 90,000 spindles and 1,000 power looms are controlled by 5,000 operatives. Mr. Reade personifies Ultonian energy industrially, commercially, and socially.

A Pageant of Irish Genius.—Law, Journalism, and Medicine.



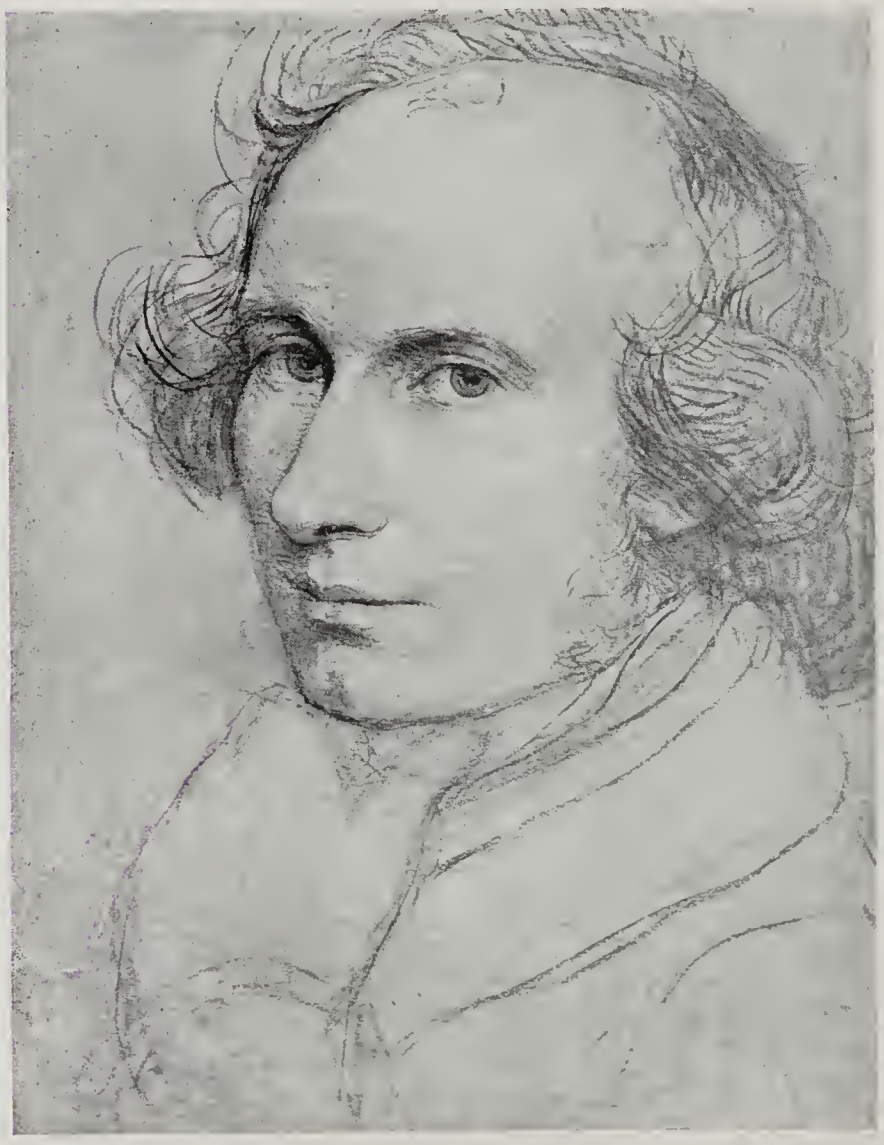
THOMAS LORD O'HAGAN, K.P.

Born, Belfast, 29 May, 1812. Called, Irish Bar, 1836. Made reputation by defence Chas. Gavan Duffy, 1842. Promotion rapid from 1860. Lord Chancellor, 1868-74. First Roman Catholic appointed since period James II. Died 1 Feb., 1385.



EDMUND DWYER GRAY.

Born, Dublin, 29 Dec., 1845; proprietor-editor *Freeman's Journal*, 1875-87. Member Parliament and Dublin Corporation. Reformed Public Health administration in latter. Raised £180,000 for impoverished peasantry when Lord Mayor, Dublin. Awarded Tayleur medal. Died 27 March 1888.



WILLIAM STOKES, M.D.

Born, Dublin, 1804. Famous teacher and practitioner. President, R I A., 1874. Devoted student, Irish history and antiquities. Author, medical works, also "Life of George Petrie." Died 7 Jan., 1878. Father of Sir Wm. Stokes, M.D., and Miss Stokes, antiquarian.
From Chalk Drawing by Sir Frederic W. Burton, R.H.A., in National Gallery, Ireland.



SIR WILLIAM R. W. WILDE.

Born, Castlerea, 1815. Founder, St. Mark's Ophthalmic Hospital, Dublin; prolific writer on medicine, Irish antiquities, etc. Married Miss Elgee, "Speranza," of *Nation* newspaper. Oscar Wilde, author *Lady Windermere's Fan* and other dramatic works, their son.
From Water Colour by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A., in National Gallery, Ireland.

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PATRICK SARSFIELD, EARL OF LUCAN,

THE NOBLE DEFENDER OF LIMERICK AGAINST WILLIAM III.

Sarsfield concluded the Treaty of Limerick with the General commanding King William's troops, and marched out of Limerick with all the honours of war. Born at Lucan, Co. Dublin, Died from a gunshot wound received at the Battle of Landen, while serving with the French, 29th July, 1693.

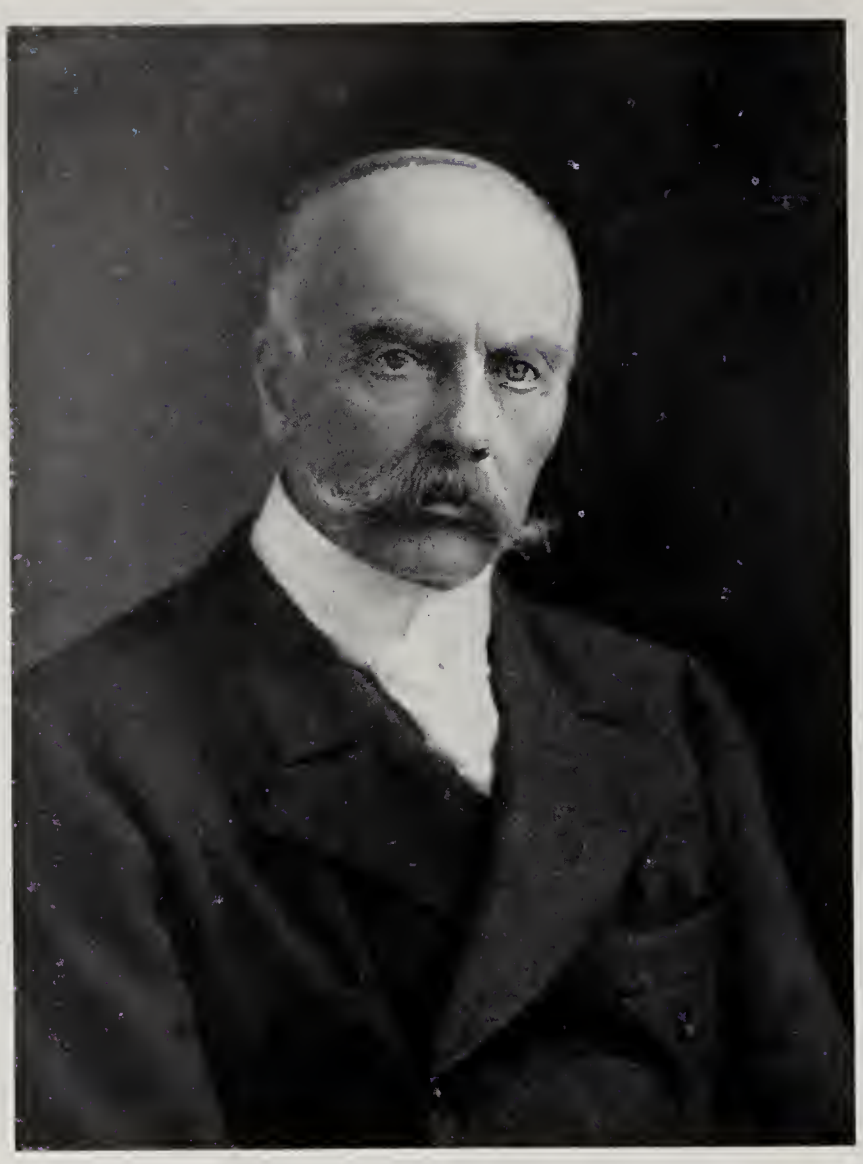


REV. GEORGE WALKER,

THE HEROIC GOVERNOR OF LONDONDERRY

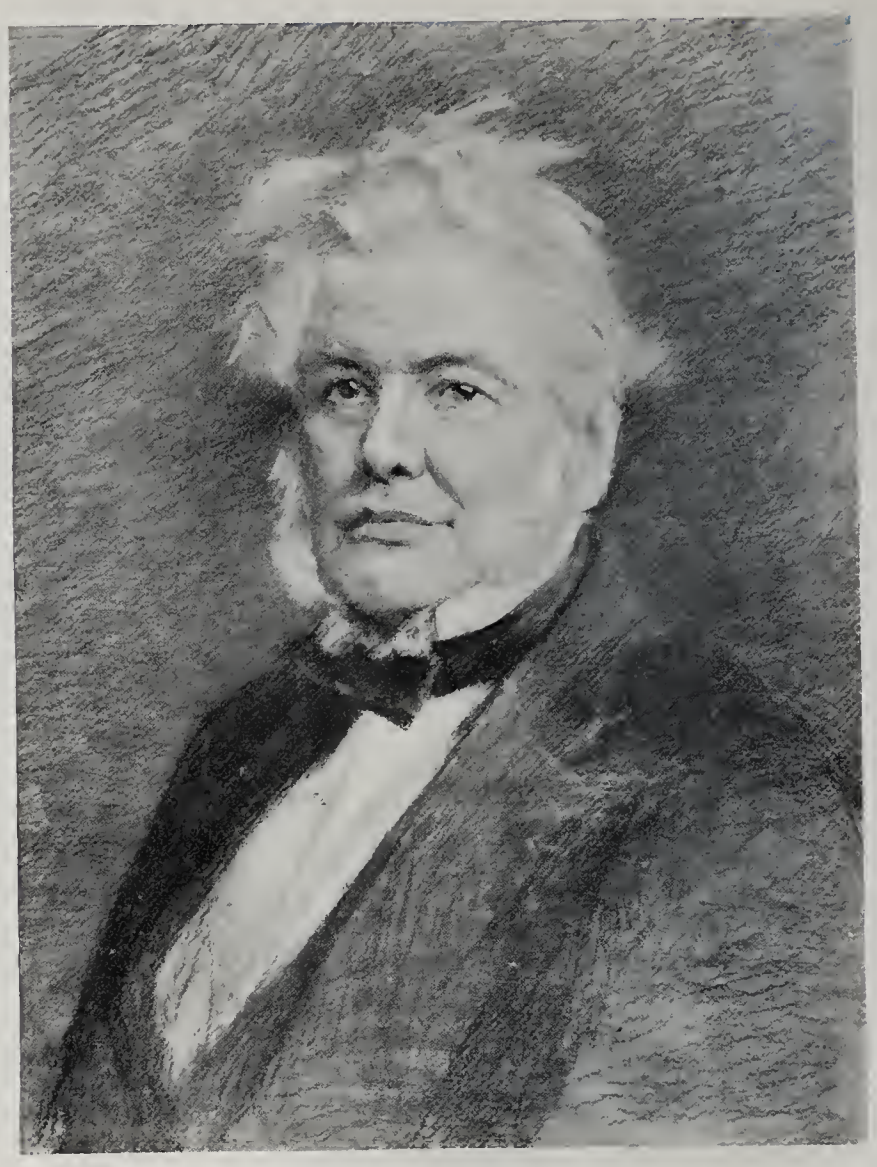
Who successfully defended the City against James II. during the long and memorable siege. For this service the Members of the House of Commons expressed their especial thanks. When King William landed in 1691, Walker joined his forces, and was killed at the Battle of the Boyne, while fording the river with an Enniskillen regiment.

A Pageant of Irish Genius, Statesmen and Politicians.



COLONEL SAUNDERSON, M.P.

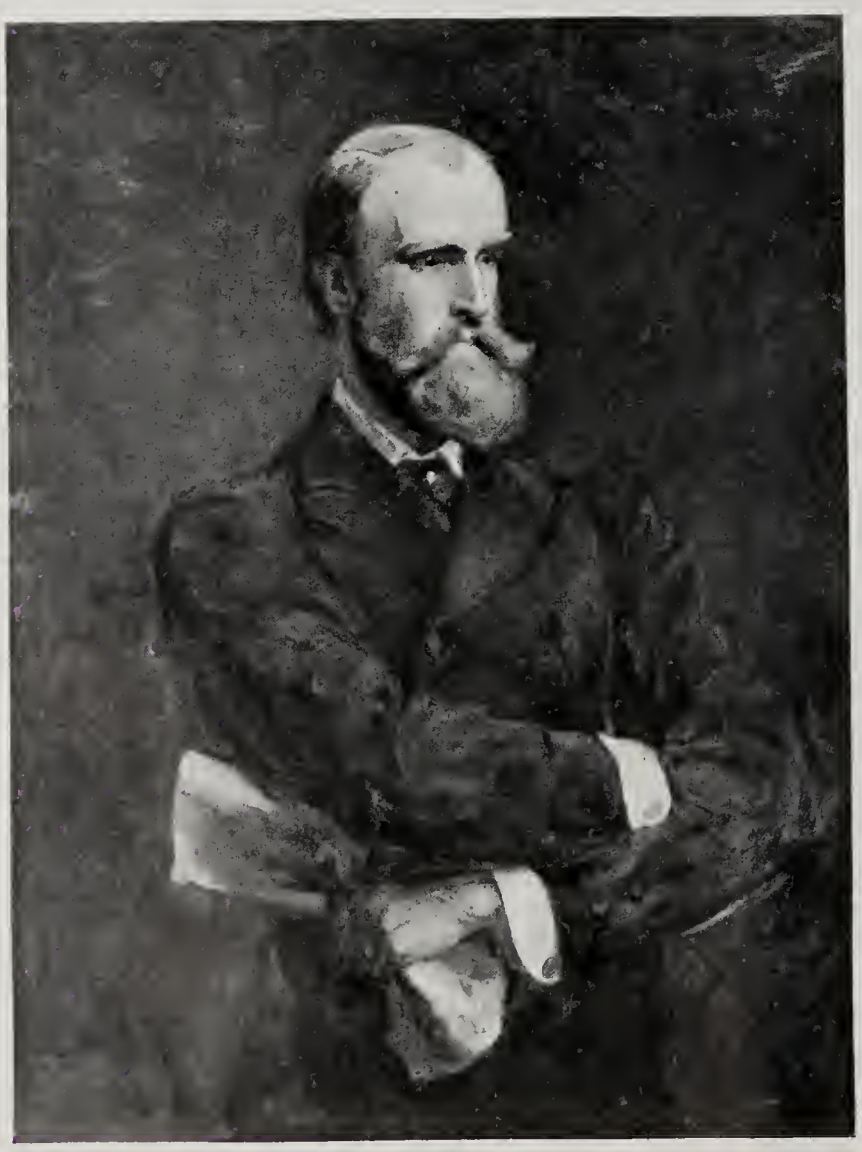
Born, Castle Saunderson, Belturbet, 1 Oct., 1837. Leader, Irish Unionist Party. Grandson of Francis Saunderson, Incorruptible Anti-Unionist Member, Cavan County, last Parliament of Ireland, 1797-1800. Died 21 Oct., 1906, respected and regretted by all parties.



ISAAC BUTT, Q.C., M.P.,

The Father of Home Rule. Home Rule was first formulated at the famous Conservative Meeting at the Bilton Hotel, Dublin, after the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church. Isaac Butt was originally a leader of the Irish Conservative party.

From a Chalk Drawing by J. B. Yeats, R.H.A., in the National Gallery of Ireland



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M.P.

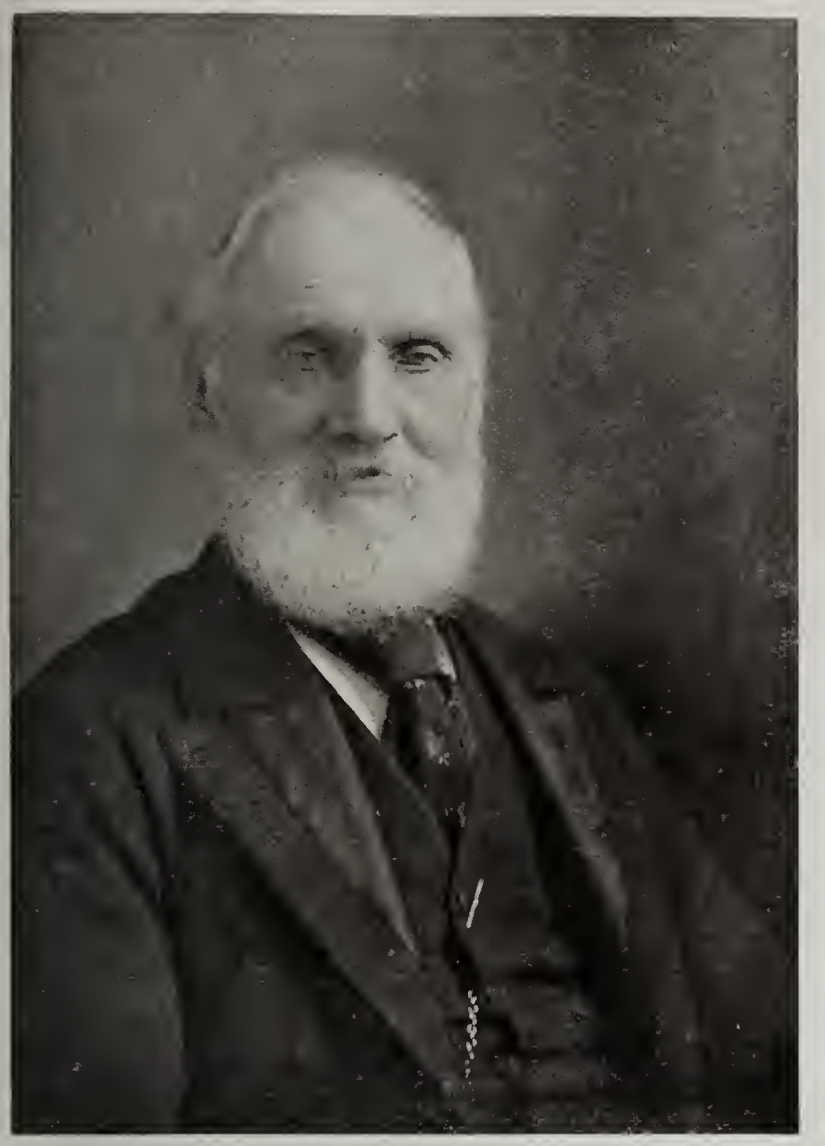
Succeeded Isaac Butt as leader of Home Rule party. A grandson of Sir John Parnell, Bart., M.P. for Queen's Co., the Incorruptible Anti-Unionist, Chancellor of Exchequer in the Irish Parliament. "I fight not for faction, but for freedom" (last public utterance of C. S. Parnell). *From the picture by Sydney P. Hall in the National Gallery of Ireland.*



RIGHT HON. SIR HORACE CURZON PLUNKETT, D.L., P.C.

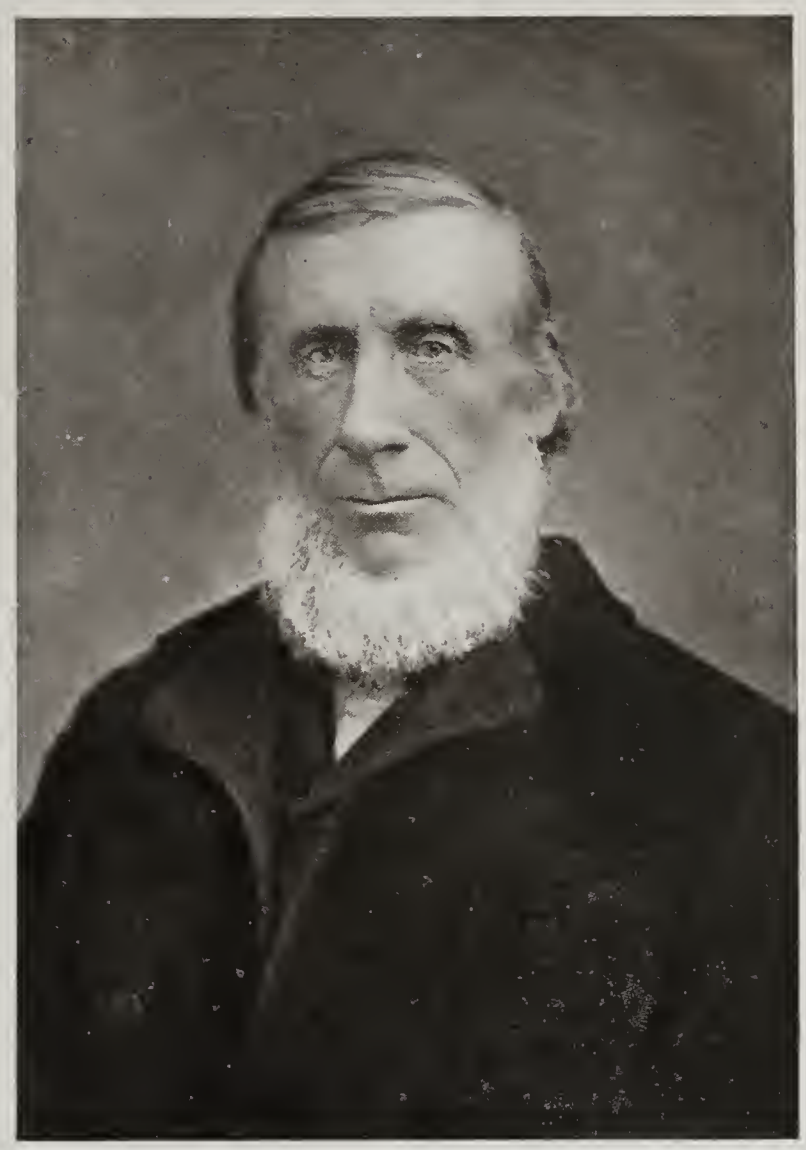
Born 24th Oct., 1854. Educated, Eton and Oxford. Engaged cattle ranching, 1879-89. Promoted Agricultural Co-operation in Ireland since; established Irish Agricultural Organization Society, 1894. First Vice-President Department Agriculture and Technical Instruction.

A Pageant of Irish Genius.—Men of Science.



LORD KELVIN.

Born, Belfast, 26 June, 1824. Professor Natural Philosophy, Glasgow University, 1846-99. Famous inventions: his electrometers, standard compass, sounding machine, log, and hot and cold water tap; mirror, galvanometer, and electric supply meter.



PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL, PH.D., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

Born 21st August, 1820, Leighton Bridge, County Carlow. Educated National School. Joined Ordnance Survey 1839. Railway Engineer 1844. First recognised as a Scientist 1850. Renowned as an experimental and philosophical physicist and a great teacher. Died 4th December, 1893.



SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL, LL.D., F.R.S.

Born Dublin, 1 July, 1840. Educated, Chester. Professor of Astronomy, Dublin University, and Astronomer Royal, Ireland, 1874-92. Since 1892 Director of the Observatory at Cambridge University, and Lowndean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry.



HON. CHARLES ALGERNON PARSONS, C.B., M.D.

Born, Birr, 13 June, 1854. Distinguished inventor, notably in connection with steam turbines. Owns electrical and engineering works, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Managing Director, Parsons' Marine Steam Turbine Co. Director several electrical enterprises.

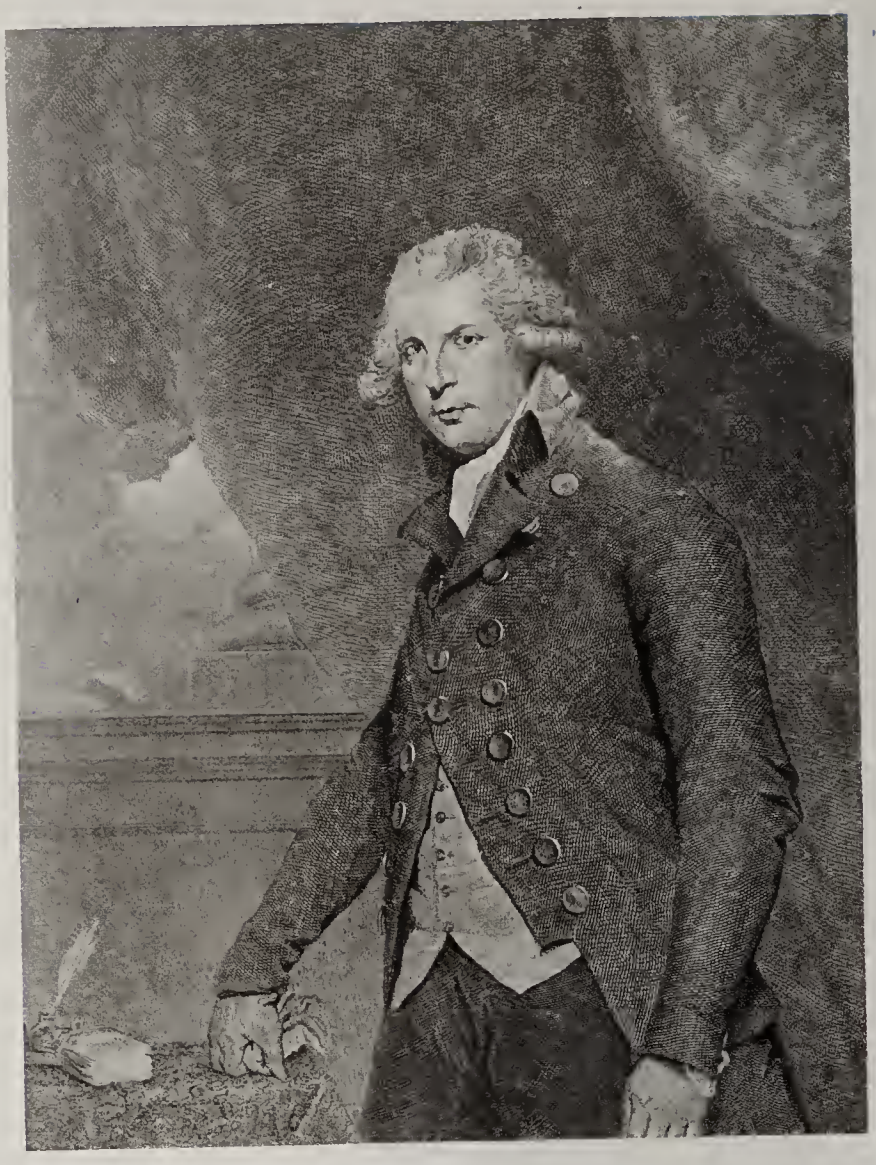
A Pageant of Irish Genius.—Dramatists and Actors.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Born, Pallas, Co. Longford, 10 Nov., 1728. Graduated T.C.D. Published *The Chinese Letters*, 1760-1; *The Traveller*, December, 1764; *Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766; *Deserted Village*, 1770; *She Stoops to Conquer*, 1773. Died 4 April, 1774. More versatile than Shakespeare.

From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Born, 12, Dorset Street, Dublin, 1751. Son of Thomas Sheridan, actor and dramatic author. *The Rivals* first performed 1775. At Drury Lane Theatre he presented *The School for Scandal*, etc. Entered British Parliament, 1780. Secretary to Treasury, 1783. Died, 7 July, 1816.

From John Hall's Engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Picture.



BARRY SULLIVAN.

Born, Birmingham, Irish parents, 5 July, 1821. Joined stage, Cork, June, 1837. Died, Brighton, 3 May, 1891; buried, Glasnevin, where public statue erected to his memory.



MARGARET WOFFINGTON.

Born, Dublin, 1718. At age of eight made her debut in Lilliputian Company at Madame Violante's Booth, which stood on spot now occupied by offices of this Magazine. Appeared, [illegible] and with repeated success in comedy in Dublin and London.

A Pageant of Irish Genius.

The Liberator and his Painter;
Two Irish Actor-Dramatists.



DANIEL O'CONNELL.
As Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Facsimile of Catterson Smith's famous Picture of the "Liberator" in his robes as Lord Mayor of Dublin. This splendid work was destroyed last month in the fire at the City Hall, Dublin. *From a special photograph by J. C. Nairn & Son, Dublin.*



CATTERSON SMITH, P.R.H.A.
Painted by himself.

The distinguished Dublin Portrait Painter Catterson Smith was the Artist to whose genius Dublin owed her greatest picture of O'Connell, painted for the Corporation of Dublin, and destroyed during the recent lamentable fire. The Waterford Corporation is fortunate in possessing another picture of O'Connell by Catterson Smith.



CHARLES MACKLIN.

as "Sir Pertinax MacSycophant" in his comedy the *Man of the World*, produced at Covent Garden Theatre, 1781. Born in Ireland, 1694; was one of Sheridan's Company in Dublin from 1748 to 1750. His Play, the *True Born Irishman*, was produced at Smock Alley

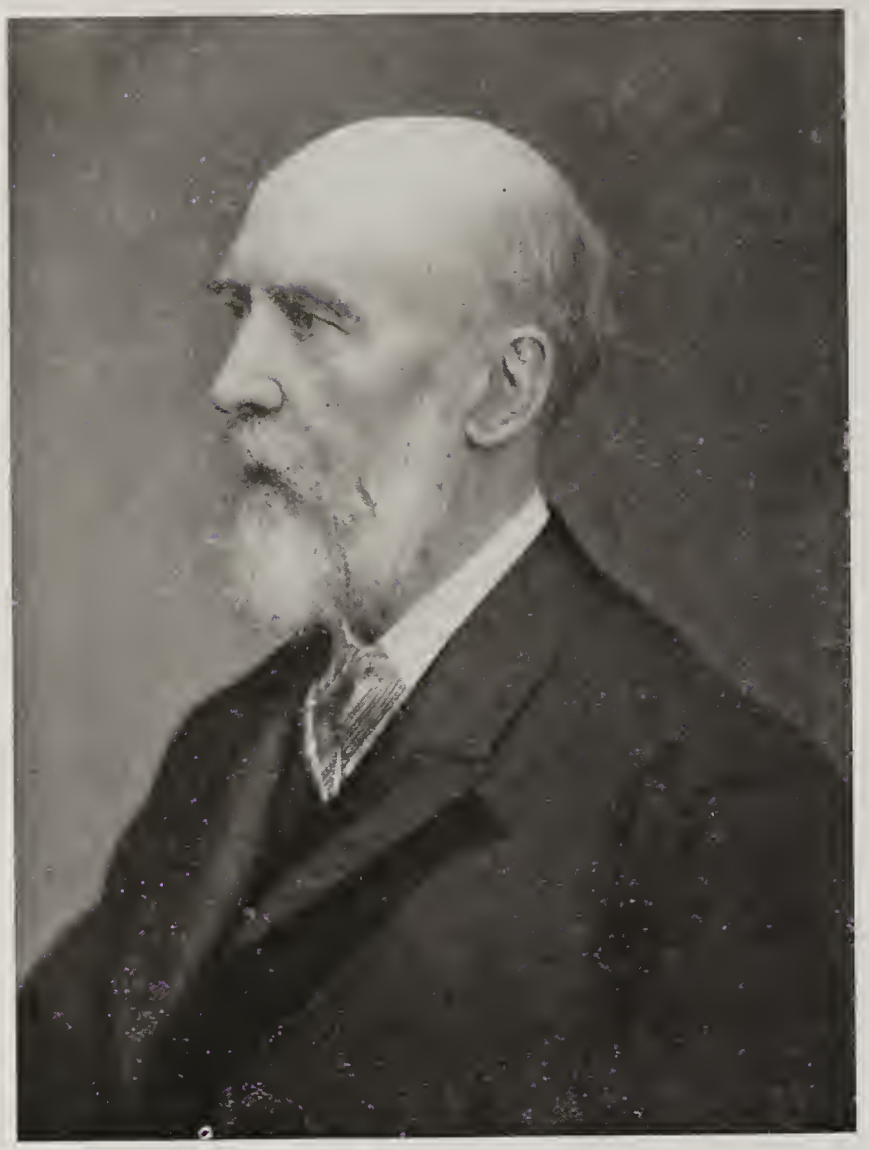


JOHN O'KEEFFE.

Born in Dublin in 1747, and after studying art, made his debut on the stage in his native city. He was a prolific dramatist, and wrote one comedy, "Wild Oats," which has remained on the acting list to our own time Was totally blind for some years before his death at Southampton, in 1833. His "Recollections" gave an interesting picture of eighteenth

A Pageant of Irish Genius.

Administration, Diplomacy, Engineering, and Antiquarian Literature.



SIR ROBERT HART, K.C., M.G., LL.D., G.C.M.G.

Inspector-General of the Imperial Customs in China. Born, Milltown, Co. Armagh, 20 Feb., 1835. Educated, Wesley Coll., Dublin; Queen's Coll., Belfast. Entered Consular Service, China, 1854; Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, 1859; Inspector-General, Customs, 1863-1908, and of Posts, 1876-1908.



MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

Statesman, Diplomatist, Author. Born, 21 June, 1826. Honorary Degrees conferred by eight Universities. Served his Queen in Vienna, Syria, India, Canada, Russia, Turkey, Egypt, Italy, Paris, etc. Retired 1896. Died 1902.



SIR JOHN GILBERT, LL.D., F.S.A.

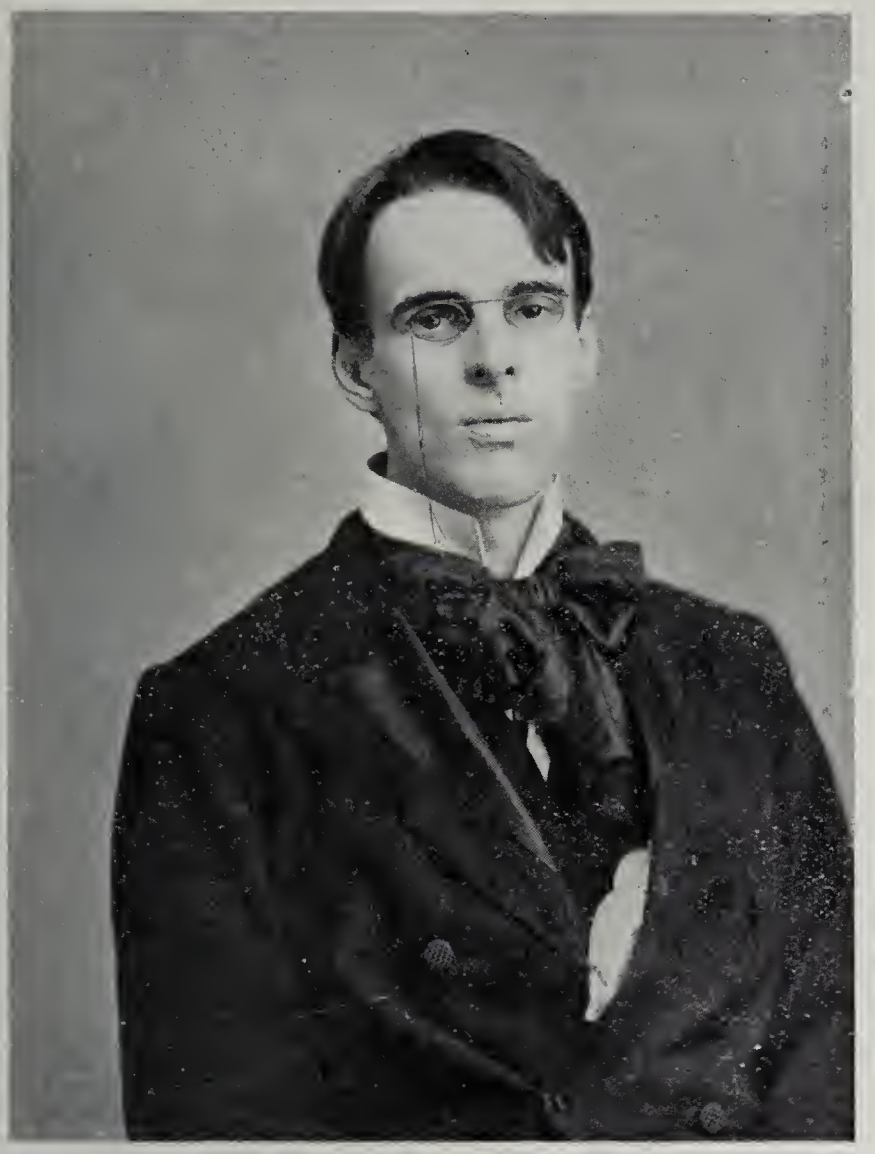
Born, Dublin, 1829. Many citizens of Dublin devoted their literary ability to recording the history of their native city. Sir John Gilbert was the most successful. He died 1898, but his work will endure and be acknowledged long as Dublin exists.



MR. W. A. TRAILL, C.E.

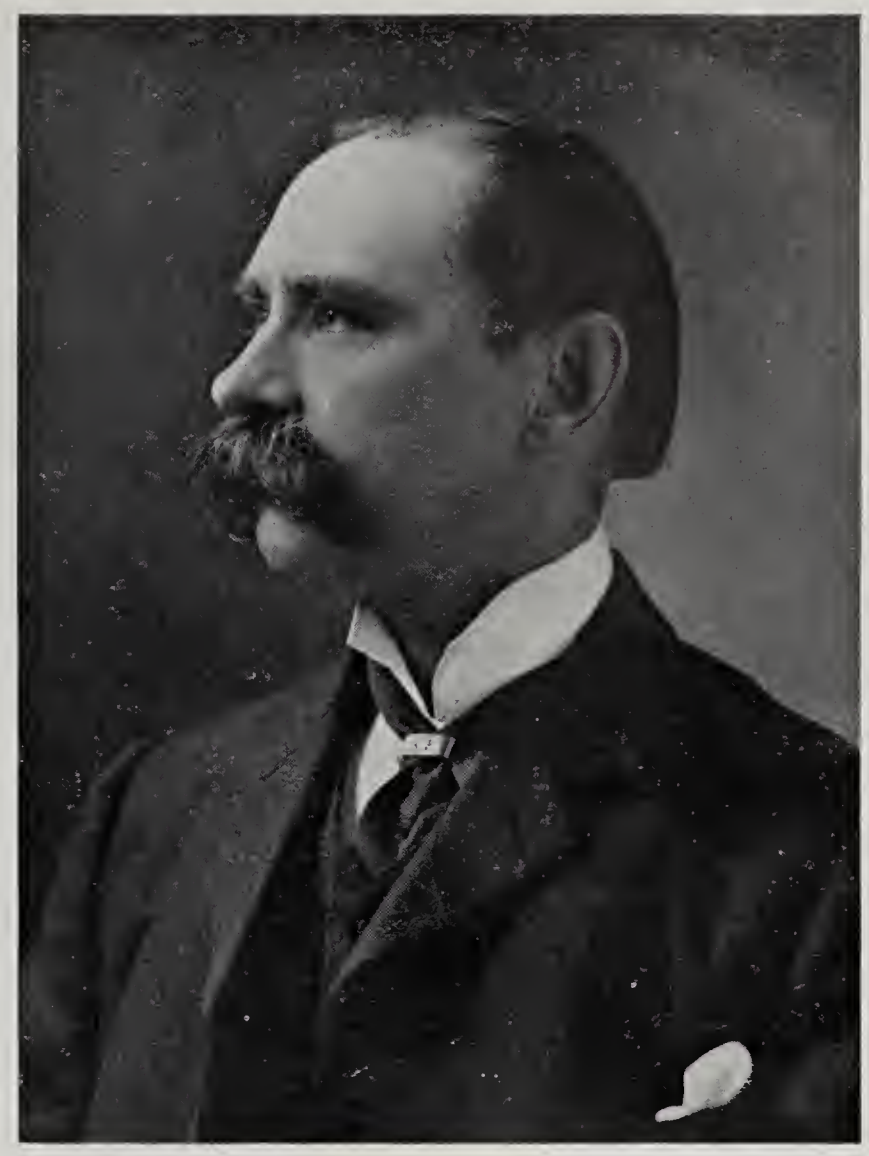
Of Port Ballintrae, Bushmills, Co. Antrim, the father of the Electric Tramway. Designed and constructed the first Electric Tramway from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway.

A Pageant of Irish Genius.—Distinguished Irish Writers of the Present Day.



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Born, Sandymount, Dublin, 13 June, 1865. Son of Mr. J. B. Yeats, R.H.A. Educated, Godolphin School, Hammersmith; High School, Dublin. Crowned by acclamation as the greatest living Irish lyric poet. His first book of verse, "Mosada," published Dublin, 1885.



DOUGLAS HYDE.

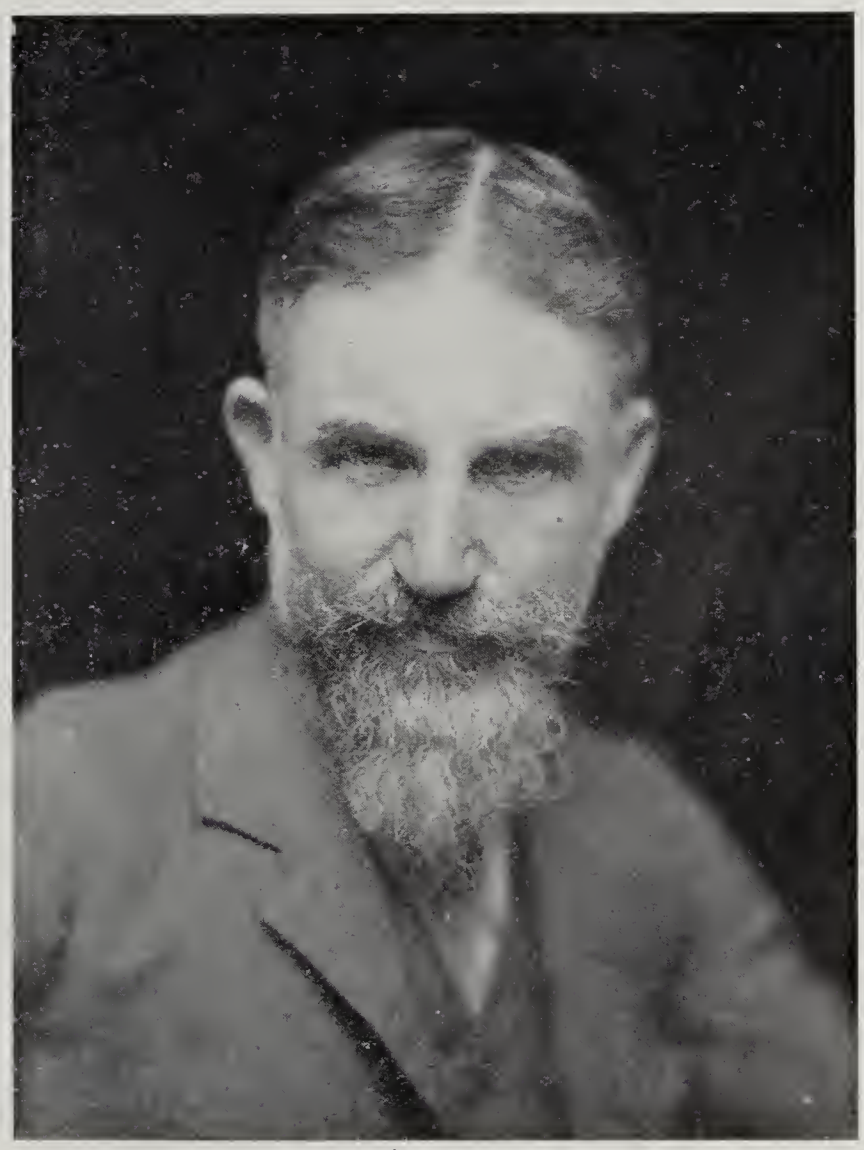
"An Craoibhin Aoibhinn." Born, Kilmacranny, Co. Sligo. Educated T.C.D.; First Senior Moderatorship and large gold medal, 1884; LL.D., 1887. Historian, poet, folk-lorist. Prolific author. President Gaelic League since founded 1893, and collected £11,000 therefor in U.S.A.



GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

(Rev. J. O. Hannay).

Rector of Westport. Novelist, Author of "The Seething Pot," "Hyacinth," "The Northern Iron," "Spanish Gold," etc. Mr. "Birmingham" is a kindly satirist, whose books are deservedly popular, because they are true to Irish life, and designed to provoke wholesome national introspection.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Playwright, Socialist, Vegetarian. Born, Dublin, 26 July, 1856. Son of an official in the Four Courts. Claims to have excavated, in youth, National Gallery of Ireland. Has won world-wide reputation. Bust, by Rodin, in Dublin Municipal Gallery.

BISHOP BERKELEY'S QUERIES FOR IRISHWOMEN.

PROPOUNDED 173 YEARS AGO: NOT YET ANSWERED.

"To Berkeley every virtue under Heaven."—ALEXANDER POPE.

GEORGE BERKELEY, Bishop of Cloyne, was born at Dysert Castle, Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny, on the 12th March, 1684, and died at Oxford on the 14th January, 1753. Amongst modern philosophers, the most advanced thinkers of our own day, his name



FATHER THEOBALD MATHEW'S PLEDGE CARD.

The centre shows Daniel O'Connell receiving the pledge from Father Mathew.

is as familiar as that of Melba, or Bernhardt, or Darwin to ordinary people. This long enduring repute is due to a philosophical work which Berkeley published in his 26th year—"The Theory of Vision"—reinforced twenty-four years later by a still more startling publication, "The Principles of Human Knowledge." It is not our province to discuss his propositions in philosophy. Our purpose is to indicate that he was a man of exceptionally acute intellect whose ideas commanded the attention of the most notable men of his time, and won him the distinction of being elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in his 23rd year, and Dean of Derry, with £1,100 per annum, in 1724. Nine years later he was made Bishop of Cloyne, and shortly afterwards published

"THE QUERIST,"

wherein he addressed 595 questions to the people of Ireland, especially to the middle and upper classes, inducing them to reflect upon the duties they owed their country. At a time like the present when so many earnest workers are trying to demonstrate the wisdom of buying Irish goods instead of foreign it is extremely interesting to find their practical philosophy anticipated nearly two hundred years ago by Bishop Berkeley. We select a few of his queries to illustrate the similarity of ideas between intelligent Irishmen and women of to-day and the most illustrious of our native philosophers of the 18th Century.

CARPET MAKING IN IRELAND.

In his sixty-ninth query Bishop Berkeley asked:—*"Whether there be any art sooner learned than that of making carpets, and whether our women, with little time and pains, may not make more beautiful carpets than those imported from Turkey? And whether this branch of the woollen manufacture be open to us?"* The Donegal Carpets of to-day challenge the production of the Orient in all civilized countries and the output is mainly limited by the difficulty of procuring a sufficient supply of female labour. Carpets are also manufactured in recent years at Abbeyleix and at Dun Emir, Dundrum, Co. Dublin. Cruel efforts were made by the English Government to suppress the woollen industry in Ireland in the 17th and 18th centuries, and it will be observed that Bishop Berkeley hoped England might suffer us to make and export carpets, though we were forbidden to make for exportation anything else of which wool was a constituent part.

FOREIGN LACE IN IRELAND.

From the following query we may assume that the fashioning of lace in Ireland was rather unusual in Bishop Berkeley's day, though it may now be ranked as a national art. *"Whether,"* he asks, *"the women may not sew, spin, weave, and embroider sufficiently for the embellishment of their persons, and even enough to raise envy in each other, without being beholden to foreign countries?"* He foresaw the possibility of Irish peasant-women acquiring skill in lace-making. His prolonged travels in France and elsewhere on the Continent of Europe provoked him to enquire *"Whether the coarse fingers of those very women, those same peasants who one part of the year till the ground and dress the vineyards, are not employed in making the finest French point?"* And then, with delightful appositeness, he immediately asks, *"Whether there is not a great number of idle fingers among the wives and daughters of our peasants?"*

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF BUYING ABROAD WHAT MAY BE PROCURED IN IRELAND OF IRISH MANUFACTURE.

That Berkeley must have been an out-and-out supporter of Irish manufacture in theory, if not in practice, is evident from the views he discloses in queries 456-7, *viz.*, *"Whether it be not even certain that the matrons of this forlorn country send out a greater proportion of its wealth for fine apparel than any other females on the whole surface of the terraqueous globe? Whether the expense, great as it is, be the greatest evil; but whether this folly may not produce many other follies: an entire derangement of domestic life, absurd manners, neglect of duties, bad mothers, and a general corruption in both sexes?"* Both these questions may appear, at first, to exaggerate the situation and its possible developments, but a little consideration will remind us that now, as formerly, the women of every country in Europe, and of the United States, are clothed in garments of native manufacture to a far greater extent than Irishwomen are attired in materials contrived from start to finish by Irish hands. In this connection Irishwomen, as a body, are as lacking in practical common-sense to-day as they were in 1735. They are better educated, but the system of education is so defective that it tends to promote one of the greatest economic evils from which this country suffers—reliance on outsiders rather than on ourselves.

THE FASHIONS.

As Irishwomen are admitted by foreigners to be amongst the most beautiful women in Europe it is to be regretted that they do not take advantage of their superior physical endowments to set the fashions, rather than slavishly copy them from outsiders. On this topic Bishop Berkeley asks, *"Whether we are not undone by fashions*



BISHOP BERKELEY, HIS FRIENDS, AND FAMILY.

Concluded at page 63.

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For Purity and Resonance of Tone, Delicacy of Touch, Durability and Superior Finish, cannot be beaten at any Price. SOLE AGENTS—
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SOME OF THE LEADERS OF THE IRISH PRESS.



MR. J. R. FISHER
Editor *Northern Whig.*



MR. H. L. TIVY,
Managing Editor *Cork Constitution.*



SIR JAMES HENDERSON, D.L.,
Belfast News-Letter.



MR. J. E. HEALY,
Editor *Irish Times.*

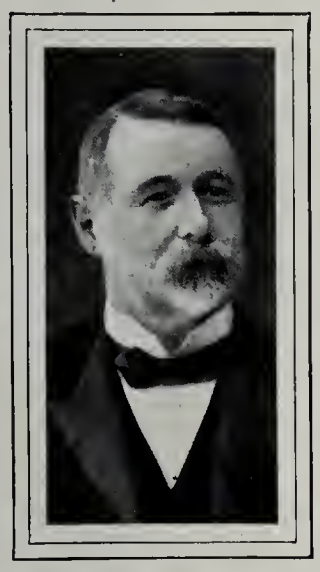


MR. W. H. BRAYDEN,
Editor *Freeman's Journal.*

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The Curious Experience of Mrs. RALEIGH CARR, of Merrion Square, Dublin.

I hesitate about putting my plain, unvarnished tale into print, despite the assurances of the Editor, for, truth to tell I can't very well expect anybody to believe me. The difficulty lies in the fact that those cocksure wiseacres, the critics, have succeeded by force of iteration in convincing that many-headed beast, the Public, that "the long arm of coincidence" never had, or can have, any potency outside the charmed regions of the stage. How, then, shall I gain credibility for a remarkable experience whose every incident depended upon a quite unparalleled conjuncture?



MR. R. H. H. BAIRD, J.P.,
Belfast Evening Telegraph.

To begin with, I must tell you that my husband, Dr. Raleigh Carr, is not one of those practitioners who insist upon curing their patients out of the B.P. or not at all. So far from being a believer in routine remedies, he has a positive mania for experimenting with new drugs, and our house in Merrion Square is positively bombarded with samples from all the up-to-date German and American laboratories. Pray grasp this fact, as it virtually set the whole machinery of my experience a-going. But there would be really no story to tell were it not for certain concatenations, and prominent among these must rank the visit paid us for a few weeks by my niece Kathleen. The dear girl is art-mad, and I had arranged with her mother that she was to stay with us during her period of study at the Metropolitan School of Art. Kathleen had spent all her life in a dull country parsonage, and Raleigh Carr recommended me to take her



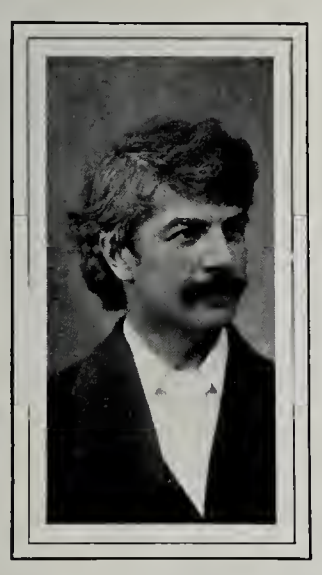
ALICE STOPFORD GREEN.

Historian and Editor. Born Kells, Co. Meath. Educated, private study. Married (1877) John Richd. Green, author of "History of the English People," to which Mrs. Green's "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century" is an admirable companion volume. President of the Society of Women Journalists.



MR. J. Y. McPEAKE,
Editor *Daily Express and Evening Mail.*

SOME OF THE LEADERS OF THE IRISH PRESS.



MR. T. H. FITZPATRICK,
Editor and Cartoonist *Lepracaun.*



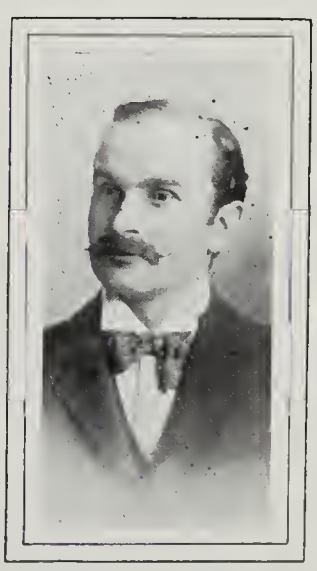
MR. J. A. RICE,
Editor *Evening Herald.*



MR. T. M'CARTHY,
Editor *Irish News*, Belfast.



MR. A. GRIFFITH,
Editor *Sinn Fein.*



MR. C. W. FIRTH,
Editor *Irish Field.*

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Continued.

about a bit and show her the sights before she settled down to work. You will pardon me, I hope, for mentioning that she arrived two days after our new housemaid, a dull-witted creature who played a part in the succeeding extravaganza.

Having been always a stay-at-home and an omnivorous reader, I had no idea how many pleasant sights were to be seen in and around Dublin until I went gadding about with Kathleen. My position was exactly that of the middle-aged Londoner who had never set foot in Westminster Abbey or the Tower of London until visited by a country cousin of an inquiring turn of mind. So off we packed in the Doctor's motor, and religiously did the Phœnix Park and the Zoo, and the old House of Lords with its historic tapestries, and goodness knows what else besides. But Kathleen evinced little interest in what she saw, and gave me a poser by suggesting a visit to the Art Galleries. In my humiliation I recalled having read how Mr. Bernard Shaw had had the personal good fortune to discover one of these places—the National Gallery, I think—in his youth, and how nobody had troubled to re-discover it since. However, our chauffeur happened to know the whereabouts of the place (I was amazed to find it was only a stone's-throw from our house), and off we drove. We were lucky in meeting at the entrance door my husband's *confrere*, Sir Thornley Stoker, who very thoughtfully introduced Mr. W. G. Strickland, the learned registrar of the Gallery, who was obliging enough to act as our cicerone.

Although Kathleen mystified me a bit by talking volubly about "values," and "impasto," and "scumbling," I must confess that I enjoyed looking at, and listening about, the great array of fine portraits of bygone Irish celebrities on the ground floor. Then we had an hour or two's rest at home, and by way of ending the evening in a riot of colour, we finally motored off after dinner to the Carnival Ball in the skating rink, on the dear old site in Earlsfort Terrace. Here at last I was on familiar ground, so much so indeed, that I fancy the old woman enjoyed herself much better than the young one. Mine, however, was a retrospective sort of delight. Memory danced me back willy-nilly to that effervescent period just thirty-two years ago, when I was a slip of a girl much as Kathleen is now (only giddier), and rinking burst on Dublin with all the intoxication of a new found pleasure. It was once more the year of grace 1876, and there I was rigged out in a polonaise, and wearing a chignon, and describing all sorts of intricate figures on the long, smooth floor. It was asphalte then, not hard maple wood as now. You will hardly credit me, but I actually heard the old band play "Sweethearts"—that entrancing waltz refrain which Miss Bessie Sudlow (she is now Mrs. Gunn of the Gaiety), had popularised by her singing at the Royal in "Dick Whittington." Poor Raleigh Carr, who is now bald and portly, was then a wild harum-scarum, walking the hospitals, and good for any mischief. I woke up out of my reverie to find that Kathleen—strange creature!—had wearied of the whirl and the throng, and to tell you the truth I wasn't sorry in a measure to get home, for, owing I suppose to the hot vitiated atmosphere, my cough had grown very troublesome. I knew I should get no relief till I had retired for the night, and taken a dose of that stuff in the odd-shaped bottle on my dressing-table. My husband had made it up for me in one of those green-hued fluted hexagonal bottles usually kept for embrocations. He said by this means I could readily single it out from a number of others, even in the dark—thoughtful man! This night, however, the stuff seemed to have a somewhat unwonted taste, but I imputed it to the circumstance that I had just made use of a new aromatic dentifrice which an enterprising commercial traveller in the drug line had recently forced, with other samples, upon the doctor. This worthy had heard of my husband's penchant for prescribing and recommending all the latest things, and he desired to profit by it.



THE LATE MARGARET STOKES
IRISH ARCHÆOLOGIST.

Miss Stokes was one of our greatest as well as most diligent Irish Archæologists, and her published works upon early ecclesiastical architecture and early Celtic art are regarded as valuable additions to our National History as well as literature.

. . . . . .

First came a loud and maddening whirring, half like the preliminary grumblings of a tardy telephone, and half like the hum of an undulating electric tramcar. Then my mind's eye looked out upon a brilliant pyrotechnic display, prismatic in its hues, and all compact of shooting rockets and revolving catherine-wheels. Then several blinding lightning flashes, followed by darkness and a mighty crash. When sight returned to me I was once more in the skating rink in Earlsfort Terrace. The band was playing a curious medley waltz, now recalling "Sweethearts" and now "The Merry Widow," and the floor was occupied by a grotesque assemblage—something beyond the wildest imaginings of Callot or of Doré. Dozens of emus, mounted on roller skates, were cutting all sorts of fantastic figures, curving and pirouetting strictly to the measure of the music. Each carried its living freight side-saddle fashion—a number of tiny women, one-half of whom were in clinging Directoire robes, and the other in polonaises and chignons.

Just as I was about to laugh uproariously at the quaint spectacle there was another mighty crash, and the whole scene changed with the celerity and magic of a dissolving view. I was standing once more on the well-waxed ground floor of the National Gallery, alone in the midst of the pictures. Suddenly a gong sounded, and the band struck up a dainty gavotte, and stronger and stronger grew the light, and with its gradual intensification the figures on the walls grew more and more vivid, until finally one and all (whether skied or on the line) stepped out of their frames. Right opposite me the counterfeit presentment of a mid-nineteenth-century gentleman jumped from such a considerable height that he started bouncing up and down from the waxed floor like an india-rubber ball.

"Oh, my!" cried a pleasant-faced little man close by. "Poor Lever has lost his centre of gravity."

"Nonsense, Lover, old man!" said Sir William Wilde, "our friend Charles never had any gravity to lose. By the way, what an odd collocation—



LADY GREGORY.

Dramatist and Authoress. Born, Roxborough, Co. Galway. Father, Dudley Persse, D.L., lineal descendant of Shakespeare's Hotspur. Married Sir William Gregory, formerly M.P., Dublin, and Governor, Ceylon. Entered literary career late in life, but made up for lost time.

DIXON'S DUBLIN SOAPS CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Continued.

Lover and Lever! Sounds like the heading of a Fitzgerald Molloy chapter in the lives of Peg Woffington and Davy Garrick."

"I have not the honour of your acquaintance, sir," interrupted Edmund Burke, "but I regret that any compatriot of mine should have spoken flippantly of Mistress Woffington. She, who had a smile for all, brightening many of our lives, was not fated to make any one man happy. I think you might have more appropriately referred to the pitiful tale of Dolly Monroe and His Excellency Lord Townshend."

At this juncture Sir William conveniently recalled that he had an appointment to examine poor John O'Keeffe's eyes.

"The age of chivalry is not yet passed, dear Mr. Burke," said a tall, graceful lady in an unbecoming "mushroom" hat. She had glided up to the group unseen, and spoke in husky tones curiously in contrast with her mellow beauty. "Poor Peggy is still your obleeged humble servant." And then she honoured the bowing statesman with an elaborate curtsey.

"And all this pother about an audacious minx who once cried halfpenny salads in College Green," mumbled grumpy old Macklin beneath his breath.

"There spoke the Jew that Shakespeare drew," said the quick-eared Burke, wheeling round. "Peggy is of low origin, it is true, but talents and nature often avenge themselves on fortune in this respect. The roses of Florida spring out of the finest soil; they are the finest in the universe, but they emit no fragrance."

"Oh, Mr. Lecky," said Strongbow to a tall passing figure in side whiskers, "may I have the honour of presenting you to my wife Eva."

"Delighted to make the acquaintance of Eva of 'The Nation,'" replied the Professor with a bow.

"Eva of the Nation! Confound it, no!" remonstrated Strongbow. "But I'm not surprised that you don't recognise us in this extraordinary rig-out. Wait till I get hold of that romancing fellow of a painter from Cork."

At this juncture Daniel Maclise left the group with whom he was conversing, and hurried precipitately out of the gallery.

"It seems like old times to me," said Peg Woffington to Mr. Lecky, "to meet a distinguished alumnus of dear old Trinity. Ah me! I once was loved by a Provost of your *alma mater*. They tell me, sir, you bear away the palm in Ireland as a dispassionate historian. What a distinction! Now, if only a shred of your judgment and good sense had fallen to my biographers! These misguided creatures will persist in following the lead of dear old grumpy Charles Reade in idealising me. Pray look over there, Mr. Lecky, at those three charming girls with the chubby faces. Those are the lucky Gunnings—Kitty, Maria, and Elizabeth. It drives me to distraction to hear it said, time after time, that it was poor little me who did the good Samaritan and lent the Graces the stage finery in which they appeared at the Castle in the year 1749 or thereabouts. I give you my word, Mr. Lecky, I wasn't even in Dublin at the time. That kind-hearted deed falls to the credit of my old friend, Tom Sheridan, of Smock Alley."

"Glad to hear you say a word for the poor old dad, Mrs. Woffington," broke in Richard Brinsley. "It recalls to me the quaint plea of the Perthshire preacher, 'And noo ma freinds,' he once said to his congregation, 'let me put in a wurrd for the puir de'il. Naebody says a wurrd for the puir de'il.' But, talking about the clergy, I see Father Mathew in the distance and I must be moving. His reverence is looking in my direction, and he holds something in his hand having a suspicious resemblance to a temperance pledge!"

"Sorry you must go, Sheridan," said Lord Edward, on whose arm the beloved Pamela was leaning. "But at least you have the consolation of knowing that your distinguished clan is well represented here. As I came in I met the amiable and gifted authoress of 'I'm Sitting on the Style, Mary,' in eager converse with her son, the Marquess; and not far off your cousin, Sheridan Knowles, is engaged in exchanging confidences about Belfast with Mr. R. H. Reade."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," replied Sheridan. "Thus Wisdom is justified of her children. I'm much better off than Sir William Wilde, whose *hoss-car* has been superseded by the motor." And then he fled.

"*Apropos* of people of my cloth," said the Rev. Dr. Salmon, "it seems to me the pulpit is no longer a vocation, and has become merely a means to an end. Mr. Dwyer Gray has just been lamenting to me in the next room that journalism is now beset with a horde of briefless barristers. He said he didn't refer to the bonafide journalist with legal training. His objections were directed against the incursions of the mere flotsam and jetsam of the bar. I fear that is somewhat the position of the church. It has now grown to be looked upon as the avenue to the stage, or to the novel-publisher's office."

"But surely, Doctor," interrupted Archbishop Ussher, "surely you don't object to a clergyman taking the pen in hand—or even the sword—if the spirit move him. Swift did the one, and the redoubtable Walker, of Derry, did the other."

"Certainly not," replied Dr. Salmon. "I'm only protesting against the elegant triflers. The old stock may have been literary pedlars, but they didn't deal in Brummagem ware."



MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Maria Edgeworth is the seated figure wearing the hat. Facing her is her father, Richard Lovel Edgeworth, M P. for St. Johnstown Borough, Longford, in the last Parliament of Ireland, 1797-1800. This incorruptible gentleman was offered a huge sum of money to support the Union, and declined all advances.

"Not bad that, Doctor," said the author of *The Seething Pot*, "if it's meant as a dig at my *nom de plume*. But permit me to introduce 'My New Curate' from Doneraile. He is certainly not the man who missed the tide, though he wrote *A Spoiled Priest*."

"This conversation is not at all enlivening," said Tom Moore. "I vote that Catherine Hayes favours us with a song." The Limerick Nightingale smilingly acquiesced, and delighted the company with "The Last Rose of Summer."

Just as I was hoping that the vast cry of *encore* would be responded to, a weird incursion drove everybody out of the room. Through the two large doorways poured a swarm of apes and monkeys. Up the walls they climbed, and placing themselves within the deserted picture frames, grinned down upon me. As they sat there quite motionless, the band struck up a selection from *Maritana*, and a great cohort of skaters glided into the room, and began to cut fantastic figures. By a mischance, however, Patrick Sarsfield got entangled in Lord Bellamont's resplendent cloak, and before long the whole group was sprawling on the floor.

"What a treat it is!" said Vincent Wallace, when he had risen to his feet and gathered up his false teeth, which had fallen like peas upon the floor. "What a treat it is to hear good music well played. Why, goodness gracious, Balfe, old man, how pale you look!"

"Oh, I'm all right," replied the facile composer of "The Bohemian Girl." "I've looked like that ever since Farrell put me on the bust."

"Serve you jolly well right. You should have kept company with Foley. By the way, did you hear how shockingly Clarence Mangan swore in Gaelic when he came a cropper? It was enough to make Douglas Hyde."

"I don't wonder at it. Burton has kept him in the Gallery for years lying on the broad of his back, and he fears coming in for another spell."

Meanwhile a group of people had entered, and many were in

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MELLIN'S FOOD

Is starch-free and can be digested with ease by the feeblest infant.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM—Continued.

busy converse in an angle of the room. Among these I recognised Mr. W. B. Yeats by his tall, willowy figure and his bizarre gesticulation. He was in the throes of a debate with a lumpish-looking man in gaudy eighteenth-century attire—a person I had set down as a fool until I remarked his fine, dome-like forehead.

"My dear Goldsmith," said Mr. Yeats, "since you put it in that way, we should have no objection to reviving your somewhat elementary comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' at the Abbey, provided it were first put into Kiltarton English by Lady Gregory. Its ultimate chances of success at the hands of our fastidious *clientele* would be all the greater if you allowed me to add a symbol or two—say something about the Giraffe and the Milky Way. I could make a speech to the audience beforehand and tell them what it all meant."

"Your offer is very tempting, Mr. Yeats," said Noll, "but surely it's too late in the day to alter the play."

"Not at all, dear boy, not at all. One of the principles of our Society is that everything must be re-written. Even my own master-pieces are not exempt. The principle is not half a bad one, and by following it sedulously I hope in time to clarify 'The Shadowy Waters.'"

"Permit me to congratulate you, Mr. Yeats," broke in Spranger Barry, "on the Abbey's maintenance of old Ireland's supremacy in the histrionic field. We have always been more or less to the front in that walk, and in my own day, I flatter myself, I made Davy Garrick and the best of them shake in their shoes. I don't think much of your plays, but odsbodkins, man! your people *can* act. Are you really labouring under the delusion that everything evolved by your new movement will live? Allow me to introduce my old friend, John O'Keeffe, a fellow-citizen of ours. Possibly you have seen Wyndham or Edward Compton play Rover in his 'Wild Oats.' There's a comedy for you!—over a century old and still going strong."

"The inference you wish me to draw, Mr. Barry," said the Abbey director, "is entirely futile. You forget that ours is the beginning of a new convention, not the end of an old one. We are ancestors, not descendants. Irish drama proper dates from us."

"Oh indeed!" snarled old Charles Macklin. "Perhaps I'm dreaming, but I thought I wrote 'The Trueborn Irishman.'"

At this juncture the racket made by another group distracted my attention. "Do you mean to tell me," I heard Sheridan Knowles ask in astonished tones of Mr. R. H. Reade, "is it possible that the Belfast, where I taught school in my early days, has turned its back on its hard-won title of 'The Northern Athens'?"

"Pooh," said the managing director of the York Street Spinning Mill, "Athens is now what our American cousins call a back number. Our expansile city now aspires to be the Toronto of the Old World. There's no money in your 'Northern Athens' scheme—you couldn't float it at any price. Belfast has developed along quite a different plane, and holds up her head with the best. Come back with me, Mr. Knowles, and I'll show you several of the biggest things in the known or unknown universe. Why, I, myself, run the greatest linen factory in this sublunary planet, and we have a Rope Walk of the dimensions of a small town. Permit me to introduce you to Sir Edward Harland, the only true builder of the prize-winning ocean greyhound, and the founder of the great kennel for the purpose on the Queen's Island."

"Pardon my interruption," said Sir Benjamin Le Guinness. "I have no desire to belittle Belfast. All I wish to remark is that Dublin has done big things too in her way—instance, my establishment at James's Gate—but she has never turned her back on the culture and erudition of her fathers." Here Lord Iveagh, Chancellor of Dublin University, joined the group.

"I'm not at all in controversial mood to-night," broke in the rich, deep tones of Barry Sullivan, "the fact is I've been feeling chippy ever since that statue of mine in Glasnevin began disintegrating—but I can't stand by and hear dear old Belfast condemned for its reputed Philistinism. Wherever Shakespeare had appeal there was a welcome for me in the old days—in Melbourne, Toronto, San Francisco, New York; but nowhere had I warmer or more loyal admirers than in the much belied Northern Athens."

"We still have lots of intellect in our city by the Lagan," said Mr. Reade, "but it runs no longer in literary moulds. The Ulster mind is logical, not imaginative. In scientific matters we have passed on the torch of progress. Why you have only to take one glance at Lord Kelvin's features to see that he was Belfast born and bred! Tyndall knew he wasn't casting his pearls before swine when he honoured us with his epoch-marking address, re-adjusting the relationship of science to religion."

"I suppose the next thing you will be doing," said William Stokes with a snort, "will be to claim Sir Robert Ball, and Lord Rosse's youngest son, the Hon. Charles Parsons, of steam Turbine fame."

"We doff our hats to them as Irishmen," replied Mr. Reade, "but pray remember we have pioneers of our own. Here, for example, is my modest, silent friend, Mr. W. A. Traill, of Bushmills (where the whisky comes from, as Charley's Aunt would say). Pray don't overlook the fact that Mr. Traill designed and constructed the first electric tramway in the United Kingdom, and taught his coachman to supervise the dynamos driven by the river Bush."

"*Apropos*, Mr. Reade, to your allusion to alcoholic refreshments," chimed in Colonel Saunderson, with a twinkle in his eye, "those dynamos were altogether unlike the fabled wine, inasmuch as they were helpless without their Bush. By the way, you omitted to mention that Ulster—I might say Belfast—had distinctly scored in diplomacy. Instance Lord Macartney, Sir Robert Hart, and the first Marquess of Dufferin and Ava."

All conversation was here interrupted by the arrival on the scene of a steadily-marching posse of the D.M.P. "Make way for the procession," cried their gigantic leader, as he rudely pushed a solitary gentleman on one side.

"What do you mean, Head-Constable, by this indignity?" asked William Dargan (for it was he). "Don't you know that if it hadn't been for me this Gallery would never have been erected?" And saying as much, he flounced out of the place.

"That's the party, Head," said one of the rank and file, "who built the first Irish railway—the one running down to Kingstown."

"Well if he did," growled the leader; "he got all he deserved. I guess he must have imposed a permanent speed limit on the line. Attention! Present arms!"

This order was evidently occasioned by the fact, that the band had begun playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," followed by "Rule, Britannia." In the midst of Arne's bombastic strains, in marched two majestic lions drawing a gorgeous triumphal car, in which were seated the great Duke of Wellington and his lady, attended by Lord Gough, Lord Roberts, and Lord Charles Beresford. No sooner had they reached the centre of the room, when all the apes and monkeys in the surrounding picture frames (much to the consternation of the fleeing police) jumped suddenly to the floor. Forming a circle about the car, the simia proceeded to skip round in a merry dance, singing meanwhile an ironic ditty with the pungent refrain, "No Irish Need Apply." In the midst of these weird revels came another awful thunderclap, a blinding flash, and darkness once more reigned.

When sight returned to me the scene had changed. I found myself seated on the circular gallery of a superbly-ordered octagonal hall, surmounted by a cupola, and, recalling Wheatley's famous picture, recognised the place at once as Grattan's old House of Commons. It was clearly no ordinary occasion, for when I looked down, the brilliant assembly of Peers and Commoners quite took my breath away. No age in Ireland's history but had sent its representatives to this Valhalla, and the past and the present for once linked hands. Many of the immortals sitting there in silent dignity were recognisable by their portraits. Viscount Pery, who had been speaker on the memorable occasion of Grattan's Declaration of Independence, presided over the assembly. Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, sat apart, brooding over that melancholy occasion when he had summoned that hopeless and helpless Parliament in the King's Inns, which had been opened by the deposed Monarch, James II. I marked the preternaturally ugly and diabolically clever face of John Philpot Curran, and saw closely grouped together John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, the Lord Chancellor, and last Speaker of the Irish House of Peers, the indomitable Earl of Bellamont, and John Hely Hutchinson, sometime Provost of Trinity College of Dublin, and Secretary of State, whose book, "The Commercial Restraints of Ireland," had been burnt by England's common hangman. Side by side with Lord O'Hagan, our first Roman Catholic Lord Chancellor since the days of James II., sat Richard Lalor Sheil and Lord Russell of Killowen. Parnell was there with his stern, inscrutable face, and beside him the sturdy and magnanimous Isaac Butt, father of Home Rule. It was curious, too, to note the interminglement of the living and the dead, to see Sir Horace Plunkett seated cheek by jowl with his great namesake, Oliver, the Archbishop of Armagh. But I recollect now that Dante records an analogous experience.

Suddenly the soft strains of celestial music were heard, and a solemn calm settled over the assembly. The music seemed to proceed from a myriad of unseen harps, aud brought with it a delicious sense of peace and restfulness. Then the cupola of the building opened, and the Genius of Ireland, seated on a golden throne, upborne by a fleecy white cloud, descended to the level of the gallery. She was arrayed in shining light, and on her head was a crown of emeralds. Incense filled the air, and all my senses were intoxicated. Then a voice broke out, clear, god-like, penetrative: "Sons of the ever-weeping mother," it said, "take heart of grace, be comforted. A divine wisdom permeates all your country's sufferings.' 'Whom God's hand rests on stands at God's right hand.' The knowledge which is power can only be attained by agony and bloody sweat. In remoter days Ireland had a foretaste of the high destiny which awaits her among the great nations of the earth. As she was before so shall she be again, but with threefold power—a blessèd source of beauty and of spiritualization. She shall be beloved of all nations, for none has

Concluded at page 58.

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A ROYAL ROMANCE.

How a Belfast Merchant's Granddaughter became the last Empress of France.

IF we are to believe Lord Macaulay, a schoolboy's knowledge of men and matters in 1836 was wonderful. Thus, he tells us in his famous essay on Lord Clive that "every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa." The times are assuredly changed since then, for while the youth of the nation may tell you who won the 1908 Marathon race, there are facts connected with comparatively modern history that are passed over as something never intended to be considered. "The Countess of Montijo is slowly sinking, and takes little interest in the affairs of life." Thus a brief little paragraph in one of the leading London daily newspapers the other week—a line of no import to the undiscerning reader. Nine out of every ten passed it over, no doubt, while the tenth perhaps asked himself, "Who in the world is the Countess of Montijo?"



H.I.M. NAPOLEON III.,
LAST EMPEROR OF FRANCE.
From a Portrait in the Album of the late Queen Victoria.



THE LAST PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE,
KILLED IN SOUTH AFRICA DURING THE ZULU CAMPAIGN.

Who the Countess of Montijo is, the close student of nineteenth-century history does not require to be told. To-day, like a pale fugitive ghost, she silently flits across the vast stage of Europe, on which she played such a prominent part in bygone times. Truly her life's career is a romance that has seldom been equalled in the experience of the human mind.

Belfast a Century Ago.

Let us go back considerably over a century to trace her forebears, and we get a peep at Belfast, but not by any means the big bustling Belfast as we now know it. Across the Lagan, where now gargantuan ocean liners swing at ease, a foot passenger might wade when the tide was out. For a considerable distance up the principal street, the High Street, an open tributary river called the Farset coursed in its passage to join the Lagan—Bridge Street remains to-day in name to tell the fact. The shops were modest, and few of them less pretentious than the small warehouse behind the little many-paned window over which creaked the hanging sign of "William Kirkpatrick, Grocer."

Dame Fortune was not the best friend in the world to Wm. Kirkpatrick. His restless spirit ill fitted him to be a grocer in an Irish country town, and that restlessness was well encouraged by the tales of the sea captains who visited his shop. They told him that across the Atlantic was happiness—in sooth, a land flowing with milk and honey. At its very worst, he thought to himself, it could not be more soul-wearying than the eternal struggle to eke out a mere crust in Ireland. With the resolve made to see for himself, he gathered together his modest effects and emigrated to America by one of the schooner clippers which traded regularly between Belfast and Boston. In the United States, Fortune still looked on Kirkpatrick, but this time replacing her frowns with her sunniest smiles. He soon found himself climbing the ladder, and as "drummer"—or buyer—for several Belfast and Dublin merchants, he watched his purse fatten. He was shrewd and "ca' canny," as they say in Scotland. There came to him that time and tide which comes in the affairs of most men. The United States Consulship in Malaga becoming vacant, he made speedy application for the post, and was as speedily accepted.



EUGENIE, LAST EMPRESS OF FRANCE.
WIDOWED AND IN EXILE.

At Malaga affairs prospered exceedingly, and a couple of years after his arrival he married the eldest daughter of a Belgian grocer named Grevigny; while, strangely enough, the younger daughter married Matthew de Lesseps, and gave to the world Ferdinand de Lesseps, the creator of the Suez Canal. Kirkpatrick was ambitious, and when his daughter came to marrying age he proudly gave his consent to her union with the Marquis of Montijo, a Spanish don who could trace his ancestry back to the days of Columbus. It was Eugenie, the daughter of this strange marriage, and the granddaughter of the quondam Belfast grocer, who lived to achieve a mighty throne—and lose it.

Her Early Youth.

Having traced the parentage and birth of Eugenie, let us go

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A ROYAL ROMANCE.

How a Belfast Merchant's Granddaughter became the last Empress of France.—(*Continued.*)

forward a step to see the first act of the drama now entered upon, with the world as audience. As befitting her station in life, Eugenie was educated in France, and later on at a convent near Bristol. Her father, Cyprien, the Duke of Montijo, died during her absence in England, thus necessitating her return to become the companion of her widowed mother, who, gifted with a goodly stock of ambition from her father, could see even in those early days a brilliant prospect *in posse*, as it were, for her only daughter. Together they quitted Spain to visit in turn the various Courts of Europe. So was the polish of travel added to the attractive fascinations of Mademoiselle Montijo's personality.

An Imperial Courtship.

It was during this grand tour of Europe that the cause of the young Prince Louis Bonaparte appealed to her girlish sympathy. There were other reasons even more potent than the glamour of romance for a hero possessed by maidens of attractive age. Her father, the Marquis of Montijo, had for several years before his death avowed himself one of the hapless Prince's chief supporters. In the girlish heart of Eugenie there reigned undisputed one, and only one, king—Louis Bonaparte. In fact, her worship was so absorbing and so self-sacrificing that it went so far as to include even placing her entire fortune at his disposal. The sacrifice, so unexpected and absolutely unsought, interested the Prince-President so greatly that he eagerly made his way to seek out the beautiful Irish-Spanish girl on her arrival in Paris. It was the old, old story over again: the young pair soon became devotedly attached to each other. But there were barriers. Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it must occasionally frown before Ministers of State and Court decrees. Madame de Montijo smilingly encouraged the love-making, but not so the Emperor's Ministers and courtiers. For with an adverse effect, entreaties, supplications, and even threats were urged, yet to them all Bonaparte had one answer ever ready. It was to this effect: "Mademoiselle Eugenie Montijo shall be Empress." His wish prevailed. Thus at Paris, on the 29th of January, 1853, the curtain goes down on the first act—Notre Dame Cathedral, where Eugenie by marriage became Empress of France.



EUGENIE, LAST EMPRESS OF FRANCE,
IN THE DAYS OF HER BEAUTY AND POWER.

A Woman of Heart.

Now that she was Empress, what manner of ruler would Eugenie, the grocer's granddaughter, prove herself? Ministers looked sage, and prophesied all manner of dire things. It seemed almost beyond all human reason to expect that this high-spirited, merry—yea, tomboyish—girl could ever assume the dignity consonant with reigning over a first-rate Power. As regards dignity, they were right. The Empress Eugenie had too much heart to easily assume the critical shams and hollow punctilios of a French Court. Before her marriage with Napoleon III. she had discovered that there were many enemies of hers in the guise of hypocrite dissemblers. She was certain their opinions of her still remained unchanged, despite their show of fawning and grovelling now. She looked not to the Court, but to the hearts of the people for her friends—and she was not disappointed.

Her first acts show what she was as Empress. Over four thousand people had been exiled or imprisoned for being implicated in the risings after the *coup d etat*, so for these she sought a general pardon as a personal favour, and succeeded in gaining the Emperor's consent thereto.

Beloved by All.

"A beautiful woman, very humane and, despite her parentage, of regal mould." So a contemporary historian sums up her character. He might well have added also that she was intensely human, for when the Municipal Council of Paris unanimously voted to her £25,000 to purchase a necklace of diamonds, she accepted it to found an orphan asylum. Beloved as she was by the French people, outside France she compelled equally great affection wherever her name was mentioned. When the Imperial pair visited London a few years after their marriage, the reception, so it is chronicled, was "one bewildering triumph in which one million people took part."

Even our beloved Queen Victoria has left on record her impressions of the beautiful character of the Empress. Here are her words: "Her manner is the most perfect thing I have ever seen—so gentle and graceful, and kind; and the courtesy is charming—so modest and retiring withal."

Nor was England the only nation which respected France's Empress. To the Bonaparte Court to pay their respects in person came the King of Prussia, with the grim Count von Moltke, the Czar of Russia, the Shah of Persia, the Crown Prince of Germany—in fact, the potentates of the globe. It was the Augustan age for France—the country which had been drenched with blood for half a century previously. Alas! that it should have been the calm presaging a storm. And the apogee was yet to come. One blustering day in March, Paris danced mad with joy. There was reason for it. A young Prince Imperial, who seemed destined to perpetuate the line of Napoleons, had come into the world. Pope Pius IX., with the Queen of Sweden, honoured France by becoming sponsors.

The Beginning of the End.

But events are hurrying us on to the Third Act. Rumbles of war came from the vine-clad frontiers, and when the curtain parted in 1870 it was to disclose a terrible picture. France and Germany were plunged in a tiger-like struggle, which could have but one

FREKE
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23, Grafton St.
DUBLIN.

A ROYAL ROMANCE.

How a Belfast Merchant's Granddaughter became the last Empress of France.—(*Concluded*)

ending—the utter ruin of the vanquished. There was no doubt as to the ultimate victor. The German Army had marched straight to the very gates of Paris, and could not be repelled.

Amid the desolate ruins of everything that comprised a Constitution and Government, there is only one figure which commands our pity. It is the Empress Eugenie, as generously womanly as any of the world's great heroines. When even her citizens are conspiring against her life, and the mob like wolves howl for her heart's blood, she stands forward and claims all the blame. "My war!" is her sacrificing cry. Then, when no other resource is left to her, she, with the cry of the human wolves in her ears, hurries swiftly with her husband and her beloved son to seek a safe refuge in England.

The sack of the poor, sinful, ever-wonderful Paris by the Communards, followed by the death of her exiled husband, came from cruel Fate to emphasize the crumbling ruin of Eugenie's once glorious triumphs. Just as her cup of happiness had once overflowed, now the draught was brimful with bitterest sorrow. Seven years later her only remaining joy, the Prince Imperial, is killed in Zululand fighting for an alien power. Truly the Countess of Montijo's history is a momentous page of sad romance.

ALF. S. MOORE.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM—*Concluded from page 54.*

she injured. Despair not, therefore, ye that live, over the seeming futility of your labours. Work on, hope on, for light is breaking and the day is near at hand—

"Strive, endeavour, it matters more
To fight and fail, than on Time's dull shore
To sit an idler ever;
For to them who bare their arm to the strife,
Firm in their post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth never.
Therefore, in faith abide,
Till Erin's tears be dried,
Abide ye, and endeavour."

. . . . . .

When I returned once more to the work-a-day world, after a prolonged sojourn in the borderless realms of the imagination, it was with a dizzy brain, a curious throbbing of the right arm, and a spasmodic twitching in all my muscles. My husband was leaning over me anxiously, still holding in his hand the tiny syringe with which he had brought me down to mother earth by a hypodermic injection of liquor strychnia. Accustomed to emergencies, he had already solved the mystery of my state of coma. It appears that the previous morning our new housemaid, in tidying up my bedroom, had dropped and smashed out of her inquisitive hands the odd-shaped bottle containing my cough mixture. She had lost her previous situation through a similar act of curiosity and carelessness, and was too fearful of the consequences to tell me what she had done. So in her half-witted terror she went on a voyage of expedition through the house, seeking everywhere for a bottle of a similar shape and hue and size to place instead of the other. As luck would have it, the only one answering the purpose was ensconced in my husband's study, and was filled with hasheesh, an Indian narcotic with which he happened to be experimenting. It was a fortunate thing for me he missed it so soon from his table. "Lie still a little, my dear, and try and collect your thoughts," said Raleigh Carr soothingly. "I know you have dreamed dreams and seen visions, and I want you, as soon as you get up, to write out a detailed account of your weird experience." Some hours later, when I handed him the manuscript of the narrative you have just read, his comment was, "Wonderful, wonderful, and beyond all whooping. I shall prescribe frequent doses of hasheesh, my dear, in future to the numerous brood of Dublin poets who are suffering from atrophied imaginations!"

[NOTE.—Mrs. Raleigh Carr's manuscript has been kindly prepared for the press by her literary friend, Mr. W. J. Lawrence.—EDITOR.]

COLLEGE GREEN A CENTURY AGO.



ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE—1805-1905.

Any record of College Green in the eighteenth century would be incomplete without a reference to the famous Daly's Club House shewn in this illustration. It was connected with the Houses of Parliament by a covered passage, was furnished in a superb manner, and was declared by travellers to be the "grandest edifice of the kind in Europe."

In the left hand corner was the office of the famous

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.

This great Corporation was the first, and the only, Insurance Institution in Ireland for very many years. It opened an office on the Strand (now Strand Street) in A.D. 1722, and for 186 years it has been inseparably associated with Irish commercial life.

In those early days all losses and premiums were paid in Irish money, fire marks were affixed to all insured property, and the Corporation maintained its own fire engines and brigade in its station in Crown Alley, at rear of the Commercial Buildings, Dame Street.

To-day, this old Corporation still occupies this historic site, 5, College Green, where in a modern building (see lower illustration) it transacts in a most up-to-date manner, the various kinds of assurance (Fire, Life, Sea, Accident, Employers' Liability, Burglary and Fidelity Guarantee) rendered necessary by modern conditions of life.

BISHOP BERKELEY'S QUERIES FOR IRISHWOMEN—*Concluded from page 50.*

made for other people? And whether it be not madness for a poor country to imitate a rich one? Whether an Irish lady, set out with French silk and Flanders lace, may not be said to consume more beef and butter than a hundred of our labouring peasants? Whether it can be hoped that private persons will not indulge this folly, unless restrained by public opinion?" Throughout three-fourths of the 18th century the Irish aristocracy adopted English and Continental fashions to such an extent that Berkeley estimated nine-tenths of the restricted foreign trade permitted to us by England was devoted to supplying this exotic need. There is no doubt Berkeley's "Querist" was an influence in developing the national sentiment which began to manifest itself subsequently to 1753, and, in the all too brief era of Grattan's Parliament, found practical expression in the support and development of Irish manufactures.

DOES THIS HOLD GOOD TO-DAY?

"Whether it be not a notorious truth that our Irish ladies are on a foot, as to dress, with those of five times their fortune in England? Whether England, which hath free trade [i.e., as compared with the restricted trade permitted to Ireland at that time], *whatever she remits for foreign luxury with one hand, doth not with the other receive much more from abroad? Whether, nevertheless, this nation would not be a gainer if our women would content themselves with the same moderation in point of expense as the English ladies?"* Finally, the last query in his book, wherein he successfully indicates the possibility of making Ireland prosperous by every resident in the country supporting Irish-manufactured goods, is—*"Whose fault is it if Ireland continues poor?"*

SPECIALISTS AND SPECIALITIES.

A PLEASANT PASTIME.

Although by no means a new channel for ladies' energy, the fascinating and useful art of "Aspinalling" grows more and more popular as the years fly by. Nor is this surprising, since a pastime which also saves money and makes the home beautiful is impossible to find in any other way. Many ladies regularly devote a portion of their leisure to "Aspinalling" old furniture, new brackets, wicker work, chairs, tables, etc., and where several members of a family go in for this pastime, considerable rivalry prevails as to whose work will be first finished. Unlike other kinds of art work, beginners can paint as well as those who have been "Aspinalling" for years since the process by which this world-renowned Enamel is manufactured makes it impossible for even a child to spoil the article to which it is applied. In winter especially, when ladies are less out of doors, "Aspinalling" is more than ever in vogue, not its least merit being the variety of colours and shades in which the Enamel is made. It is a good plan, however, to keep the things in each room to the same colour, and, of course to choose a different tint for every apartment, so that one has, say, a blue room, a white, a green, and so on. Of the beauty of Aspinall's Enamel, its lustre, and wonderful smoothness in using, it is hardly necessary to speak, since practically everyone is aware that no other paint can supply such a perfect porcelain-like surface. But readers may be reminded that owing to its great durability it is extremely economical both for general interior house use and also for painting large surfaces out of doors. In fact, from the palace to the cottage, Aspinall "never fails to please."



DO YOU WANT MORE LIGHT AT NIGHT?

Here is a list of notabilities who wanted more light at night—His Grace the Duke of Westminster, the Right Hon. Lord Londonderry, the Right Hon. Lord Castlemaine, the Right Hon. Lord Louth, the Right Hon. Sir R. Penrose-Fitzgerald, Bart.; the Right Hon. Sir Frances Ley, Bart.; the Right Hon. Sir David Harrell, Captain Greer, Major Loder. The list might be extended, but there is no necessity to extend it. These gentlemen wanted more light at night, and they went about procuring the most satisfactory available, because of its brilliancy, safety, economy, and reliability. They communicated with other firms, no doubt, but in the end placed their orders with the most satisfactory of the lot, the Sunbeam Acetylene Gas Co., Ltd., of Upper Arthur Street, Belfast, owners of plant and carbide of calcium works at Larne, Co. Antrim, and probably the greatest experts in acetylene gas lighting in the world. They are in a position to guarantee and to supply an absolutely pure gas, without smoke, smell, haze, carbonising of burners, clogging of gas-fittings, or other objectionable defect.

For lighting country mansions, hotels, or factories, there is no more convenient system. With the Sunbeam system in use it is equal in effectiveness to the electric light, and, unlike electricity, cannot get out of order. No skilled labour is required to manage the Sunbeam plant. It produces gas much cheaper than other systems. It is a really cheap and perfect form of lighting. Its cost—light for light—represents electric light at 2d. per unit; coal gas at 1/9 per 1,000 cubic feet; and paraffin oil at 8d. per gallon.

Subscribers contemplating introducing an improved system of lighting in their homes, or elsewhere, will be exercising a wise discrimination by communicating beforehand with the "Sunbeam" Acetylene Gas Co., Ltd., Upper Arthur Street, Belfast, who will be able to give them an estimate free of charge.

THE SIGHT.

The wearing of glasses should not be delayed when the least weakness of vision is felt, for a timely call at the optician's often averts serious trouble with the eyes. Reliable advice on this vital subject may always be obtained from Messrs. Pollock Brothers, whose centrally situated premises and consulting rooms, at 25, Wicklow Street, Dublin, are equipped with all the latest instruments for sight-testing, and who supply the most improved spectac'es and eye-glasses of all descriptions.

Messrs. Pollock also keep in stock a beautiful collection of opera glasses, lorgnettes in shell, silver, and gold, also race and field glasses, etc. Among these we may specially mention the new Prism Binocular (named the "Pollux"), which magnifies eight times, is perfectly finished in every detail, and enclosed in a solid, brown leather case for presentation purposes Their large and varied stock of barometers, barographs, etc., embrace the latest designs. Every instrument is guaranteed for accuracy.

DYEING, CLEANING, AND LAUNDRY WORK.

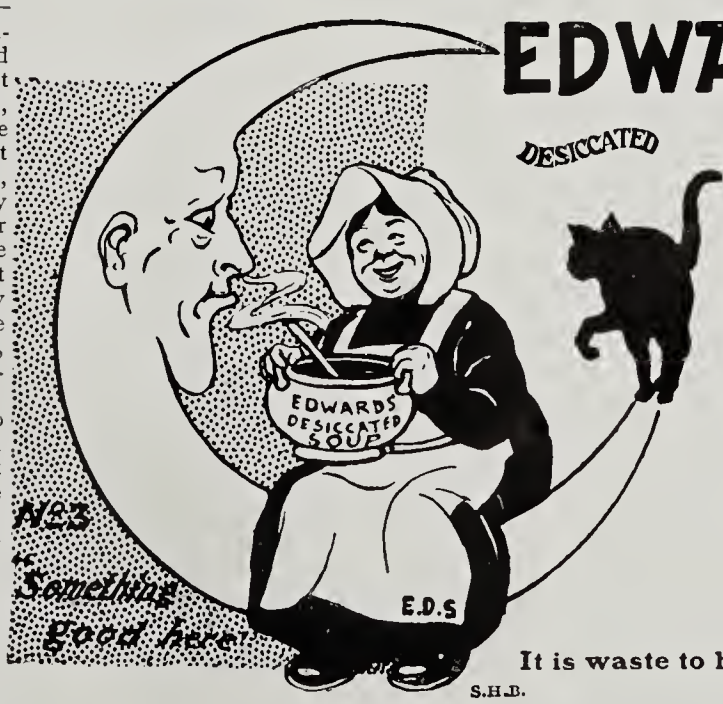
These industries are carried on to perfection by the Central Laundry, Limited, 60, William Street, Dublin, whose methods are of the very highest class, and where only the most competent hands are engaged.

The arts of dyeing and cleaning, also are well understood, and very moderate charges are made—ladies' costume (coat and skirt) being thoroughly renovated and pressed for 2/6 to 4/-; gentlemen's suits or overcoats, 4/-; and boys' suits, 2/6.

Besides headquarters in William Street, the Central Laundry has branch offices throughout the city and suburbs—at 40, Talbot Street; 19, Elm Grove, Ranelagh, and five other localities, where lists and particulars may be obtained.

A FINE, SMOOTH SKIN.

The effect of wintry weather on the hands and complexion is the reverse of beautifying, and it is impossible to keep the skin soft and smooth, without the aid of some kind of emollient. A perfectly safe one is "Lait Larola," which removes redness, roughness, and irritation, and is delightfully soothing and free from all grease, besides being pleasantly perfumed. A small quantity, applied regularly after washing will suffice to ward off the results of cold wind, etc. This aid to an attractive appearance is made by Messrs. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham, and sold by all chemists and stores .



Made of wholesome meat and garden-grown vegetables. A penny packet of this delicious "home-made" Soup will make a nourishing meal of many an old scrap. See directions on packet.

It is waste to be without it.

S.H.B.

Holds a magnificent record as a saver of infant life.

MELLIN'S FOOD

Every particle of this food is real nourishment.

IF YOU WANT YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOUR FRIEND TO BE APPRECIATED

GIVE SOMETHING USEFUL.

Genuine Irish Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs are the most acceptable Present in the World.

Children's from 1/6 per dozen; Ladies', 2/11 per dozen; Gentlemen's from 3/11 per dozen.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND SAVE 50 PER CENT.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd., BELFAST.

By Royal Appointment to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

SOME IRISH LOVE AFFAIRS.—III. Dean Swift and Stella.

(*Concluded from Page 12.*)

Among the portraits of Swift which we possess in Ireland, the full-length canvas still hanging in St. Patrick's Deanery House is undoubtedly the best. It shews him "in his habit as he lived," wearing that "best periwig and (Geneva) gown which I keep at my neighbour Mrs. Van's, five doors off," in Bury Street, St. James. The picture is by Bindon, and bears date, if we remember accurately, 1737; while another, by the same artist, is to be seen in Howth Castle, dated two years earlier.

The Berwicks' portraits of both Swift and Stella, on long loan in our National Gallery, are certainly contemporary, but indifferent, and probably copies. It is in the black marble bust by Patrick Cunningham, which after Swift's death was presented to the Dean and chapter of the Cathedral, and added by them to his monument, that we best see evidences of the animate man—his full, glowing eyes, the *cachet* of ready wit at the corners of the mouth, the massive nose which in some degree gave the loud powerful voice, etc. This portrait bust was executed by order of George Faulkner, Swift's eccentric, liberal, public-spirited publisher in Parliament Street. It stood for many years on his shop counter, a familiar object to purchasers of *The Journal*, and we further hear of its occupying a certain bow window of the establishment, facing Essex Bridge.

Roubilliac's beautiful bust, executed in spotless, unveined Cararra, which graces the stately library of Trinity College, is a work of high art; but as we admire it we accept it as a refined, improved likeness of the man, for, the Sculptor has turned the neck in order to get quit, on one side at least, of those heavy folds of flesh under the chin, and thereby has attained a fine, spirited expression—a look as of inspiration, in the face, which, however noble, was, we fear, not habitual to Swift. George Romney nearly always resorted to the same studio trick in painting his lovely but erring model, Emma Hart, in order to avoid her only defect, amid much beauty, of a cast in one eye; and M. Berthron de Paris has done the same in the case his portrait of our lively Irish poetess, Lady Morgan. Swift was of much heavier personal metal, and although the milk-white bust delights us as a work of art, we turn to Bindon's canvases, wherein we feel that justice without mercy—or much of it—was dealt to the Downright Dunstable individuality of Jonathan Swift.

NOTICES.

PRESENTS FROM ULSTER.

A price list from Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver, Donegall Place, Belfast, will go far to settle the question of what to buy for Christmas boxes. The choice of Irish lace goods is great, and includes beautiful specimens of crochet, guipure, applique, point, and other lace, in the shape of collars, berthes, fichus, etc. Handkerchiefs for ladies, gentlemen and children afford a wide range, prices as well as patterns being so varied, and the plainest as well as the most ornate kinds are represented, and we should recommend our readers to write for their Christmas list before purchasing.

NURSERY AND TOILET POWDER.

A very superior preparation of its kind is Woolley's Sanitary Rose Powder, much appreciated by ladies for toilet use, and greatly recommended by nurses and all who understand the care of children, as being eminently suited for the nursery. This well known powder is soothing, cleanly, and antiseptic, besides being daintily perfumed, while it is so soft and delicate in consistency that it cannot irritate the most delicate or tender skin. It allays roughness and irritation, and may be safely employed by everyone.

UMBRELLAS FOR EVERYONE.

The old-established manufacturer of umbrellas, Messrs. F. Smyth & Son, of 75, Grafton Street, Dublin, have a splendid assortment on view this season, all made on their own premises. It seems incredible that for the sum of 1/11 a strong, neat, presentable umbrella can be sold, yet this is done, and from that price to three guineas there are innumerable makes to be had. Messrs. Smyth & Son make and keep in stock the new coloured silk umbrellas in marine blue, myrtle green, wine red, snuff brown, and purple, also the size named the "Merry Widow," on account of its specially large dimensions, adopted to protect the fashionable hats. The firm has always in stock a large variety of gentlemen's umbrellas, blackthorn sticks, canes, and hunting crops.

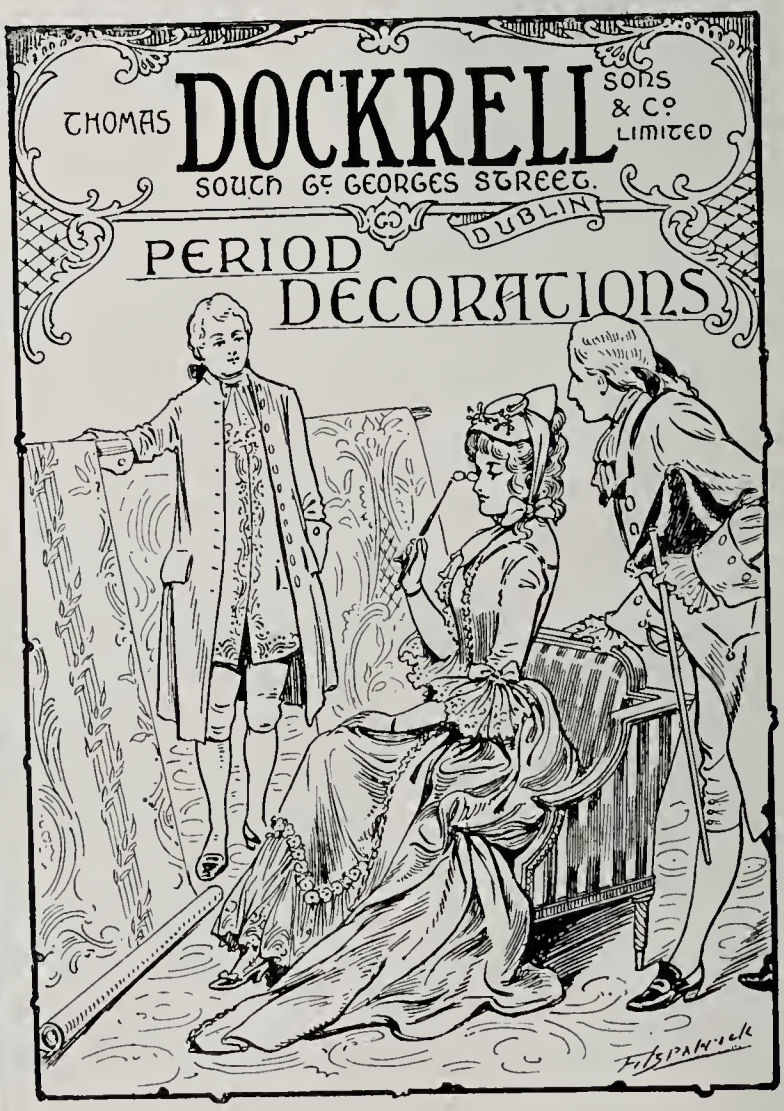
SPECIALITIES.

QUALITY AND PRICE RIGHT.

A 2 lb. packet of White's Wafer Oatmeal at fivepence is the best value in grain foodstuffs in these islands. The enormous sale accorded this brand is evidence that a discriminating public appreciates its superiority over any of the foreign brands of rolled oats imported into the United Kingdom, and we have the guarantee of Messrs. White, Tomkins & Courage, Limited, of Belfast and Tanderagee, that their Wafer Oatmeal is prepared from the finest quality of oats grown in Ireland. In buying White's Wafer Oatmeal we purchase a home product grown and manufactured in Ireland, and acknowledged by experts to be superior to any imported stuff. In price it competes with all comers; in quality it yields to none. From the dietetic point of view it is the most nutritious, economically it is the cheapest, and as a foodstuff of Irish manufacture throughout, it affords employment to a very large number of Irish farmers, millhands, warehousemen, etc.

IN THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

Some years ago our grandmothers prided themselves on their ample feather beds, but nowadays no good housewife cares to use one of these unhealthy and not too cleanly if luxurious articles. Any housekeeper wishing to dispose of one or more feather beds could not do better than communicate with the Irish Feather Co., Ltd., Tara Street, Dublin, who supply Curled Hair Mattresses of good quality in whole or part exchange or purchase for cash as may be desired.



Has reared many thousands of babies to vigorous maturity

MELLIN'S FOOD

Will do for your child as much as it has done for others.

SOME IRISH LOVE AFFAIRS.

ARTHUR WESLEY (WELLESLEY) AND KITTY PAKENHAM. (Afterwards First Duke and Duchess of Wellington.)

See Portraits upon First Page.

"He was a man of rare, undoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike praise."
—FAIRY QUEEN.

SPENSER'S couplet fits so completely the famous general and statesman Ireland is so proud of, and who secured to the Empire the military pre-eminence it held throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century, that it recalls to us, to-day, in swift review his character and long career of success and power.

A man of Might he certainly was, politically, as well as in his capacity of military leader, but we find it difficult to realise him in the character of *Lover*, the Iron Duke predominating in our imaginations over young Arthur Wesley or Wellesley, who entered the King's service at eighteen years of age, gazetted to an ensigncy in the 73rd foot, changing in thirteen months to the 41st, and again in a year and a half into a cavalry regiment, the 12th Light Dragoons.

This shuffling of corps may have been owing to the fact that his brother, Lord Mornington, had sought on his behalf the influence of the Duke of Rutland, then Viceroy, carelessly remarking "I care not what commission he gets, provided he gets it soon. He is here at this moment, and perfectly idle."

He had been a dull boy, of reserved manners, and even his mother, whom he resembled personally more than any of her other children, failed to detect in him any ability except for music, and so declared him "food for powder and shot, nothing more." Her daughter-in-law, widow of the 3rd Earl, who lived into the mid-Victorian era, and died indeed during the same year as the Duke himself, used to quote the very words of this Spartan mother as having been: "I vow to God, I don't know what I shall do with my awkward son Arthur." Mistaken fashionable woman, she perhaps did not take much trouble to sound the mind or inclinations of that quiet boy. There is not much record of his early regimental life, but we expect he was able to hold his own, even between eighteen and twenty, at which age, on his changing from the line into the cavalry, he was appointed *aide-de-camp* to John Fane, Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord Lieutenant.

The Court of that Viceroy was a brilliant one, and many heiresses and youthful beauties were presented at it, as a matrimonial market. Among these came the Honourable Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of the second Baron Longford—a pretty girl, but certainly no heiress. Young Captain Wellesley and this *debutante* were mutually attracted, and when the time came for the young soldier to go to India, we are told that they exchanged vows, and parted with an understanding that they belonged to each other, although the families of each would sanction no betrothal.

The hero evidently entered eagerly into the active service which was then open to every officer who desired to study his profession and rise in it; young Wellesley did both, and in the course of much private study, pursued with systematic routine, as well as arduous observance of regimental duties, soon overcame any oppression of the heart which may have clouded his life at the time of his resignation of Lord Westmoreland's *aiguilettes*.

Space does not admit of our following, here, the embryo commander's career in the Netherlands, West Indies, and elsewhere, or his exchanges through many regiments, we have merely to do with his early love affair.

No word throughout his correspondence, during twelve years, shows that he ever thought of his youthful flame—or of any other woman; but, on the death of his brother in October, 1805, the colonelcy of the 33rd regiment, which Lord Mornington had held, was given to Captain Arthur, who, it appears, had expressed some dissatisfaction at having received hitherto neither a command or any lucrative post.

In January following, the younger Pitt died, and a coalition being formed with Charles James Fox as Minister, Colonel Wellesley, or *Wesley*, as he then wrote his own name, was elected Member for Rye, on the 12th of April in the same year. During the same week, being at Cheltenham on leave, he met an old acquaintance, Lady Olivia Sparrow, an amiable society busy-body, who chose to twit him upon his "heartlessness" to her bosom friend, Kitty Pakenham. "What! does she still remember me?" Wellesley exclaimed. "Do you think that I ought to renew my offer? I am ready to do it!"

In consequence, he wrote at once to Miss Pakenham, renewing his proposal of marriage. She replied that, as it was so long since they had met, he had better come over and see her before committing himself, lest he should find her aged and altered. Sir Arthur replied that Minds, at all events, did not change with years; he hastened over to Ireland, and the result was they were married in Dublin, on Friday, 10th April.

This judicious hesitancy on the lady's side has emphasised, perhaps even originated, the entirely false report that Miss Pakenham had been disfigured by the fell disease smallpox during that lengthened term of separation from her youthful admirer. One of her most intimate friends, living in her own neighbourhood, clever little Miss Edgeworth, has borne evidence both to her constancy and her preserved good looks, as well as her many charms, and has declared the long protracted union of the lovers to have been "one of those tales of real life in which the romance is far superior to the generality of fictions."

They were married, presumably by special license, in the drawing-room of Lord Longford's house in Temple Street, Dublin, on Friday the 10th April, 1806; although the Dublin *Evening Herald* of Wednesday, April 30th, following, announces that the marriage took place in London, and names the bride as, "Miss Pakenham, niece of Admiral the honourable Thomas Pakenham." This Admiral had succeeded to the peerage as 2nd Baron, and had previously sat in the last Parliament of Ireland, 1797-1800, for the family Borough of Longford, where he had for colleague his brother, the Honourable Edward Pakenham, Major in Westmoreland's 23rd regiment of Light Dragoons.

Regarding the subsequent years of union of these long separated true-lovers what can be said? Never was English Duchess so little chronicled as Her Grace of Wellington, and it is to be feared the mild light of her personality was almost quenched in the blaze of the conqueror, her spouse.

Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., the Duke's most modern biographer, whose statements are all made after much sifting of evidence, and who admits no mere tattle, or "good story" to encroach upon his own pithy comment, says:

"There was a profound pathos in this union. The lady with whom Wellesley stood before the altar in 1806 was less different in appearance from the girlish beauty of the Viceregal Court than the bronzed war-worn, ambitious commander from the impressionable, pleasure-loving *aide-de-camp* who had lost his heart under influence of her bright eyes and soft cheeks twelve years before. His head was filled with far other schemes than matrimony and domestic bliss. One has not to look far for instances of faith broken under similar circumstances, and great men will never be without eager apologists for what, in lesser men, is accounted honourable. In this regard—in respect of plighted troth—surely no more complete contrast to Wellesley's conduct could be found than in that great emperor, against whom, for many years to come, his whole energy was to be matched. As the event proved, Kitty Pakenham, though a sweet creature in the esteem of her friends, proved scarcely a match for England's greatest commander."

Socially, she never shone; and from what we glean by the letters, journals, and always-respectfully-uttered comments made by other great ladies of her day, was no more than a rather silly woman of fashion, without *weight* in the great world, and seriously wanting in *tact*, that chief requisite of woman mixing in political circles. She worshipped her husband to the end of her life, but she never ceased to offend him in one particular, which formed one of his greatest aversions, viz.—he could not endure being, what is called, "shown off," and she delighted in calling attention, everywhere, to his qualities and great achievements.

As emphasising this jarring fact existing between them, and evincing the Duke's sense of having missed something in the lottery of marriage, the Marchioness of Salisbury, one of his few very intimate female friends, tells that after the Duchess' death, in 1831, during the heat of the Reform struggle, she happened to ask His Grace if Lady Peel had much influence over Sir Robert; and the reply was "No. She is not a clever woman; Peel had no wish to marry a clever woman." "It is curious that a man of ability should not care to have a wife capable of entering into subjects in which he takes an interest," remarked Lady Salisbury." "Aye! and of anticipating one's meaning, that is what a clever woman does, she sees what you *mean*," said the old man, rather mournfully.

The Duchess, a devoted and admiring wife, if somewhat misplaced in her exalted position, died on the 25th April, 1831, after a quarter of a century of wedded life, which was, as viewed by posterity, far from ideal, though not unhappy; she died at Apsley House, and her husband was with her at the end. While her remains still lay there, there occurred one of the many riots that so marked our national progress towards reform, one consequent upon an unlooked for dissolution of Parliament and an injudicious speech, personally delivered in the Upper House by King William IV.

The mob, in their temporary supremacy, had ordained that there should be a general illumination on the night of the 27th April, but, as may be supposed, that square, conservative-looking House at Hyde Park Corner was *not* lit up; on the contrary it

IRISH COUNTIES WALTZ. The Best Dancing Waltz of the Season. Price, 1/6
POHLMANN & CO., IRISH MUSIC PUBLISHERS, 40, Dawson St., DUBLIN, and CORK.

SOME IRISH LOVE AFFAIRS.—Arthur Wesley and Kitty Pakenham.

looked unusually dark, even solemn, from a cause unknown to the populace. It had such police protection as the yet infantile force could muster, but, when volleys of stones came crashing through the windows, their efforts at restraint were unavailing, and utter destruction would doubtless have ensued had not the constables informed the assailants that Her Grace the Duchess lay in her coffin, within; be it recorded of these infuriated radicals that all violence was suspended at once, in reverence to the dead and respect for a great man's family bereavement. They adjourned, however, to neighbouring Park Lane, where they entirely demolished the windows of Londonderry House.

Many of us remember, during succeeding Victorian years, the iron shutters, still darkening the already quite sufficiently sombre aspect of Apsley House, which were fitted to the windows at this time as protection against further demonstrations of the recurring political unpopularity of the great English Minister.

A beautiful drawing of this first Duchess of Wellington, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is preserved in the Apsley House collection, and is now for the first time presented to the public by special permission of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, who has permitted the drawing to be specially copied for presentation here to the readers of the Extra Christmas Number of the LADY OF THE HOUSE.

Apart from his staunch fidelity to Kitty Pakenham, we cannot help thinking that the Duke's attitude towards women in general was both cynical and harsh; they came under a universal system of drill, and were kept under discipline with much *insouciance*; they had to turn to the right-about at the word of command. "What will the Duke say to the Lords about it, think you?" said someone to Lord Clarendon and young Macaulay at an evening party, anent the Emancipation Bill of 1829, to which Lord Clarendon quietly replied, "Oh, he'll just say, 'My Lords, Attention! Mar-r-ch!'"—meaning, of course, towards one particular turnstile in the division lobby. And so we suspect it was with the Sex, save in the case of two marked exceptions.

In one case he answered a humble suppliant: "The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mrs. Herrick. His son, the Marquis of Duro, is a Housekeeper in Belgrave Street. He is not responsible for the payment of his son's washing bills, even to the wife of a soldier. It appears to the Duke that the regular mode of proceeding would be to apply to the debtor himself, and, if payment be refused or omitted, to enforce the same by all means sanctioned by law. This would be a regular mode of proceeding; that adopted is *impertinent* in the real, and not offensive, meaning of the word."

Yet more inflexible is the reply to a very courageous lady: "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Miss Jane Fyffe. He has received in a deal box her letter of October 3rd. He has long been under the necessity of preventing his house being made the deposit of all the trash that is manufactured or made up, etc., etc. He desires Miss F. to inform him in what manner the box may be returned to her, and gives notice that if he does not receive an answer by return of post, the box and its contents will be thrown into the fire." Who was this hardy female? and were the contents of her box crochet work for sale for charity? His Grace's reply to her reads like a dispatch.

Quite the most *agreeable* reading about the great Duke is to be found in the Croker Correspondence; that industrious gossip, John Wilson Croker, gives in full the interview between Lord Castlereagh and Wellington with the turn-coat French ministers, who shilly-shallied over the surrender of Napoleon, and quotes the Duke's concluding "*et c'est mon dernier mot; Entendez-Vous? C'est mon dernier mot!*" as he stalked without ceremony out of the council chamber. Croker himself, as secretary to the admiralty, wrote the subsequent despatch, which is well worth reading, and himself assigned the 'Bellerophon,' among ships then in French waters, for the reception of the vanquished, exiled ex-emperor.

The Hon. Charles Greville has also left us minute, valuable evidence of the great statesman, written fully, calmly, impartially, yet critically; but neither of these diarists, both of whom were placed officially at the very heart of Tory administration in England, and who saw the social history of Europe in its making through more than half of the nineteenth century, have ever mentioned Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington! We hear from them all the foibles, chit-chat, and doings of the *grandes dames* of that period, and much anent the various famous, infamous too—neither spared a certain lovely Irish Marchioness whose taste ran towards Crown Jewels, and who even permitted herself to elucidate the mystery of the Princess Charlotte's famous sapphire, an historic gem originally the family property of the Stewarts, given by the Cardinal York to George III., by wearing it at an official dinner at Devonshire House, where it was speedily recognised by the Countess of Darnley. But our pretty little heroine of a youthful love story evidently remained, as to her innocent personality, only sweet Kitty Pakenham, the lawful wedded wife of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, Britain's greatest warrior and ablest Minister.

THE "MILKMAID" HOUSEWIFE'S BOOK.

The publication, named above, is a host in itself, and not only contains one hundred excellent and easily followed recipes for puddings and sweet dishes, written by a trained lady cook, but a series of chapters on social and domestic subjects, as well as a store of wit and humour. It is not only interesting, but helpful, and should be obtained by every housewife from the "Milkmaid" Brand Advertising Offices, St. George's House, Eastcheap, London, E.C., for two stamps.

The "Milkmaid" Brand is made from absolutely pure milk, containing the full amount of cream, and may be used with advantage for all culinary purposes, as well as for the diet of infants who thrive on it as if nursed by the mother.

CAKES OF HOME MANUFACTURE.

A visit to the extensive cake factory in Bishop Street, Dublin, carried on by Messrs. W. & R. Jacob & Co., would seem to the youthful mind like an excursion into fairyland, and to older people it is a very interesting experience, leaving the satisfactory impression that, in this branch of industry, Ireland can compete successfully with any other country. The preparation of goods for the Christmas season is now in full swing, but at no time of the year is there a cessation of the busy operations which go to provide the cakes and biscuits continually being sent out in quantities. Every detail of the manufacture is entertaining, perhaps the most attractive being the process of icing and decorating, which is really brought to a fine art, and includes most elaborate designs.

Just a few of the special dainties for the season are—Rich Fruit Cakes, covered with marzipan or almond paste; Crystallized Fruit and Cosaques, adapted for Christmas parties, and known by such names as "Holly," "Matinee," "Yuletide," "Noel," "Duchess of York," "Banquet," etc., etc., while many others, less rich but decidedly ornamental, may be more freely indulged in by the children. Fancy Biscuits, too, are made by Messrs. Jacob in endless variety, and put up in the pretty tins and boxes which are always acceptable gifts.

The firm also turn out excellent Shortbread and Gingerbread and small cakes, much enjoyed at afternoon teas; and the Crackers and various other lunch biscuits are among the best obtainable.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND STATIONERY.

As usual, at Messrs. Waller's, in Suffolk Street, Dublin, one finds an artistic and most attractive stock of stationery, suitable for Christmas gifts. The show of calendars is extensive; and specially noticeable is the hand-painted series—one of this year's novelties.

The books of private greeting cards are filled with charming samples, and will be sent to country addresses for inspection, if desired, on payment of 1/- deposit.

Messrs. Waller print these to order on the shortest possible notice, and are prepared to carry out commissions for all kinds of programmes, visiting, and "At Home" cards.

HIGHEST AWARDS.

CORK, 1883. PARIS, 1886. PARIS, 1889. PARIS, 1900.
LIVERPOOL, 1886. ADELAIDE, 1887. CHICAGO, 1893. ST. LOUIS, 1904.

FRANCO-BRITISH, 1908.

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"Old Bushmills" Distillery Co, Ltd., 20, Mark Lane, E.C.

OLD CARLISLE BRIDGE in 1820.

PRESENTATION PLATE IN COLOURS.

The Lady of the Mouse

CHRISTMAS, 1909.]

CONDUCTED BY CRAWFORD HARTNELL.

[ONE SHILLING. By Post, Fourpence extra.



THE EARLIEST STEAM PACKET BETWEEN IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN, 1816, LEAVING HOWTH FOR HOLYHEAD.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

The Street Life of Old Dublin

BEFORE AND AFTER THE UNION.

Presented in a series of Engravings reproduced from rare and ornate prints and original drawings illustrative of the Rise and Progress of the Irish Capital.



J. A. Barrolet Dett. *J. C. Stadler, Sculp.*

The Richmond Memorial Fountain, Merrion Square West, Dublin.

"To Her Grace Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, this Plate is most humbly Inscribed by her devoted servant, J. Blaquiere."

"This fountain for the use of the Poor of the City of Dublin, was erected in honour of the Duke of Rutland, the late and much lamented Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It stands in Merrion Square, and extends seventy feet in a recess. In the centre is a sea goddess reclining on an urn, which discharges its water into a large shell, from thence it flows over rocks below. Above this in high relief is a tablet with a representation of the good Samaritan, and the well known story of the Marquis of Granby presenting to a wounded soldier the water which had been brought for his own refreshment. In compartments on either side are medallions of the noble Duke (Rutland) and the present beautiful Duchess. On the right wing is represented Agripina weeping over the ashes of Germanicus, and on the left Ireland bewailing the loss of her guardian and protector. Inscriptions in English and Latin are on each side, one inscription reminding the Passenger of the virtues and premature death of the friend and protector of the Dublin Poor, Charles, Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who died 24th October, 1787, and who, had he lived, would have erected this Fountain for their use at his own expense. The other inscription expresses the feelings of those who carried the work into execution."

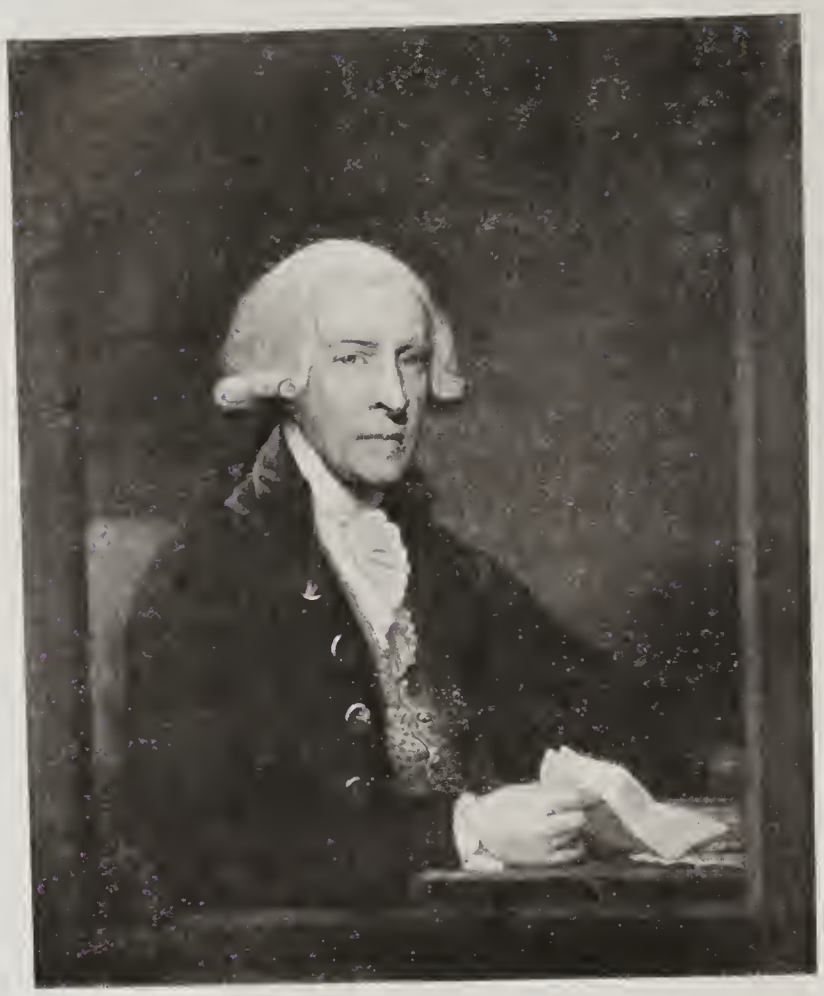
The hand of the modern Dublin vandal has been busy with this beautiful object, and no visitor to the National Gallery of Ireland could suppose that the battered erection across the roadway was the original which suggested the exquisite coloured print now adorning the print room. When we last examined the remains of the demolished fountain we found that the worst taste in the world had accomplished further disfigurement. On a paltry brick-red pedestal stood a paltry brick-red terra cotta pot, while the surrounding ground was planted with cheap asters like the garden of a labourer's cottage in the county. The whole was fenced off by a black railing supplemented by elaborate barbed wire entanglements in order to guard the treasures these defences enclosed.



Dublin: taken near the Custom House.
by T. S. Roberts.
Published in 1817, by Messrs Boydell & Co.

From a Fine Colour Print in the National Gallery of Ireland.

The Streets of Old Dublin: The Making of the Irish Capital.



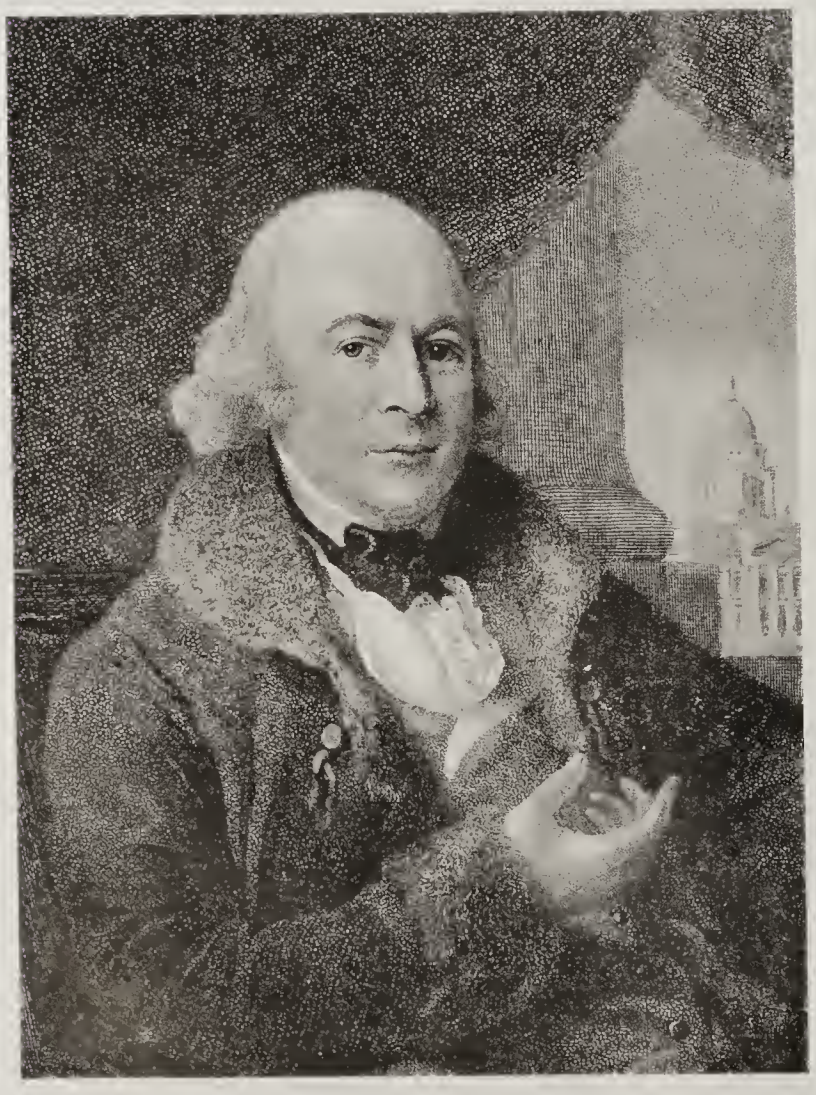
RIGHT HON. WILLIAM BROWNLOW, P.C.,

Knight of the Shire for County Armagh, in the Irish Parliament, who built the first houses in Merrion Square, Dublin He seconded the Declaration of Irish Rights, proposed in 1782, by Henry Grattan.



RIGHT HON. JOHN BERESFORD, P.C.,

First Commissioner of the Revenue, to whose taste for architecture Dublin owes its splendid Custom House. John Beresford, who sat in the last Parliament of Ireland for Waterford County, also built Beresford Place and Eden Quay, calling the latter after his friend, William Eden, Chief Secretary of Ireland, and First Lord Auckland.

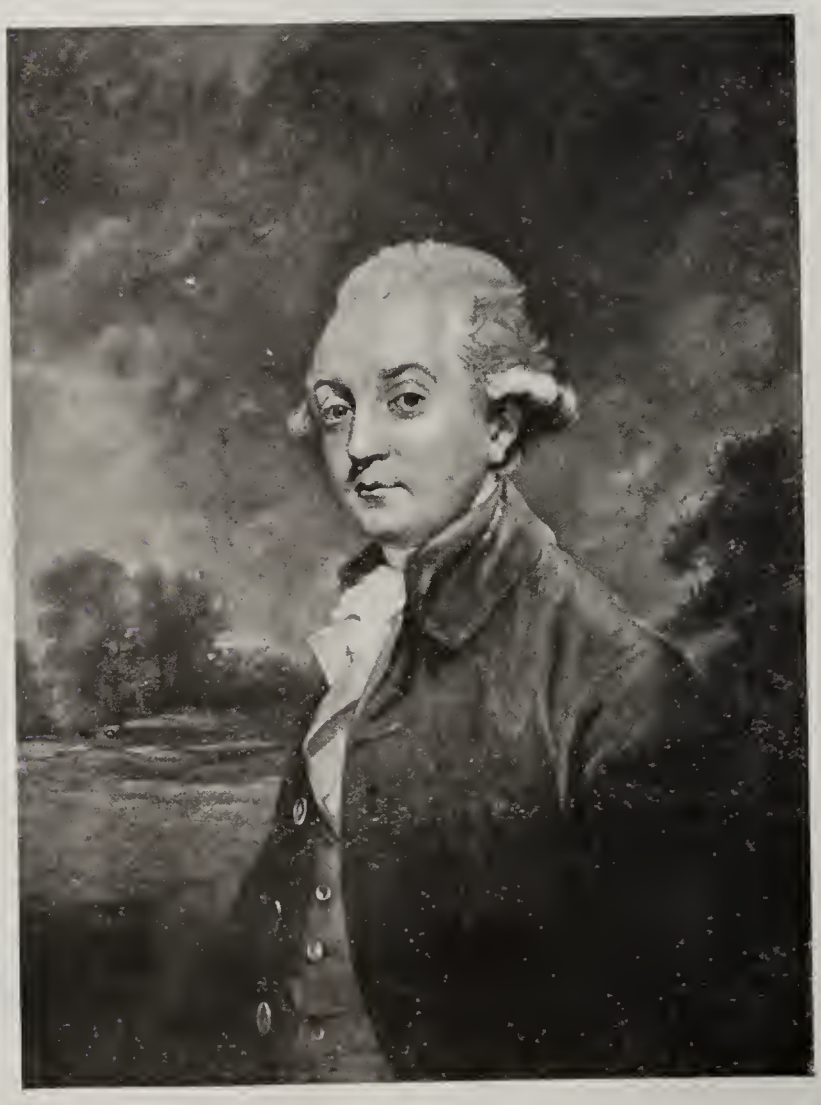


JAMES GANDON, M.R.I.A., F.S.A.

(1742-1824).

Famous as the architect of the Dublin Custom House (1781). For Ireland's Metropolis he also designed old Carlisle Bridge, the Portico on the East Front of the Parliament House, the Four Courts and the King's Inns.

By Horace Hone. Engraved by Henry Meyer.



WILLIAM WENTWORTH, FOURTH EARL OF FITZWILLIAM,

Whose name is perpetuated in Fitzwilliam Square and Street, and also in Wentworth Place. Earl Fitzwilliam endeavoured, during his brief Viceroyalty, extending only over two months, to dismiss John Beresford from the Revenue Board, and after the close of the Fitzwilliam Viceroyalty, Beresford called him out. The antagonists met at Paddington, but the London Magistrates interfered and stopped the duel.

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To the right stand two of the famous old Dublin Banking Houses—La Touche's **Bank** *and Gradowe Newcomen's Bank.*
From a Fine Colour Print in the National Gallery of Ireland.

The Lady of the House.

Christmas, 1909.



From a Fine Col ur Print, Engraved by H. Brocas, after S. F. Brocas.

Published July 1st 1820 by J. LePetit for his Book of Views of IRELAND, at 20, Capel St. Dublin.

DUBLIN.

Burgh Quay, Custom House

Views of the Corn Exchange

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From a Drawing, by S. F. Brocas.



SACKVILLE STREET AND GARDINER'S MALL, DUBLIN, IN 1785.
From a Print in the National Gallery of Ireland.



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, LOWER SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN, IN 1843.
Departure of the "Crawling" Coaches on 30th May.
The Coaches wrested the Mail contract from Bianconi's popular Long Cars, and a Riot resulted. This sketch shows "Honest Tom Steele," Head Pacificator to Daniel O'Connell, calming the mob.

BRIGHTEN

YOUR HOMES

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WITH

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LOVELY COLOURS.

BRILLIANT GLOSS.

DURING THE DULL WINTER EVENINGS YOUR SPARE TIME MAY BE PLEASANTLY EMPLOYED BY DECORATING YOUR HOME WITH

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COLOUR CARD FREE FROM

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THE STREET LIFE OF OLD DUBLIN BEFORE AND AFTER THE UNION.

TIME, whose mellowing haze subdues all things, has given to the eighteenth century a picturesque delusiveness. Life, no doubt, proceeded leisurely "to the lascivious pleading of a lute," but the surroundings were not precisely those of a Watteau Arcadia. Look close at the charming picture, and you shall see the coarse texture of the canvas. It was an age of vivid contrasts, when my Lord Three-Stars had all the polish and refinement of young Prince Hamlet, and much of his lurking savagery. It was an age of drunkenness and brutality, when people lived the frank life of the senses, heedless of results, taking no thought for the morrow. Caste had many privileges, and few responsibilities. The flouted masses were in moral and intellectual serfdom. There was abounding capacity for riot, and my Lord Santry ran amok equally with Turlogh the sweep. Men had the courage of their vices. Life was held cheap. There were no smug hypocrisies, for nobody practised self-restraint. People were not machine-made, as they are now, ground down by deadly routine to a mediocre and expressionless uniformity. There was free play in the old days for the development of individuality, and thus it was, that despite all drawbacks, the trend of the century was towards the creation of a national consciousness. Old Captain Debrisay could walk the streets, attired in the antiquated dress of the period of the Merry Monarch; or my Lord Howth garb himself like a coachman, equally without comment. Rank and Fashion aped at English manners, but the beaux and belles belied their West British veneer, and grew Irish in spite of themselves. No one can escape from his environment, remain uninfluenced by the soil that nourishes him.

What Lord Orrery wrote to his friend Sarkfeld, from Dublin, in 1736, affords us the keynote to the century: "Drunkenness," he says, "is the touchstone by which they try every man, and he that cannot, or will not drink, has a mark set upon him. He is abused behind his back he is hurt in his property and he is persecuted as far as the power of malice and intemperance can go." Now a drunken age is not only a brawling age, but an age of sentimentality. In the playhouse of old Smock Alley, strong men blubbered over the mimic woes of some tragedy queen. Under the fell influence of the claret bottle, the bucks and smarts began to delight in fighting for mere fighting's sake, and the noble institution of the duello had its principles soiled and degraded. One has visions of the famous "fighting Fitzgerald" standing in the middle of a narrow street crossing, that wayfarers might be driven out into the mud, or else challenged for jostling him. Saner men, who, unlike this turbulent Desmond, had not the mad blood of the Herveys in their veins, adopted equally flimsy pretexts for picking a quarrel. Dublin life, however, in the eighteenth century, was not wholly ordered by selfishness, perversity and unrestraint. During the golden era of the Volunteers and the Grattan Parliament, a few great men climbed to the Himalayan heights of self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-esteem. But, alas! their leaven of spirituality was powerless to transmute the mass of corruption that surrounded them; and the sprouts of national life they had so delicately tended, were cut down by the icy blasts of the Union. So much by way of introduction to our panorama. The lecturer now takes up his wand, and proceeds to dilate upon the passing views. Our first picture, ladies and gentlemen, shows the Beaux' Walk, in 1796.



GENERAL BLAKENEY,
"The Hero of Minorca," whose statue in gilded brass stood on the present site of Nelson's Pillar.
From a Print issued in 1756 *by Ryall & Withy, at the Hogarth's Head.*

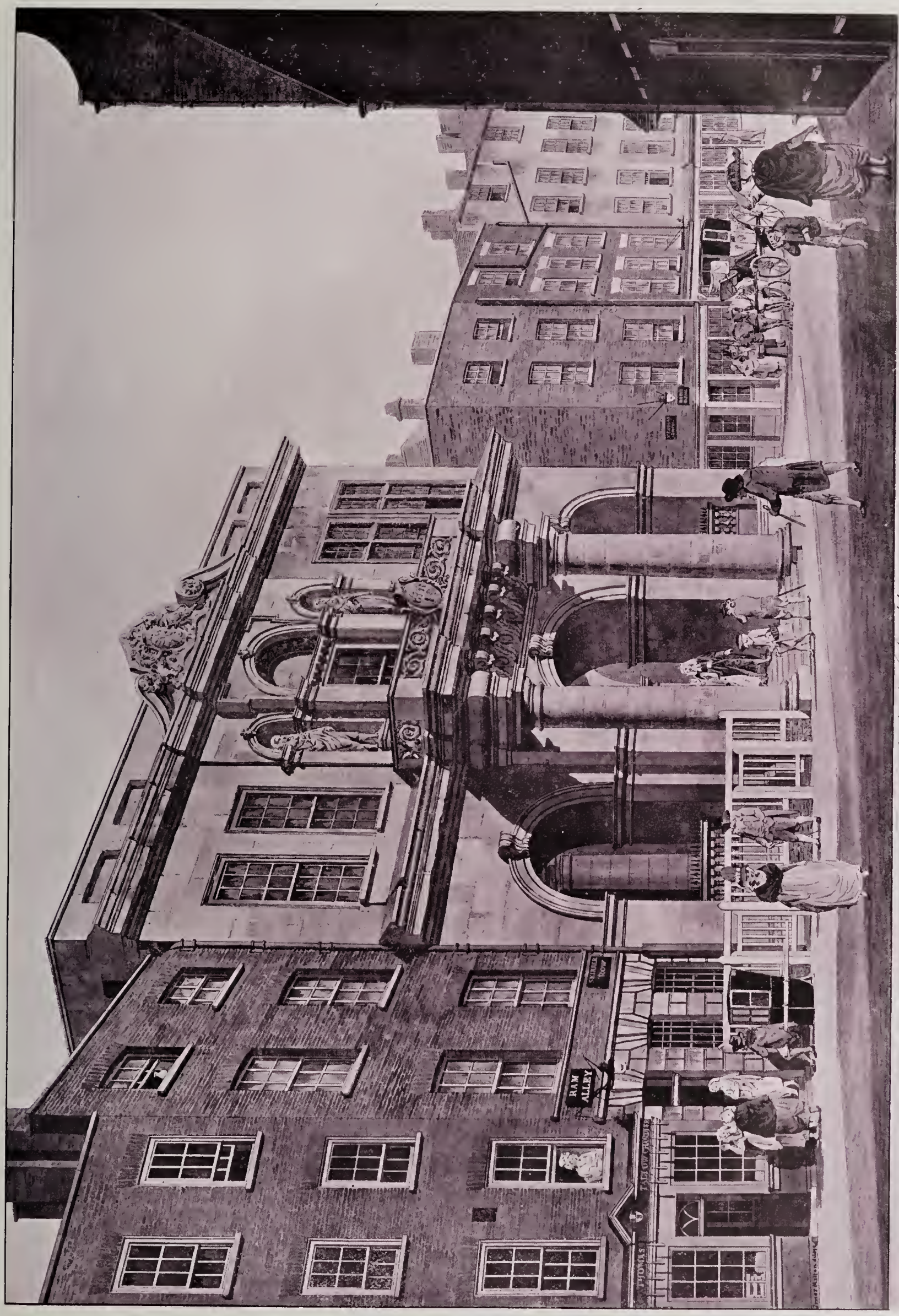
When the amiable Mrs. Pendarves first came to Ireland, in 1731, and sojourned pleasurably at the Bishop of Killala's mansion on St. Stephen's Green, she wrote to a friend, "I must say the environs of Dublin are delightful. The town is bad enough—narrow streets and dirty-looking houses, but some good ones scattered about; and as for St. Stephen's Green, I think it may be preferred justly to any Square in London, and it is a great deal larger than Lincoln's Inn Fields." What is here said in the final clause may be proudly iterated by the Dublin citizen of to-day. St. Stephen's Green measures a quarter of a mile every way. It is the largest and most beautiful city square in the United Kingdom. Originally a common on which the burghers of the budding capital grazed their kine, the old Green underwent a vigorous transformation in the days of Charles II. Along its borders sections were parcelled out for building purposes to desirable tenants, conditionally that each planted the portion of the common before his holding with the rapidly-maturing sycamore tree. For the first time in the annals of the city strict building regulations were enforced. The houses had to be at least two stories high, and solidly constructed. Throughout the eighteenth century the Green was enclosed by a foul, evil-smelling ditch; but the olfactory sense was not keenly developed in those unsanitary days, and its shaded avenues remained for long a fashionable promenade. In Mrs. Pendarves' earlier time, rank and fashion had choice of three resorts for a secluded airing—the Waterworks at St. James's Gate, the Deer Park, and the Beaux' Walk on the northern side of St. Stephen's Green. This last was for long the popular rendezvous on Sundays after church. It is credibly related of Dolly Monroe, the famous beauty of the Townshend period, that she was so much pestered with admirers, she had perforce to pack off to St. Stephen's Green at six o'clock in the morning to get some fresh air in peace and quiet. There were three other parades on the margins of the Green—French Walk, where the Huguenots congregated; Leeson's Walk, called after Joseph Leeson, the brewer, subsequently first Earl of Miltown; and Monck's Walk, which took its name from Lord Monck, a neighbouring property owner. The central area remained as of yore, a wide, verdant plain for the grazing of cattle; but it was there, strange to say (for the Green had now become the residential quarters of the *haut ton*) that all the horrors of public execution by slow process of hanging were to be witnessed in the mid-eighteenth century. There, too, in 1758 was erected that effigy of George II. on an impossible horse, which still remains to mock at the dubious taste of our forebears. One hastens to add that there appear to have been a few brave spirits whose aesthetic sense was mortally offended by this equestrian incubus. Else how to account for the sundry sly mutilations his Hanoverian Majesty underwent? Unlike the Dutchman, whose counterfeit presentment in College Green had been similarly treated, the portly George was not the fount and origin of party strife.

Because of a certain curious parallelism, one recalls all the more readily that it was from the rallying-point of St. Stephen's Green, in these far off days, the great triennial civic procession known as the Franchises set out upon its journey. John O'Keeffe, who has left on record a vivid account of the characteristics of this fine old pageant, tells us that people came from far and near, even making long journeys from England, to see it. To some modest extent its glories have been revived in the Irish Language Procession, which, by a striking analogy, generally sets out on its way from St. Stephen's Green.

There were few with loyalty and heart enough to do reverence to poor Dublin, the dethroned, after the Union, and many favourite spots suffered sad neglect. St. Stephen's Green fell so far from its high estate as to become the dumping ground for all the filth and refuse of the city. It became a serious menace to public health, and had to be cleansed by Act of Parliament! In 1815 the old noisome ditch was filled up, and iron railings substituted. The story of the once fashionable rendezvous during the next sixty odd years has been summed up by a local historian, as that of "a dreary waste, intersected by walks of mathematical straightness." But a good genius came upon the scene in 1880 (one who, as a local wit observed, has always been for us and yet a Guinness), waved his magic wand, and, lo! the wilderness breaks into beauty.

The Dublin topographer has reason to be thankful to that old-time sycophantry which bestowed upon a newly-built street the name of the existing Viceroy. It enables him to arrive with precision at dates of origin. But one wonders what were the sins of our forefathers that our streets should be compelled to perpetuate the names of strangers within the gate, nonentities (for the most part), dressed

DIXON'S "ARBUTUS" TOILET SOAP UNRIVALLED FOR THE COMPLEXION.



Mrs. Alexander. Dublin, in 1820.
From a Print in the possession of Messrs. Gill & Son, Dublin.

In the Collection of the National Gallery of Ireland.

THE STREET LIFE OF OLD DUBLIN.—*Continued.*

out in a little brief authority, who seldom left the country a whit brighter or better than they found it. One recalls the case of that dissipated young nobleman, Charles Manners, fourth Duke of Rutland, who came to the Castle in 1784 with the avowed intention of "drinking the Irish into good humour," and, as a consequence, achieved the dubious distinction of being the first Viceroy to die in office. Most people who know the inner history of this elegant debauchee, and have not allowed themselves to be deceived by the strophes of Wraxall, will be inclined to believe that his memory has been more than sufficiently perpetuated by Rutland Square. But the parasites of the Court thought that something more should be done to establish the fame of the man who had sacrificed himself so nobly on the altar of duty, and proceeded, with unconscious irony, to write his epitaph "*in water.*" As shown in one of our illustrations, a beautiful decorative fountain by Coade was erected, in 1791, in memory of the young duke, on the western side of Merrion Square, about the same period that the Square was enclosed under a statute. Rightly considered, the fountain was really a memorial of the dead and gone Viceroy's blank record, for when the designer came to seek for material for his emblems, he had perforce to fall back upon the fame of the Duke's father, the noted Marquis of Granby. In this connection one is not disposed to dispute the visualized decree of old Father Time. For a few brief years the Rutland Memorial Fountain remained a thing of beauty and of usefulness, but not long after the Union, it began to crack and bulge, and was allowed to go slowly to ruin. The end came when the small boy's bump of destructiveness marked it for its prey. Made the unhallowed receptacle for debris, the responsible custodians at last took compassion on the ill-used memorial, and railed it in.

One recalls that when George IV. visited Dublin in 1821, he was loud in his praises of St. Stephen's Green and Merrion Square, a circumstance mordantly alluded to in a ballad of the hour :—

" 'Twas how he thought each scene
so fair,
'Twas how he praised each street
and square;
'Tis a pity people don't live there—
Oh, Wirrasthrue!"

How Merrion Square came to be first conceived of forms a not uninteresting morsel of local history. In the year of grace, 1742, much surprise and not a little incredulity was expressed by "the Quality," on hearing the intelligence that my Lord Kildare was about to desert the fashionable quarter of the Liberties, and build for himself a spacious mansion in the wilderness of Molesworth Fields. Warned that he would be very lonely so far away from the stream of life, Kildare replied, with characteristic hauteur, that society would follow him wherever he went. To some extent his prophecy proved true. Within a score of years after the erection of Leinster House, Merrion Square began slowly to evolve. It was on the north side, about the year 1762 that the first three houses were built by the Right Hon. William Brownlow, a noted politician and amateur of music, from whom the first Lord Lurgan was descended. Brownlow himself lived in the centre house, but the Square was very slow in attaining completion. Only the west and north sides are indicated in Rocque's map of 1773, and close on another half a century was to elapse before the last house was erected. The main reason for this was that after Drogheda Street had been widened in 1756, and re-christened Sackville Street, in honour of the first Duke of Dorset, the immediate locality speedily grew into favour as the fashionable residentiary quarter. One has but to glance at the two illustrations of Sackville Street and Gardiner's Mall in 1785, and of the Lying-in Hospital and the Rotunda at a slightly later period, to see good reasons for this. The neighbourhood offered a positive embarrassment of riches in the matter of outdoor and indoor attractions. What with promenading on the Mall, listening to the music of a pleasant summer afternoon on Marlborough Green, or in Dr. Mosse's Gardens, attending assemblies and masquerade balls in the Rotunda—life for the idle rich proved agreeably diversified. The Mall, which dated from 1756, and extended the whole length of the street (that is to say, of what we now call Upper Sackville Street), was forty-eight feet wide, and separated from the public thoroughfare by stone walls of a modest height, diversified at regular intervals by globe-surmounted obelisks. Beyond it, at the southern termination of the street, was erected, in 1759, by the Friendly Brothers of St. Patrick, a brightly-gilded brass pedestrian statue of General Blakeney, the gallant defender of Minorca. Sad to say, this—the first statue ever put up in Dublin to a distinguished Irishman—was removed in 1808 to make room for Nelson's Pillar, and carried no one knows whither. Gardiner's Mall, by the way, was constructed by that neighbouring property owner, the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, the grandfather and namesake of Lord Mountjoy, who was killed at New Ross in '98, and with whom, in this particular connection he has often been confounded. With the aristocratic exodus after the Union, the Mall degenerated sadly in tone—"in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed is king." In her entertaining *Sketches of Old Dublin,* Miss Peter quotes an amusing passage from a society journal of some ninety years back :

"This, madam, is the Mall; here the rich and the poor, the gay and the giddy of each sex resort; here they take the dust by way of taking the air, straining their eyes to gaze at Nelson. Dusts, madam, are very common on the Mall. For instance, if a new married lady or my Lord Mayor's, or even Mr. Sheriff's lady is in a longing way to show her gaudy equipage, where is there so proper a place as the Mall? If a Munster or Connaught beauty arrives who is ambitious of admiration, where can she appear with such effect as on the Mall? Where can my Lady M———'s, or Alderman ———'s lady pick up fashion or astonish the town with Cutpurse Row caps or Skinner Row jewellery, so well as on the Mall? The fair seamstress, the actress, the Abigail, are all ladies on the Mall."

In looking at the old view of the Lying-in Hospital, one recalls the number of quaint expedients that were resorted to—firstly for the establishment of this noble institution in 1757, and subsequently for its maintenance. Funds for building were partially raised by lotteries, the first of the kind in Ireland. A quarter of a century later our native Parliament devised several curious local taxes for the upkeep of the hospital, notable among which was a duty of 35/6 per annum on every private sedan chair, of which, by the way, there were, in 1785, some two hundred and sixty. Possibly no more adroit impost was ever arrived at, seeing that no beau or belle could afford to economise in this direction. In the old days of rigorous winters and unspeakably dirty streets, the sedan chair had one great advantage over all methods of conveyance—viz., that my lord or my lady, when proceeding to ball or rout, could cosily ensconce themselves within its padded and curtained retreat in their own drawing-room, and attended by gorgeously-attired footmen, be carried by porters right into the hallway of their host. For those who did not boast a private conveyance of the order, about a dozen chair stands were established in the principal streets, the largest on College Green, where accommodation was provided for eighteen chairs and thirty-six men. The regulation fare was 6½d. a set down, or 1/1 an hour; but, as with the jarvey of to-day, the legal fare was a polite fiction, and woe betide the man who tendered it. Old customs die hard, and the last sedan chair stand—that in Ilume Street—only disappeared within living memory. In the old view of Gardiner's Mall one notes beside a sedan chair a lumbering coach and six. Not wholly ostentatious was this latter, even in a frankly theatrical and pageant-loving age. What we should deem nowadays an overplus of horseflesh was largely necessitated in town and country by the shockingly bad roads. No serious attention was paid to the old Dublin streets until the passing of the Paving Act, in 1773, and even



"Every Day at the Bank."

SIR THOMAS NEWCOMEN.

In 1772 William Gleadowe married the heiress of the Newcomens of Carrickglass, Longford, and adopted their surname. Nine years later he became a baronet—Sir William Gleadowe Newcomen, of Carrickglass. He was the head of Gleadowe & Co.'s Bank, originally started in Castle Street, subsequently moved to 19, Mary's Abbey, and brought back eventually to Castle Street, at the top of Cork Hill In 1797 this was one of nine private banks operating in Ireland, of which three were in Dublin—La Touche's, Gleadowe's, and Finlay's. In 1790 Sir W. Gleadowe Newcomen was returned as Knight of the Shire for County Longford, and represented that County in the Irish Parliament until the Union, and thereafter until 1802 in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. In recognition of her husband's services to the Government at the Union, Sir W. Gleadowe Newcomen's wife, Dame Charlotte Newcomen, was created Baroness Newcomen of Mosslown, County Longford, on 31st July, 1800, and promoted Viscountess in December, 1802. Richard Lovel Edgeworth, father of Maria Edgeworth, made Sir William Gleadowe Newcomen the subject of a little satire :—

" With a name that's borrowed, a title that's bought,
Sir William would fain be a gentleman thought :
His wit is but cunning, his courage but vapour,
His pride is but money, his money but paper."

And so, indeed, it proved, for Gleadowe's Bank failed in 1825. Sir William Gleadowe Newcomen died in 1807; and Newcomen Bridge, at the North Strand, Dublin, is the only memorial which remains to remind the city, where he once was a considerable figure, that such a person formerly existed. Sir Thomas Newcomen, the son of Sir W. Gleadowe Newcomen, who succeeded his mother in the barony and viscounty, died by his own hand in 1825 the year of the Bank's failure, and the baronetcy, barony, and viscounty became extinct.

(Continued at page 16)

IRISH COUNTIES WALTZ. The Best Dancing Waltz of the Season. Price, 1/6
POHLMANN & CO., IRISH MUSIC PUBLISHERS, 40, Dawson St., DUBLIN, and CORK.



VIEW OF THE LYING-IN HOSPITAL, AND RUTLAND SQUARE, DUBLIN.

By S. F. Brocas. *Engraved by H. Brocas.* *Published by J. Le Petit.*



GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN, AND THE PROVOST'S HOUSE, IN 1794.

By James Malton, Delt et Sculp.

THE STREET LIFE OF OLD DUBLIN.—*Continued from page 14.*

then little was done beyond the rude laying down of small cobble stones. Before that the public roadways were a menace to the safety of rider and pedestrian alike, all heights and hollows, with here a vast mud-heap, and there a gaping hole. Jehus, as if to close their eyes to the surrounding dangers, drove recklessly, with no worry about any rule of the road. For this, and other reasons the pedestrian was a brave man, who took his courage in both hands. When one recalls that there were no sidepaths, that only an occasional street vouchsafed the wayfarer a few protecting posts, that ungrated cellars yawned at intervals, and that breaking in young horses in narrow thoroughfares was a popular practice, one is not surprised to find that serious accidents were of almost daily occurrence. That, too, was probably why Dublin was so well provided with hospitals at a period when it was still a comparatively small capital. If then our pedestrian escaped all these dangers, and managed even to avoid getting the bravery of his attire bespattered with mud from the gems she wore," could never have been written of any Dublin belle in pre-Union times. For a lady to have ventured out in the broadest of daylight unattended, would have been to court dire insult. If the old newspapers are to be believed, quite unspeakable were the outrages inflicted on humble, defenceless women within city limits. Ponder over the sanguinary encounters of the Liberty and Ormond boys; conjure up the perpetual turbulency of the Upper Gallery in old Smock Alley, and you must inevitably arrive at the conclusion that ragged and tough were only one remove from the savage. Our only consolation is, that London was not in much better case, although despite the horrors that Hogarth depicted, she was not above pointing the finger of scorn.

If these were the dangers of old Dublin by daylight, what must have been her menaces after sundown? Gas lighting in the streets did not come into common vogue until 1825, and the old oil lamps, insufficient as they were in number and badly tended, could do little



PIDGEON'S HOUSE, DUBLIN HARBOUR.

With Yacht "Dorset," which brought over Charles, Marquis Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1798-1801. *He landed at Pidgeon's House, 21st June,* 1798, *and within two years had engineered the Union.*

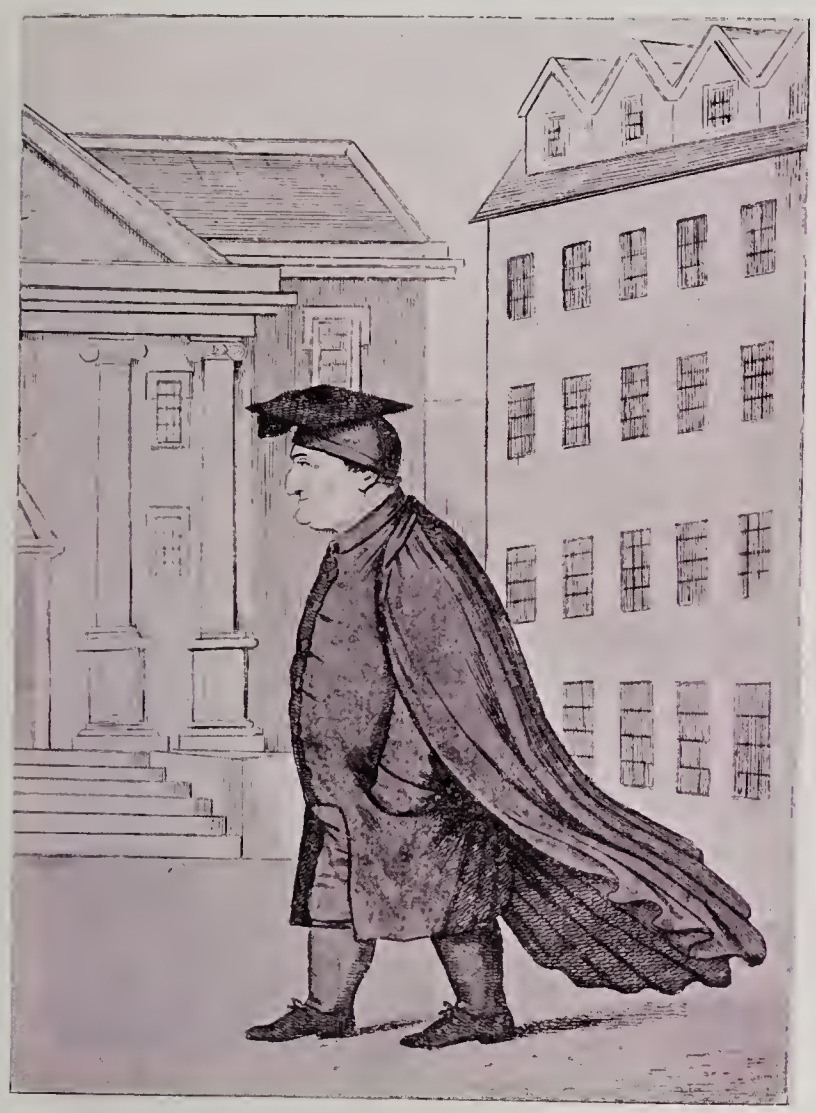
From the Water-colour Drawing presented to the National Gallery of Ireland by Mr. W. G. Strickland.

a passing coach, he had still many trials and tribulations to undergo. Pests of divers kinds infested the streets. First there was that offensive type of West Briton, the gentlemanly blackguard of good antecedents and bad record, who deemed it the proper thing to emulate the ruffianism of the London Mohock. Whether known as a "Blood," a "Pinkindindy," or a "Cherokee," his conduct was equally atrocious. With him the unoffensive wayfarer had little chance, as his cowardly instincts generally prompted him to hunt in couples. The Pinkindindies derived their name from the peculiarity of their "sport," which consisted in going about with swords, whose points had been left bare (a portion of the end of the scabbard having been cut off for the purpose), and prodding or "pinking" those whom they thought unlikely to retaliate. At the other end of the social scale were the beggars—vile, uncanny, and evil-smelling. They swarmed about the unhappy wayfarer, like flies round a treacle jar, compelling him for safety's sake to take refuge in the nearest shop. What a blessing in those days would have been a few stalwart members of the D.M.P.! But no policing of the streets worth mentioning was experienced before the second decade of the nineteenth century. As for the gentler sex, one may say emphatically that "Rich and rare were more than make the darkness visible. Those whose business took them out o' nights had to keep to the main thoroughfares, cudgel in hand or pistol in pocket, for footpads lurked in every alley. Occasionally these vultures, rendered desperate by lack of prey, would sally forth and stop the bejewelled lady on her way to the play in her sedan chair. Then the welkin would ring with the tussle between powdered footmen and unwashed Ishmaels, heads being broken in the meanwhile in good time and tune. Even at the very playhouse door there was danger. In dealing with Mrs. Siddons' appearance as Isabella, on June 22nd, 1784, *The Freeman's Journal* of the 24th, says: "After the play at the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley, as Mr. Ogleby* was handing a lady to her sedan chair, he found some person endeavouring to pick his pocket, and on Mr. Ogleby's attempting to seize the hand, he immediately perceived a genteel dressed man making away, whom he and another gentleman quickly pursued down the playhouse alley. The offender with unusual agility ran along Essex Quay, and returning a second time into Lower Exchange Street, was apprehended, after which he underwent a long examination, and turns out to be the noted identical Barrington, of whom so much has been said in the English and Irish newspapers. There were found upon him

* The tutor of Lord Edward Fitzgerald who subsequently married his mother the widowed first Duchess of Leinster.

(Continued at page 20).

Eccentric Figures Formerly Known in the Dublin Streets.



A QUEER FELLOW AT COLLEGE.
"Jacky Barrett," the famous Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.
From "Prints of Public Characters," published by M'Cleery, 32, Nassau Street, Dublin.



ZOZIMUS.
The Dublin Street Poet and Minstrel.
From the Original Drawing by H. O'Neill, 1836.



FIGHTING FITZGERALD.
"An exact Portrait of G. R. Fitzgerald, Esq., in the Dress in which he chose to be executed."
From the rare print published by J. Ridgway, 10th August, 1786.



CRAZY CROWE.
Music Porter and Resurrectionist. He conveyed the instruments of the musicians at the Dublin theatres and concerts between their homes and the places at which they played.
"With look precocious, and with hurrying feet,
See Crazy Crowe beneath his minstrel weight."
From the print by E. Eames, Essex Street, Dublin.



THOMAS STREET, WITH ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH, DUBLIN, 1797.
By James Malton, delt et sculp.
Robert Emmet was executed opposite St. Catherine's Church.



THE BEAUX WALK, STEPHEN'S GREEN NORTH, DUBLIN, 1796.
By James Malton, Delt et sculp. *From a Print in the possession of Mr. Victor Smyth, Dublin.*

The large house to the right is the mansion of the Whaley family, built by Buck "Jerusalem" Whaley's father, Richard Chapell Whaley. It is 86, Stephen's Green, now the Catholic University of Ireland. The notorious Francis Higgins the "Sham Squire," John Scott, Earl of Clonmell, and Buck Whaley, were frequently to be seen disporting themselves on the Beaux Walk, Stephen's Green, "during the hours in which persons of fashion in Dublin were accustomed to take the air." — "Buck Whaley's Memoirs," page xiv., edited by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart.

SMARTNESS WITH ECONOMY IN EVENING WEAR.

In view of the number of Evening Gowns which are discarded after very little wear, we would draw special attention to the great economy which can be effected by entrusting these and similar articles to us to be subjected to our scientific Cleaning or Dyeing Processes. We feel it hardly necessary to dwell upon the high-class work we have long been producing in the Dry Cleaning of the most elaborate Evening Gown as well as Blouses, Wraps, Feathers, Gloves, Shoes, &c.

Our processes are now well known, and are constantly bringing us expressions of the greatest satisfaction.

PRESCOTTS'

Dye Works,

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12, Winthrop Street, CORK. **46, Cecil Street, LIMERICK.**

WORKS—82, 83, 84, Talbot Street, and Blue Bell, Inchicore, Co. Dublin.

The newsy, beautifully printed, bright, well written, broad-minded Irish morning newspaper, read by absolutely every class; the brainy, progressive, up-to-date Irish morning paper with ***a daily net sale that EXCEEDS that of all other DUBLIN morning newspapers*** combined, that newspaper is

The Irish Independent,

one of the quickest and greatest successes recorded in modern daily journalism. If you like the unbiassed, interesting, and informative way THE IRISH INDEPENDENT gives you the day's news, you will most assuredly like its evening contemporary,

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Read by THE LADY OF THE HOUSE in thousands of homes every evening of the week. Largest paid circulation of any Dublin evening paper. The Ladies' Page of THE EVENING HERALD has attracted remarkable attention.

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Any reader of this announcement, mentioning "The Lady of the House," will be supplied with a copy of THE IRISH INDEPENDENT and THE EVENING HERALD, POST FREE, every day for one week. No matter what your politics, religion, or prejudices, you will like these papers.

THE STREET LIFE OF OLD DUBLIN.—*Continued from page 16.*

a gold watch, forty-one guineas, a small silver patch-box, with a Queen Anne's sixpence in its lid, etc., etc." Six years later this prince of pickpockets was transported to Botany Bay, where he exemplified that soul of goodness in things evil the poet speaks of, and rose to a position of eminence and respectability. As for the Dogberrys of old Dublin, their case was pitiable. So far from being able to keep watch and ward over the city, these unfortunate creatures were hard put to it to protect their own lives. Ebullient Trinity students marked them for their prey, came down upon them in droves, and left them lying on their beat, maimed or slaughtered. Notwithstanding all these dangers, possibly, indeed, because of them, night had its allurements then as now. As in steeplechasing, much of the pleasure lay in the risk. Even duties that could well have been performed in the daytime were postponed until the evening. Torchlight processions now signify rejoicing, but to meet a crowd in the old days bearing lighted flambeaux was to know that another soul had performed its earthly pilgrimage, and that its mortal tenement was being borne to rest.

Another of our illustrations, "The departure of the Crawling coaches from the General Post Office," shows the Sackville Street of a later date, half a century after the Wide Street Commissioners had given grace and uniformity to Dublin's noblest thoroughfare by developing its lower section. The picture deals with an interesting episode in connection with the great Post Office riots of May, 1843, and shows "Honest Tom Steele," otherwise known as "the Head Pacificator," throwing oil on the troubled waters. Precisely at that period, Lester Wallack, afterwards the famous American romantic actor, was a minor member of the Theatre Royal stock company, and he has preserved for us some interesting reminiscences of the said riots in his *Memories of Fifty Years*. After pointing out that they were caused "by a most peculiar state of affairs," he goes on to say:

"Some time before the railroads were established in Ireland an Italian named Bianconi took the contract to carry the mails that were landed at Queenstown (?), and held it for years. He was a young fellow, very much liked, and no doubt the men who drove his cars all over the country were given to the exchange of compliments—and whiskey—with the peasantry. Bianconi was so popular that they Erinized his name and called him Brian Cooney. Finally, it was reported to the Government that Bianconi was charging a great deal too much, and among other systems of reform or economy, it was determined to look into the matter. The result was that the authorities advertised for offers for the delivery of the mails in the various parts of the island, on the ground that the vehicles and horses of the present contractor were not satisfactory, and that too much valuable time was lost on the way. I rather think the only railway in Ireland at that time was from Kingstown to Dublin, a very short distance, ten minutes or so. The new contract was awarded to somebody, I could not say who, but the consequence was, that with true Irish readiness for a row upon any provocation, the Irish people, resenting what they believed was an interference with their rights, set out to smash everything that was not driven by Brian Cooney or his men.

"Sackville Street, Dublin, one of the finest thoroughfares in the world, was crowded with men and women by the thousands. There was stone-throwing, and all those little amusements that an Irish mob (or for that matter any mob) indulges in, and at last the military had to be called out, the police having no control over the people, at least not sufficient to prevent them doing mischief. Colonel Scarlett, who led the charge of the Heavy Brigade in the Crimea, dispatched the troop in which Don was a subaltern, and realising the danger to which the men would be liable by stone-throwing, the order was given that they should wear their helmets; but "Billy" Don swore he would not wear a helmet for 'any ——— mob,' as he called it, and he appeared with nothing on his head but his little forage cap. I was present when it was calculated that there were at least ten thousand persons around the Post Office, yelling, halloing, and throwing stones. When this troop, the 5th Dragoon Guards, a fine regiment, came marching down, there was never such a scattering. The soldiers simply rode quietly through them and back, and they melted away. It was like pouring hot water or tea on a lump of sugar. After it was over, Sir William Don was called up and had a 'wigging' as they called it, because he did not wear his helmet. But then he was always getting 'wiggings' from somebody for something."

The young baronet here referred to contrived to run through a fortune with expedition and dispatch, and, leaving the army, went on the boards as a light comedian. In that capacity he starred with acceptance at the Old Royal in Hawkins' Street.

Saving that the vestibule under the portico was built up in the sixties, the exterior aspect of the General Post Office remains as it was when first erected in 1818. Before Johnston's noble edifice reared its granite front, the Post Office was on College Green, whence the English mails were dispatched daily to the Pidgeon House Harbour by coach affording accommodation for forty passengers. One of our pictures shows the landing of Lord Cornwallis at this haven in '98, on the day after the taking of Wexford. Dublin historians have been much exercised as to the origin of the term, "Pidgeon House," but the sensible explanation is that one John Pidgeon, an employee of the Ballast Office, established an hotel for cross-channel passengers at the end of the old stone mole, in 1790. Although it ceased to be utilised in its original capacity some sixty years ago, this commodious building still remains, and is now in private occupation.

Since the erection of old Carlisle Bridge, in 1794, suggested the extension and enlargement of Sackville Street, and in Mr. D. A. Chart's phrase, altered the orientation of the stream of city life, it needs to see what vital necessity occasioned this erection. Ponder over our reproduction of Roberts' sketch of "Dublin from the Custom House in 1817," for therein lies the clue to the mystery. When, in 1791, the last stone was laid on Gandon's semi-classic structure in Beresford Place—that crowning architectural glory of old Dublin, built for a new Dublin that never came — the lowest bridge on the Liffey was close on a mile away. This was "most tolerable, and not to be endured;" so the Wide Street Commissioners hastened to amend it. Most cultured Irishmen know that we owe this stately custom house and sundry other enhancements in the neighbourhood to the long-nursed and fully realised projects of the Right Hon. John Beresford, who sat in the Irish House of Commons for County Waterford. Beresford had an able ally in William Eden, that notable Chief Secretary who became the first Lord Auckland, and whose daughter all but married William Pitt. Writing to Beresford in October, 1782, Eden asked: "If our great plans should ever go into execution for the improvement of Dublin, I beg that you will continue to edge my name into some street or into some square, opening to a bridge, the Bank, or the Four Courts." Long after Eden had removed to England, Beresford bore this request in mind, and when, as a natural sequel to the completion of the Custom House, he came to construct the thoroughfare leading up to Sackville Street and the new bridge, he called it Eden Place. Doubtless this was, in part, a modest reward for a signal service. When the fourth Earl Fitzwilliam was appointed Lord Lieutenant in 1795, one of his first acts on coming to Dublin in January was the dismissal of Beresford from the post of First Commissioner of Customs. The humiliated official had immediate avengement. Off in hot haste went the news to Lord Auckland in London. There was much pulling of the wires and consequent dancing of the political puppets. In March, my Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled. "Keep your hands off the Beresfords" became a proverb.

One needs not be hoary-headed to conjure up visions of old Carlisle Bridge. Less than thirty years have elapsed since the city corporation straightened its spinal curvature, extended its narrow boundaries, and re-christened it after the great Liberator. Originally, in keeping with old methods of street nomenclature, it had



JOHN (FANE) TENTH EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 5th January, 1790, to December, 1794, after whom Westmoreland Street was named.

John, tenth Earl of Westmoreland, known as "Rapid Westmoreland," in 1782 eloped with Miss Sarah Child, daughter and heiress of Robert Child, the wealthy banker of Temple Bar, and was married by Elliott, the "Gretna Green Parson," at the Marriage House, Gretna Green.

(Concluded on page 22)

FAMILIAR FACES IN THE STREETS OF OLD DUBLIN.



MISS SYDNEY OWENSON (LADY MORGAN),

Novelist and poet, born Dublin, Christmas Day, 1779, the daughter of an Irish actor. Became famous in 1806 with publication of "The Wild Irish Girl." Married Sir Thomas C. Morgan in 1812. Her long-forgotten book, "Woman and Her Master," published in 1839, blew the first trumpet blast for the modern feminist movement. A tiny, crooked woman, only four feet high.

Drawn by Ensign Dighton.



SIR JOHN ANDREW STEVENSON, MUS.DOC,

Musical composer; famous as the arranger of Moore's Melodies. Born in Dublin in 1760, and evinced precocious ability as a musician Became noted as a composer of glees. Made by Trinity a Mus.Doc. and knighted in 1803. There is a monument to him in Christ Church Cathedral, and a stained glass window in St. Patrick's.

This Print was Dedicated to the Harp Societies of Dublin and Belfast, and Published in 1811.



EDWARD BUNTING.

Musician and antiquary. Born Armagh, 1773. Started life as organist at Belfast, and was there during the famous gathering of the Harpers. In 1796 began publishing his "General Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland." Died in 1843, and lies in Mount Jerome, Dublin.

This print was dedicated to the Harp Societies of Dublin and Belfast. Drawn and etched by W. Brocas, jun., Dublin. 1811.



J. W. W. CROUCH.

Lecturer on Irish Minstrelsy. Author of "Kath'een Mavourneen." "Echoes of the Lakes," "Songs of Erin," etc. "No Cockney shall sing it," said Crouch, with a laugh. "Fancy this line being given—'The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill'!"

Great Grandmother's Ten Children.



Our great-grandmothers had a keener sense of economy than ourselves. They seemed to know how to make the most of the household expenses, and to get the best at the smallest possible cost. You must remember, of course, that food was dearer in their days, and there was less money in hand to buy it. There is an old faded cookery book on the shelves of the British Museum, which contains the following recipe for plain Christmas pudding for children. Its cost to make is one shilling and ninepence, and the recipe furnishes sufficient pudding for the children.

A Plain Christmas Pudding for Children.

Ingredients.—1 lb. flour, 1 lb. bread-crumbs, 1 lb. currants, ¾ lb. stoned raisins, ¾ lb. suet, 3 or 4 eggs, milk, 2 oz. candied peel, 1 teaspoonful powdered allspice, saltspoonful salt

The secret of economy consists in the currants the pudding contains. Currants are nearly all actual valuable food in so delicious a form that children find the greatest delight in them. The grocers are already showing a goodly stock of new season's currants. The price is favourable for purchase now, and the fruit is choicer than it may be later on. Buy your currants early. There are scores of ways of cooking them, many of which are shown in a little Currant Cookery Book, entitled, "Home Recipes for Cooking Currants," which your Grocer will gladly hand on request. Here are a few recipes culled from this handy little Book :—

Mincemeat.

3 large lemons, 3 large tart cooking apples, ½ lb. stoned raisins, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. finely chopped beef suet, ½ lb. moist sugar, 1 oz. minced candied peel, 1 gill of rum or brandy, 2 tablespoonfuls orange marmalade.

Method.—Grate the rind of the lemons, squeeze out the juice, and strain into a basin. Boil the remainder of the lemons in water until tender enough to pulp. Bake the apples and pulp them also. Add the remaining ingredients to the first pulp, and mix them all together. Fill the mincemeat into jars, cover each closely with parchment paper, and tie up. Keep in a cool but dry place, and use as required.

Eccles Cakes.

½ lb. of short crust or puff paste, 6 oz. of currants, ½ teaspoonful mixed spice, 3 oz. sugar, and ½ oz. butter.

Method.—Divide the paste into 12 pieces rolled out, and cut into rounds of even size; mix the currants, sugar, and spice together; put about a dessertspoonful on each round of paste, a tiny bit of butter, and a few drops of water; moisten the edges, draw together over the top, flatten a little with the hand, turn over and roll very slightly, then place them in a baking tin, and brush over with beaten egg, make 3 or 4 cuts (incisions) over the top, bake about 25 minutes.

Currant Cookies.

½ lb. flour, 2 oz. butter, 3 oz. currants, 2 oz. sugar, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoonful baking powder, a little milk (about 1 tablespoonful), 1 teaspoonful cinnamon (ground).

Method.—Rub the butter into the flour, mix in the baking powder, then add the sugar, the currants, and the cinnamon. Beat up the eggs with a little milk and add to the dry ingredients. Mix into a fairly stiff paste, and put the mixture into a greased baking tin or flat square cake tin. Bake in a moderately heated oven for about 25 minutes. Cut into finger-shaped pieces, and dredge with sugar.

THE STREET LIFE OF OLD DUBLIN—Continued from page 20.

derived its name from Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle, who was Lord Lieutenant in the period of 1780-1782. Thackeray waxed eloquent over the charming prospect from the old bridge. One wonders what he would say now, if he could revisit the glimpses of the moon, and behold the hideous railway viaduct which veils the appealing ordonnance of the Custom House. Brocas's old view of Burgh Quay and the Corn Exchange in 1820, besides evoking memories of Conciliation Hall then *in nubibus*, serves to recall that forty years ago the colliers sailed right up to Carlisle Bridge, and were wont to exhibit on deck a large board presenting the current price of their commodity, and inscribed so that all who ran might read. Close to the stone balustrades on either side of the bridge were the time-honoured apple stalls, where venerable dames with a rich brogue and a richer humour, vended the ruddy-cheeked products of Lucan and "Buck" Jones's Road. The all-conquering march of gas and the introduction of the "snuffless candle" had now rendered obsolete the old snuffer-trays of our grandfathers. Acquired for the mere taking away by the ready-witted apple women, these were used by them as measures for their stock. Alas! *fugit irreparabile tempus.* One sighs for the happy days when a whole snuffer trayful of apples could be procured for the modest sum of one penny. Where now can be obtained for the same humble coin that peculiar matutinal refreshment vended on the bridge—a cup of hot peppermint water and a "treacle billy," available for those who either went out or "came home with the milk"? One had to be something more than epicurean to appreciate that subtle combination!

Pictures are like tone music—they evoke widely different reflections in various minds. In musing over Brocas's old view of Trinity College, in connection with our particular subject, the thought that came uppermost was that the sacred groves of Academe gave shelter both before and after the Union to a brilliant scholar for whom the stir and bustle of the outer world had no appeal. With the famous "Jacky" Barrett, of eccentric memory, it was surely a case of "my mind to me a kingdom is." Penurious beyond all conceiving, as odd in appearance as he was uncouth in speech, this profound authority on Biblical literature and honoured Fellow of his *alma mater*, was in the ways of the world, a very child. Of this trait many stories are told concerning him. It is related that once upon a time he so far overcame his repugnance for the bustle of the streets as to accept an invitation to dinner from his friend, Dr. Magee. Unfortunately, just as he reached his destination, he was menaced by a highly-indignant turkey-cock, which grew purple with rage at the sight of the odd visitant. Without stopping to argue the point, Jacky at once turned tail and fled homewards from the dangers of the, to him, utterly unknown bird.

By a natural transition one turns from Brocas's view of Trinity College to Malton's earlier representation of the Provost's House. It is, of course, a commonplace in local history that this massive and dignified, if somewhat gloomy structure, was built during the Provostship of that rubicund Derryman and approved *bon vivant*, Dr. Andrews, who lives in memory as the first layman to hold office. What is by no means so generally known, however, is that the house was built after Lord Burlington's design for General Wade's mansion in Cork Street, London, which had been erected in 1723, or almost half a century previously. This fact would hardly be worth recalling were it not for the circumstance that Wade's old residence still remains, and is now to be identified as the Burlington Hotel, in old Burlington Street.*

Quite a curious list could be compiled of important old Dublin edifices, which are now put to a widely different purpose to that for which they were originally intended. For example, the present City Hall, on Cork Hill, was formerly the Royal Exchange Built partly from a Parliamentary grant, and partially from funds raised by lotteries, its first stone was laid on August 2nd, 1769; but ten years passed before it was completed. Apart from the fact that it stands on the site of my Lord Cork's town house (wherein Lucas afterwards vended his coffee), the imposing old structure is redolent with historic memories. Here, at the disastrous period of the Union, Daniel O'Connell made his first public speech. An event of a widely different order is recalled by the fact that the present ugly wall on the eastern side of the terrace, surmounted by a massive iron railing, was placed there after the shocking casualty of 1814. One day towards the close of April in that year a crowd of curiosity mongers assembled on the platform of the terrace to gloat over the whipping of some grave offender. In the midst of the howls of the unfortunate criminal, crack went the balustrade, and many of the morbid-minded were precipitated into the street, killing those on whom they fell, and becoming maimed themselves.

The building upon the right hand side of the Royal Exchange in Brocas's fine view of Dublin Castle Gate and Cork Hill, was originally Sir William Gleadowe Newcomen's Bank, which was faced at the opposite corner of Castle Street, by the banking premises of La Touche, that name so well beloved and justly honoured by every keen student of old Dublin. Elsewhere in these pages the portrait of Sir Thomas Newcomen, son of Sir William, is presented with some particulars regarding father and son. It only remains to glance

Continued at page 24.

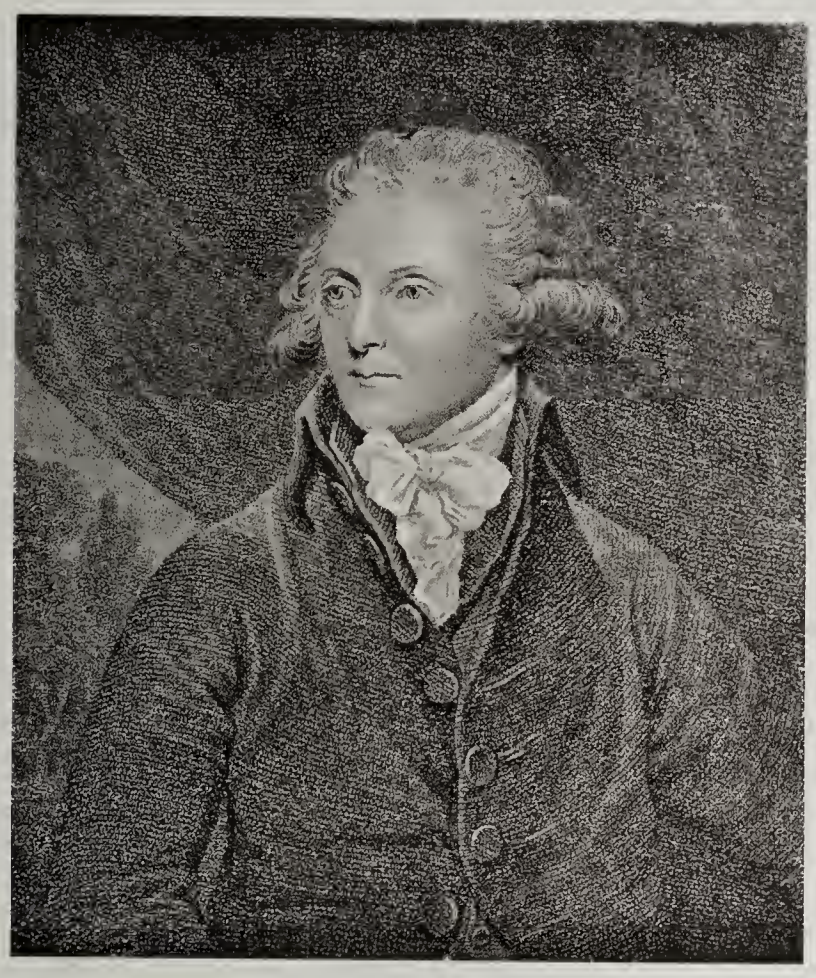
* Neither the front in Cork Street, nor the back of the Burlington Hotel in Old Burlington Street, London, W., now resembles in the least the great stone house which was built for the Provost of Trinity by the munificence of the Irish Parliament, at a cost of £11,000.—Editor, Lady of the House.

W. HOLMES.

Elegant Model Gowns for Afternoon and Evening wear—some of our own creation; others designed expressly for us by the most exclusive Paris houses, which we neither illustrate in Catalogues or Fashion Journals, and exhibit only in our Showrooms.

70, 71, SOUTH GT. GEORGE'S ST.
DUBLIN.

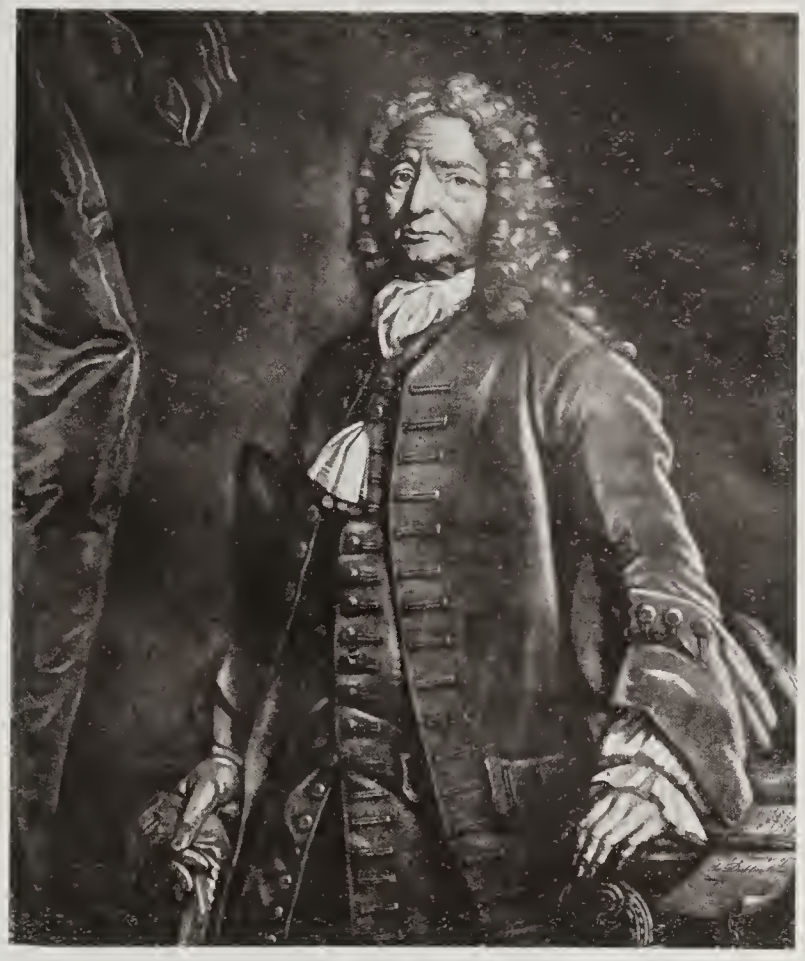
IRISH CELEBRITIES.



EDMOND MALONE.

Ireland's greatest Shakespearean commentator. Born, Dublin, 1741, son of a Westmeath barrister. Settled in London, 1777, and became intimate with Burke, Johnson, and Sir Joshua. In 1790 published his edition of Shakespeare. His library is now part of the Bodleian at Oxford, but was intended for T.C.D. Died unmarried in 1812.

From the Portrait by Sir J. Reynolds. Engraved by C. Knight.



THOMAS PRIOR.

Eminent Queen's County man, born 1682; prime mover in the establishment (1731) of the organisation now known as the Royal Dublin Society. This portrait, by Spooner, after Marmore Van Nost, was issued in 1752, the year after his death.



MARGARET, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Novelist and society leader. She came of the Powers of Waterford, and was born at Knockbrit in 1789. Became Lady Blessington by her second marriage in 1818. Wrote books of travel and a dozen popular novels. With her son in-law, Count D'Orsay, held a magnificent salon at her house at Kensington. Overwhelmed with debt she fled to Paris in 1849, and died there shortly after.

From a Drawing by Edwin Landseer, R.A.
Published by Henry Colburn, March, 1839.



WILLIAM CARLETON.

Ireland's greatest peasant novelist. Son of a small farmer, born at Prillisk, Co. Tyrone, in '98. Best known by his 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.' Died in 1869, and lies in Mount Jerome, Dublin.

Etched by Kirkwood from a Drawing by C. Grey, A.R.H.A.
Published by W. Curry, jun., & Co., Dublin.

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



"BLACK & WHITE"

THE STREET LIFE OF OLD DUBLIN—Concluded from page 22.

at the history of their fine banking house, which was built by Sir William Gleadowe Newcomen about 1793-4. Gleadowe's Bank had been established in Castle Street, had temporarily moved to 19, Mary's Abbey, and on the completion of the new premises went back to Cork Hill and Castle Street. One portion of the site was leased to Sir William Gleadowe Newcomen, Bart., by Simon Digby, M.P., and other portions to Sir William Gleadow Newcomen, Bart., Arthur Dawson, and Robert Alexander (a relative of James, first Earl of Caledon), "all of the city of Dublin, bankers." The failure of the Bank in 1825, with the tragic suicide of Sir Thomas Newcomen, then first and last Viscount Newcomen, has already been touched upon. The noble premises subsequently passed into the possession of the Hibernian Bank, and ultimately were conveyed to the Corporation of Dublin. They are now known as the Municipal Buildings, where the City Treasurer's Department, the Offices of the Public Health Committee, and other useful sections of our corporate activities at present find a centre for their operations. In passing we must acknowledge the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Ignatius J. Rice, the learned law agent of Dublin's ancient Corporation, who has placed at our disposal, from the leases of Gleadowe's Bank, much very interesting matter, availed of here now in part and as regards the remainder to be employed later in another direction.

Thomas Street, formerly in the heart of the Earl of Meath's Liberty of St. Thomas and Donore, and once upon a time the Park Lane of old Dublin, is fraught with bitter memories of the two last rebellions. It was here, in '98, in a house still to be seen, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was arrested, after a bloody encounter; and it was here, five years later, on a scaffold erected in front of St. Catherine's Church that young Robert Emmet passed to a better and more equitable world. Doubtless Malton's view of Thomas Street, as issued in 1797, and now reproduced, represents the locality much as it was at both periods.

Most of the pictures it has been our lot to discuss possess some resemblance to present day actualities, but the last on our lists has an added historical value, inasmuch as it deals with an important old edifice, and a locality which have disappeared, and left no trace. The venerable Tholsel, or Council House, barely survived Malton's view of it issued in 1802 by half a dozen years. Built in 1683, on the site of an earlier structure, which served the same purpose, it stood at the junction of Saint Nicholas Street and Skinner's Row; the latter, from all accounts, one of the oldest thoroughfares in Dublin. With a looseness of phrase not uncharacteristic, our historians tell us that this second Tholsel "was designed by Inigo Jones." It might, of course, have been based upon some design made by the great Carolean architect, but nothing more, as he died in 1652. The old building was put in its day to a great variety of public uses. Here the quarter sessions were held; and here in 1691 Ginkle was entertained at a banquet. Half a century or so later, wrongdoers, sentenced to be whipped at a cart's tail, made the painful pilgrimage from the Tholsel to the Parliament House on College Green.

Let the interested reader but scrutinise Malton's charming view of the old Tholsel, and in niches over the portico he will observe statues of the Merry Monarch, and his ill-fated brother, James II. These effigies of the worthless Stuarts—whose proceedings brought the two dire vengeances on Ireland, the vengeance of Cromwell and the vengeance of William of Orange—are all that now remain to tell us the Tholsel once existed. Those whom curiosity prompts can see them in their last resting-place—the crypt of Christ Church Cathedral. Gone, too, is narrow old Skinner's Row, once the habitat of the goldsmith, with its memories of George Faulkner, the printer, journalist, and publisher to Dean Swift, and of Spranger Barry, the actor, "great Garrick's Irish rival." Transmogrified out of all recognition by the removal of its northern side in 1821, the Row disappeared altogether twelve years later, when the thoroughfare was again widened, and re-christened Christ Church Place.

If one were asked to say briefly in what lay the radical difference between the commonplace things of old Dublin street life and the life of to-day, one should probably say in the quaint pictorial signboards. In times when streets remained unnumbered and directories were non-existent or defective, these were necessary adjuncts of all good shop-keeping. How picturesque must, say, Dame Street, have looked on a blusterous day in the mid-eighteenth century with all its motley signs a-swinging and a creaking in the wind! It is said, by the way, that the locution, "Where do you hang out?" owes its origin to this obsolete custom. The curious thing was that our shop-tending forebears never thought of making memorisation easy for their customers by hanging out signs strictly symbolical of their craft or calling. Their main idea was to put up something striking, fanciful, and uncommon. To give a couple of illustrations from actual signs, "The Hen and Chickens" indicated a staymaker's (once a flourishing trade in old Dublin), and "The Goat and Monkey" a music shop.

"The street life of old Dublin, before and after the Union"—what a world of significance lies in the latter half of our title! The emotion with which it is surcharged can be most readily given expression to in two well-remembered phrases of Lady Morgan. To her, in days of seeming fair promise the city of her birth was "dear, dirty Dublin," but in 1834 she could write of it as "the wretched capital of wretched Ireland."

The Dublin Orphan's Friend and Advocate.

THE fame of the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, D.D., as one of the most splendidly eloquent preachers was won during a period in the history of Ireland when felicitous expression was almost a national heritage. At ten sermons preached to collect funds for the female orphans and hospitals of the city of Dublin, one at St. Anne's Church, Dublin, and the remaining nine at St. Peter's Church, Dublin, the extraordinary eloquence of Dr. Kirwan produced from his congregations no less a sum than £6,257. In 1796 a single sermon for the orphans at St. Peter's produced £1,014, and in 1802 another sermon preached at the same church and in the same cause yielded £1,003. So extraordinary was his power of appeal, so deeply moving his eloquence, so impressive his sincerity, that the ladies of his congregations on many occasions divested themselves of their jewellery and trinkets and contributed these valued personal adornments to the offertories, while the men laid their watches and purses at the preacher's feet to succour the indigent and fatherless children of the city upon whose behalf the preacher's moving eloquence was exerted.



THE REV. WALTER BLAKE KIRWAN, D.D., DEAN OF KILLALA.
Drawn by Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. *Engraved by Blood.*

In those days the clergy of the Church of which Dr. Kirwan was so pre-eminent an ornament were chiefly recruited from England. All appointments were made to Irish bishoprics by royal patents under the Great Seal, quite contrary to the practice in England itself, where the appointment was made by writ of *conge d'elire* issued to the Dean and Chapter. The Viceroy of Ireland brought over his chaplain, and a short service in the Viceregal entourage was the sure stepping-stone to the Bench of Bishops in the Irish House of Peers. "During the eighteenth century," wrote Lecky in his *England in the Eighteenth Century*, "every Primate of Ireland was an Englishman, as was also ten out of the eighteen Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel, and a large proportion of the other bishops." "Look," said Henry Grattan, "at your Bench of Bishops—one-half, I believe, English." The working rank and file, enjoying the poorest emoluments, were Irish born, but the princes of the Church were imported, and, owing to the number of absentee noblemen who were "Temporal Lords," the Bishops provided half the working majority in the Irish House of Lords.

Grattan, speaking in the Irisb House of Commons, presented a moving picture of the injustice wrought by the system, and selected Dr. Kirwan as illustrating the anomalous condition of affairs. His statement was a remarkable panegyric, framed in an eloquence worthy of the man whose case inspired the utterance. "What," asked Grattan, "is the case of Dr. Kirwan? That man preferred this country and our religion, and brought to both a genius superior to what he found in either; he called forth the latent virtues of the human heart, and taught men to discover in themselves a mine of charity, of which the proprietors had been unconscious. In feeding the lamp of charity he had almost exhausted the lamp of life. He comes to interrupt the repose of the pulpit, and shakes one world with the thunder of the other; the preacher's desk becomes the throne of light; around him a train, not such as crouch and swagger at the levees of princes (horse, foot, and dragoons), but that wherewith a great genius peoples his own state—charity in action, and vice in humiliation; vanity, arrogance, and pride, appalled by the rebuke of the preacher, and cheated for a moment of their native improbity. What reward? St. Nicholas Within or St Nicholas Without!* The curse of Swift is upon him—to have been born an Irishman, and to have used his talents for the good of his country! Had this man, instead of being the brightest of preachers, been the dullest of lawyers; had he added to dulness venality; had he aggravated the crime of venality, and sold his vote, he had been a judge. Or had he been born a blockhead, bred a slave, and trained up in a great English family, and handed over as a household circumstance to the Irish Viceroy, he would have been an Irish bishop, and an Irish peer, with a great patronage, and perhaps a borough, and had returned members to vote against Ireland, and the Irish parochial clergy must have adored his stupidity and deified his dulness. But under the present system Ireland is not the element in which a native genius can rise, unless he sells that genius to the Court, and atones, by the apostacy of his conduct, for the crime of his nativity."

In 1800 Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, who from 1787 was Rector of St. Peter's, Dublin, became Dean of Killala. He died in Dublin, 27th October, 1805, having preached his last sermon for the orphans in the March of that year.



THE REV. WALTER BLAKE KIRWAN D.D., Preaching for the Orphan Children of Dublin.
From the Mezzotint, by G. Clint, after Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A

At this last sermon the offertory was the smallest produced by any of the ten sermons, and only yielded £633—a pointer indicating the results of the withdrawal of that great monied class who made their homes in Dublin prior to the Union.

* Two poor Dublin parishes.

The Pretty Child Competitions.

THE total number of photographs received for our 1909 Biennial Pretty Child Competitions was 4,917, showing an advance on the numbers in our previous competitions. From this mountain of photographs we have adjudged a large number as being specially suitable for reproduction. The children represent every class in the community, and there is hardly an Irish district, town, or village which has not contributed at least one bonny little representative. The portraits reproduced represent "the survival of the fittest," and will be found enshrined in the "ALBUM OF LITTLE BEAUTIES," a copy of which is presented gratis with each copy of our Extra Christmas Number. In Class **A** forty-two portraits of girls between the ages of four and ten years are presented; Class **B** contains forty-two boys of like age; in Class C there are forty-two photographs of girls under four years of age; and Class **D** consists of forty-two little boys who have not yet completed their quartette of years. In all, no less than 168 Portraits are given. Each class is completed upon one page of the Album, and the number is placed under each portrait, which corresponds with the name, address, and age of the child given at foot of the page on which the portrait appears. Inside the Album will be found a Voting Paper, upon which our readers are invited to record their votes for the Child Beauties of their choice in each class. The Voting Papers contain the fullest instructions for the guidance of voters. All Voting Papers must reach THE LADY OF THE HOUSE, Commercial Buildings, Dublin, on or before Tuesday, 28th December. The Votes will be counted and the Prize Awards certified by the EDITOR of the LADY OF THE HOUSE. Now one word to the voters. Everyone possessed of a Voting Paper is entitled to *Four Votes*—viz., one in each of the Four Classes. In past Competitions it was found that a very large body of Voters "plumped" or voted for a single competitor in one class, sacrificing the other three votes in the remaining classes. This is an objectionable proceeding, and we would, therefore, ask every voter to vote for the Prettiest Child in each of the whole four classes. If a number of Voting Papers are sent fastened together, all recording votes for the same children, only the top one need be filled in and signed to ensure all the attached papers being duly credited.

All photographs which have not been reproduced, and for the return of which stamps have been sent, will be posted to their owners on or before 21st December.

The Prize Awards and Full Report will appear in THE LADY OF THE HOUSE for 15th January next, after which date all photographs reproduced in the Album of Little Beauties will be returned to the senders.

SPECIAL HONOURABLE MENTION.

A. Frances C. V. Alexander, Trimgate St., Navan, 8¾. **B.** James D. Birney, 7, Byrne's Cottages, Dollymount, 3½ Agnes M. Branagan, Lyndhurst, Skerries, 2½. Eric Bell, 12, Hardwicke Place, Dublin, 2¾. John T. Boyle, Ardhnan, Cahir, 2 Gerald Boyle, 10, Columba's Road, Dublin, 3½ Donal Beatty, 27, Dartmouth Road, Dublin, 6½ Evelyn E. Baldwin, 4, Drummond Place, Dublin, 1¼ W. I. Burrows, 10, Overleigh Road, Chester, 3¼. C. F. Boland, Arlane, 3¾. Jane W. Bradish, The Rectory, Clonegal 5½ Kathleen Barrett-Kingston, Medical Hall, Kildare, 7½. Ruth Bailey, Bantinglass, 8. Lucy Brannagan, 13, Upper Coombe, Dublin, 4. Eileen Brady, 4, Clifton Terrace, Inchicore, 5½. Lugaid Breen, 9, Owen Roe Terrace, Dublin, 2. Molly Barr, 2, Eglantine Terrace, Belfast, 8. Albert E. Bothwell, Victoria St., Kilkee, 8. Marjorie Brady, Ballynacsen, Blessington. **C.** James Crowley, 4, Emerald Terrace, Dublin, 1½ J. Clarke, Regent St., Bagnalstown, 4. Robert W. Chittick, 60, Gibson Street, Belfast, 3½. Eveleen Casey, 34, Cabra Park, Dublin, 4¾. Elizabeth M. Cooke, 44, Bolton St., Dublin, 3½. Christie Cummins, Albert Place, Dublin, 2. Bernard Coleman, 1, Raymond St., Dublin, 10 months. Ina Cathers, Lislane, Fivemiletown, 2¼. Violet Cunningham, 155, Rugby Avenue, Belfast, 5¾. Wilfred L. Corscaden, 9, Royal Terrace E., Kingstown, 8. **D.** Lily Dorman, 4, Fownes St., Dublin, 2¼. Kathleen Downey, 15, Gerald St., Dublin, 3. John L. Doyle, 157, Clonliffe Road, Dublin, 4¼. James Daly, 39, Upper Sandwith St., Dublin, 9. Maurice F. Digby, Caledon, 1¾. Thomas B. Donald, Raheenwood House, Feenagh, 3½ Robert J. Dunseath, 10, McMahon St., Dublin, 3¼. Geo. P. Daly, 43, Manor St., Dublin, 6. **E.** Sybil Elliott, Nugentstown, Kells, 2. Eileen Ellison, 32, Melrose Avenue, Dublin, 3½ Mary Eycott, 33, Connaught St., Dublin, 9¾. W. Mayne Elliott, 3, Mount Easton, Belfast, 3¼. Josephine M. Enright, New St, Longford, 4. Gerald Edwards, Irish St., Downpatrick, 4. Eileen Elliott, Duneane Manse, Randalstown, 4. Constance P. England, Meeting St., Tipperary, 6½. **F.** John A. Free, 6, Commercial Buildings, Clontarf, 3½. Jeanette Ferguson, 10, Ruth St., Belfast, 4¼. Kathleen C. Franklin, 18, William St, Sligo, 3½. May Feeny, Glenkeen House, Derry, 3½ Thomas Fallon, Upper Abbey Gate St., Galway, 5¼. **G.** Herbert C. Graham, 27, Lindsay Road, Dublin, 5. Henry Godkin, 28, Coldwell St., Kingstown, 4. James F. Gordon, Bantry, 2¾. **H.** Olive G. Hughes, 18, Leinster Road, Rathmines, 1¼. Tommy Hanlon, 13, Belview Buildings, Dublin, 10 months. Bridget Hogan, 22, Herbert Street, Dublin, 6¼. Emily Hanly, Scramogue, Strokestown, 5½ Mary Harrington, 21, Lower Road, Cork, 2½. Annie J. Hackett, South Terrace, Dungarvan, 3. Ivy Harman, Carrick-on-Shannon, 4. Mary Henry, c/o Mrs. M'Vey, Caledon, 4½. Philomena Hamilton, 17, Fountain Place Cottages, Dublin, 1. Jack Hawkshaw, 2, Haigh Terrace, Kingstown, 4. Geo. Hobbs, Briskey House, Kilmacthomas, 2½. Anthony G. Hillary, Belgooly, Kinsale, 5 Sioban Healy, 15, John St., Kilkenny, 2. **J.** Wm. F. Johnston, 21, Evelyn Avenue, Belfast, 1½. John F. Jameson, 21, Valentia Parade, Dublin, 2½. Henry R. Johnstone, 85, Donore Av, Dublin, 6 months **K.** M. V Kavanagh, Sunday's Well, Cork, 9½. James F. Kirk, Celbridge, 2½. Nelson Kernahan, Delvock, 3. Jim Kilpatrick, Boden Place, Dundalk, 2¼. John A Kennedy, 12, Amiens St, Dublin, 3½. **L.** Gladys M. Leopold, 12, Charlemont Terrace, Clontarf, 3. Virginia C. Leahy, 3, Adelaide Terrace, Cork, 7¼. Elizabeth C. Leitch, 2, Enniskerry Road, Phibsborough, 2. Kathleen Leonard, Fassaroe, Bray, 5¼ Stella Lappin, Gilford, 5 months. Thomas L. Ladd, 16, Sandycove Avenue, Kingstown, 3¼. **M.** Jack Murphy, 2, Sea View, Irishtown, 8 months. Noel F. Moran, James St., Kilkenny, 1. Charlie Macaulay, Rosetta Park, Belfast, 2¼. Albert R Mullen, Broomhill Lodge, Drumcondra, 2½. May C. Malone, Market St., Mountmellick, 3½. Eric W. Martin, Lismore, 3¼. James Macaulay, Ballyheigue, Tralee, 3. Thos. J. Molloy, 57, Farnham St., Belfast, 1. Edward Mullen, 25, St. Clements Road, Dublin, 1½. Ray Myerson, 78, Lombard St. W., Dublin, 3½. Mary H. Melaniphy, Frenchpark, 7. Florence Montgomery, 10, Shamrock St., Dublin, 6. Joseph Maxwell, Scotstown, Monaghan, 6. M'. Norah K. M'Kenna, 4a, Herbert Road, Sandymount, 2¼. Annie M'Donagh, 18, May St., Dublin, 3¾. Francis D. M'Culloch, 32, Effra Road, Rathmines, 3. Enid D. M'Ilveen, 29, Bridge St, Newry, 2. Mina M'Cready, Ferrybank, Arklow, 1¾. Jeannie M'Carrison, 4, Bachelors' Walk, Lisburn, 6 months. Robt. S. M'Ferran, 12, Saunders St., Belfast, 6 months. Kathleen M'Carthy, 4, Harrington Av, Cork, 7. **N.** John Neill, 46, Hopefield Av, Belfast, 4¼. Iris H. Newland Somerville, Dalkey, 2½. Wilfred L. Notley, 14, Brennan's Parade, Bray, 1. Jerry Nolan, Roscrea, 4¾ John Nolan, 6a, Dean Swift Square, Dublin, 3¼ **O.** Shon O'Hanlon, 99, Foley St, Dublin, 1. John G. O'Sullivan, 7, Breffni Terrace, Sandycove, 1. Mary O'Regan, Ballintowlas, Midleton, 2¼. Kathleen M O'Connor, 5, St. Benedict's Terrace, Dublin, 1½. Jas. W. O'Callaghan, Lansdowne Road, Limerick, 2¾. Peter O'Connor, Lower Newtown, Waterford, 2. Clifford O'Farrell, Gilford Road, Dublin, 1. **P.** Geo. V. Paul, 2, Richmond Terrace, Cork, 2. William P. Powell, Riversdale, Dunmanway, 3¾. **Q.** Jerome Quinlan, Castletownroche, 5¼. **R.** Jennie Rutledge, Phibsboro' Avenue, Dublin, 8¾. Baby Russell, 3, Hunt St., Belfast, 2. H. J. P. Rogers, 48, Frankfort Avenue, Rathgar, 7. Ernest A. Rice, 18, Grattan St., Dublin, 4½. Thos. Ranson, 36, Wexford St., Dublin, 3¾ Aine Reid, 13, Corrig Avenue, Kingstown, 1½. **S.** Baby Scott, Coill Mara, Cultra, Holywood, 1. Edward Spierin, 34, Lower Stephen Street, Dublin, 3 Margaret Sheehan, Pollerton Road, Carlow, 3 Gladys Shilliday, 11, Barrington St., Belfast, 5 Katherine P. Sloane, 68, Church St, Ballymena, 5. Winnie Shirley, Burrin St., Carlow, 5 Edward Spaine, Donard, 4 Sara J. Sloan, 48, Eccles St, Dublin, 1½. May B Short, Rathnew, 3½. Bridget E. Smith, 40, Pembroke Cottages, Donnybrook, 8½ Lillian Smith, 93 Marlboro' St., Dublin, 3¼. **T.** John Tomkins, 260, Ladbroke Grove, London, 2¼. Maude Thompson, Tralee, 3¼. Violet M Thacker, 16, Upper St, Brigid's Road, Dublin, 3¼. Tom Taylor, Portobello Barracks, Dublin, 3¾ Josephine G Twamley, 3, Dean Swift Square, Dublin, 8. **V.** Jack Valentine, Knockenargan, Co. Wicklow, 2¾. **W.** Isabella M. Willoughby, 4, Chester Road, Ranelagh, 5¼. Maureen J Willis, Ballylooby, Cahir, 4½. Geo. L. Wardell, Celbridge, 6. Frances S Willis, Clare Castle, 7½ Leslie Walker, 37, St Joseph's Place, Dublin, 1. Kathleen Wilson, Church Cottage, Dundrum, 2. Ralph Westropp, 10, St. James's Terrace, Clonskeagh, 2¾.



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The Tragedy of a Gold Box.



Top and Base of the Gold Box, presented by the City of Dublin to the Right Hon. John Foster.

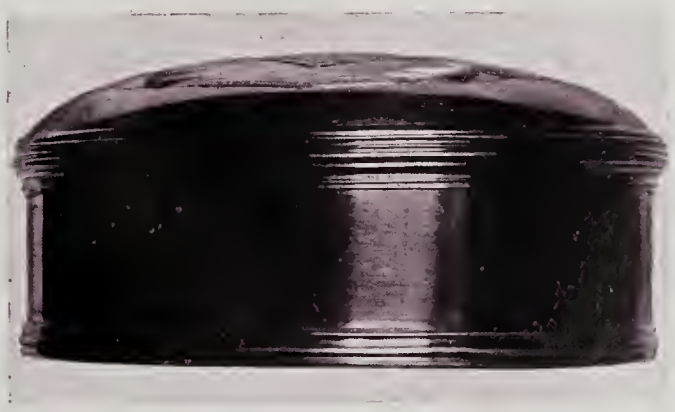
AMONGST the distinguished figures in that band of gallant Irish country gentlemen who formed the opposition in the last Parliament of Ireland the great personality of John Foster stands out pre-eminent. He was the friend of many Irish interests, the jealous guardian of the commerce and manufactures of Ireland, the highest authority upon her finances: eloquent, brave and disinterested. One recalls the brilliant tribute paid to this man of many virtues by George Ponsonby when he invited his brother Parliamentarians to "view that chair, where integrity now sits enthroned," and one recognises that the self-seeking of a corrupt time found in him no pliant instrument who placed personal advantage above the interest of the State. Years before the closing scenes in the Irish Legislature the Corporation of the city had paid its highest tribute to the high character, unselfish services, and public worth of John Foster, and that tribute had been enclosed in a valuable box made of fine gold, adorned with the arms of the ancient City of Dublin, and engraved with a tribute to the great Speaker's sterling services and many excellences.



JOHN LORD ORIEL.

RIGHT HON. JOHN FOSTER,
Last Speaker of the Irish Parliament (afterwards First Lord Oriel).
By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

One day recently the writer was examining some fresh additions to the great collection of interesting objects relating to Ireland which adorn the Museum in Kildare Street. Amongst these priceless relics appeared a gold box, then newly added to the treasures. This was the identical medium chosen by the old Corporation of Dublin to convey to John Foster the tribute of the city's regard and high appreciation. A chance enquiry outside the Museum revealed the fact that this same gold box had been bought for the Museum at a city saleroom, and, pursuing the enquiry, the further information was elicited that the gold box had been purchased from the unredeemed stock of a "poor man's banker," as the modern descendants of the Lombard Merchants are by courtesy called. This particular "merchant" had, it appears, carried on business within a stone-throw of the old Parliament House, that very building where the former owner of the box had sat, the pre-eminent personage of the Assembly—the figure of integrity enthroned. The chair which that great figure occupied—the throne of the Speaker of the House—had come to bear the golden relic company, and stood near by in the Kildare Street Museum, while not far off lay the Mace of the Irish Parliament, which Speaker Foster had carried away from the House in his arms when he quitted it for the last time as its Speaker, declaring that the Irish Parliament had committed that Mace to his safe keeping, and that in his charge it should remain until demanded from him by the authority which had placed it in his custody.



THE GOLD BOX *presented to the Right Hon. John Foster.*

The history of the Speaker's Chair and the Mace is at hand for all to read, but it would, indeed, be interesting to learn how, after the lapse of a century,

Foster's cherished relic

of Dublin's esteem came to find a temporary resting-place in such an unexpected quarter as it occupied prior to its translation to its present dignified home at the Museum. The noble dust of Alexander might, we are told, be traced to an ignoble situation, and Foster's Gold Box, the relic of a great man's high service and the capital's regard, has this in common with the the dust of Alexander: that it too, in the sad vicissitudes of life, has had its acquaintance with "the base uses" to which relics of the great may come.

Mrs. Delany's Irish Reminiscences.

THERE are few women of English blood, birth, and upbringing whose memory Ireland so deeply cherishes as Mrs. Delany's. Apart from that amiability and strength of character which made Madame D'Arblay speak of her as "the fairest model of female excellence of the days that were passed," the secret of this probably lies in the fact that few English people became so readily acclimatised to our weeping skies, or evinced so instinctive a sympathy with the Irish temperament and had so ready a tolerance for the defects of its qualities. Although she came of the blue blood of the Granvilles, and had a right to be proud of her lineage, one searches the privacies of her voluminous correspondence in vain for any inkling of that Anglo-Saxon superior-mindedness whose sporadic eruptions prove so irritating in the Irish travel books of Twiss and Thackeray. She was one of those well-balanced, clear-sighted women who never revise their first impressions. When she first came to Dublin as the young widow Pendarves, in September, 1731, her soul went out to the Irish people, and a visit designed to last six months was prolonged to sixteen. For the supercilious West Briton of the time, who despised his own country and flouted its manufactures, she had no toleration. Within a couple of months of her arrival she wrote from St. Stephen's Green to her sister: "Mr. Barnard was here last night at our assembly (which was as much crowded as ever I saw my Lady Stafford's, and more agreeable, except in one respect, which you will not be at a loss to guess at); he is very conceited and silly, and said many things he intended to be taken for wit. He jeered me extremely upon liking Ireland, and had he been an Englishman I should have thought him very rude for saying so many disobliging things of a place where I am so civilly treated."

One is not surprised to find that she gave this ape a wide berth afterwards. Later on she was to shame others of his kidney, but who happened to belong to her own sex, into doing their duty towards their country. Read her correspondence in that happy period after she had given her hand and heart to Dr. Delany and had settled down to enjoy the domestic delights of Delville—read her letters of this period, I say, and you will find that she was largely instrumental in making the wearing of Irish poplin fashionable. Writing to Mrs. Dewes on August 24, 1745, of the Viceregal Court, she says: "I design to make my first visit in an *Irish stuff manteau and petticoat*, and a *head* the Dean has given me of Irish work, the prettiest I ever saw of the kind." She made good her intention, with the notable result indicated in two later letters to the same lady.



MRS. DELANY.

(*From the Portrait in Hampton Court Palace.*)

Writing from Delville on the 23rd November following, Mrs. Delany says: "On the Princess of Wales's birthday there appeared at Court a great number of Irish stuffs. Lady Chesterfield was dressed in one, and I had the *secret satisfaction* of knowing myself to have been the cause, but *dare not say so here*; but I say, 'I am glad to find my Lady Chesterfield's example has had so good an influence.' The poor weavers are starving—all trade has met with a great check this year."

Of the subsequent Castle festivities in celebration of the Prince of Wales's birthday, she writes on January 25, 1745-6: "Our great lady has been so ill as not to see company a great while; she did not appear on the birthday, so there was no morning drawing-room, but a ball at night, and my Lord Chesterfield did the honours. It was prodigiously crowded, and all the ladies were dressed in Irish stuff, and never looked finer or more genteel; except five or six who wore silk, and they were *not* distinguished to their honour. The men were not so public-spirited as the ladies—most of them were in their foreign finery."

From all of which one suspects that this gracious and stately daughter of the house of Granville was unconsciously becoming *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*, an impression confirmed by the knowledge that when the Dean of Down was in residence for his official duties at Mount Panther, near Downpatrick, his lady had an Irish harper to play to her at dinner-time and while she was painting.

It would be foolish to look beyond Mrs. Delany's letters for sane insight into the characteristics of Irish society in the first half of the eighteenth century. Swift saw life through ironical glasses, and, in his repugnance for the human animal, is not always dependable. No cultured Irishman can follow Charles Reade's lead and take "Polite Conversation" as a true picture of the items. From the very first—in the days while she was still the charming young widow Pendarves—Mrs. Delany admitted, as an Englishwoman writing to Englishwomen, that Ireland had many natural superiorities, and that some things in life were better ordered there. Of the Phœnix Park in 1731, when it was a popular place for military reviews and for fashionable promenading, she writes: "Indeed, I never saw a spot of ground more to my taste—it is far beyond St. James's or Hyde Park." When on tour early in the following summer she could bring herself to say, in communicating with her sister from Newtown Gore: "The roads are much better in Ireland than England; mostly causeways, a little jumbling, but *very safe*."

A curious picture of rural life among the better classes is given in the same letter: "The people of this country don't seem solicitous of having *good dwellings* or more furniture than is absolutely necessary, *hardly so much*, but they make it up in *eating and drinking!* I have not seen less than fourteen dishes of meat for dinner, and seven for supper, during my peregrination; and they not only treat us at their houses magnificently, but, if we are to go to an inn, they constantly provide us with a basket crammed with good things. No people *can be more hospitable or obliging*, and there is not only great abundance, but great order and neatness."

Assuredly no one who seeks a series of vivid and illuminating flashlights upon old Dublin society need go beyond the letters of the incomparable Mrs. Delany. Here, for example, is a quaint picture of an experience at a ball at the Grahams' in December, 1731:

"The rest of the men are not worth naming—poor dull wretches, very ill chosen, I am sure. I wanted my good partner, Mr. Usher; in his stead I had Captain Folliot, a man six foot odd inches high, black, awkward, ramping, roaring, etc. I thought he would have shook my arms off, and crushed my toes to atoms; every moment he did some blundering thing, and as often asked, 'my ladyship's pardon.' I was pitied by the whole company. At last I was resolved to *dispatch him* with dancing, since he was not worth my conquest any other way. I called a council about it, having some scruples of conscience, and fearing he might appear and haunt me after his death staggered my resolution; but when it was made plain to me that I should do the world a great piece of service by despatching him, it salved all my scruples, and I had no more scruples about it. In the midst of his furious dancing, when he was throwing his arms about him most outrageously (just like a card

(*Concluded at Page 54*)

FREKE XMAS PRESENTS: PHOTO FRAMES a Speciality. 6d. to 10/6 each. 23, Grafton St., DUBLIN.

Reminiscences of an Irish "Miracle Worker."

Valentine Greatrakes, "The Stroaker."

Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, of Affane, Co. Waterford, was a gentleman of good means and position in the reign of Charles II. He was descended from an ancient Derbyshire family, who, in the 16th century possessed property near Matlock.

Mr. Greatrakes was born on the 14th February, 1628, at Affane, his father being William Greatrakes, of that place, and his mother was a daughter of Sir Edward Harris Knight, justice of the King's Bench and Chief Justice of Munster. His father died while he was an infant, and his mother, whom he describes in his autobiography as "a virtuous and discreet woman, an excellent neighbour, and a most indulgent and provident parent," sent him for some years to the free school of Lismore, founded by the Earl of Cork.

When the rebellion of 1641 broke out, he was sent to his uncle, Mr. E. Harris, at Stoke Gabriel, in Devonshire, to be educated, and here, he tells us, he was perfected "in humanity and divinity."

He was subsequently an officer in the Parliamentary Army, and fought in the Irish Wars under Lord Broghill and Col. Phayre. He would appear to have been a magistrate of the County Waterford in the latter years of the Commonwealth, and was made clerk of the peace at the time of the Restoration.



The true and liuely Pourtraicture of Valentine Greatrakes Esq of Affane in ye Couniy of Waterford in ye Kingdome of Ireland famous for curing Several Deseases and distempers by the Stroak of his Hand only.

Pub.d March 20th 1794 by W Richardson Castle St.

Possessed of fair means and in happy surroundings, Mr. Greatrakes would probably have led a quiet, uneventful life as a country gentleman, unknown to fame, but for an extraordinary gift with which he was endowed, that brought him into public notice. This attribute was no less than the power of healing persons afflicted with various diseases, by the mere process of stroking or rubbing them. "About 1662," he says, "I had an impulse or strange persuasion in my own mind (of which I am not able to give a rational account to another) which did very frequently suggest to me, that there was bestowed on me the gift of curing 'The King's Evil.'"

The success that attended his first attempts spread his fame abroad, and soon after he felt himself "compelled" to cure other diseases, and crowds of persons flocked to his house to be cured by him. The verification of the efficacy of his method by several noted personages drew great attention to Mr. Greatrakes, and in the annals of the time there are several allusions to the "touch Doctor," or "Stroaker," as he came to be called.

Invalids came from all parts of the country, and many even journeyed from England (a long and difficult business in those days) to his residence to get relief from their various ailments, attracted by the marvellous power he was believed to possess. The stables, barns, and cut-houses round his dwelling, we are told, were crowded by those waiting to be treated by his healing hand. Some who had no faith in the proceedings begged the Bishop of Lismore to interdict his practice, as "savouring of necromancy," but he would appear to have been allowed to continue his benevolent work, which, though not successful in all the cases that came to him, inspired increased confidence by cures effected in numerous instances.

The renown attending his efforts reached high places, and he was invited to England to endeavour to alleviate the sufferings of Lady Conway, who resided at Ragley, in Warwickshire. Her husband, Lord Conway, had been a member of the Privy Council in the reign of Charles I., and afterwards was secretary to Charles II. In January, 1666, Mr. Greatrakes set out on this journey, and when he

Its superiority is evidenced by thousands of sturdy children.

MELLIN'S FOOD

Has made thousands of weak babies strong—peevish babies happy.

REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH MIRACLE WORKER—Concluded.

landed at Minehead, found a crowd of afflicted persons awaiting his arrival, and seeking his aid. It is recorded that he was not successful in curing the severe headaches from which Lady Conway suffered, and was about to return home when he was asked to go to the city of Worcester, which he did, and gave great benefit to large numbers at that place by the process of stroaking. In the public accounts of Worcester for the year, 1666, there are the items of the entertainment provided for Mr. Greatrakes, which cost ten pounds; and a note appended stating: "This was an Irishman, famous for helping and curing many lame and diseased persons, only by stroaking of their maladies with his hand, and therefore sent for to this and other places."

We next find Mr. Greatrakes in London, by desire of King Charles, and while there, we are told, he became a wonder to some and a subject of ridicule to others.

His Majesty, it is said, was far from entertaining a good opinion of his person or his cures, and it hardly needed the ridicule of the witty, caustic Seigneur de St. Evremond, to influence him and his courtiers in the estimate they formed of this sober-minded man, who regarded his strange gift of healing with great seriousness, and used it for the good of others without fee or reward.

Charles had himself performed the ceremony known as touching for the King's Evil, publicly, at Whitehall some years previous, much to the horror of his Puritan subjects, and he probably felt some curiosity to see the man who had gained renown by similar acts, but there can have been little in common between this Irish gentleman of "good life and benevolent principles, seeming by his faith and by his charitableness to include grains of the golden age and to be a relic of those times when piety and miracle were sincere," and the courtiers that he found himself amongst in the palace of the King. Mr. Greatrakes took lodgings in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and here some very remarkable scenes were enacted, and some of the notable cures he effected were certified by the most eminent physicians and divines of the period. Amongst those who vouched for the efficacy of his treatment are the names of Dr. John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester (the great scholar, as Pepys calls him); Sir John Godolphin, Judge Advocate; Dr. R. Cudworth, rector of Ashwell Hereford (who had as one of his pupils at Cambridge, the learned Sir William Temple); Doctor H. More (known as the Cambridge Platonist); and the Hon. Robert Boyle, one of his warmest believers, to whom he dedicated his defence, as he named the pamphlet he published, which set forth in forty-two small quarto pages the main facts of his life as connected with the healing power he claimed to possess.

It will be remembered that Mr. Boyle was one of the most eminent men of his day, a distinguished physicist, an original member of the Royal Society, and the obtainer of the Charter of the East India Company. He was a son of the Earl of Cork, and resided with his sister, Lady Ranelagh, in London. On the 3rd May, 1666, Mr. Greatrakes writes: "The King's doctors (for the confirmation of their Majesties' belief) sent three out of the hospitals to me on crutches, and blessed be God, they all went home well, to the admiration of all people, as well as the doctors." Another remarkable cure was that of Anthony Nicholson, a bookseller who had been at the Bath, in Somersetshire, and spent upwards of a £100 on medical advice without success, heard of Mr Greatrakes from Dr. Benjamin Whichcott and Dean Rust, went to him and was restored to health, a witness to the statement recording the fact being Andrew Mawell.

Two failures are stated in evidence against his method at this time, namely, Flamstead, the astronomer, and Sir John Denham, the latter of whom it is said became stark mad from the "stroaking."

In the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn there is no mention made of Valentine Greatrakes, but the last-named, in a letter, mentions that "he seemed to have a remarkable countenance, which denotes something extraordinary," and another writer of the period speaks of him as an upright and sober gentleman, and his hand—the instrument of healing—to have been "large, heavy, and soft, and an aroma of sweet flowers came from it."

During his stay in London, Mr. Greatrakes formed several friendships, and there is an interesting budget of correspondence extant, from well-known persons to him, showing that when he returned to Ireland the remembrance of his visit had gained him much esteem and regard in the minds of many distinguished residents in the English metropolis. Perhaps the best known of his correspondents and one most persistent in maintaining his intimacy with him was the unfortunate Sir Edmund Bury, whose strange murder, in connection with the Tilter Oates conspiracy, remains one of the mysteries of English history.

Testimony to Mr. Greatrakes' wonderful gift is borne by an article in a paper called *The Newes*, published in Dublin, where, under date, 5th July, 1665, there is an account of the "great talk," there was going on about him, and strange cures he had done, only with touching and stroaking, of the divers letters from Cork, telling of the multitudes who flocked about him, and how he was reported to be a very civil, frank, and well-honoured man, conformable to the discipline of the church, and that he takes neither money nor presents for his cures, and how that a very intelligent councillor-at-law wrote from Clonmel that he was an eye witness of the press of people who went to him, and that "two or three ships well freighted out of England with all diseases, are most returned well home. He is forced to leave his own house and live at Youghal, through necessity of the throng after him." Among the recoveries named are those of persons suffering from deafness, sciatica, cancer, blindness, and palsy.

A Miss Osborne gives an account of how, in Dublin, she and her brother went to visit Mr. Greatrakes, who was then lodging in the house of Mrs. Dunson, "the door was so crowded, we could hardly get in, and the rabble were angry that we did, saying, that gentlefolk might gitt cure for their money, therefore they should raither lett in the poor."

She describes him as "a proper large man, very pleasant in conversation, and loves to talk of the great cures he has done, and says there is no surgeon in the nation has done the things he has, yet never read a word of that practise in his life."

Mr. Greatrakes was twice married—first to Ruth, daughter of Sir William Godolphin Knight, they had two sons and one daughter. His second wife was Alice (Tilson), widow of Mr. Rotherham, of Camolin, Co. Wexford. Mr. Greatrakes died on the 28th November, 1683.

A. PETER.

WANTED AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Not a few brilliant Irishmen fail in life from sheer lack of self-confidence and proper pride. Some enterprising M.P. should strive to bring in a Bill for the Prevention of Insular Self-Depreciation, giving power to the Attorney-General to prosecute. In the event of that idea ultimately materialising, we have no compunction about denouncing, for subsequent indictment, that very grave offender, the eminent Mr. Stickyback, of Grafton Street, Dublin. Notwithstanding that he has come to be looked upon as an institution and a landmark, this sheet-lightning taker of counterfeit presentments had the supreme audacity the other day to advertise himself on the sandwich-boards as "the Cheap and Nasty Photographer."

Possibly this sudden excess of Uriah Heepishness came as a mild protest against the vain-gloriousness of an otherwise worthy local advertiser, who has been augmenting the gaiety of nations by classing himself with Shakespeare, Dickens, and other immortals. But, really, Mr. Stickyback your modesty is overpowering, not but that we willingly concede the literal accuracy of the epithet "cheap," but the collocation "nasty" is distinctly libellous. In proof of the faith that is in us we unhesitatingly recommend our readers to patronise Mr. Stickyback's great Christmas speciality—nothing less than three full-length panel photographs, ensconced in an attractive "Greeting" card, for the trifling sum of eighteenpence.

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IRISH ART AND ARTISTS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NOTABLE EFFORT TO ENCOURAGE BOTH IN IRELAND.

WE have been favoured and entrusted with a valuable record of private, energetic endeavour towards national advancement, in a complete sequence of the published Reports of The National Art Union of Ireland, from its inception by and commencement under the auspices of the late Stewart Blacker, Esquire, of 20, Gardiner's Place, and Carrick-Blacker, County Armagh, one of a long resident Irish family universally respected and distinguished for their many public spirited as well as their charitable works.

These reports, together with the privilege of illustration by reproduction of an entire collection of the now-highly-prized engravings executed from paintings by resident Irish artists for the Art Union, and presented by that body to its subscribers, have been generously placed at our disposal by Francis Joseph Bigger, of Ardrigh, Belfast, an enthusiastic patriot, the erudite editor of the *Ulster Journal of Archæology*, and author of many valuable works relating to the past of Ireland.

Such official reports and catalogues, almost as much as pamphlet literature, now afford us important historic matter; and, when what is best in the last century shall take its place upon library shelves, and the much-vexed Irish Question comes to be explained (after a very happy solution, we trust,) by future philanthropists, politicians, or some essayist of the Carlyle type, that section to be treated under the head of State of Fine Arts, will, for certain, owe much to the record of Mr. Blacker's enterprise.

The late Sir John Gilbert, Keeper of Records at the Four Courts, used to say while compiling his History of Dublin, "Where there is no official record, give me an old print!" He was, by taste, an enthusiast in the engraver's art, and his application of this theory to the amassing of historic material was a correct one. Much lost proof and buried evidence must lie hidden within old Sheraton *escritoires* and on the shelves of unappreciated bookcases among our country houses. We could wish, therefore, to hear of other gentlemen following the kindly example of Mr. Bigger, who has furnished us with a *piece de resistance* for our Christmas Number, which we feel certain our readers will enjoy.

. . . . . .

Mr. Blacker's report of the formation and ultimate realization of his favourite scheme is dated for 1839-40, and was submitted by him to a meeting held at the Royal Dublin Society in the Lecture Theatre there, on the 8th April, 1839, the Marquess of Ormonde being in the chair, and the proceedings of which were subsequently confirmed at a general public meeting held on the 15th April of the following year.

At the former, Mr. Blacker, as honorary secretary, stated that the society of which the nucleus was then assembled was "now established for the encouragement of Fine Arts in Ireland by the following simple and most effectual method:—A committee, consisting of twenty-one members, chosen at a general meeting of the subscribers, will select and purchase at the Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy such works of art as are creditable to the talent and genius of the country; and at the close of the season these prizes are to be distributed by lot among the subscribers, one chance being allowed one pound, two chances for two pounds, and so on, in proportion for every pound contributed. Many persons would thus be enabled to shew their love for the arts, and participate in their advancement, by becoming possessed of valuable productions of the pencil and chisel, at a trifling cost, who have hitherto been precluded these advantages from want of such a Society; while *every member* will be entitled to an Engraving, finished in the highest manner the funds of the Society admit of, and published *exclusively* for themselves."

The committee of twenty-one for the first year who were responsible for that year's funds and were to form a committee of selection at the Exhibition of 1840, had the then Marquess of Ormonde for its president, and included the Marquess of Abercorn



Painted by N. J. Crowley, R.H.A.

Cleas an Copáin CUP TOSSING.



IRISH ART

1.—The Arran Fisherman's Drowned Child, Engraved by F. Bacon, for the Irish Art Union in 1843.
2.—The Young Mendicants' Novitiate, Engraved by Samuel Sanoster, for the Royal Irish Art Union in 1841.
3.—The Blind Girl at a Holy Well, Engraved by H. T. Ryall, for the Royal Irish Art Union, in 1840.

The Six Pictures reproduced above are from the Original Prints in the Collection of Franci



S NOVITIATE
(IRC)



A BLIND GIRL AT A HOLY WELL.
F.W BURTON R.H.A

NATIONAL ART UNION FOR IRELAND 1847



G WHEEL.



THE ORIGIN OF THE STOCKING LOOM.
ALFRED ELMORE R.H.A.

AND ARTISTS.

4.—*Irish Courtship, Engraved by F. Bromley,* 1849.
5.—*Irish Spinning Wheel, Engraved by Francis Holl, for the National Art Union of Ireland,* 1847.
6.—*The Origin of the Stocking Loom, engraved by Francis Holl for the Royal Irish Art Union,* 1850.

oseph Bigger, M.R.I.A., Belfast, who has kindly lent them for the purpose of presentation here.

IRISH ART AND ARTISTS.

(afterwards twice Viceroy of Ireland), Marquess Conyngham, Marquess of Downshire, Earl of Roden, Earl of Kenmare, Earl of Mayo, Viscount Massereene, the Lords Bishops of Meath and Clogher, Chief Justice Dougherty, and Judges Blackburne, Torrens, and Burton, and Colonel D'Aguilar, Military Secretary to the Commander of the Forces, among its vice-presidents, as well as the Earl of Charlemont, Viscount Powerscourt, the Hon. the Very Reverend Dean Maude, Isaac Weld, Matthew Anketell, Anthony Cliffe, J. M. D'Olier, Chidley Coote, Standish O'Grady, W. Cotter Kyle, R. Ross of Bladensburgh, and David La Touche, Esquires, as brother committee-men. The committee rooms were at the Royal Irish Institution in College Street (known to ourselves until 1861 as Glover's Rooms, occupying the present site of the Provincial Bank), and Mr. Blacker had as his fellow-official Mr. Thomas Hutton, of 114, Summer Hill, in the capacity of treasurer. The days of meeting were the first and third Fridays in each month, at three o'clock, when members were requested to attend, to make any suggestions for the society's improvement, and hand in such subscriptions as they had received from friends.

What a fine, sound, hearty, liberal-spirited resident public there must have been in Dublin at that period! The list of subscribers appended to that first year's report, 1839-40, is most interesting, shewing us where the parents of many elderly ladies and eminent official and professional gentlemen of our own day then resided, and marking distinctly the past importance of many a stately mansion whose still imposing frontage we now see desecrated by signboards bearing flaming trade marks or offensively prominent advertisements. Many of the guineas that were cheerfully given towards this first, hopeful encouragement of "the talent and genius of the country," came from well-filled purses then abounding in Old Dominic Street, Granby Row, George's Place, Gloucester Street, Gardiner's Place, Seville Place, Rutland Square, as well as from Merrion and Fitzwilliam Squares, Harcourt and Leeson Streets. Whither are ye fled, kind friends of many Quarterings, of the Long Robe, the Sword, and last remaining powdered episcopal perukes, together with those few modest, gentle, spare ribs who rendered that inaugural meeting "honoured and fashionable"? Poor Brothers of the Brush and Chisel saw not so many modern patriots and elegant ladies at the latter-day scant gatherings of their supporters in our times.



THE BLIND FIDDLER.

The first distribution of prizes under the new, beneficent Art Union was held in the Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society, on Wednesday, the 8th July, when the pictures selected at the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, together with that which had been selected for the engraving, were placed *en evidence*, and subsequent to Mr. Blacker's reading of his report which was received "with the greatest approbation," awarded by the ballot, conducted in the following manner:— The number of every ticket sold, having been written on a slip of paper by the possessor, was enclosed within a wooden ball and placed in a vase; in another vase were placed similar



Painted by] THE LIMERICK PIPER, OR FATHER AND DAUGHTER. *[J. Haverty.*



Painted by] SUNDAY MORNING. *[W. Brocas.*

(Continued at page 44.)

IRISH HISTORICAL PICTURES.



THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS ENCAMPED ON THE PLAINS AT BELFAST, 1782.

(Original Painting by John Nixon, presented to the Right Honourable John O'Neill, now at Castle Dobbs.)
From a Coloured Print in the Collection of Francis Joseph Bigger, M.R.I.A., Belfast, Editor of the "Ulster Journal of Archæology," by whose courtesy this picture is reproduced.



THE FIRST IRISH RAILWAY—DUBLIN AND KINGSTOWN.

This, the first Railway in Ireland up to 1840, was opened for traffic on 17th December, 1834. It was six miles in length and cost £418,000, or £70,000 per mile. The original rails were bolted to square blocks of County Dublin granite, no wooden sleepers being used. The first train ran through from Dublin to Kingstown in nineteen and a half minutes, including a two-minute stoppage at Blackrock. The line was crowded all day by hosts of sightseers, who loudly cheered the passing trains. The view produced was taken from Seapoint looking towards Salt Hill. To the right may be seen the masts of the vessels in Kingstown Harbour A beautiful portfolio, containing five views of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway have just been published by Messrs M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., of Belfast, by whose kind courtesy we make the above reproduction. This portfolio, issued at a cost of 7/6, would be an ideal Christmas present for a print lover.

IRISH HISTORICAL PICTURES.



THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

From an exceedingly rare Continental Print, published in 1771.



PATRICK SARSFIELD, EARL OF LUCAN, INTERCEPTING AND DESTROYING WILLIAM THE THIRD'S CANNON.

From a rare old Print.

IRISH ART AND ARTISTS.—(Continued from Page 40.)

balls containing the numbers placed by the committee of selection on the picture prizes, which on that first occasion numbered thirty. Two gentlemen invited from among the company assembled drew these balls simultaneously from the receptacles on behalf of all present, the balls being well shaken about between each drawing, and whenever the number of a prize was drawn and announced, the holder of the ticket bearing that number was declared winner. The gentlemen who first acted in this capacity were R. Shaw, Esquire, of Bushey Park (afterwards the Recorder of Dublin), and J. Atkinson, Esquire.

The handsome sum of £438 14s. was expended by this infant institution upon thirty works of art executed by resident local painters and sculptors, divided among prices ranging from £94 to £2.

The first prize, "The Remembrance," by R. Rothwell, R.H.A., price £94 10s., fell to David Charles La Touche, Esquire, Banker, of Castle Street—when was a La Touche ever elsewhere than prominent in all such undertakings for the public welfare of Dublin? Without doubt D. C. took many tickets from among which that bearing No. 350 brought a reward, and No. 348, a modest work, unnamed, valued at £2.

The Rev. Marcus Beresford, Kilmore, Co. Cavan, won (?)—an O'Connor! modestly priced at £7 7s., and only catalogued as "Landscape." What vicissitudes has that little canvas gone through? Has it been sold in sister kingdoms as the work of Patrick Naysmith, or perhaps reached a high value among *connoisseurs* in that unholy old temple of fashion in King Street, St. James', universally yclept "Christie's"? Nay, let us hope it still hangs, cared for and appreciated, in one or other of the stately homes of these lordly Beresfords, who were ever munificent patrons of art, as we ourselves know full well. Space does not permit us to detail the names and prizes of that First Distribution, but it is only fair to state that several prizes went to award kind sympathy and encouragement from England and Scotland, and to remember that one sister society had only a short time previously been established in Edinburgh. The artists so well encouraged by this opening effort were, as may be guessed by those acquainted with art history of the early Victorian school, George Mulvany, R.H.A.; Matt Kendrick, R.H.A.; George Sharpe, R.H.A.; A. Nicholl, R.H.A.; Thos. Kirk, R.H.A., sculptor, who had previously executed the statue of Lord Nelson; Charles Grey, a Scottish brother by adoption, whose charming *genre* picture of a boy with setter dog, "Intimate Friends," priced £20, went to Mr. J. W. Calcraft, the then enterprising lessee and manager of the old Theatre Royal. Also, last but not least, the very popular picture chosen as first subject for engraving, "The Blind Girl at the Holy Well," by young Mr. Burton (afterwards Sir Frederick Burton, Kt., and Director of the National Gallery, London), was, "immediately after the meeting, dispatched to London, Mr. Burton himself acceding to the wishes of the committee, and accompanying it, in order that there might be no delay in placing it in the hands of the engraver." The private purchaser of this fine work was Colonel D'Aguilar, Deputy Adjutant-General, and the engraver entrusted with its reproduction was Mr. H. T. Ryall, "an artist of the highest name and character in his line, in London (there being none in this country in the particular style required)," as we are instructed by Mr. Blacker in his report. Anyone who knew the handsome, snowy-haired old knight, *toujours preux chevalier*, or even experienced from him the fine courtesy with which he received provincial visitors who had chance inquiries to make while exploring the great national collection under his charge, must feel interested in this early experience of his popular picture being so markedly chosen for publicity, and realise the important matter it must have been to the young painter to journey to London in the packet—probably the "Vanguard," slowest but surest of old hulks, or the more modern "Iron Duke"—with this picture, his first to be engraved.

We consider, of Sir Frederick's maturer works, his portrait of George Eliot to be his most important; that of Lady Martin, *née* Helen Faucit, his handsomest, and his mediæval subject, "The Turret Stair," his most elaborate. The latter two are now in our own National Gallery, a bequest from their possessor and Sir Frederick's early, sincere friend, the late Margaret Stokes, of Carrig-Breac, Howth. . . . Due recognition was given to the Irish language by the Art Union, and several of the pictures bear their titles in Gaelic, such as the Cup Tossing and the Arran Fisherman's Drowned Child.



MRS. S. C. HALL

Author of "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," collaborated with her husband, Samuel Carter Hall, in the writing and production of that artistic national record, "Hall's Ireland."

From a Drawing by J. Hayter.

On this inception of the society followed five years surprising success. In the second year Queen Victoria became the patroness of the Society, and her then Viceroy, the Earl of Fortescue, also afforded his patronage and very active help; while His Grace the Lord Primate of Ireland (another Beresford), the Lord Chancellor, and the Commander of the Forces added their names to the list of vice-patrons. In this year the society realised the sum of £2,329, while the sister societies attained respectively, London £721, and Edinburgh £1,270. A work of Mr. Rothwell, R.H.A., was selected for engraving, and submitted to the hands of Mr. Samuel Sangster, of London, for reproduction on copper. The committee expressed their deep regret that no expert in line engraving was to be found at home capable of dealing with this section of the society's enterprise, and, as encouragement to such talent as did exist in the country, arranged to give prizes in future years at the following liberal rate:—For a line engraving on copper or steel, not less than 6 inches by 4, £25; an etching on copper, or mezzotinto, not less than 8 by 6, £15; engraving on wood, not less than 6 by 4, £10; lithographic drawing, not less than 8 by 6, £10; a pair of medal dies, diameter not less than 1½ inches, impressions in silver and copper to be exhibited, £20; engraving on a gem or hard stone, £10; engraving on a shell, £5; model in wax, £5; model in clay or plaster, £5.

In this year a pair of handsome mahogany revolving boxes were provided for the drawing of prizes, the number for tickets and awards being engraved on bone counters, and the assistance of two boys from the Richmond Institution for the Blind was obtained for the actual selection. These boxes, of 1841, are still at the Royal Hibernian Academy, and have served at every drawing for prizes until 1907.

Thomas Davis, the leading spirit of the Young Irelanders, keenly

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IRISH ART AND ARTISTS.—Concluded.

advocated, in his own strident way, the encouragement and propagation of an Irish Art. By word and pen he did what he could, and in one of his essays he outlined a comprehensive series of Irish Historical Pictures. It was Davis who wrote, "We entreat our artists, as they love their country, as they owe it a service, as they pity its woes and errors, as they are wroth at its sufferings, and as they hope to share and aid its advance, to use this opportunity of raising the taste and cultivating the nationality of Ireland." Davis's Essays on Irish Art and Art Unions are worthy of perusal, even at the present day.

Mr. Stewart Blacker, himself, admitted regarding his darling scheme, that "It has been remarked, perhaps too justly, that in this country it is much easier on the impulse of the moment to originate magnificently than to plan deliberately and to prosecute steadily." In his case, the greatest care, with circumspection, was upheld with untiring zeal tempered with discretion, and his enterprise met with not only such success as it deserved, but with such extraordinary public approval and quick recognition, that the voluminous lists of subscribers, together with extended sympathies and wider endeavours, are beyond the limits of our space for citation. All we shall note is that, of the extra prizes offered from the reserve fund, no engraved work submitted merited the full amount offered, and that but "£15 and £10, respectively, could, w th sufficient credit to the Society and country, be awarded." The Society's first engraving had, however, been so successful that Mr. Burton was paid £100 as copyright for his fine work.

We must now, alas! pass on to the year 1844, when a calamity befell the thriving young society, which nearly crushed it like a nutshell.

The report for the fifth year opens with a statement that, "A storm which has been threatening for some time on the legality of our Society, and others similarly conducted, burst on us early in the spring, by the law officers in England sending an intimation to the Art Union of London to stay their proceedings. Legal opinion in this country was opposed to such a view, considering our Society, as it is conducted, does not come within the spirit or the letter of the enactments very properly in force against lotteries, and other gambling speculations. Yet we at once stayed proceedings, and prayed for an enquiry and adjustment before Parliament. If this announcement had been made earlier, loss might have been saved, but at the beginning of April, it checked and injured the exhibitions then about to open, and the Parliamentary enquiry having continued its sittings until August, we lost the best months of the year for getting in our resources, and our time was principally taken up in conducting our defence. Needless to tell, the clear and satisfactory case made for the Society, and the public results laid before the Parliamentary Committee, have materially served to the passing of an act which allows of our assembling to-day as a regular recognised body by the unanimous sanction of the legislature."

The London and Scottish societies had collected their subscriptions early in the year, and so were at no loss, but the Irish society found itself with but £700 in its exchequer at the beginning of August, therefore had to make what proved to be an herculean effort, even allowing itself six weeks' extra time, in raising what appears a triumphant sum, £4,000, although with a falling-off of £1,000 from the realisation of the previous year, 1843. The committee are to be congratulated on this result of their strenuous endeavour notwithstanding, and we wish we could record as heroic behaviour on the part of those for whom they strove; but the effect produced upon the exhibitions by the scare in April was shewn by the fact that there were three hundred works less sent in, while the money taken for attendance fell off more than half.

Meetings had been held by various public bodies in Dublin for the purpose of according their support to the Art Union in its defence before Parliament; of these we may mention the Royal Dublin Society, Royal Hibernian Academy, Royal Institute of Architects, and Society of Irish Artists.

The Art Union's petition was presented to the House of Lords on June 18th, 1844, by Lord Monteagle, who somewhat astonished his hearers when he informed them that, "An illustrious Duke, who was then sitting on the Woolsack," had honoured the Society by becoming its patron; that it counted many members of that House as well as judges of the land, and members of the past as well as the present Government, among its subscribers, whose number had risen from 4,600 to 13,612.

. . . . . .

Among several tables of statistics compiled by Mr. Blacker to indicate the progress of his undertaking and shew its remarkable results we can quote but one, a most *telling* one, however, viz.—the effect produced upon the R.H.A.

At the four exhibitions, held within the galleries, previous to the inception of the Royal Irish Art Union, the total amount received from purchasers of works was £1 10s. for two small water colour drawings, while for four subsequent years the amount realised by sales reached £8,006, private purchase having been stimulated by the efforts of the Art Union.

During the former years cited the total income of the Academy arising from all sources, attendance, sales, etc., had been £577, while for those subsequent, as referred to, it rose to £1,790, and the number of works exhibited had more than doubled themselves.

Our readers may be acquainted with the latter day transactions of the beneficent public institution, whose commencement we have recalled, and will remember that it continued in vigour until 1858, when a new society was formed, which has been familiar to us until so recent a date as 1907. The art world having undergone many changes during the past *fin de siecle*, and this opening present century, it is easy to recall several conditions of its past within our own recollection; but, we trust the younger generations among us may find some interest in our recapitulation of what may, truly, be designated the early days of modern art in Ireland. Our artists at present have no such enthusiastic supporters as those noblemen and gentlemen whose names compose the lists enrolled by the vigorous and public spirited Stewart Blacker.

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THE HON. MRS. ALDWORTH OF CORK.

The Only Irishwoman ever Admitted a Member of the Freemasons.

NOTHING under the sun has half so much vitality as that sort of pleasing fiction which has a slender substratum of truth and has been crystallized by popular acceptance into a tradition. When the stickler after accuracy sets out to slay one of these hybrids, he finds to his disgust that it is not only hydra-headed, but has no Achilles' heel. People will doubtless go on believing until the end of time that the first woman who contrived to be present during the solemn rites of Masonic initiation hid herself in a clock-case in the lodge-room. That has been the story any time this century past, although a moment's reflection would have shown any rational being that not even the most capacious of grandfathers' clocks would afford hiding-room for the average girl in her teens, much less a grown woman. The absurdity of the fable lies in the fact that the Honourable Elizabeth St Leger, who happened to be the curiosity-monger in question, was a young lady of considerable amplitude, who flourished (as they say in the history books) in the era of the hooped petticoat. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it might be as well to tell the story as it really occurred, even although one has no hopes of laying quietly to rest the childish fairy tale that has superseded it.

Among the magnates of Munster at the close of the seventeenth century whose stars were in the ascendant was Sir Arthur St. Leger, soon to be known successively as Baron Kilmagdon and Viscount Doneraile. In 1695, while he was still a simple knight, there was born unto him a daughter, Betty, the heroine of this plain, unvarnished tale. Judging by her portrait, she was no great beauty, kindly and good-natured as she looks; and one is not surprised to find that forty years later she was still unmarried. At that period, in 1735, Lord Doneraile, who was an ardent Freemason and very sociable, procured a warrant from headquarters authorising him to establish a Masonic Lodge in his district. In country places, then as now, it was customary for the brethren of the square and compass, when not of sufficient strength numerically to build a separate lodge, to meet in the private house of some member, in a room set apart for the purpose. Thus it was that the members of the new Munster Lodge, who consisted entirely of the aristocratic founder, his sons, and their intimate friends, met to have their feasts of reason and their flows of soul for a considerable period in Doneraile Court. Now it chanced that the worthy Viscount had determined upon adding a large saloon to his residence, a vital alteration that necessitated the partial removal of one of the walls of the temporary lodge-room. While the building operations were in process of completion, the Honourable Betty, who had long burnt with curiosity concerning the mysterious goings-on among the Masonic fraternity, became obsessed with an idea which she lost no time in putting into practice. Working secretly now and again as occasion proffered, she managed with a pair of scissors to remove the unhardened mortar from one of the bricks in the newly-constructed wall. Here was a convenient peep-hole when the psychological moment arrived. As luck would have it, when next the Lodge assembled the prime business of the evening was the initiating of a new member into the first two degrees of the mystic order. It is generally understood that some of the rites and ceremonies of Masonic induction are of a weird, awe-inspiring order—a belief that is borne out by Mistress Betty's experience. What she beheld on this historic occasion nobody ever gleaned. All we know for certain is that, shortly after she removed the brick and applied her eyes to the peep-hole, she gave a piercing scream and fled down the corridor into the arms of the wary and suspicious Tyler who was keeping watch and ward at the lodge-room door. At once the fat was in the fire. Out trooped all the brethren to see the reason of the hubbub, and the excited woman, the loose brick, and the peep-hole told their own tale. One and all returned to the lodge-room aghast, and a solemn deliberation took place as to what was to be done with the eavesdropper, who had gained improper knowledge of the arcana of their order. Viewing the sex of the offender, it was thought that nothing short of death would ensure the preservation of their secrets, and to that dread decree even the lady's father agreed. Just, however, as poor Betty's life hung in the balance, the eloquent advocacy of her brother, Mr. Hayes St. Leger, turned the scale in her favour. What he proposed was what is known in the medical profession as "an heroic remedy," but the assembled Masons were glad to avail themselves of any alternative that would meet the exigencies without sacrifice of their honour. With immense feelings of relief it was agreed upon that the Honourable Betty's life should be spared on condition that she took upon herself the responsibilities of Masonry and were initiated forthwith into the first two degrees of the order—in other words, into as much of the craft as she had already surreptitiously witnessed. To that the frightened woman made no demur, and the installation at onee took place. Strange to say, for the remaining forty years of her life Freemasonry had no more loyal or zealous upholder than the lady who was inducted into its mysteries compulsorily. Attaining to the rank of Mother in Israel, she attended all the Masonic assemblies and processions in Cork, and brought distinction to the craft which had so reluctantly broken its rules and accepted her as its adopted daughter.



THE HON. MRS. ALDWORTH.

From a Print published in 1811 by S. Cox, Duncan Street, Cork.

So far as the Honourable Betty was concerned, the whole affair proved a blessing in disguise. She was now forty, and swains had hitherto passed her homely face unscanned. But the novelty of her situation soon gained her a husband, for before the passing of many moons she was led to the altar by Richard Aldworth, a Member of Parliament who resided at Newmarket, Co. Cork, and was the grandson of the knight, his namesake, who was Provost Mareschal of Munster. By his happy marriage, Aldworth solved a problem that has perplexed many a worthy Freemason, and has been amusingly exemplified by Douglas Jerrold in one of the best-known of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures." *He* was not pestered with questions as to his goings-on, nor worried by thoughts of the usual sequel to a belated sitting among the brethren. When he wanted an evening's jollification at the Lodge, he took his better half with him!

As the Honourable Mrs. Aldworth outlived all her brothers and their progeny, the Doneraile family estates eventually devolved upon her. At the period of her death, Mr. St. Leger Aldworth, as his mother's heir, became possessed of the property of his maternal ancestors, and succeeded to the title as the first Viscount of the new creation. From him the Doneraile family of the present day are descended.

"Full of honours and of years," the first lady Freemason died in

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NEW SEASON'S STOCK JUST ARRIVED.

THE HON. MRS. ALDWORTH OF CORK

(Concluded from page 53.)

1775, and was laid to rest in a vault beneath the old cat hedral of St Finbarre's, "by the pleasant waters of the River Lee." A century later, while the present cathedral was being erected, the vault was opened, and the mortal tenement of the soul that was labelled "Elizabeth Aldworth" exposed to view. The late Dr. Richard Caulfield, who saw the remains, testified they were in a remarkable state of preservation, and that the placid features were quite recognisable by her portrait. Possibly because of the uniqueness of her life-course, she was not buried in a shroud, but was laid out in a dark silk gown, with a fully-plaited ruff round the neck, surmounted by a white head-dress. Long silk gloves, silk stockings, and white satin shoes completed the bridal attire of the distinguished old lady so long wedded irrevocably to Death. Of some such was the final garb that the fastidious Nance Oldfield feverishly longed for.

Needless to say, Irish Freemasonry has cherished the memory of the first woman to enter the fold. In many a long-established Lodge are to be found engraved portraits of this gracious and stately Elizabeth Aldworth; and preserved in the "First Lodge of Ireland" are some personal relics of the innovative lady, including an autograph letter, and the Masonic jewel she wore when arrayed in full war-paint.

MRS. DELANY'S IRISH REMINISCENCES

(Concluded from page 30)

scaramouch on a stick), snap went something that we all thought had been the bone of his leg, but it proved only a bone of his toe. Notwithstanding which (like Widdington) he fought upon his stumps, and would not spare me one dance. We began pegging it at eight, and continued our sport till one, *without ceasing*."

Autre tembs, autre mœurs. The latter-day system of a frequent change of partners has its advantages! One could go on quoting Mrs. Delany agreeably until the crack of doom, but this appreciation has reached the editorial limit, and one must conclude with the lady's Hogarthian picture of the festivities at the Castle on the 1st of March, 1732, in honour of the King's birthday:

"The ball was in the old Beef-eaters' Hall, a room that holds seven hundred people seated. It was well it did, for never did I behold a greater crowd. We were all placed in rows one above another, so much raised that the last row almost *touched the ceiling!* The gentlemen say we looked very handsome, and compared us to Cupid's Paradise in the puppet shew. At eleven o'clock minuets were finished, and the Duchess went to the basset table.

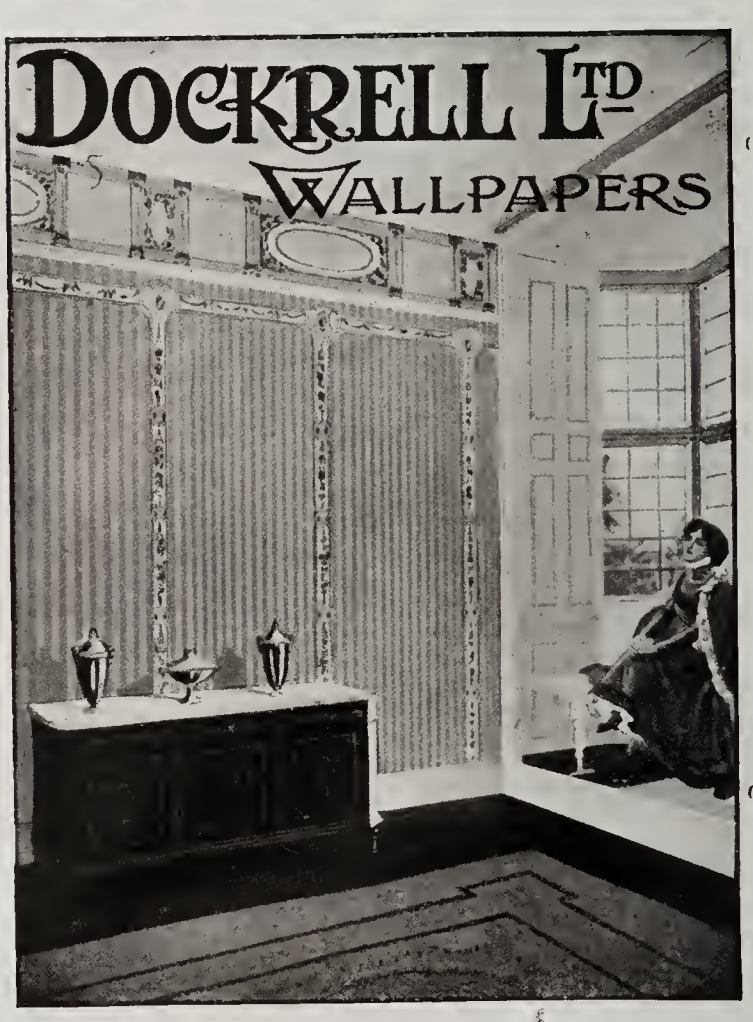
"After an hour's playing the Duke, Duchess, and nobility marched into the supper room, which was the council chamber. In the midst of the room was placed a holly tree, illuminated by one hundred wax tapers; round it was placed all sorts of meat, fruit, and sweetmeats; servants waited next, and were encompassed round by a table, to which the company came by turn to take what they wanted. When the door was *first* opened, the hurly-burly is not to be described; squawling, shrieking, all sorts of noises; some ladies lost their lappets, others were trod upon. Poor Lady Santry almost lost her breath in the scuffle, and fanned herself two hours before she could recover herself enough to know if she was dead or alive. I and my company were more discreet than to go with the torrent; we staid till people had satisfied their curiosity and hunger, and then took a quiet view of the *famous* tree, which occasioned more rout than it was worth." ANNA LONG.

KISSING UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Father Healey's Story of "How they Kiss in Ireland."

Few people are aware that this time-honoured practice is a relic of Scandinavian mythology. In origin it is as curious as it is poetic. Toki hated Balder, the Apollo of the North, and as everything that springs from fire, air, earth, and water had been sworn not to hurt the celestial favourite, the wicked spirit made an arrow of mistletoe, which he gave to blind Höder to test. The god of darkness shot the arrow, and killed Balder. Being restored to life at the urgent request of the gods and goddesses, the mistletoe was given to the Goddess of Love to keep, and every one who passed under it, received a kiss, to show that the branch was the emblem of love and not of death.

Mistletoe is a parasitic plant, which grows on the oak or the apple tree. For the reason that it requires a genial climate for its propogation, nearly all the mistletoe that is used in England and Ireland at Christmas time comes from France, a fact that accounts for its comparative expensiveness. These details serve to elucidate a good story which Lord Justice Mathew used to tell of Father Healy, the celebrated parish priest of Bray. A pretty young English girl was seated at dinner next to the witty priest, and said to him, "They tell me, Father Healy, that you have no mistletoe in your country." "Is that so, my dear young lady? Now, I think of it, I believe it is true." "Then what do the boys and girls do at Christmas time without it?" "Is it kissing you mean, my dear? Sure they do it *under the rose*."



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Aunt Jane's Christmas Shopping in 1909.

ONE morning, early in December, as Aunt Jane and I were sitting at breakfast in our cottage overhanging the Atlantic, she startled me by saying—

"Do you know, Delia, I think, as your uncle has sent me such a large sum this year, I'll take you up to Dublin, and we'll buy our Christmas boxes there."

I stared, speechless; the idea of Aunt Jane, who seldom went beyond the village, and then only to call on a friend a mile or two off, setting out for Dublin, was too wonderful to be believed, even though Uncle Morris *had* sent her a double Christmas present.

"Yes," Aunt Jane went on, "I should like to see Grafton Street once again before I die. It's forty years since I was there. I'd like to show you Dublin, too, Delia."

Needless to say, I put no obstacles in the way of our journey. I almost think my aunt would have started off that very day, but that Pat had gone across the hills to fetch some chickens, and there was no one to catch the pony or drive to the train.

"We'll stay at Morrison's," said my Aunt, as we drew near Clondalkin, and knew that our railway journey was nearly over, "that's where your uncle and I stayed when we were on our honeymoon."

We took a cab at Kingsbridge, though, as we had only two small handbags as luggage, I was anxious to see the inside of a tramcar, but Aunt Jane would not hear of this.

"I wouldn't trust myself in one of those things," she declared—"perhaps be blown up in it. I never had any faith in electricity."

"Drive to Dawson Street," was her direction to the cabman. "I won't say Morrison's," she confided to me, "he'd spend his time wondering how much he could charge if we gave the name of a grand hotel."

So we were set down at the corner of Dawson Street.

"I wonder if they'll remember me," said Aunt Jane, bridling a little; "there was one rather elderly waiter who——"

Suddenly Aunt Jane was silent, and, looking at her, I saw an expression of deep dismay on her face.

"Surely," she said, "Morrison's ought to be here."

Facing us was a handsome building of grey stone, but bearing no resemblance to a hotel. A policeman passed just at this moment, and Aunt Jane put her hand on his arm.

"Tell me," she said in a choked voice, "isn't this the end of Dawson Street where Morrison's ought to be?"

"It's where Morrison's used to be, ma'am," was the answer, "but that's been gone some time now."

"Dear me!" cried poor Aunt Jane, "what on earth are we to do?"

The policeman had stopped, and was looking at us with a critical but not unkindly eye.

"Oh, there's lots of hotels in Dublin," he said; "you needn't sleep in the street for want of a hotel."

And he kindly guided us to a nice quiet hotel, which suited me, I know, and Aunt Jane, I think, admirably. Next morning we set out on our shopping quest.

"You look very dowdy in that hat, Delia," she said, when we had gone a little way. "I think I'll take you to Mrs. Cameron's, and buy you a nice costume."

Truth to tell, I had been feeling a little out of gear, in the old tam and overcoat, which had looked so well on Sundays in the country, and I was glad to look forward to a new outfit.

"Where is Mrs. Cameron's?" I asked, being ignorant of Dublin.

"Oh, one of the leading shops in Grafton Street, you may be sure that what you get there will be *right*," was Aunt Jane's answer.

So up Grafton Street we walked, but found no Mrs. Cameron's. Once again, Aunt Jane asked a policeman, only to be told that Cameron's was a thing of the past, and once again the man in the street guided us to an excellent shop, where Aunt Jane generously presented me with a "costume," which left nothing to be desired.

"Now," said Aunt Jane, when this was finished, "we'll go and have our lunch somewhere. There's Brady's and Callaghan's at the top of the street, Brady's, I think, is the better of the two, but Callaghan's is the place for barm bracks at Halloweve, you *may* get a diamond ring *if* you get the right barm brack."

"But don't you pay more for the barm brack with the chance thrown in?" I asked, but Aunt Jane gave a rather vague answer, owing, perhaps, to her being very hungry, and having arrived at the top of Grafton Street, finding neither Brady's nor Callaghan's there. Once more the man in the street was consulted. He had never heard of Callaghan or Brady, but there was a place close by, where "ladies does be going every day, and all day long," and where we went and cheered ourselves. "Little Tommy Martin asked me to bring him some sponge cakes," said Aunt Jane, as she rose from the table, and dusted the crumbs from her dress, "there is only one place in Dublin where you can get really good sponge cake, and that's San Giovanni's, in Lower Mount Street. That's the only shop in Dublin where they put in the proper number of eggs. But, first, I have two things to do in Grafton Street: one is, to get a pair of French gloves at the 'Tower of Babel,' and the other is to get an orange silk handkerchief at Wecke's for your uncle George. Not that he's an orangeman by any means, but he says the silk in Wecke's handkerchiefs is better than any other."

But neither "Tower of Babel" or "Wecke's" was to be found, Aunt Jane declared the latter should be near Wicklow Street corner, but, alas! it was not. There was a young man in the "Tower of Babel" whom she regretted, as the only person who could fit her in a pair of gloves. However, she did fairly well at one of the many Grafton Street shops, even if they were not "Tower of Babel."

"I was forgetting," she said, just as I thought our Grafton Street shopping was over, "I promised Uncle George to ask the price of two garden vases at Lavender's. The worst of chosing things for your Uncle George is, he hardly ever buys anything. But I promised to ask the price.

Aunt Jane, however, was spared the asking of the price of anything at Lavender's, as we couldn't find it anywhere. No one could tell us anything about it, and Aunt Jane had hardly recovered from her relieved disappointment when she remembered that she had promised to bring little Quinny O'Flaherty a few books from Hedgelong's.

"They have a sixpenny box at the door," she said, "and you get most wonderful bargains."

But when we arrived at the shop where Hedgelong's should have been, no Hedgelong could be found. We wandered past "Mr. Stickyback's"—"A most extraordinary name," Aunt Jane remarked—but nowhere was there a Hedgelong.

"Quinny will be disappointed," said Aunt Jane sadly. But that night a fellow-guest at the hotel comforted her by pointing out that nowadays the best books could be had for sixpence, or even threepence.

There were still toys and sponge-cakes to be bought. Aunt Jane's heart was set on "*Le Petit Bonheur*," in Nassau Street, for the former. "*Le Petit Bonheur*," unfortunately, had disappeared, and

A ROSE

by any other name would smell as sweet. This does not apply to Stickyback, Grafton Street.

3 beautifully finished full length Panel Photos.
Complete in exclusive folding Greeting Mount for 1/6.
Ready next day.

NEW PIANOS from 20 Gns. Easy Payments Arranged.
POHLMANN & Co., 40, Dawson St., DUBLIN, and 9, Marlboro' St., CORK.

Aunt Jane's Christmas Shopping in 1909—*Continued.*

so had Sponge-cake San Giovanni. However, we were able to find good substitutes at no very great distance.

Her despair at not being able to buy me a pair of French boots at Poirotte's in Suffolk Street, or seeing me eat sausage rolls at Ferenback's in Wicklow Street; at finding that underclothes could no longer be purchased at Roake's in Dawson Street, and that "Cannock & White's" had ceased to exist," was tempered by the facility with which she found many things she wanted under the same roof, though in different departments; and as we settled down in the train on our homeward journey she declared, that "though she liked everything in its own place, wherever that place might be, those 'big shops' *were* very convenient."

NOT THE PARK, AND YET A PHŒNIX.

As the multitude of counsellors bringeth no wisdom to the perplexed housewife concerning laundries, one small voice may be as good as many, especially when it speaks with conviction. Having had occasion recently to make a rigorous inspection of the fine Phœnix Laundry, in Russell Street, Dublin, we have no hesitation in recommending ladies to send the most delicate fabrics there for washing purposes. No better ventilated or more hygienically-conducted establishment of the kind is to be found in the three kingdoms. Everything has been thought out to the minutest detail, as exemplified by the fact that ventilating punkahs are fitted throughout the laundry for the better comfort of the workers. Fully a hundred girls are employed for hand work alone—a plain statement that indicates at once the great popularity of the Phœnix, and the care and attention paid in the washing and airing of the most delicate fabrics.

TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

WHEN you sit by the fire—you young mother—gazing into the red depths, what is it you see there? Shall we tell you? Just what your fancy weaves, in obedience to the thought which runs ever in the same channel—baby's future. That is the theme of every bright picture—the inspiration of all your dreaming.

But have you ever thought what you would do for baby in certain circumstances, should you from any cause become unable to fulfil the important duties of nurse? You know that the little body is growing—growing with startling rapidity—and that all the various elements which go to supply that growth must be present in the food you give. At this early stage, food—the right food—is all-important. Now, apart from nature's supply, what is the right food?

This is a serious question, for on the correctness of the answer depends the welfare of your baby in the present, and the building up of a strong, healthy constitution for the future. Nearly all the illness so prevalent in infancy is due to wrong diet; quite seventy-five per cent of the mortality in infancy is due to the same cause. Is it not appalling?

Clearly the model to follow in attempting to arrive at a perfect artificial food for infants is mother's milk; and that is the model adopted by the manufacturers of the well-known and justly celebrated Mellin's Food. Practically the same flesh-forming, heat-producing elements are found in both. There is no starch in mother's milk—there is no starch in Mellin's Food. Dissolved in water and mixed with ordinary cow's milk, Mellin's Food forms the nearest approximation to the natural breast supply of the mother ever yet devised.

The fact that it contains no starch is in itself of the utmost importance. The infant stomach cannot digest starch, and any food containing it must inevitably derange the little system. Starch must be prepared for digestion in the mouth, and therefore it is only when the child has learned to masticate properly that starch food becomes admissible.

The very close resemblance of Mellin's Food to breast milk allows of its being given to infants from birth, and by varying the proportions of fresh cow's milk employed, the food can be made to grow "older" just in the same way that mother's milk grows "older." Mellin's Food is emphatically the *right* food for infants.

Mothers who, from any cause, are unable to nurse their babies—indeed all mothers—should write to Messrs. Mellin's for the excellent little book, "The Care of Infants" now in its fifth edition, which they offer free. It is full of information. Every phase of child-life is dealt with, and the dignity, the solemnity, the unspeakable joy of motherhood treated fully and seriously. Every mother who is concerned for the welfare of her little ones—and what true mother is not—will find here something to interest, something to inform. Not only is the question of food considered, but sound advice given on the general care of infants.

After the quality—the "rightness,"—of food comes the mode of administration. Ordinary feeding bottles are most insanitary, and the cause of much of the indigestion from which infants so frequently suffer. It is quite impossible to keep them clean; do what you will the milk will sour in the long rubber tube. To overcome this difficulty Messrs. Mellin's have invented a special form of feeding bottle without a tube. The teat is fitted directly on to the bottle, and the food lies quite close up round it, leaving no air space. So long as any food remains in the bottle, it is close up against the teat, and baby can never "suck wind." There is a valve to admit the necessary air, so regulated as to suit the frailest child, thus preventing those troublesome choking fits due to a too-rapid flow of food.

Mothers should write at once to Messrs. Mellin's for their really useful little book, "The Care of Infants," and it will be sent quite free to any address. A free sample of Mellin's Food will also be sent, if requested, and thus an opportunity afforded of putting this perfect Infant's Food to a practical test. Address—Messrs. MELLIN'S FOOD LTD., Peckham, London, S.E.

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If any difficulty in obtaining, send three penny stamps, with name of chemist, to makers—

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Lait "Larola" is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use

Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Cold, Strong Winds, and Hard Water, it not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN

but beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of Lait "Larola" effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, and Chaps, and Irritation, and gives a resisting power to the skin surface in changeable weather.

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Starch Free.
No Cooking
Prepared in
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May be given with Safety and Benefit from Birth.

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CONDUCTED BY CRAWFORD HARTNELL.

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THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD CECIL, VISCOUNT IVEAGH, K.P., LL.D.,
DUBLIN'S GREATEST BENEFACTOR,
Chancellor of The University of Dublin.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

A Present Day National Gallery of Ireland.



THE RIGHT HON. EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P., C.M.G., P.C.

Born 12 Feb., 1841. Married 1869, daughter of Lord Chas. L. Kerr. War correspondent *Daily Telegraph* Abyssinia, 1867, and Franco-Prussian War and Siege of Paris, 1870-71. Expert navigator, yachtsman, author and politician.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR SAMUEL WALKER, BART.

Born 1832. Lord Chancellor of Ireland since 1905. Called to the Bar 1855. Promoted Queen's Counsel 1872. Solicitor-General for Ireland 1883-5. Attorney-General 1885. Lord Chancellor of Ireland 1892-5. Lord Justice of Appeal, Ireland, 1895-1905. Member of Parliament for Londonderry, 1884-5.



SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD, M.A., MUS. D., D.C.L., LL.D.

Born Dublin, 30 Sept., 1852. Married, 1878. Professor of Music, Cambridge University, and of Composition and Orchestral Playing, Royal College of Music. Distinguished composer, author and scholar.

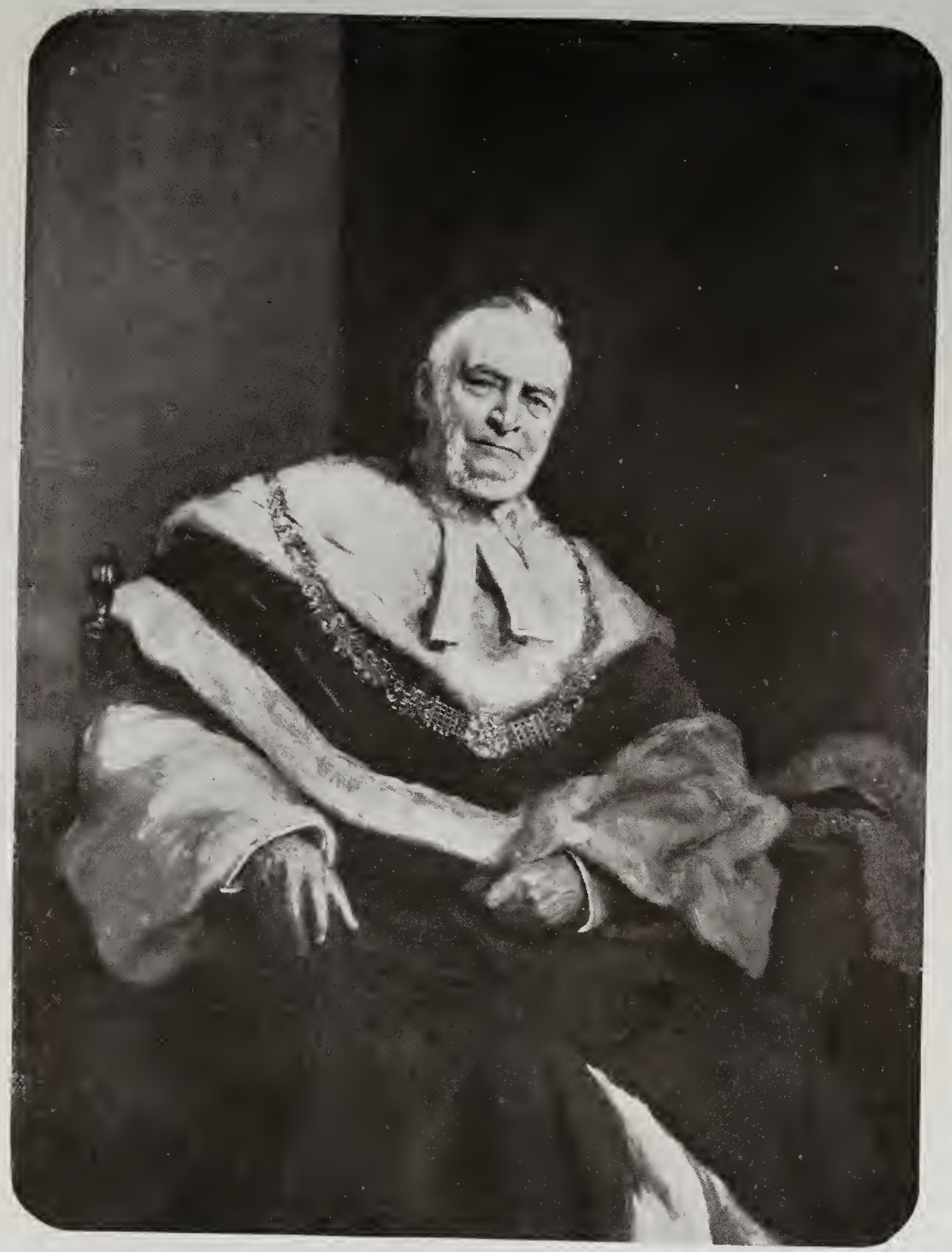


ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES WILLIAM DE LA POER BERESFORD, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

Born 10 Feb., 1846, in Ireland. Entered Royal Navy, 1859. Awarded three medals for saving life. Distinguished for bravery and resource in action on land and sea.

Photos by Chancellor, Werner, Histed & Fall.

TWO DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS OF DUBLIN.



RIGHT HON. CHRISTOPHER PALLES, LL.D., P.C.

Lord Chief Baron of Exchequer. Born Christmas Day, 1831. One of the greatest jurists of our time. Called to the Irish Bar, 1853; Queen's Counsel, 1865; Solicitor-General for Ireland, 1872; Attorney-General, 1872-4; Lord Chief Baron of Exchequer in Ireland since 1874; Member of the Privy Council, England and Ireland, and LL.D., Dublin University. Contributing active and valuable aid in the promotion of National, Intermediate, and University Education in Ireland may be said to be his chief recreation for many years.

From the Painting by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, C.V.O.

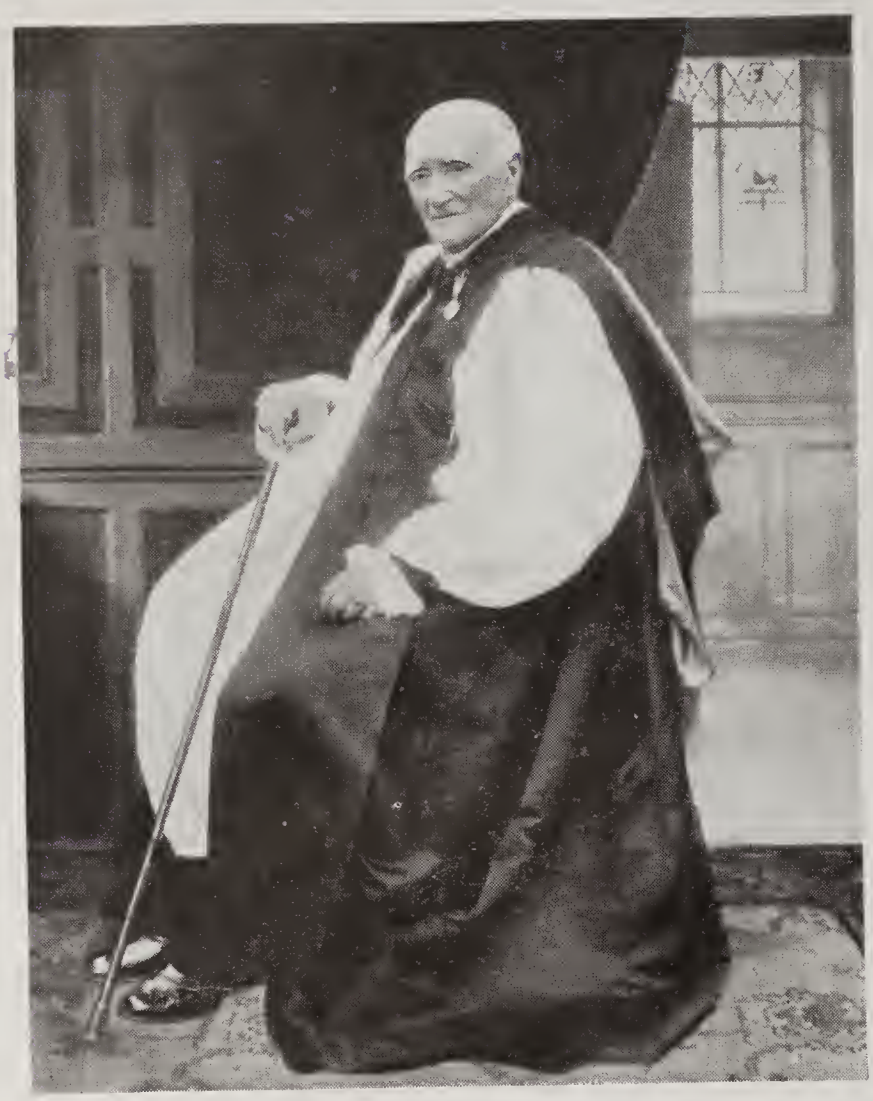


ANTHONY TRAILL, ESQ., LL.D., M.D., M.CH., T.C.D., PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

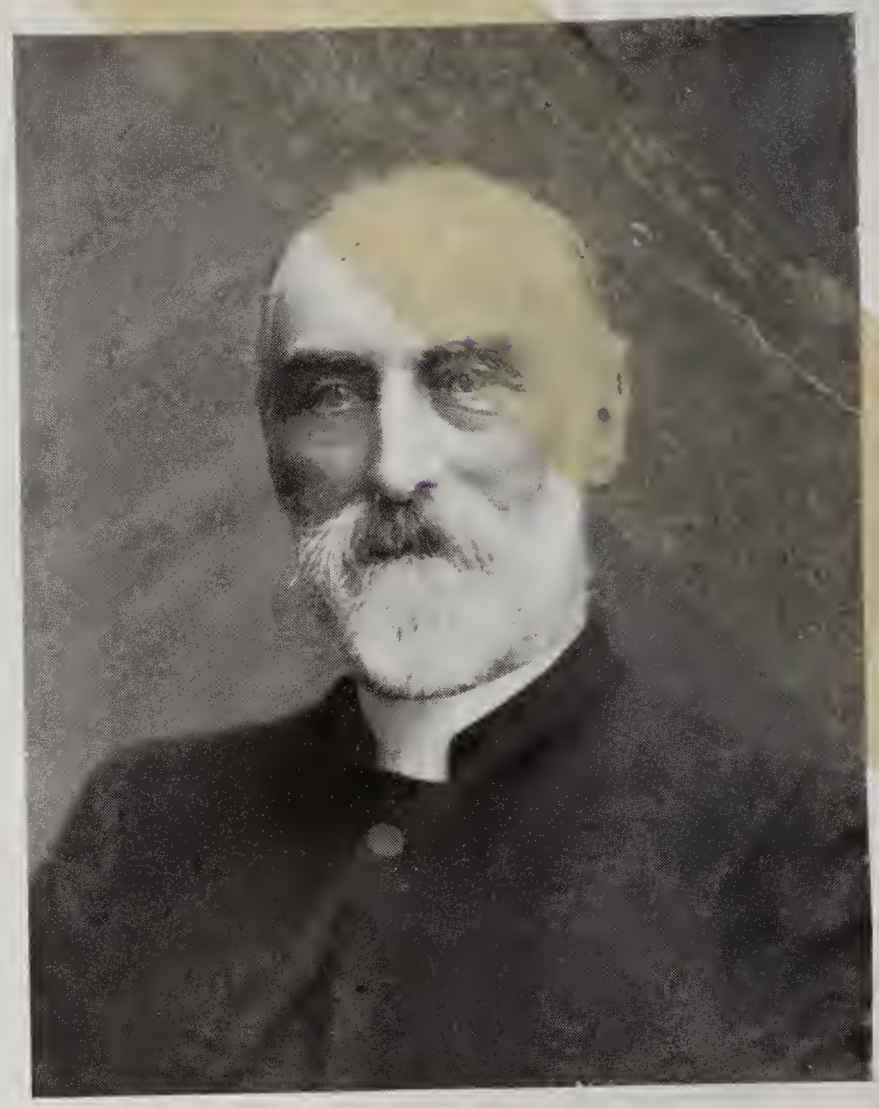
Born 1st November, 1838. Provost of Dublin University since 1904. LL.D. of Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities (Honoris Causa). Member of the Representative Body of Church of Ireland since its incorporation. Grand Juror, Co. Antrim, 1861; High Sheriff, 1882; D.L., 1904. Chairman of first electric tramway constructed in the United Kingdom. For fourteen years he was Racquet Champion of Dublin University, and to-day is more active than many junior freshmen in T.C.D.

From the Painting in Trinity College, Dublin, by H. Harris Brown.

A Present Day National Gallery of Ireland.



MOST REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., D.C.L. (Oxon), LL.D. (Dub.).
Born 13th April, 1824. Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland. Author of numerous publications. An orator, who recalls the best days of Irish eloquence.



MOST REV. JOSEPH FERGUSON PEACOCKE, D.D.
Archbishopof Dublin and Primate of Ireland since 1897. Born Queen's County, 5th Nov., 1835. Youngest son of the late George Peacocke, M.D., Longford. Educated Trinity College, Dublin.



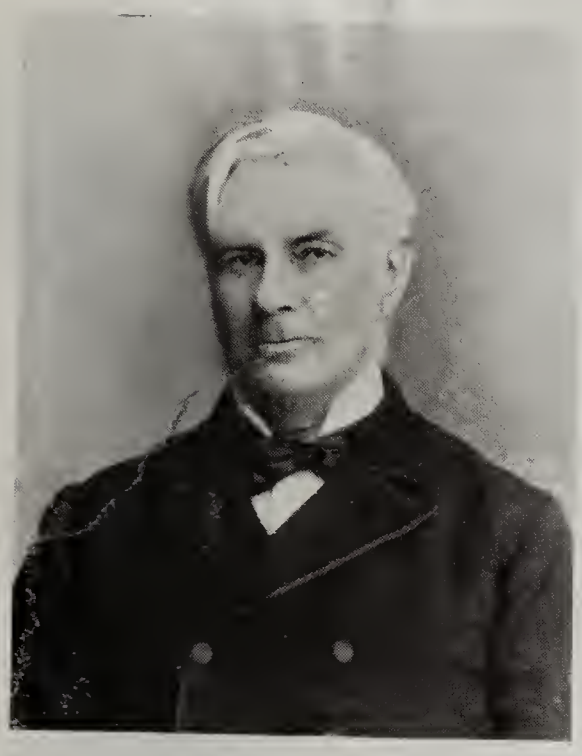
RIGHT HON. DODGSON H. MADDEN, M.A., LL.D., T.C.D.
Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. Born 28th March, 1840. Called to the Bar 1864; took silk 1880; third sergeant at law 1887; Solicitor-General for Ireland 1888; Attorney-General 1889-92; Justice of the High Court, King's Bench Division, since 1892. M.P. for Dublin University 1887-92.



RIGHT HON. WILLIAM LEE, BARON PLUNKET, K.C.V.O., K.C.M.G.
Born 19th December, 1864. Eldest son of His Grace William Conyngham, late Archbishop of Dublin, and Annie Lee, only daughter of the last Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Bart. Married, 1894, Lady Victoria, daughter First Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, Governor of New Zealand, 1904 to 1910.

Photos by Abernethy, Werner, Lafayette, D'Arcy.

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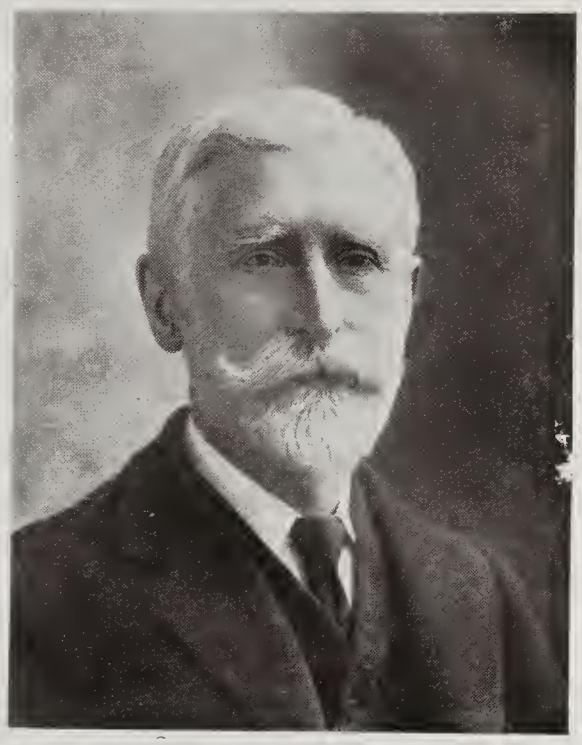
RIGHT HON. EDWARD, BARON ASHBOURNE, P.C.

Born 4th December, 1837. Educated T.C.D. Called to the Irish Bar, 1860; took silk 1872; Attorney-General 1877-80, Lord Chancellor, with seat in the Cabinet, 1885-6; 1886-92 and 1895-1906.



SIR HOWARD GRUBB, F.R.S., F.R.A.S

Born 1844, married 1871. Established the world-famous astronomical instrument factory in Rathmines, Co. Dublin. President of Photographic Society of Ireland; Senior Vice-President R.D.S.



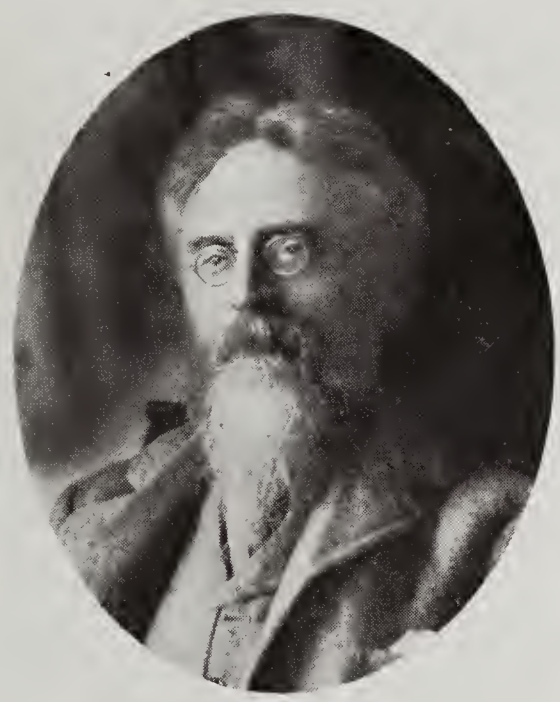
WILLIAM M. MURPHY, ESQ., J.P.

Born 29th December, 1844. Married 1870. The Dargan of our time, but up-to-date. Recreation founding *Irish Independent Newspapers, Ltd.*



JOHN DUNVILLE, ESQ.

The distinguished Irish Aeronaut, who crossed the Irish and English Channels by balloon. Owner of the balloons "Banshee" and "St. Louis," each 80,000 cubic feet capacity.



WILLIAM O'BRIEN, ESQ.

Born 2nd October, 1852. Married 1890. By profession journalist and author. Founder of Leagues and Newspapers. Originator of the "All for Ireland League."



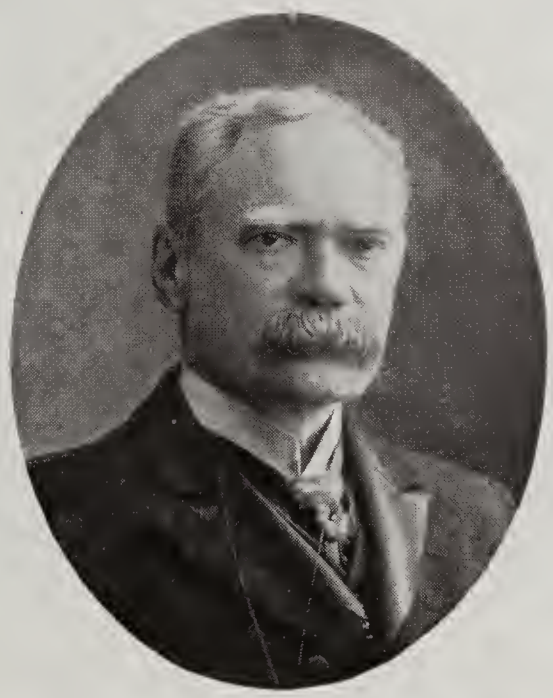
REV. JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY, M.A., B.D., C.V.O., S.F.T.C.D

Born 12th July, 1839. One of the most accomplished scholars of the day. Represented Ireland at Cricket and the Rifle Butts.



R. J. MECREDY, ESQ., B.A., T.C.D.

The famous authority on cycling and motoring. Founder of the *Irish Cyclist*, and author of the well-known *Encyclopædia of Motoring*. Universally and deservedly popular.



ANTONY PATRICK, BARON MACDONNELL OF SWINFORD, G.C.S.I., P.C., K.C.V.O., D.LITT., D.C.L. (OXON).

Born 1844. Married 1878. Entered Indian Civil Service 1865, and won unique distinction by his exceptional administrative ability, particularly in Burmah, the Central Provinces, Bengal, the North-West Provinces, and Oudh. Under-Secretary for Ireland, 1902-8.



RIGHT REV. JOHN B. CROZIER, D.D., M.A.

Born 8th April, 1853. Bishop of Down and Connor and Dromore. Educationalist, Philosopher, and Antiquarian. One of the earliest members of the Dublin Wanderers' Football Club (Rugby).

Photos by Werner, Lawrence, Lafayette, Brooke Hughes, Cork; Abernethy, Belfast.

A Present Day National Gallery of Ireland.



DR. BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE,
M.A., M.D., B.CH., D.SC., M.SC., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

Born 8th May, 1858. President University College, Cork. Knight of St. Gregory the Great. Member of Senate, National University of Ireland. Commissioner of Intermediate Education, Ireland. Has been Examiner in Anatomy in Universities of Cambridge, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Durham, and in the Royal College of Physicians, London.



RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD H. CARSON, P.C.

Born 1854. Has been Member of Parliament for Dublin University since 1892. Solicitor-General, England, 1900-6. Q.C., English Bar, 1894. Is a Bencher of the Middle Temple. The prophets have already presented him with the Lord Chancellorship of England when the Unionists come into power again.



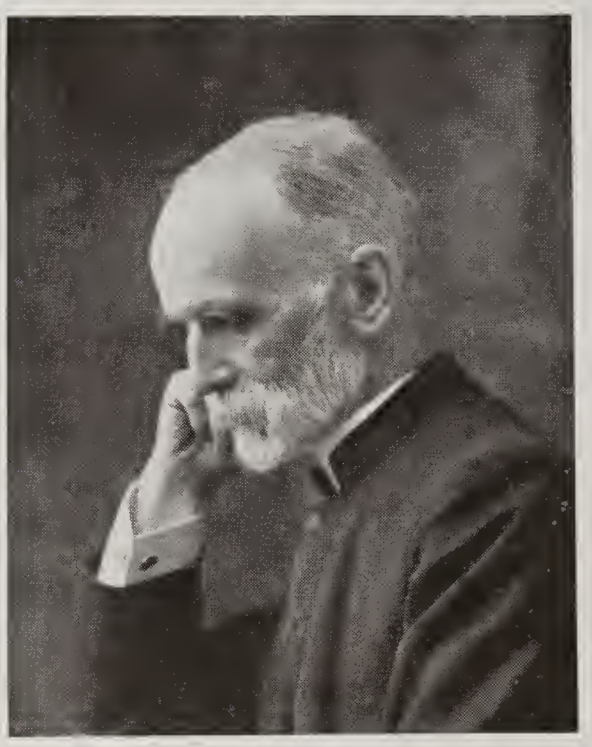
RIGHT HON. ARTHUR, BARON BARRYMORE, P.C., J.P., D.L.

Arthur H. Smith-Barry. Born 17th January, 1843. Vice-President Irish Unionist Alliance and Irish Landowners' Convention. M.P., Co. Cork, 1867-74, South Huntingdonshire, 1886-1900.



RT. HON. JAMES H. M. CAMPBELL, P.C. (IRELD.),

Born 4th April, 1851. Educated Kingstown School and T.C.D. Called 1878; Q.C. 1890; Solicitor-General (Ireland), 1890. Attorney-General (Ireland), 1905. Member for Dublin Univ. since 1903. Another potential Lord Chancellor (of Ireland)



REV. THOMAS HAMILTON, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

Born Belfast 28th August, 1842. Ordained 1865. Married 1876. President University College, Belfast. Author, Botanist, Zoologist, etc.



JOSEPH O'MARA, ESQ.

Born Limerick. A famous Tenor. First appearance in opera in IVANHOE, 1891. Engaged by the late Sir Augustus Harris for Drury Lane and Covent Garden, 1893-6. Toured three years U.S.A.



SIR WILLIAM WHITLA, M.D., LL.D., J.P.

Born Monaghan, 1851. Educated Queen's College, Belfast. Married 1876. President British Medical Association, 1887. Senior Physician, Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast. Author of numerous important medical works



THE REV. R. J. PATTERSON, M.A., LL.B.

The esteemed Presbyterian Minister of Armagh, who originated the "Catch-my-Pal" movement in the cause of Temperance.



SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON,
C.B., M.D., F.R.C.P.I., D.P.H. (CAMB.), PH.D.

Born Dublin, 16th July, 1830. Married 1862. Chief Medical Officer of Health and Public Analyst, City of Dublin. Harben Gold Medallist, 1902. President of the Corinthian Club.

Photos by J. Russell & Sons, Hendrey, Elliott & Fry, Alfred Ellis & Walery, Moffatt

A DISTINGUISHED IRISH LADY AERONAUT.



MRS. JOHN DUNVILLE, OF HOLYWOOD, CO. DOWN,

In her husband's famous balloon, "Banshee"; capacity, 80,000 cubic feet. In the "Banshee" Mr and Mrs. John Dunville crossed the English Channel. During the present year Mr. Dunville crossed the Irish Channel in his balloon, "St. Louis," and successfully made a passage from Dublin to Macclesfield. The "St. Louis," like the "Banshee," has a capacity of 80,000 cubic feet. After the Gordon Bennett Race, the "St. Louis" was picked up in the North Sea, and purchased by Mr. John Dunville, of Belfast.

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A Present Day National Gallery of Ireland.



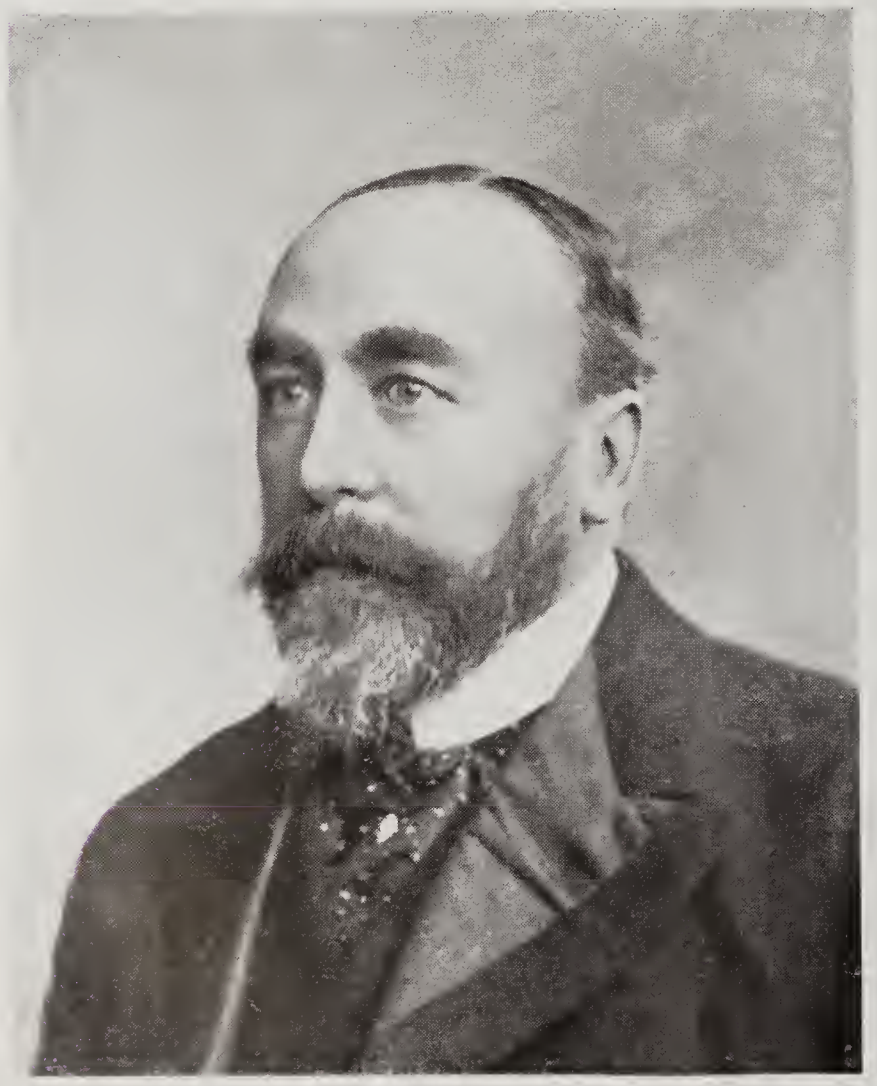
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MICHAEL LOGUE, D.LITT. (Oxon).

Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland since 1888. Formerly Bishop of Raphoe (consecrated 1879), and coadjutor to the late Primate. Created Cardinal, 1893.



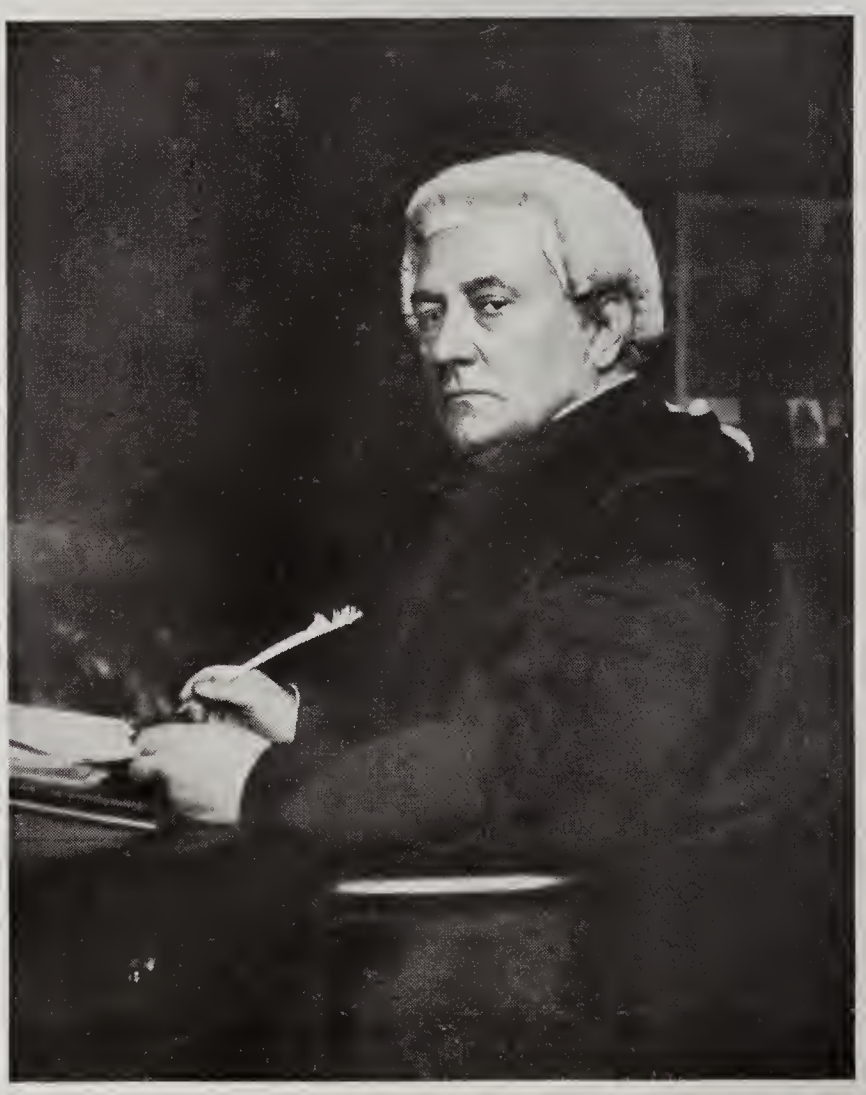
MOST REV. WILLIAM J. WALSH, D.D.

Born Dublin, 30th January, 1841. Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland. Educated at St. Laurence O'Toole's Seminary, Catholic University, and Maynooth. President, Maynooth, 1881. Chancellor of National University.



SIR CHRISTOPHER JOHN NIXON, BART., M.B., LL.D., T.C.D., J.P.

Born Dublin, 1849. Ex-President of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland. Vice-Chancellor National University of Ireland. Professor of Medicine, Catholic University Medical School; First President of Royal Veterinary College, Ireland, which he was instrumental in establishing, and which now accommodates a larger number of students than any other veterinary college in the United Kingdom.



HON. THOMAS LOPDELL O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Born Dublin, 22nd December, 1851. Educated Queen's College, Galway. Called to the Irish Bar, 1874; promoted Q.C. 1889; admitted English Bar 1894; Bencher, King's Inns, Dublin, 1895. Recorder of Dublin since 1895. Recreation—Travel.

Photos by Lawrence, Lafayette, and D'Arcy.

The Passing of Two Aristocracies from Ireland.

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, *Author of "The Seething Pot," "Hyacinth," "The Northern Iron," etc.*

MOST churches have in their calendars the names of martyrs, and we have all learned to greet with reverential applause the stories of the men and women who suffered for their faith. It is a proof of the existence of some greatness in us that we glow and thrill over the tales; for it is a fine thing to die for an idea—even a foolish one; much finer than to be false to a belief for the sake of being allowed to live and to lie through terror or a desire for gain. And yet I feel sure that he was quite right who first suggested that most martyrdoms must have appeared vulgar affairs to the men who witnessed them. The victim, whom we now greet as a hero, very likely struck his contemporaries as a fanatic; they almost certainly thought him a fool. His bold defiance must have sounded a little hysterical at the time. The heroic pose must have had something theatrical in it—something almost tawdry, viewed in the actual light of day. There was probably very little of the pomp and circumstances with which our imaginations deck the scenes. The faggots were damp perhaps, and spluttered instead of blazing; then the martyr and his executioners coughed and sneezed. Or the wild horses turned out to be quiet old creatures, who would not tug hard enough to rend the victim's limbs. There were a hundred possibilities of ludicrous fiascos, and nothing is so sure a solvent of the heroic as a titter. Yet we are right, and the contemporary crowd, sneering and sniggering, was wrong. Our artists, romance writers, and hagiographers seize the essential realities of martyrdom, and neglect what does not matter when they fail to reproduce for us the unheroic details of the scenes.

As with martyrdoms, so with those great romances over which the historians and poets of later centuries shed pleasant tears and sentimentalise agreeably. The romances were great, there is not a doubt of it. But did they look great to the people who witnessed the acting of them? One doubts that. Sir Walter Scott and a hundred minor writers have moved us with their accounts of the fantastic Jacobite loyalty of Highland Scottish chiefs and lowland Scottish lairds. Yet if we had known him, the Baron Bradwardine himself might have struck us as no more than a drunken squire with a lot of pedantic nonsense simmering in his brain. Vich Ian Vohr, if we had come across him in daily life, would certainly have appeared a much less man than he was. I always think that Robert Louis Stevenson did us a bad turn when he penned for the diary of the excellent Mackellar, and allowed us to see what Jacobite loyalty looked like to the contemporaries who actually saw it. There must have been a great many more families whose sacrifices for the cause of Bonny Prince Charlie were very much on a level with those of the House of Durrisdeer.

So—and she surpasses Scott himself in the emotion she excites—Miss Lawless has set the figures of our own Wild Geese in the glow of an imperishable sunset. I do not for a moment question the sureness of the instinct which led her, and others before and after her, to make heroes of romance of those

> War-dogs, hungry and grey,
> Gnawing a naked bone,
> Fighters in every clime,
> In every cause but our own.

I only wonder whether their contemporaries saw them just thus; whether, perhaps, the men themselves would not have been a little surprised if they had read Miss Lawless' poems. That is a very splendid imagination which pictures Mother Erin lifting her head from the ashes of her grief at the news of the great deeds of her sons:

> She said, "I never called them sons,
> I almost ceased to breathe their name,
> Then caught it echoing down the wind,
> Blown backwards from the lips of fame."



RICHARD TALBOT, EARL OF TYRCONNELL,

Irish Viceroy James II., summoned Irish Parliament held by James II. at old King's Inns (on site present Four Courts), Dublin. Born 1630. Served in Spain and Flanders, and against Cromwell in Ireland. Fought (Boyne) against William III. Died 14 August, 1691. *From Drawing by John Bulfinch.*



PATRICK SARSFIELD, EARL OF LUCAN.

Sarsfield concluded the Treaty of Limerick with the General commanding King William's troops, and marched out of Limerick with all the honours of war. Born at Lucan, Co. Dublin. Died from a gunshot wound received at the Battle of Landen, while serving with the French, 29th July, 1693.

It is entirely justified. And yet there is a proverb which says that it is the distant cows which have long horns, and there must have been another way of regarding these members of Ireland's older aristocracy. If we had lived then, we might very well have thought of them as no more than hired mercenaries, fighting very bravely because fighting was their trade, and a trade which suited them. We should almost certainly have set them down as fools. We, living then, should not have seen all, just because we should have seen too much. The trees would have bewildered us, so that we should have caught no glimpse of the wood. The judgment of history is much wiser; and history, perched on the eminence of some two hundred years, has turned her thumbs up and not down—has ranged the Wild Geese among the heroes.

History is always very lenient in her judgment of those whose lot it is to be on the beaten side. The losers can count on the sympathy of the poets, and the poets have a good deal to do with the ultimate verdict. In the end we love men more because they are capable of the divine kind of foolishness, which espouses the failing cause and is desperately loyal to the beaten side. That was the kind of foolishness which possessed our Jacobite aristocracy. James II. did not in the least deserve their loyalty. If they had regained his English throne for him, he would no doubt have sacrificed them afterwards. That was the way of the Stuarts. Charles II., after

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POHLMANN & Co., 40, Dawson St., DUBLIN, and 9, Marlboro' St., CORK.

THE PASSING OF TWO ARISTOCRACIES FROM IRELAND.

Continued from Page 11.

his restoration, had very little notion of gratitude, especially in the case of his Irish friends. James would have been no better. If they had set him, as perhaps they hoped, on an Irish throne, they would only have had to turn him out again a few years afterwards. No one could have stood the Righ Seumas for very long. Even we, with all the glare of their romance in our eyes, must admit that these men were foolish. Perhaps if we had lived along with them we should have recognised also that their foolishness was not altogether of the purely heroic kind. There were all sorts of questions burning in Ireland then, and not least among them the everlasting land question. Who was to own the broad acres—Cromwellian settler or the old proprietor? Mixed up with the fantastic romantic loyalty of the Irish Jacobites there was probably a leaven of more sordid feeling. These gentlemen were not only fighting for their king's crown—they were making a bold bid for the possession of the estates which had once been unquestionably their own.

Thinking thus about the past, I find myself wondering whether posterity, a century or so hence, will weave romance out of the disappearance of that other Irish aristocracy which is now ceasing to be an effective force in our public life. Michael Davitt chronicled its battles in his "Fall of Feudalism," with very little sympathy for the men who were worsted in the game; as little as one of Derry's 'Prentice Boys—who, after all, represented the insurgent democracy of those days—would have shown for the defenders of Limerick. But Michael Davitt was too close to the events of which he wrote. The haze which blurs details and leaves only broad shapes visible is the effect of distance. None of us can get it yet. Even Mr. Standish O'Grady, as faithful a friend as our failing aristocracy had, did not guess at the possibility of a romance gathering round them. There are some words of his, often quoted, in which he laments with an almost Hebrew sorrow the failure of these latter-day Irish gentlemen to glorify their defeat with noble words or striking deeds. But he, too, may very well be wrong. There must, I think, lurk some romance in the pathetic steadfastness of the loyalty with which these men clung even to the very end to their belief in English justice and the constancy of English friendship. They were somewhat like their predecessors in the possession of this quality. But the English simply used them, and when the time came sacrificed them, just as the Stuarts used and would quite readily have sacrificed the Wild Geese. No doubt there has been much which was ignoble in their struggle; but there is much which is ignoble in every struggle. Hereafter, perhaps, when all the turmoil is over and forgotten, men will come to see that the haggling about rents and prices, which seems to us the main feature of the whole story, was not the essential thing at all—that behind it lay a true form of loyalty to race and faith and class—to a whole cycle of ideas which in themselves are anything but base. The story of the Wild Geese is far less inspiringly romantic if we read into it the fact that those men, too, wanted estates and comfortable competencies; saw and seized a chance—a bad one, as things turned out—of getting them. But we forget all that, and we are quite right to forget it. We like to dwell on the other side of the story, and to put into the mouth of the typical exile the words which Miss Lawless has given him to speak:



GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM
(Rev. J. O. Hannay),

Rector of Westport, Novelist, Author of "The Seething Pot," "Hyacinth," "The Northern Iron," "Spanish Gold," etc. Mr. "Birmingham" is a kindly satirist, whose books are deservedly popular, because they are true to Irish life, and designed to provoke wholesome national introspection.

> For the choice is open now, I must either stand or bow—
> Secure this beckoning sunshine, or else accept the rain;
> Must be banished with my own, or my race and faith disown—
> Share the loss, or snatch the gain!

The choice did not come just that way to the gentlemen of our time; but it will scarcely be doubted that they had a choice to either stand or bow; or that, having made it, they abode by their decision. Will posterity be less charitable than we are? Will not it, also, meditating on the fall of this later aristocracy, forget the meaner details of the struggle and recognise only the greater spirit which we find it hard to discern—the devotion to race and cause? And will not posterity, judging thus, judge rightly?

It is curious to notice in how many ways these two aristocracies resemble each other. Each was pathetically loyal; each was steadfast in its loyalty; each suffered, the one because King James cared for nothing but himself, the other because the king of these later days, the British working man, is concerned entirely about his own convenience. And in character these two classes, or castes, both in their day governing classes, had at least one point of resemblance—they both bred great fighting men. We remember how small these societies really were—a few families, for the most part connected with each other by ties of kinsmanship until they were almost one family. Then we wonder how, out of so small a parent stock, so many famous men could have come. And all, or almost all, their fame is of one kind—military. A man might be forgiven for fancying that there is something in the Irish air, something in the very soil of the estates taken over from the one aristocracy to the other, which goes to the making of great soldiers. The memory of feats of arms grows dim after a while, but we are not likely to forget altogether Sarsfield at Landen, Lally of Tollendal at Dettingen and Fontenoy, the Dillon and Burke regiments which saved Cremona, Nugent's horsemen at Spires, and, greatest of all perhaps, Lally again in India. Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his preface to "The Wild Geese," has made a brief, suggestive list of these glories. Miss Lawless, speaking through the mouth of Ireland, has commented on them:

> Not mine, not mine, that fame:
> Far over sea, far over land,
> Cast forth like rubbish from my shores,
> They won it yonder, sword in hand.

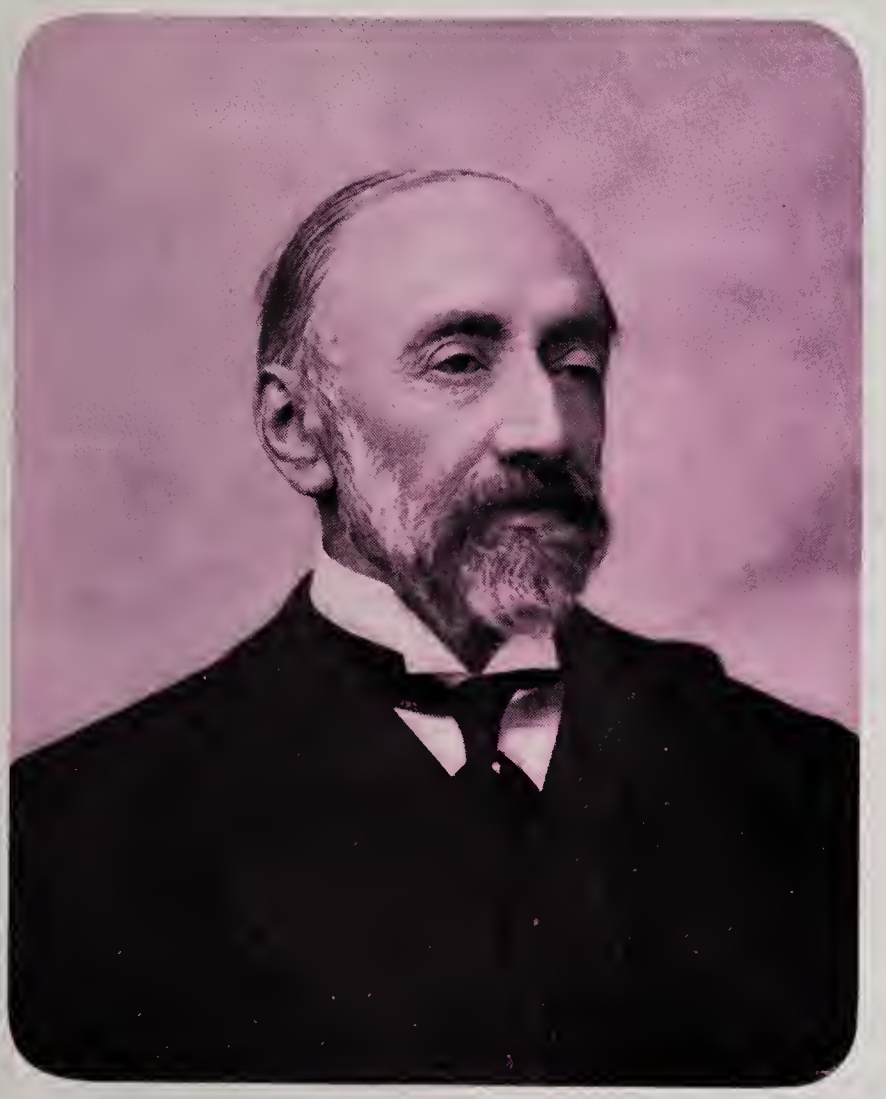
How curiously apt three of the four lines are to the history of the men who succeeded the Wild Geese in the possession of Irish lands. Their feats of arms were surely not less glorious than those of the others who, like them, were successful everywhere else and failed in Ireland. We think of Beresford raiding Buenos Ayres—a great enterprise of the true romantic kind; of the same man in Portugal and, later on, redeeming his blunder on the heights of Albuera. We remember Wellington crouched behind the lines of Torres Vedras and afterwards storming through Spain, driving Napoleon's famous generals across the Pyrenees. We read of Gough's career in India, and discover a very romance of great soldiering. Names crowd thick to the memory, many of them very glorious indeed. Surely, if we did not know that they were written about the others, we might apply Miss Lawless' lines to these:

> Far over sea, far over land,
> They won it yonder, sword in hand.

Concluded at Page 23.

DIXON'S "ARBUTUS" TOILET SOAP UNRIVALLED FOR THE COMPLEXION.

A Present Day National Gallery of Ireland.



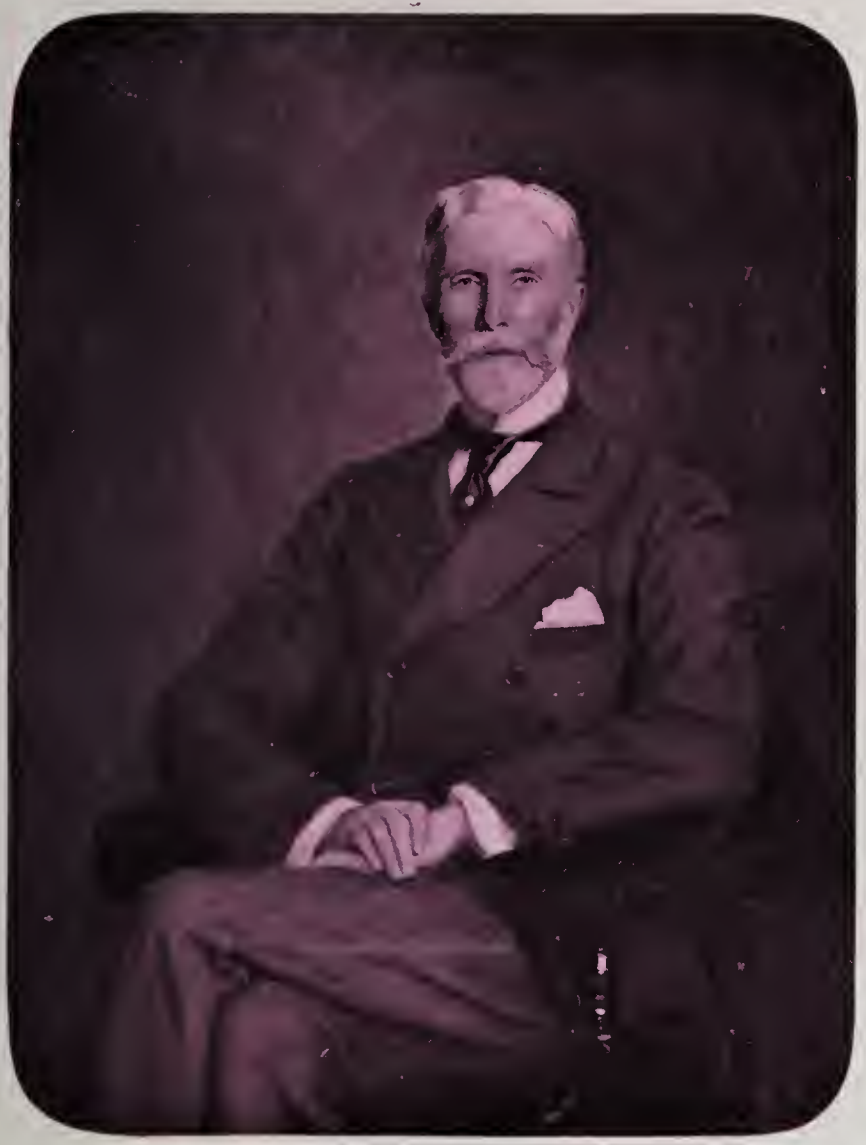
GUSTAV WILLIAM WOLFF, ESQ.

Born 1834. Only surviving partner of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, the celebrated Belfast shipbuilders, and chairman of the Belfast Ropeworks, the two largest concerns of their kiud in the world. M.P. for East Belfast since 1892. Unmarried. The great shipyards of Messrs. Harland & Wolff are described in the article, "Ireland's Six Greatest Things in the World."



SIR JOHN G. NUTTING, BART., D.L.

Prior to the opening of the National University of Ireland, Sir John Nutting established Scholarships in Trinity College, Dublin, open to the youth of Ireland of all denominations. Ireland never did so well as when sheltered from undue foreign competition behind her old protective tariff wall, and Sir John Nutting, being thoroughly practical, is a Tariff Reformer.



ROBERT H. READE, ESQ., J.P., D.L.,

Chairman of the largest linen factory in the world, the York Street Flax Spinning Co., Belfast, where 90,000 spindles and 1,000 power looms are controlled by 5,000 operatives.



HON. CHARLES ALGERNON PARSONS, C.B., M.D.

Born Birr, 13th June, 1854. Distinguished inventor, notably in connection with steam turbines. Owns electrical and engineering works, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Managing Director, Parsons' Marine Steam Turbine Co., Wallsend-on-Tyne. Director several electrical enterprises. The Parsons' Steam Turbine Engine is described in the article—"Ireland's First Steps Towards Great Achievements."

The Growth of Tobacco in Ireland.

COLONEL EVERARD'S TOBACCO FARM IN COUNTY MEATH.

WHEN the project of tobacco culture was first debated in Ireland it was largely decried as being wholly impracticable. The soil, the climate, and possibly most of all the scarcity of sunshine, so unlike the conditions in tobacco-growing countries like Cuba, China, and Brazil, were each of them argued as well-nigh insuperable barriers to success; and yet at the present time there exists a factory in Dublin with a steadily increasing business which employs almost sixty work-people and turns out tobacco of various kinds, for pipes, cigarettes, and cigars, all manufactured from the home-grown leaf.

Much of the success of this recently-established Irish industry is due to the patriotic efforts of Colonel Everard, who, at his estate in Randlestown, County Meath, started about twenty years ago some experiments in tobacco-growing, chiefly with the benevolent intention of giving much-needed employment to the peasantry about him.

It may be news to many, by the way, that tobacco-growing for commercial purposes was one of the old-time industries of Ireland, and one wonders if it was Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom is given the credit of bringing tobacco as well as potatoes (which latter product I have heard declared to be impoverishing, and "one of the curses of the country") into Ireland, who also first started tobacco-culture here. This, however, like many another industry, was stamped out by English mis-government in the reign of Charles II.

The starting of Col. Everard's praiseworthy enterprise was not made, of course, without a good many drawbacks and a great deal of prejudice and discouragement at home and abroad. One of his first difficulties was to secure a class of plant of cigarette type, whose characteristics were suited to the soil; and after many failures he succeeded in obtaining 'a cross' of the desired type. Out of a hundred young plants, however, there were only two eventually found satisfactory, all the others having reverted to the type of one or other of the parent plants. And the product of these two were almost lost to their indefatigable owner by the over-anxious and kindly attentions of some of the gardeners, who almost dosed the precious seedlings into total extinction with artificial manure. They managed to survive, however, but even then,—such is the influence of heredity—only 20 per cent. came true, all the rest reverting in turn to some other more distant relative on the genealogical tree.



COLONEL NUGENT T. EVERARD, M.A., H.M.L., CO. MEATH,
THE PIONEER OF TOBACCO-GROWING IN IRELAND.

In time, however, Col. Everard secured expert advice from America; and about six years ago the Government stepped in with help, sending an official to supervise who himself, in addition to having expert knowledge acquired abroad, had also a good personal experience of local conditions and difficulties. From this time on tobacco growing centres have increased, and the plant is now cultivated in Meath, Louth, Kilkenny, Wexford, Limerick, Tipperary, and the King's County. Colonel Everard himself grows twenty-five acres, Lord Dunraven another twenty-five, Lord Barrymore is responsible for ten, the Hon. Otway Cuffe has seven, and there are many other smaller tobacco farms.

A recent article on the subject tells us that there are in all one hundred and twenty acres under tobacco in Ireland, 79 of them being devoted to pipe tobacco, 28 to cigarette, and 13 to cigar tobacco. The country is quite capable of growing every variety, and Colonel Everard himself assures us that "the tobacco manufacturers have only to tell us what they can find a use for and we can produce it." An interesting experiment has recently been made in growing special tobacco for the making of nicotine, which is in increasing demand of late years for use as an insecticide. As an acre of land is capable of growing 1,500 lbs. of tobacco, it will be seen that the tobacco industry in Ireland has already reached no small dimensions. One particular



IRISH TOBACCO FIELD AT RANDLESTOWN, NAVAN, CO. MEATH,
ON 15th OF AUGUST LAST.



TURKISH TOBACCO GROWN AT RANDLESTOWN, NAVAN,
PARTLY HARVESTED.

Concluded on Page 23.

CROOKE & CO. Feather Dressers and Glove Cleaners to Principal Courts in Europe. The Oldest Feather Dressers and Glove Cleaners in Ireland. 10, DUKE STREET, DUBLIN.



See how they run——



see how they run—

They all run after the maid so neat
Who carries a tray with a dainty treat
(A single course or a meal complete)

It's **IVELCON**





Irish Artistic Gold and Silver Work.

SILVER PLATE, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c.

Messrs. HOPKINS & HOPKINS, of Dublin.

IRELAND'S PREMIER GOLDSMITHRY.
THE GREAT FIRM OF HOPKINS & HOPKINS.

Dublin has not always lived up to her high and glorious traditious, but in one notable respect she can boast au unbroken continuity, Thanks mainly to the labours and enterprise of one distinguished firm, she still maintaius the solid reputation gained in bygone days for the beauty and excellence of her gold and silver ware. Wc are herc using no pretty phrases. This beauty and excellence is no mere figure of speech. It has tangible appraisement in pounds, shillings, and pence —as instanced by the top-notch prices giveu for old Irish silver at the recent great Stoker sale. As for the old-established firm that has striven so energetically for several decades to maiutain the diguity of Irish gold and silversmithry—we refer, of course, to Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins, whose premises face the O'Conuell Monument—it has attained its end not only by soundness of workmanship but by the striking individuality of its work. It is Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins' proud distinction to be known far and wide as the great Celtic Art Jewellers. Their reproductions of the Tara Brooch, the Ardagh Chalice, and other notable examples from the antique, have done more to familiarise the people at large with the wonders of old Celtic art than all the museums and art schools in the English-speaking world.



THE CAVAN BROOCH.



VIEW OF MESSRS. HOPKINS & HOPKINS' PREMISES.



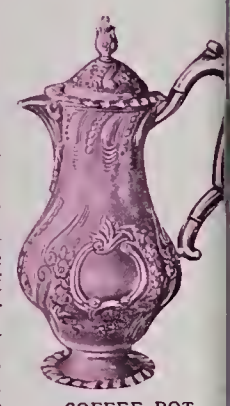
BRIAN BOIROMHE HARP BROOCH.

Ireland has not been slow to recognise this, as instance the Medal awarded to the firm at the Cork Industrial Exhibition of 1883. One proof of the continued prosperity of the firm is to hand in the necessity that was recently found for enlargiug their already extensive premises. To the other branches of their business, die sinking and enamelling have been added. More inuportant still, they have fitted up an elaborate electro-plating department, where customers may now have all kinds of table ware replated with the most scientific completeness. At the present moment close on fifty skilled workmen are regularly employed in this busy hive of iudustry.

Many notable people have, from time to time, visited and been shown over, the premises of Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins, and one at least of these penned a vivid account of his impressions. The late Senor Bulfin (who for all his foreign-sounding name saw with intensely Irish eyes) wrote: "We go iuto the basement and find stamping machinery, run by electricity, shaping gold and silver ingots into objects of Irish art industry. There are brooches, medals, crosses, trophies, Gaelic initial letters, and crosses in the making. The stamping machine begins the work, which is finished by the engravers on the upper floors, and then sent back to the polishers. There are crucibles, furnaces, polishing wheels, electro-plating baths, scales, dies, lathes, tool benches—all in perfect order. It is very interesting to note the different processes, and to note the miuute care given by the operatives to their respective tasks. There are replicas of the Tara, Kilkenny, Ballinderry, Ogham, Kilmainham, and Glendalough Brooches in various stages of manufacture, both in gold and silver, and each separate piece is a delight in itself. There are medals and crosses of various Irish designs lying in the trays ou the benches, ready to be polished, and I note two or three sizes of the Fibula, adapted to clasps and brooches. At one bench there is a silvcrsmith engaged on a claret jug; at another an Irish tea service of solid silver is receiving the finishing touches. Further on, a man is at work on a silver tray, giving it the final burnish before sending it up to be weighed and delivered to the showroom people. There is a large press full of steel dies of the most valuable Irish designs, collected by Hopkins & Hopkins, many of them made to their own drawings, others purchased from the cutters, and others made to order They are all cut in Dublin. They represent quite a capital in themselves and have taken years to collect. Each design is cut into a solid block of hard steel, and is laid away, carefully oiled and numbered. The man in charge of this department can in a moment lay his hand on any die required, from the smallest initial Celtic letter to the largest size of brooch. Among them are the dies of some beautiful belt clasps adopted from the ornamentation on such historic art treasures as the Ardagh Chalice and the Tara Brooch. Many of the medals are in the shape of crosses, suitable for watch-chain oruaments, and are siugularly beautiful in form and engraviug. They are generally purchased by athletic clubs and sports committees for prizes, and nothiug could be more appropriate. The Celtic letters are adopted from the Book of Kells, and are most perfect examples of such ornamentation." Senor Bulfin also had a high word of praise for the draughtsmanship shown iu the various designs prepared for special orders, giveu to the house. "It is simply magnificent," he wrote, "both in conception and technique. I was proud to hear that the author of these masterly drawings is a pupil of the Dublin School of Art. It was another proof added to the many I have seen that you would have to go to some of the more famous schools of Rome or Paris to find drawings of the freedom, boldness, life and consummate beauty that some young Dublin men are producing." Intending purchasers of Christmas presents should note that Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins are the official Irish agents for the celebrated



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COFFEE POT.



THE MEYTHER OR DRINKING CUP.

WALTHAM WATCH,

noted the world over as the most reliable of all pocket timekeepers. The Waltham is made in every sizc, grade, and pattern from the plainest to the highest finished, and at prices to suit all pockets.

Whether cheap or dear, good workmanship goes with all, so much so indeed, that a ten years' guarantee is given with the gentleman's gun-metal Waltham, sold at a guinea.

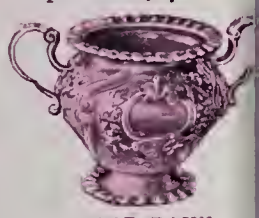
We cau conceive of no more acceptable present for a lady than one of the highly artistic, Prize Exhibit Ladies' Walthams, now being shown by

MESSRS. HOPKINS & HOPKINS.

All of these are either beautifully enamelled on the back with opalescent landscapes, etc., or set artistically with well-selected diamonds. In each case the purchaser has the satisfaction of knowing that the design is unique and non-reproducible. This makes the gift doubly acceptable, for the lady who receives it can be given the assurance that she will never meet another wearing a watch of precisely the same pattern. Tiny as are these Walthams they are all

EXCELLENT TIMEKEEPERS,

and the workmanship is so fine that they are guaranteed air-tight and dust-tight.



SUGAR BASIN.

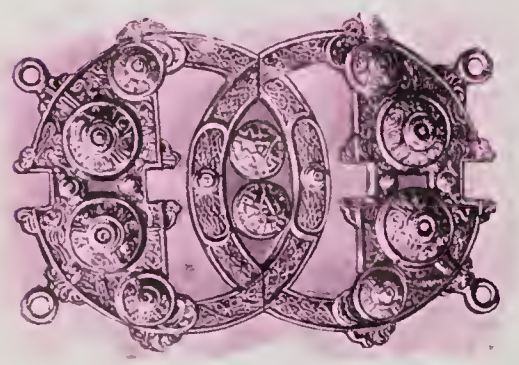


TEA POT.

DUBLIN-MADE TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE.



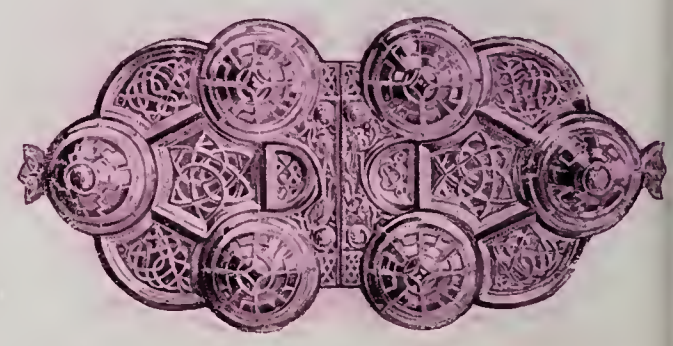
THE BALLINDERRY BROOCH.



THE TARA BELT CLASP.



THE FIBULA.



THE ARDAGH CLASP

A Fascinating Irish Bulb Industry.

Robertson's Rush Bulb Farm, Ltd., at Rush, Co. Dublin. :: :: "Holland in Ireland."

OF the many Irish industries and enterprises in existence, few are so fascinating or so beautiful as the bulb-growing industry carried out on Robertson's Rush Bulb Farm, Ltd., at Rush, Co. Dublin. It has been the writer's privilege to have visited the farm more than once, in the flowering times of April and May, and in the equally interesting if comparatively colourless and less gay season of the lifting of the bulbs later in the year. One's first glimpse of the farm was a thing to be ever after remembered with delight — the glorious seas on every side of brilliant scarlet, of virginal white, of delicate pinks and mauves, of yellows and orange and brown flecked and streaked in exquisite harmony, where the daffodils and hyacinths and narcissi, the liliums, anemones, and ranunculi, and above all the great tulips, tall and stately and strong, lifted their glorious chalices to drink in the dew and the sunshine. A truly æsthetic industry this, one which should uplift the mind and soul as well as invigorate the body, for the work is carried out in ideally healthy and beautiful conditions, in a sun-kissed, sea-breeze-laden corner of the world, far removed, one would say, from all the ugly and sordid things of life.



MR. JAMES ROBERTSON, J.P.

It is, moreover, a work which gives employment to many, over a hundred people being employed on an average on the farm; and it is gratifying to be able to add that out of all these overseers and workers only one is of other than Irish birth. In the harvesting months of June and July, when the bulbs are lifted, cleaned, dried, and graded before being stored away in cool, dry, airy sheds, a great deal of employment is also given to the school children whose holidays occur at this time, and who gain health for their bodies and a welcome increase of income for their parents the while they themselves are kept agreeably employed, and at the same time safely out of harm's way.

The Rush Bulb Farm, started about fifteen years ago, and now covering over forty acres, is somewhat straggling and irregular, having been bought up from time to time, as the need for extension increased, from the occupants of the straw-thatched, white-washed cottages whose property the land remained until lately. The soil is extremely sandy, and the comparatively small rainfall of the district is fortunately atoned for by the great subsoil moisture. These little fields and gardens were formerly used by their peasant owners for the growth of early potatoes, for which Rush was always famed, parsnips, carrots, and other vegetables whose roots reach down and, like the bulbs, "follow the moisture," as one old inhabitant expressed it.

Here, in this island which formerly drew most of its bulb supply from the tulip fields of Holland, Mr. Robertson has established a "Holland in Ireland" all his own, whose name has come in an incredibly short time to be the proverbial "household word." The fields, indeed, though lacking the canals, are not quite unlike Holland, with their sheltering, wind-guarding banks and low hedges of privet; and it has been remarked too, not inaptly, that the people also are not unlike the Belgian peasantry as one sees them stooping, becapped and sun-bonneted, over the long ridges and beds of bulbs.

That the ground here, and doubtless in other parts of Ireland also, is pre-eminently favourable to the growth of bulbs, is speakingly shown by the size and beauty and the strong, healthful appearance of every plant and blossom. Of the successive growths of daffodil, narcissi, tulip, iris, gladioli, etc., perhaps the display of tulips, from their superb splendour of size and colouring, is the most attractive of all. Of the well-known family of Darwin tulips there are over 600 varieties in all here; while the Parrot tulips, with their ragged edges and gaudy, resplendent petals—I had almost said *plumage*—are even more alluring. Many of the tulips actually measure a full three feet from tip to root, with strong, sturdy stems, mammoth blossoms, and clean, healthy, flourishing foliage. It will surprise most people to know that while most excellent bulbs of various sorts may be bought for as little as a few pence a dozen, on the other hand as much as fifty guineas has frequently been paid for a single bulb of unique quality, while five or six guineas is often given for single bulbs of special beauty and rarity.



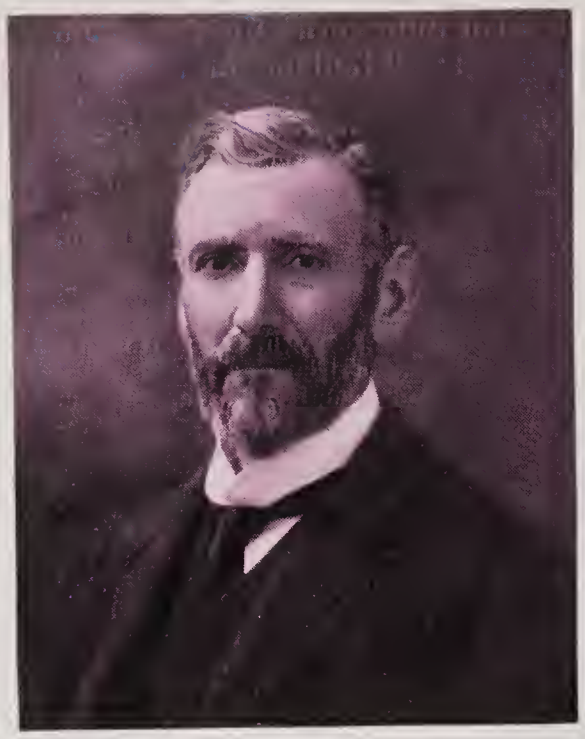
THE TULIP FIELDS AT RUSH, CO. DUBLIN.

The serried ranks of colour and loveliness are broken in the sunnier days of the summer season by the erection of large canvas shades and awnings devised to shelter the blooms from a too hot sun or devastating rain, or rough rude winds from the sea-shore hard by. They serve also another useful purpose, perhaps not at first intended, in resting the dazzled eyes of the

Concluded at Page 23.

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Born 24th October, 1854. M.P. for South Dublin, 1892-1900. Cattle-ranching, U.S.A., 1879-89. Nobly trying to make Ireland happy and contented since.



SIR LAMBERT H. ORMSBY, B.A., M.D., T.C.D. F.R.C.S.I., J.P.
Born 19th July, 1841. Married 1874. Past President Royal College Surgeons. Fellow of Royal Academy of Medicine. Founder Dublin Red Cross Order of Nursing Sisters.



T. M. HEALY, ESQ., K.C.
Born 1855. Married 1882, daughter of T. D. Sullivan, Esq. Called Irish Bar, 1884; Q.C., 1899; Bencher, Kinn's Inns, 1905; Called, English Bar, 1903; K.C. (English Bar), 1910. Mr. Healy has been in Parliament for nearly thirty years.



DORA SIGERSON (MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER).
Daughter of Dr. Geo. Sigerson, President of the National Literary Society. Married, 1896. Art student and critic, and author of some charming volumes of verse.



JOHN E. REDMOND, ESQ.
Born 1851. Married 1883. Educated T.C.D. Admitted Barrister Gray's Inn, 1886; Irish Bar, 1886. M.P. New Ross, 1881-5; North Wexford, 1885-91, Waterford since 1891. Leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party.



MISS MAIRE O'NEILL.
The gifted young artist of the Abbey Theatre, whose rapid progress in her adopted art has been signally illustrated by her remarkable success in the recently produced play, BIRTHRIGHT.



MOST REV. JOHN HEALY, D.D., LL.D., M.R.I.A.
Born, Ballinafad, Co. Sligo, 14th Nov., 1841. Archbishop of Tuam. Senator N.U.I., Member of Board, D.A.T.I., and Vice-President R.S.A. Dr Healy is a writer of much distinction



WILLIAM BOYLE, ESQ.
The gifted author of three brilliant Irish plays, produced at the Abbey Theatre—viz., THE ELOQUENT DEMPSEY, THE BUILDING FUND, and THE MINERAL WORKERS.



R. F. SCHARFF, ESQ., PH.D., B.SC., F.L.S., F.Z.S., M.R.I.A.
Born Leeds, 1858. Married, 1889. Keeper, Natural History Collection, Dublin Museum since 1887. Secretary Royal Zoological Society. Awarded Prize of H.M. Nicholas II. of Russia, International Congress of Zoology, 1895, etc.

Photo by Dover Street Studios; Elliott & Fry; Allison & Co., Dundalk; L. C. Smith; Ernest H. Mills, Schmidt, Chancellor; Stanley.

THE PASSING OF TWO ARISTOCRACIES FROM IRELAND.

Concluded from Page 12.

And the first line is true of them too. Not Ireland's their fame. Even, considering the contemptuous silence of Nationalist Ireland about their deeds, we might in some sense apply to them that third line also :

Cast forth like rubbish from my shores.

After all, we may think as we choose about the wisdom of the wars, of the justice of the causes in which these soldiers fought ; we may doubt, perhaps, about the righteousness of any war ; but we can hardly deny that those Irishmen gained imperishable glory by their deeds, and won for the race to which they belong a right to a certain reverent admiration.

There are two ways of reading history. The cold-blooded philosopher traces through its stories the emotionless working out of forces against which human heroism beats in vain. The soldiers of Sarsfield failed, as in the long run they were bound to fail, because they stood for reaction — for that Stuart theory of monarchy which the world was out-growing then, and has altogether outgrown now. The later aristocracy went down before the irresistible pressure of economic forces, felt everywhere—felt most acutely just at that moment in Ireland. This is history as the scientific mind reads it. But our minds are not the slaves of science. They will always respond to the stimulus of human emotion—will insist on finding heroes among the men who defied the rising tides, who were loyal in spite of loyalty's manifest absurdity, and maintained a lost cause amid the scornful laughter of the winners.

A FASCINATING IRISH BULB INDUSTRY.

Concluded from Page 19.

onlooker from the too bright, almost blinding flood of colour that lies on every side about him. On the occasion of my last visit to the Rush Bulb Farm men were busy packing some of the rarer and more exquisite blooms for exhibition at the Great Temple Flower Show in London, at which show, as well as others in London, Manchester, Birmingham, etc., the Farm has been awarded over and over again the highest prizes and honours obtainable.

Quietly and unobtrusively, perhaps almost unconsciously, much has been done for our fellow-countrymen and women in cultivating a taste for beauty and refinement in places where hitherto only ugliness prevailed ; and even the most careless of onlookers must have noticed that the number of daffodils, tulips, narcissi, etc., to be seen in the gardens and window-boxes of the poor, as well as the rich, is immensely greater than used to be the case within comparatively recent years. There are nowadays so many new and fascinating ways of growing bulbs, not only under glass and out-of-doors in garden-plot and window-box, but under the roof of the most unpretentious dwelling-house, in pots, glasses, and covered with damp fibre in bowls, that the housewife who neglects securing in time a display of bloom for the beautifying of her special domain in the dull days of winter and early spring will have missed one at least of the joys and delights of living.

An Cuilin.

FLIGHT PIONEERS.



MR. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON.

The first Irishman and first British subject to fly in a heavier-than-air-machine. Mr. Moore-Brabazon also has the distinction of being the first British subject, to make a circular mile flight, on an all-British machine, built to his own design, a feat which secured the £1,000 Prize. As a motorist Mr. Moore Brabazon has won the Circuit des Ardennes race, in 1907. He is only 26 years of age. The above portrait is here presented by the courtesy of "Flight."

THE GROWTH OF TOBACCO IN IRELAND.

Concluded from Page 16.

brand, a hybrid growth between Turkish and Irish-grown leaf, has been named "Turcirish," and already has found a market in the American States.

Of late years the Department of Agriculture has made a considerable effort to extend and encourage the growth of tobacco on small holdings. Already a body of small farmers in Wexford—that pioneer county in every national enterprise—had banded themselves into a limited liability company to grow, grade, pack, and market tobacco crops of one acre each on a co-operative system, and the Department is now helping to develop this movement on a larger scale.

As would be expected, the problem of drying the tobacco in the absence of a proper drying barn forms one of the greatest difficulties. The writer remembers an effort to grow tobacco made by her own father, an inveterate smoker, almost as far back as thirty years ago. The growing was no trouble—there was always a luxuriant crop—but in the drying lay the crux. However, by means of many lines suspended across an empty room he managed to dry the leaves after what, I'm sure, Colonel Everard would consider a pathetically primitive fashion. What is more, with the courage of his convictions he put the dried product in his pipe and smoked it, and sought to induce his friends to do likewise, but with indifferent results, I regret to say.

Now, however, chiefly due to Colonel Everard's efforts, cheap portable drying or curing barns have been introduced, and it is intended that the larger growers should hire these out to the small farmers at a rate not exceeding £1 10s. 0d. each, to hold an acre of tobacco. With this encouragement and help it is hoped that the culture in Ireland of all classes of tobacco will soon extend over an area of a thousand acres or more.

Colonel Everard was chosen as one of the landlord representatives at the Land Conference, upon whose recommendations the Act of 1903 was founded, which practically terminated the Irish land war.

Briar Rose.

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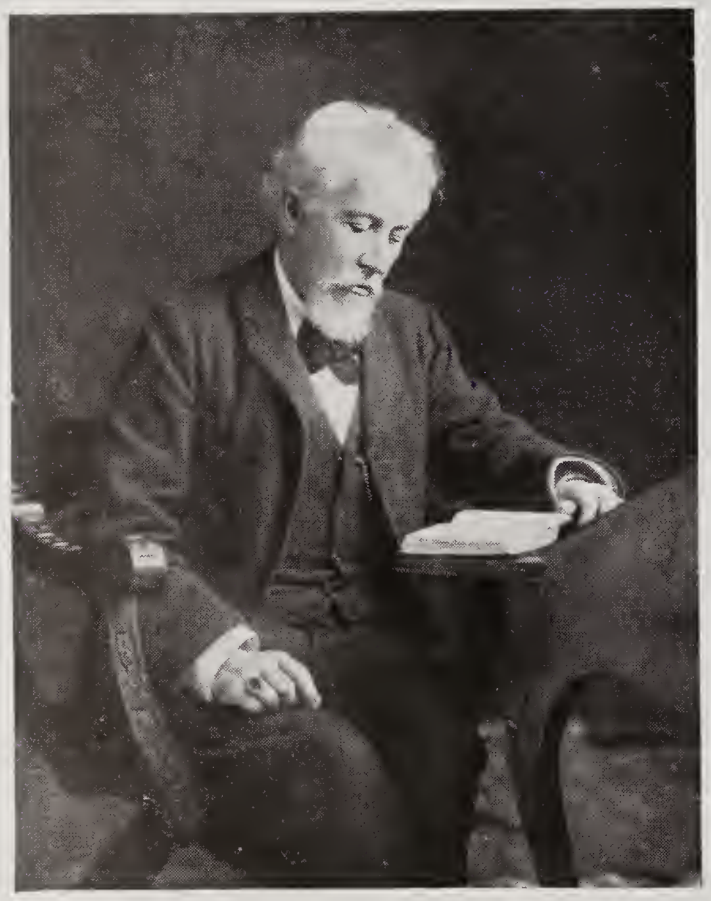
SIR HENRY BELLINGHAM, M.A., H.M.V.L., J.P.

Born 1846. Commissioner of National Education. M.P., Co. Louth, 1880. Private Chamberlain, Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X.



SIR JAMES HENDERSON, D.L., J.P.

Born, Belfast, 26th April, 1848. Married 1880. Called Irish Bar, 1872. Managing Proprietor, "Belfast News-Letter," and "Belfast Weekly News." Honoured alike by fellow-townsmen and newspaper world with highest distinctions within their power to confer.



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Born, Cork, 3rd May, 1843. Professor of English Literature, T.C.D. since 1867. Hon. Fellow, R.S.L., 1903. Cunningham Gold Medallist, R.I.A. President of English Goethe Society.



VERY REV. PATRICK A. SHEEHAN, P.P., D.D.

Born Mallow, 17th March, 1852. Parish Priest of Doneraile since 1895. Canon of Cloyne since 1903. Author of "Geoffrey Austin," "My New Curate," "Luke Delmage," etc.



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Ex-President Incorporated Law Society. Chairman of the Solicitors' Benevolent Association, and of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Donnybrook.



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Professor of Chemistry and Dean of Faculty, Royal College of Science (Ireland). Past Vice-President, Institute of Chemistry, Great Britain and Ireland. Awarded Longstaffe Medal.



PROFESSOR W.E. THRIFT, F.T.C.D.

Born 1870. Educated High School, Dublin. Erasmus Smith Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, T.C.D. A distinguished exponent of Rugby football.

Photos by Mavill & Fox, Abernethy, Lafaye, City Photo



THE OLD BELFAST SHIPYARD, 1812.
By D. Stewart.

Some Old-time Belfast Memories.

THE pioneers—may their memories never fade! Flushed with the pride of the prominent present, we are prone, perhaps, to forget the pioneers of the past. Yet with all our triumphs of modern days we are after all only pursuing the path of progress first projected by these pioneers. The Launch of the mighty liner, S.S. OLYMPIC, the largest ship the world has yet seen, marked an epoch, but how many of the thousands present at the thrilling moment gave a thought to an event of many years ago not a mile from the same spot, which was in its day and generation the wonder?

It is going far back to 1799 or thereabouts, when we get the genesis of Belfast shipbuilding, with the launching of several small brigs from the yard of William Ritchie. True, there are hazy accounts of even prior building. In a work published in Glasgow in 1713 it is stated that the Dissenters embarked with three of their deposed ministers from Belfast for America, in a ship which they had built themselves. There are no prints extant of this ship, but what a contrast to the latest Belfast maritime product. In 1699, too, there is mention—but merely a mention—that a ship, THE LOYAL CHARLES, of 250 tons, was built and launched on the banks of the Lagan.

It is not, however, until late in the eighteenth century, that we can ascribe with any great authenticity the dawning of the present great industry, and William Ritchie is well entitled to be described as "The Father of Belfast shipbuilding." He has told us himself how he came over in March 1791 from Ayrshire, to spy out the land as regards prospects for the trade. Apparently these were favourable, for he came a few months later, bringing his brother Hugh, as well as ten men and a quantity of apparatus and materials. It was a typical Scotch invasion, but bringing good effects in its train.

Ritchie's shipyard was on the Antrim side of the river, and he has left us an epistle telling his progress. Thus he was able to forge anchors of all sizes to 14 cwt. One anchor of the OLYMPIC weighs 15 tons.

Between 1791 and 1811, his brother and himself combined, were able to build thirty-two vessels—the greatest number being of about 220 tons—i.e., the size of schooners that trade to Balbriggan or Wexford to-day—as well as several lighter and smaller ones. Ritchie progressed as years went on, for he tells us that he even built—when "a good graving dock was provided"—some traders and West India vessels, "several of them of Irish oak, and some of them 400 or 450 tons." And it is pardonable to excuse his eulogy that "for elegance of mould, fastness of sailing, and utility in every respect, they are unrivalled in any of the ports they trade to." Quite so. So in July, 1812—nigh a century ago!—there were employed in the two shipyards 44 journeymen carpenters, 55 apprentices, 7 pair of sawyers, 12 blacksmiths, and several joiners, while the weekly pay-roll was about £120. To-day for Belfast's two great yards the pay list means £32,000 weekly.

William Ritchie, whose portrait now hangs in the Belfast Municipal Art Gallery, lived to 1834, to see shipbuilding firmly established on the Lagan, and with every prospect of progress. Young Romney Robinson,



LAUNCH OF THE WOODEN STEAMSHIP AURORA IN 1824, BELIEVED TO BE BELFAST'S FIRST PASSENGER STEAMSHIP.



OLD LONG BRIDGE, BELFAST. TAKEN DOWN 1841.

SOME OLD-TIME BELFAST MEMORIES—Continued.

the poet (and son of the artist) apostrophised "The Father of Belfast shipbuilding," in lines, the actualisation of which have come true to-day, a century later, thus :

"Ingenious Ritchie! Commerce now may smile,
And shed her blessing o'er Hibernia's Isle;
Go, teach her sons to raise the ship on high,
The pointed mast, high-towering to the sky.
Blest Commerce, hail! Thy all-enlivening hand
Rears the tall vessel on the barren strand;
Thy numerous ports with teeming wealth o'erflow,
And science pours her blessings here below."

We can admire the pluck of William Ritchie, the worthy pioneer of Irish shipbuilding, for he had disadvantages of every kind to contend with. He had to reclaim every foot of ground from the sea, as well as build his own rudimentary graving platform, though later on he was able to get the Ballast Corporation to come to his help in providing a proper dry-dock, "capable of accommodating at one time three vessels of 200 tons each." The latter still remains, just big enough to harbour a moderate-sized coal steamer. Apart from this there was the difficulty of getting the ships afloat when once they were launched into the sea. Of course, Ritchie's products were entirely sailing vessels, for it must be remembered that Bell's primitive steamer, the COMET, of 4 h.p., was not seen on the Clyde until 1812. And it was a dozen years later that Messrs. G. & J. Burns (still to the fore) placed the first steamer, the FINGAL, on the direct service between Glasgow and Belfast. The FINGAL was 116 feet long, and with two 50 h.p. engines just as big but not so powerful as a modern river tug. In this connection it should be noted that if Belfast did not build a steamer prior to the little BELFAST (built for towing purposes only), it, at least, sent the first steamer into the Mersey, for the Langtry-owned WATERLOO, a schooner-rigged paddle steamer of 200 tons burden, made the first cross-channel trip from Ireland to Liverpool in July, 1819, the trip across occupying 24 hours.

Later on, in 1838, the first passenger steamer ever built on the Lagan was launched from Ritchie's yard. This was the AURORA, which was 170 feet long, of 453 tons register, 750 tons burthen, and with engines by Coates & Young of the Lagan Foundry, to develop about 250 h.p which is quite a contrast with the modern Queen's Island liner of 10,000 h.p. To-day a launch is considered by the people of the Ulster capital as merely an ordinary event, but then it was a real occasion for great jubilation. All business was suspended, and the populace, with bands playing and flags flying repaired to the sea-front to give a joyous send-off. There are not many incidents remaining of these happenings save that when the HIBERNIA was launched the owners determined it should be marked with special éclat. So an individual, typical of Erin, with draperies and harp—the latter wherewith to play a jubilant march as the ship reached water—was tied to the prow as a living figurehead. The idea was all right, but the ship, launched bow foremost, dived into the waves so deep that the melody of the harpist was, alas! a loud pæan of woe.

It is interesting to take a peep at the harbour and its life as it was about this time—i.e., about 1825 or so—and we may best begin our survey from the Queen's Bridge. True, it did not bear that name then, nor was the modern edifice constructed until 1843, but as the Long Bridge it straggled over twenty-one arches, under which flowed the river, though reduced to a mere stream at ebb tide. Its commerce was busy, for Ballymacarett was of importance, with its works, public gardens, and hotel, and over the bridge clattered too, the coaches conveying passengers for the express packet between Donaghadee and



VIEW OF BELFAST HARBOUR FROM THE CUSTOM HOUSE, ON DAY OF OPENING THE NEW CHANNEL, 10TH JULY, 1849.
From a Print by Lamont Brothers, Belfast.



HIGH STREET, BELFAST, FROM DONEGALL ARMS, 1851.



CASTLE JUNCTION AND DONEGALL PLACE, SHOWING THE FIRST HORSE TRAM AND LAST 'BUS

Photo, W. Lawrence.

SOME OLD-TIME BELFAST MEMORIES—Continued.

Scotland. So great, in fact, was the rush, that foot people had to step aside into the little niches here and there when two conveyances came to pass. The old Long Bridge did its day and generation until the present Queen's Bridge succeeded it in 1843, and had to be widened later on.

Stretching down from the Long Bridge was the line of quays, just as now, but what a difference in their appearance! First came the Hanover Quay that came down as far as the present Queen's Square, into which penetrated an inlet, where the coal vessels lay. Now this part of Hanover Quay was really a remnant of the open High Street river, which coursed openly down the centre of the thoroughfare, as indicated by the name Bridge Street, though it had been gradually covered over. But in the more early part of the eighteenth century it is certain that on either bank were open stalls, and all the life and bustle of an open-air market. To-day no trace of its open character remains whatever; In fact, the Albert Memorial clock was erected thereon by the loyal devotion of the Mayor in 1864, Mr. John Lytle, who generously gave the salary of his two years thereto. By the way, no salary now attaches to Belfast's mayoralty, though Dublin's chief magistrate draws £3,000 and a free Mansion House residence. We have noted how Hanover Quay turned into High Street, so parallel to it and running similarly into Waring Street was Limekiln Dock, while the Ballast Office, with its river frontage, Merchants' Quay, occupied the neck of land between them.



ARTHUR SQUARE AND ANN STREET BELFAST, 1868, BEFORE THE ERECTION OF THE MASONIC HALL.

These two docks were the greatest nuisances possible to conceive, as the main sewers discharged into them, and when the tide was out, Quay (or Dock) was Princes Street (still to the fore), and coming into Limekiln Dock was Tomb Street (still extant). Quay Lane was a narrow passage between High Street and Waring Street, at the head of the Docks. It had small houses on one side—the abode of the retailers of salt herrings. In the emigration season whole families of country people wandered about this lane and its neighbours, Forest Lane, and Weigh-house Lane, as well as Princes Street and Tomb Street, filling the lodging houses until their chosen ship was ready to sail.

There were no tugs in those days, so the small trading vessels had to work their tortuous way up in a succession of tides, while the emigrant ships lay in Garmoyle Pool—three miles down — their passengers, together with three months' provisions, and cooking utensils, being conveyed thither in wherries. The shipping offices in the vicinity were plentiful, each covered with posters announcing that such and such vessel intended sailing for New York, Quebec, or Montreal—" all fast sailers, coppered and copper fastened, and carrying full complement of fresh water." A sketch of a ship in full sail on a calm sea, and with her name in big letters, would appear on each bill, which was signed by such well known names as Martin, Dunn, Shaw, or Grainger. It was by one of these ships that Wm. Kirkpatrick, grocer, and grandfather of the Ex-Empress Eugenie, emigrated from Belfast.

The trade of the port, as represented by the variety of shipping, included—so William Ritchie tells us—in the London trade ten brigs, armed and fitted out complete; in the Liverpool trade eight smaller brigs; two brigs trading to Bristol, and one brig and two sloops in the



BELFAST IN 1799 (*site of Present Bedford Street, showing back of White Linen Hall*).

especially in summer, they were unbearable. The neighbourhood had all the maritime flavour that would have delighted Dickens or even W. W. Jacobs. Frankfort Moore, the novelist, who hails from Belfast, may at some future date find life as lived here about the early part of the last century, a fruitful and new field awaiting development. Everything hereabouts had the savour of the sea. Coming into Hanover Dublin trade. These were apart from, and superseded by, the steamers ECLIPSE, the ROB ROY, the FINGAL, and the CHIEFTAIN. Yea, immense crowds were in the habit of gathering every Sunday to see the CHIEFTAIN leave. Farewells were often deferred to the last moment by the passengers and their friends, and more than once it occurred that parties were taken away unintentionally to Liverpool, dressed in their " Sunday

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DUBLIN.



DONEGALL PLACE BEFORE THE OPENING OF ROYAL AVENUE.

Photo by W. Lawrence.



"THE HUB," CASTLE JUNCTION, TO-DAY.

From a Photo by A. R. Hogg Belfast.



BELFAST FROM CASTLEREAGH.

SOME OLD-TIME BELFAST MEMORIES—*Continued.*

best." The FINGAL made two trips in the week to Greenock and Glasgow, and so great was the competition in 1825, that cabin passengers were carried at 2/- a head, and deck passengers free. An insight on life at the time, was the practice of female steerage passengers smuggling large quantities of soap to Scotland—the duty at this time being a matter of some importance.

We have noted how Limekiln Dock was an inlet, so passing from the river bank, we walk along Donegall Quay until Ritchie's Dock turned in similarly. It now forms Corporation Square, where the present Belfast Harbour Office is. Here the merchant vessels that could be brought up the river were discharged and reloaded. The larger craft, after discharging down the Lough—for they were unable to float higher up—were roughly fitted up for passengers, and took out batches of emigrants to America.

When we come to analyse closely the fact that led most to the development of Belfast as a port, one fact predominates. It was undoubtedly the construction of the New Channel, which later became the Victoria Channel. To-day there is a magnificent channel straight from the sea for four miles, and landing passengers right at the foot of High Street at any condition of the tide; but this was not possible until 1849, when Queen Victoria formally opened the present passage.

In the earlier days it was usually the fate of the old steamers to miss the tide, and stop between Whitehouse and Holywood. Then an open boat would come alongside, and any passenger anxious to get up to town had the offer of being rowed up "in no time" for a shilling. After the wearying journey of 22 hours from Glasgow or Liverpool, many of the passengers were glad to leave the steamer on the terms, but after the shillings were collected the boatmen cried out—"Can take a few more at sixpence." When they had secured as many passengers as the boat could carry without a certainty of drowning them, they began their journey, the pleasures of which on a cold, wintry morning were not much relished. The present channel, the work of the well known contractor, William Dargan, was in two sections—the first, commenced in 1839 and opened in 1841; and the second, which was begun in 1847 and opened in 1849. The work in its progress created what is now known as the Queen's Island, though its insular character has long ago passed away.

For the rest of the development of Belfast port it has been steady progress and advancement, in which neither the policy of the Harbour Board, nor the skill of the eminent engineer, Mr. W. Redfern Kelly, M.I.C.E., has given any cause for reproach.

We leave the Quay, and turn to High Street, and find "it's another story now"—the recognition of modern day with past. Where the old Town Crier and such noted street characters as Cocky Bendy, Tantro Barbus, and Black Joe? Even the abutting entries are being gradually absorbed by the exigencies of space. Let us try to trace a semblance of them. On the left side coming up we have no longer Weigh-House Lane with its grain stores, nor Forest Lane with Billy Hutton's tackle shop as well as many little hovels occupied by hucksters, hawkers, tinkers, and coopers. These have been swept away in the formation of Victoria Street. But we still have Hamilton's Court, Pottinger's Entry (called after the Belfast family that gave Sir Henry Pottinger, the great diplomat), Wilson's Court (birthplace of No. 1 of the great "Bradshaw's Guide"), and Crown Entry (from which emanated the Society of United Irishmen, who really brought about the 1798 Rising in the North). Whatever their significance was in early days, to-day they serve but as harbours, each of them for a temple of Bacchus. Similarly so on the right hand side of High Street there was the Black Bull Entry and Mitchell Entry (both unsavory places, merged into modern Victoria Street); then Skipper Street which was the resort of the better class captains when in port, and Sugarhouse Entry, still a thoroughfare. It deserves mention for two reasons. Its name signifies that Belfast at one time had sugar-making as its industry, and to its credit it refused to promote the trade since one of its worthy citizens —Thomas M'Cabe—boldly denounced a proposed Belfast Slave Ship Company with such vehemence that the feelings of the populace were stirred against any connection with sugar obtained thus at the price of human blood. Then Sugarhouse Entry has other fame, for here to



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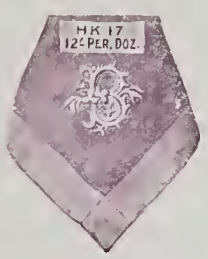
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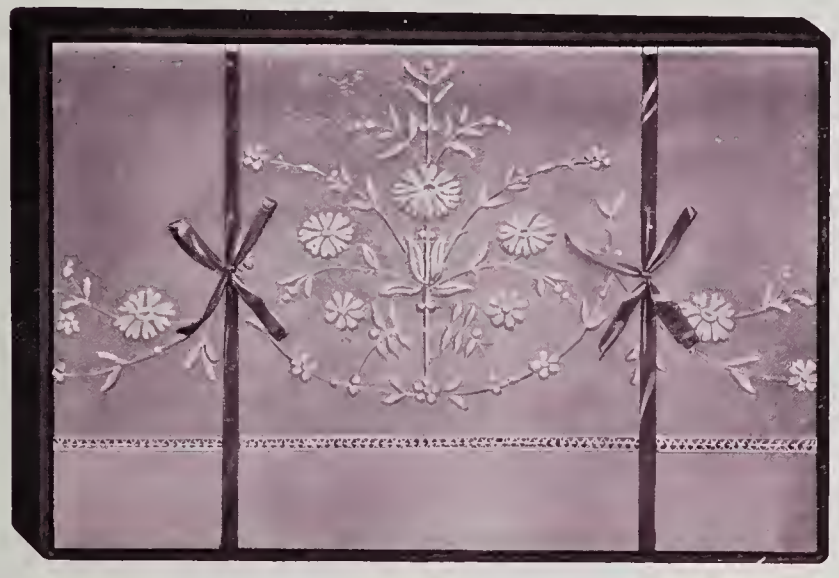
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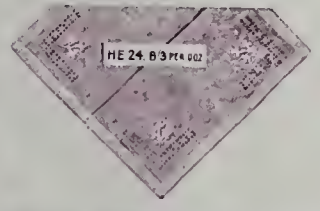
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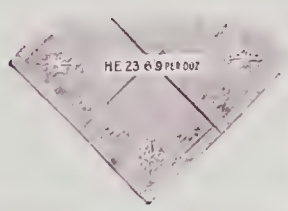
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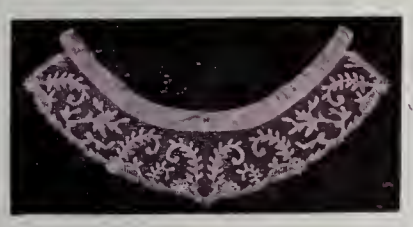
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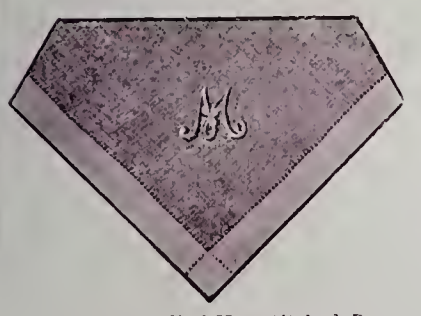


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SOME OLD-TIME BELFAST MEMORIES—*Continued.*

Room 13 in Bambridge Inn, was brought the warm body of the young rebel, Henry Joy M'Cracken, from the scaffold, in the vain hopes that resuscitation might be successful. I have heard it asserted that the bloodstain still appears each anniversary. By the way, it was a sad irony of fate that M'Cracken was executed at the old Market House (now the site of Messrs. Forster Green's large grocery warehouse) at the corner of Corn Market, on the piece of ground his patriotic grandsire had given to the town. Graham's Entry in later days held Belfast's first music hall, the Colloseum, and was usually given over to sedan chairs. Legge's Lane, Caddell's Entry, and other one or two entries on the same side were more notorious than reputable.

"ENTRY" CONNECTING WARING STREET AND HIGH STREET, BELFAST.



SUGARHOUSE ENTRY

Showing the Bambridge Inn, to which the body of Henry Joy M'Cracken was carried from the scaffold.

Plate glass was unknown even in the best shops at the period we write of, and while therewere many good booksellers, chandlers, clothmerchants and others, those of the "doctors," as they were called, were the most conspicuous, especially at night when the large bottles of coloured fluid had each a candle or an oil lamp behind them.

In Castle Place vicinity were several hotels. Thus the Plough Inn, Corn Market (now Grattan's Medical Hall), was the place of departure of the Dublin Coach; Wilson's Donegall Arms in Castle Place, was the leading hotel, but it had as a rival Pat Lynn's White Cross. Where are now the mail coaches? We might as well ask where are now Belfast's omnibuses—the "Hibernia," "Scotia," and "Brittania," as depicted in the plate we give of the city's centre about the late sixties? "All gon'd avay," like Hans Breitman's happy party. The wheel of time goes on revolving, and even the horse tramcars have given place to the fast moving electric service with its great focus at Castle Junction. The name is not happily chosen by any means. It gives some significance to the meeting of streets and routes but not any indication to their components, Hercules Street, Legge's Lane, which formed the present Royal Avenue.

Corn Market has its memories too, just as Arthur Square has. Our illustration depicts it in 1868, what time Barry Sullivan, the famous Irish tragedian was earning his laurels in the old Theatre Royal across the road. When he returned three years later, in 1871, in the heyday of his triumphs, the beloved of all classes and sects, the old theatre had given place to a new one. And it also met its fate, being burnt down on the 8th June 1881, to give place to the present building. For the modern theatre goer there is a sad reminder of what was, for while Barry Sullivan sleeps in Glasnevin, in Arthur Square Theatre is still preserved, in a niche of honour the ornamental old clock, his gift, which was wont to embellish the front of the former theatre, and snatched from the flames, the only relic of the disaster. Belfast's byegone history may not be as comprehensive as Dublin's, but it is treasure trove to a generation "who knew not Joseph." Who will utilise it?

Certainly if the modern city has fame by reason of its big commercial prosperity, the old town of our grandfathers had more lustre by reason of the culture and public spirit of its people. The new university may bring back those old glories, but it will require much time and pains to do so. Then we had Belfast styled "The Northern Athens," a part of the prologue spoken in 1793 in the new theatre, then erected in Arthur Street, and referred to already. Its people were really of enlightenment. The local Press carried on printing to a very considerable extent. From twelve to twenty books were issued yearly at this period, when the population of Belfast was but a few thousands, and there was a well-stocked book shop and lending library, on whose shelves was the best literature of the day; and in those days book buying meant something, for books were not cheap and money was by no means plentiful. French influence was very strongly felt by the people. It not only incited to keen political discussion,but raised questions relating to religion and social life, entailing discussion of a deep polemical character quite beyond what is usually met with in a small provincial town. Alas! methinks Belfast's character now is parochial of the parochial.

The spirit of the town had been aroused when, in 1760, the French landed at Carrickfergus, and levied supplies from Belfast. In vain the Government had been appealed to for help; none was forthcoming, so the town was thrown on its own resources, and it at once set about working out its own salvation. A spirit of self-reliance and independence was then evoked, which had a lasting effect. We see it when, in 1799, the town's members, George Crookshank and Alex. Hamilton, both voted against the Union in the Irish House of Commons, and its people backed them up in opposing the measure tooth and nail. It is curious in the modern daylight of Ulster politics to recall this opposition.

Passing to the culture of the people. We are told that Mrs. Siddons and Edmund Kean gave the best impersonations in the drama to crowded houses, and in the new church of St. Anne the best music was renewed. Look at the lines on which the new streets were laid down a hundred years ago, when the town began to expand. Chichester Street and Wellington Place, College Square and Donegall Squares, are they not noble to-day compared with the narrow Royal Avenue? If modern Belfast had been planned on their lines, how beautiful a city it would be! Poets like Dr. Drennan and Dr. Drummond had their homes in Belfast. Painters like Thomas Robinson and James Atkins did work for the citizens. Engravers like Thomson, the Wards, and Hamilton produced work that told devotion to their crafts. It was the same with the artists and the scientists.

Alas! to-day so grasping is sordid commercialism that the young artist and *litterateur* must escape to a more congenial atmosphere elsewhere. In London the Belfast colony is a force. Can its members not receive more encouragement in their birthplace? We need them all.

—ALF. S. MOORE.

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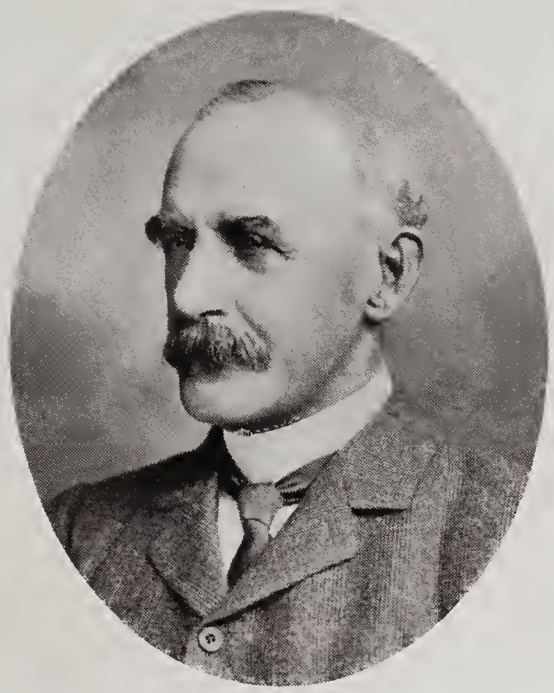
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Born 27th December, 1836. Married 1864. High Sheriff, Co. Louth, 1879. An indefatigable and distinguished worker in the cause of Irish antiquarian research.



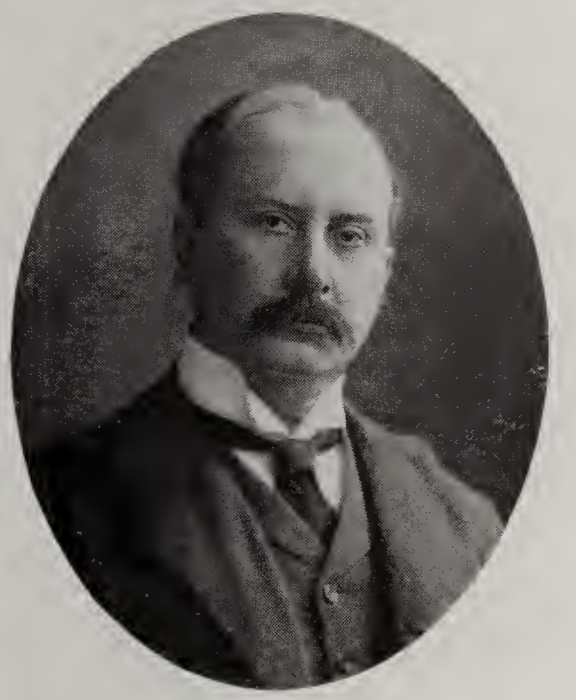
COLONEL SIR JOHN ROSS OF BLADENSBURG, K.C.B., D.L., J.P.

Born 27th July, 1848. Chief Commissioner Dublin Metropolitan Police. Married 1870 Hon. Blanche Skeffington, daughter of 10th Viscount Masserene and Ferrard. Traveller, Writer, Soldier, and Botanist.



PERCY B. BERNARD, ESQ., J.P., D.L.

Born, Bandon, 17th Sept., 1844. Heir presumptive to 4th Earl of Bandon. Educated Eton and Oxford. Private Secretary to two Viceroys—Duke of Abercorn and Duke of Marlborough.



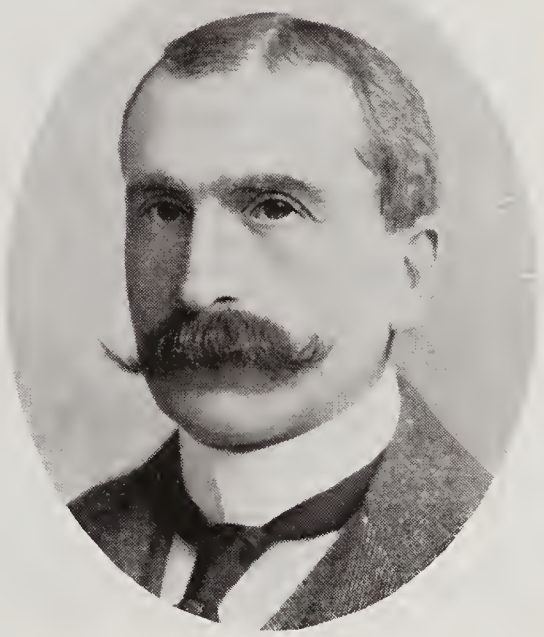
RT. HON. REDMOND J. BARRY, K.C.

Born 1866. Called to the Bar, 1888. Solicitor-General (Ireland) 1905-9. Attorney-General (Ireland). M.P. for North Tyrone, 1907-1910.



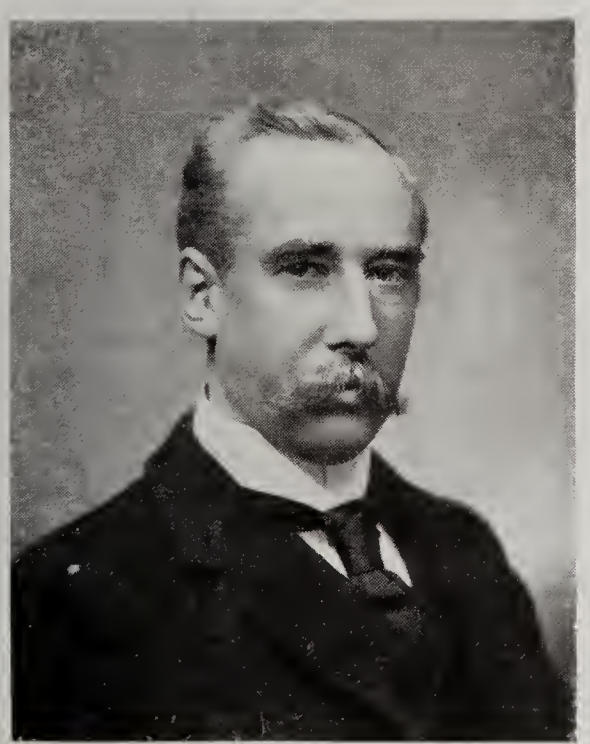
RT. HON. RICHARD R. CHERRY, K.C., LL.D., P.C.

Born, Waterford, 1859. Attorney-General 1905-9. Lord Justice of Appeal, 1909. Educated T.C.D. First Scholar, International Law, Middle Temple, London. Professor Constitutioual and Criminal Law, Dublin University, 1889-94. Called Irish Bar, 1881.



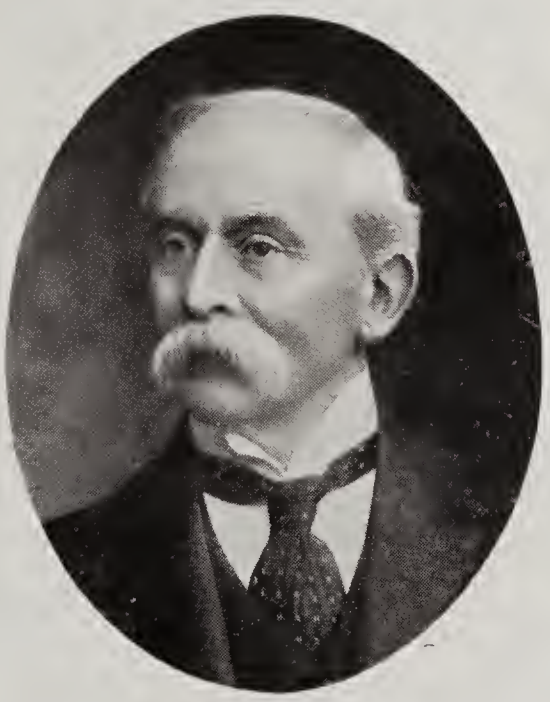
SIR JOHN ALEXANDER ARNOTT, BART, J.P.

Born 16th Nov. 1853. Married 1881. Chairman "Irish Times," and a prominent supporter of the Irish Turf.



SIR WILLIAM J. GOULDING, BART, D.L.

Born 1856. High Sheriff, Co. Dublin, 1906 · Co. Kildare, 1907. Chairman Great Southern and Western Railway, and Irish Railway Clearing House. Deputy Chairman Fishguard and Rosslare Harbours aud Railway Company, &c.,&c.



RIGHT HON. CHARLES A. O'CONNOR, ESQ., K.C.

Born, Dublin, 1855. Solicitor-General for Ireland. Called to Bar, 1878. Q.C., 1894. Bencher of King's Inn's 1896. First Sergeant-at-Law. Ex-Auditor Historical Society, T.C.D.



SIR ALGERNON CHAS. P. COOTE, BART.

Born 1847. Sir Algernon is the 12th baronet of his line, which extends back 289 years, and entitles him to the distinction of being Ireland's Premier Baronet. He was educated at Eton, and took his M.A. degree at Cambridge in 1875. He is Lord Lieutenant of Queen's County, and has six sons and two daughters.

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All young mothers who desire to bring up their children in health and happiness should write to Ridge's Royal Food Mills, London, N., for a copy of the valuable free booklet, "Our Babies," an excellent treatise from the pen of an eminent physician. It will save them many a weary hour.

Experience has shown that next to mother's milk, Dr. Ridge's scientifically prepared food affords ideal nourishment for infants. It is also highly recommended for aged people, whose digestion requires great attention. When used for this purpose, it should be given at breakfast time, as it is far more appetising and sustaining than porridge and does not overheat the body. Taken at bedtime it is an unfailing sleep provider. As a matter of fact all old people and invalids thrive remarkably well on Ridge's Food. The main reason of this is, that it affords the maximum of nourishment for the minimum of digestive effort. At this season Ridge's Food should always be kept ready to hand in the house for the making of caudles and gruels for persons who have taken cold, or who are suffering from influenza. It may be obtained in tins of various sizes from all leading chemists and grocers.

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It is a sound maxim that people should spend their money where they make it. No country can be healthy that is perpetually suffering from financial hœmorrhage. Many fallacies tend to perpetuate this disease in Ireland, and of these not the least absurd is the prevalent idea that to obtain a high-class pianoforte at a reasonable price you must go to London. As much as to say, that because coals come from Newcastle you can get better coals there than you can in Dublin. The truth is, when you go to London and visit a piano manufacturer's depot you have really no selection, because you are afforded no standard of comparison. At Erard's you will see nothing but Erard's pianos, at Bechstein's nothing but Bechstein's, and so on. How much better is it to visit an old-established Dublin firm like Pigott's at 112, Grafton Street, where the terms are London terms, where the quality is London quality, and the variety of stock extremely comprehensive. Here you have all the leading makes side by side, and your standard of comparison is readily fixed. You can judge tone, touch, and design without difficulty, and so arrive at a completely satisfactory conclusion. Note that Pigott's are sole agents for all the most prominent firms of piano-makers in the world, including Bechstein, Steinway, Schiedmayer, Chappell, and Brooklyn.

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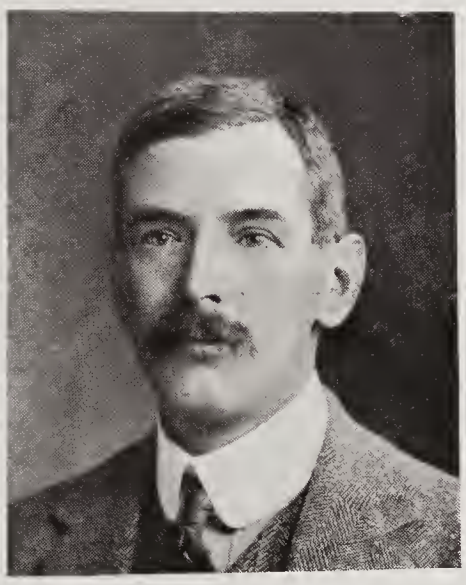


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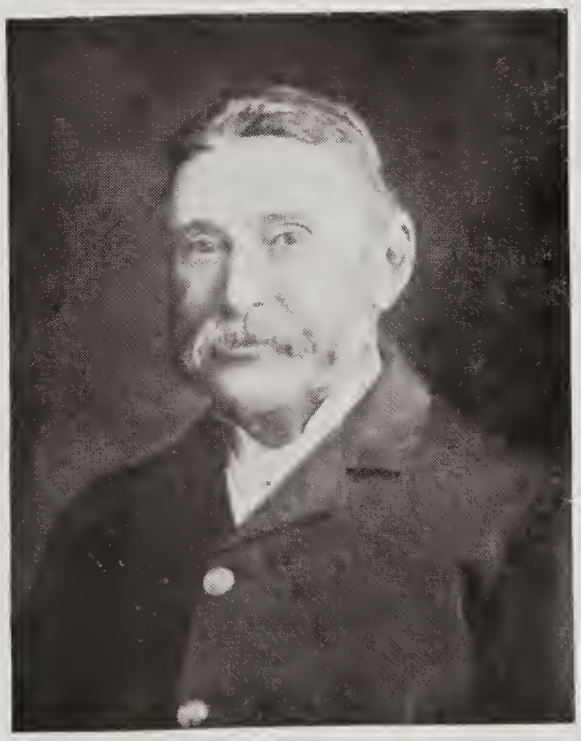


CAPTAIN F. N. DENNIS.
Co. Kildare Polo Club.

PERCY P. O'REILLY, ESQ.
Westmeath Polo Club. Played for Ireland v. England in Patriotic Cup.



L. MORROGH RYAN, ESQ.
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W. DE SALIS FILGATE, ESQ.
Master Louth Foxhounds.

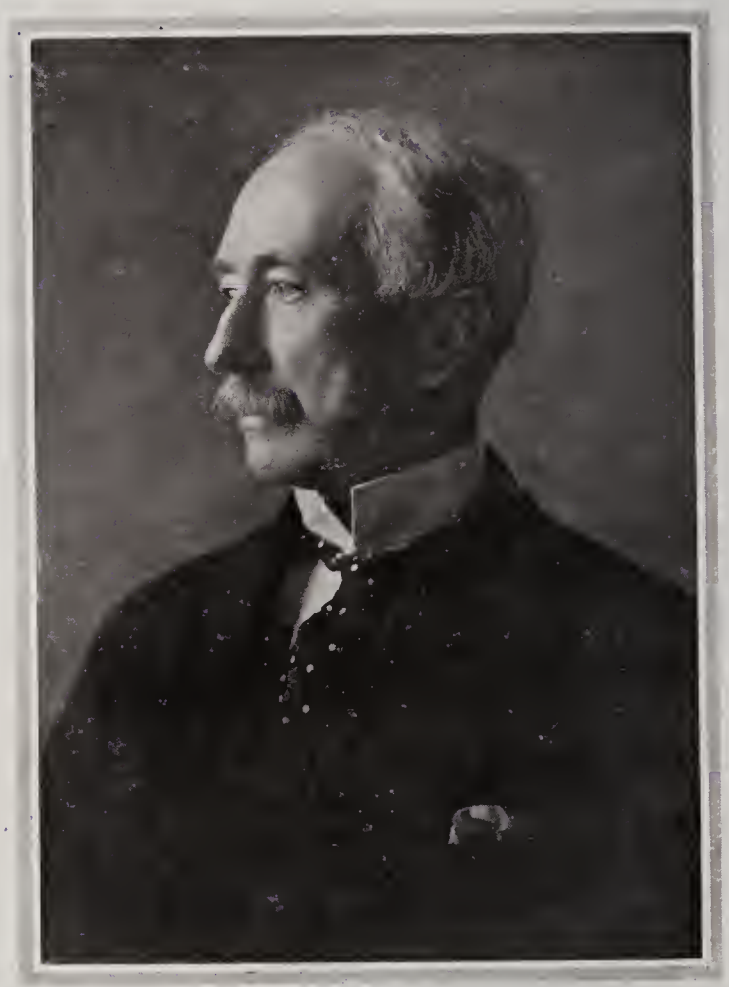
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Born 30th September, 1832; Married 1859. Succeeded Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. Voted £100 000 by Parliament in recognition of conspicuous services.



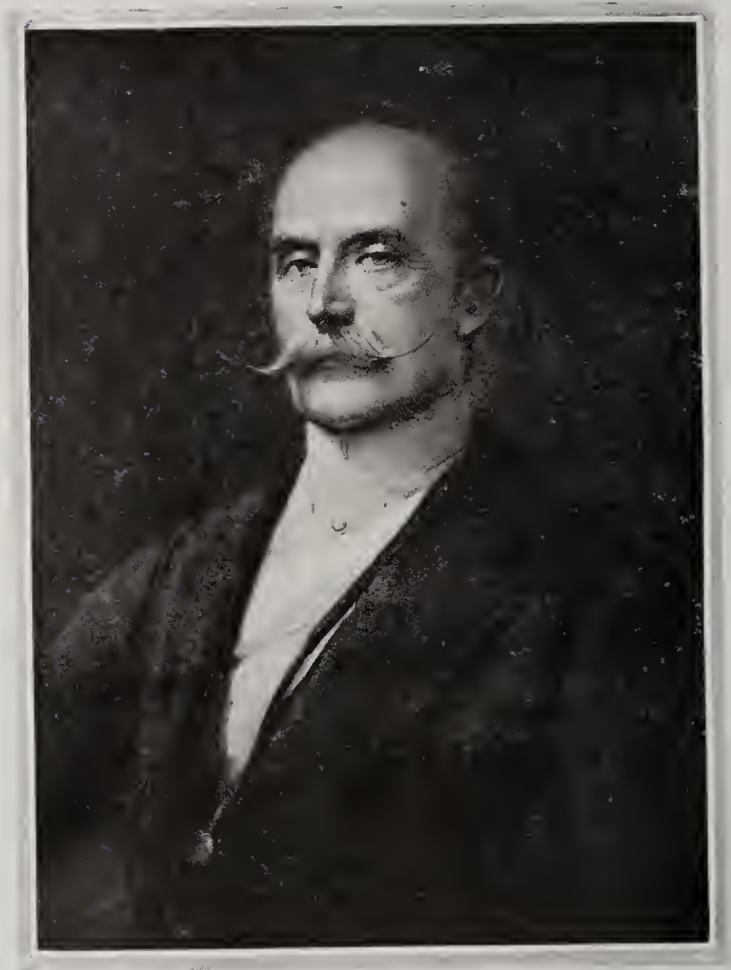
FIELD-MARSHAL GARNET, VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P.

Born Waterford 1833; Married 1867. One of the most distinguished and honoured soldiers of the Victorian age.
Retired, Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief, 1900.



GEORGE SIGERSON, ESQ., M.D., M.Ch., F.R.U.I..

The Erudite President of the National Literary Society.
Illustrates the beautiful Irish saying: "It is the heaviest ear of corn that lowliest bows its head."



HARVEY DU CROS, ESQ. *(From a Painting by Tennyson Cole.)*

Mr. du Cros is famous as the commercial genius behind the Dunlop Tyre, of which Company he is chairman. Just recently he has generously undertaken the expense of training, gratis, a number of Dublin car-drivers as taxi-drivers.

Photos by Haines, Mills and Sartony.

An Episode in the Last Parliament of Ireland.

"THE FIVE JUST MEN."

By CRAWFORD HARTNELL.

THE LAST PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND.

IN the summer of 1797, what proved to be the last Parliament of Ireland was elected. It consisted of the usual three hundred members. There were sixty-four "Knights of the Shire" returned by the thirty-two counties, and a majority of these members formed the backbone of the country gentlemen's party. Seven cities sent fourteen "citizens" to College Green, headed by the two members for the great free City of Dublin, then occupying undoubted rank as second city in the Empire, and numbered amongst the foremost cities of the world. "The Borough of the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin," returned two "Representatives," and one-hundred-and-ten boroughs were responsible for two-hundred-and-twenty "Burgesses." The majority of these boroughs had been converted into private property by individuals, and some noblemen held and controlled "nests" of boroughs to which they returned members, sometimes by means of thirteen votes, on occasion by five and six votes, while the Earl of Ely secured the record by sending six borough members into the House by the vote of a single individual. The borough representation of Great Britain was in little better case, and in both countries the majority of borough members were either mere representatives to do the bidding and advance the interests of the borough owner, usually a member of the Upper House, while within limits helping forward their own; or speculative men who paid a round sum to secure a borough seat. The man who held his seat by favour was bound to resign if his views conflicted with the interests of his owner, but the man who had bought owned no such obligation, and went his way untrammelled during the life of the Parliament wherein he had secured foothold by a cash payment to the borough owner. The payments varied according to circumstances, but, in the active market of Union times, the prices ranged from £3,000 to £4,000 per seat.



DAVID DIGUES LA TOUCHE (THE SECOND),
(Eldest son of David Digues de la Touche des Rompieres), of Bellevue, in the County of Wicklow, Founder of the Bank of Ireland, which was established upon the advice of David Digues La Touche (the Second).

The Stuarts, for the purpose of controlling the Parliament and bending it to their arbitrary will, had created eighty-three of the boroughs, and these Stuart boroughs returned one hundred and sixty-six "Burgesses," in almost every case by thirteen votes. So worthless and unfit were most of the places endowed by the Stuarts with legislative authority, that sixty of these boroughs were swept away at the Union. This elimination of the Stuarts' legislative legacy to Ireland cost the country £900,000, considerably more than half the total expended at the Union to extinguish unrepresentative Irish boroughs.

The newly-elected Parliament of Ireland—the last to meet at College Green—assembled for the first time in January, 1798, and, during that memorable year, performed the most unselfish and arduous work in suppressing the rebellion. Throughout the experiences of that trying time the Legislature had well sustained the high standards of devoted loyalty to the Throne and the almost affectionate regard to the British connection that had invariably, since the Revolution, distinguished the Parliament. Its members voted supplies which, considering the capacity of the country, were munificent, and individual members of both Houses fought in the field against valiant adversaries, with the courage and devotion that always distinguished the gentlemen of Ireland.

A picture of the condition of Ireland at that time has been presented by two great minds. The orator, Henry Grattan, whose final words in defence of his country's ancient constitution, pictured her with the spirit of life upon her lips, and on her cheek the glow of beauty. His closing words were those of Romeo to his beloved:

> . . . Beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
> And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

As the celebrated writer Thomas De Quincey stood in Parliament House viewing the final ratification of the Union, it is curious to observe that Ireland also suggested to him the picture of young and vigorous life. He recalled the extinction of the Venetian Republic, but he found no parallel between the circumstances of Venice and those of Ireland. In the former he observed a "superannuated and paralytic State sinking at anyrate into the grave, and yielding to the touch of military violence, that only which a brief lapse of years must otherwise have yielded to internal decay. In Ireland, upon the contrary, was a young eagle, rising into power and robbed prematurely of her natural honours, only because she did not comprehend their value, or because at this great crisis she had no champion. Ireland, in a political sense, was surely then in her youth."*

The Rebellion of 1798 had brought to Ireland one who was destined to prove a notable figure in the affairs of the country—Charles, first Marquess Cornwallis. He came in a double capacity, as Viceroy of Ireland to Dublin Castle and as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Ireland. He was a man on double business bent—but, unlike the person in the fable, he neglected neither. His mission was to restore peace in Ireland and to abolish her ancient constitution. The first object was rapidly performed, and the second followed quickly. Leading men in the country were cautiously sounded: in London by Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland, in Ireland by the Viceroy and Lord Castlereagh, the ambitious young member for the County of Down, who had become Chief Secretary for Ireland. It was whispered confidentially that a Union had been determined upon by the King and his Ministers, that nothing could ultimately avert the passage of the measure, and that, if defeated at the outset, the project would be renewed, year after year, until finally accomplished, and so it came to pass.

* The Collected Works of Thomas De Quincey, vol. I., p. 21[illegible].

AN EPISODE IN LAST PARLIAMENT. "THE FIVE JUST MEN"—Continued.

The last Parliament of Ireland re-assembled for its second session, in the January of 1799, and the hopes of Government ran high. A reference to a contemplated Union was adroitly introduced into the address, and to the amazement of the Executive was, by the vote of the House of Commons, at once expunged. Never had such an Opposition shown itself within the old walls of Parliament House. Reformers and anti-reformers, advocates of emancipation, and their most vigorous opponents! Did ever misfortune produce such an assortment of strange bedfellows? Divided upon every other point of Counsel, on this one great subject unanimously fixed. Prepared loyally to support Government upon every point of necessary policy, upon this one matter of sacrificing their Legislature, the great body of the gentlemen of Ireland, many of them holders of office and place, were unshakably determined.

The session of Parliament ran its course, and the recess followed. The Viceroy toured Ireland, endeavouring to hearten the friends of the measure, and by marks of special favour, to soften and change the hearts of its opponents. Mr. Pitt, remembering his offer to purchase the fee simple of English borough ownerships for one million sterling,* now determined to expend one million and a half of Irish money upon the Irish boroughs, and by this means to secure such a preponderance of power in the Parliament as would counterbalance and outweigh the voice of the counties and other constituencies in which free election and large electorates more or less prevailed. Decayed boroughs were to be abolished wholesale and the owner of a borough disfranchised at the Union was to receive a handsome compensation for each seat. This was duly awarded to those who voted either for or against the Government, but obviously to secure the advantage the measure should pass, and those who opposed it, as many did, simply voted money out of their own pocket. Pecrages were to reward complaisant county members, Pandora's box was to be opened to all, and sinecures, places, and emoluments were to be had for the asking by those who rendered the one essential service required. Everything the heart of acquisitive man could seek was to be placed within reach: titles, decorations, place, power, a pleasant present, and a secure future. Up to the eminence the doubtful were led, and the riches and the glories of the earth, were spread like a carpet at their feet. All this will I give unto thee! Some—nay, many—fell That so great a number remained faithful; that so few capitulated, is really the marvel.

"THE FIVE JUST MEN."



THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LA TOUCHE, P.C. (DAVID LA TOUCHE THE THIRD),

of Marlay and Stephen's Green, Dublin. M.P. for his Borough of Newcastle-juxta-Lyons, Co. Dublin, in the Last Parliament of Ireland. "He was one of seven gentlemen who, without fee or reward, for conscience' sake, supported that measure of Union which was bound to prove so injurious to his personal interests."—Henry Grattan.

From the Painting formerly at Bellevue, Delgany.

"The Five Just Men."

For years the Parliament had been filled with placemen, and if one hesitated or resisted the wishes of the Government, he was forthwith dismissed. Outside these servants of Government stood a phalanx of one hundred and fifteen, representing chiefly the freely elected constituencies, a body really representative of the country gentlemen of Ireland, and to the honour of these gentlemen be it said, no hope of profit, favour, or reward could turn them upon this matter, which appeared, to their consciences, to touch the honour of the banner of Ireland, and to threaten her interests. In this proud body there was one family which, from the number, independence, and integrity of its representatives, stood out predominant. They were the descendants of a valiant gentleman, who came into Ireland with William III., and had done the State and his adopted land much service of the best kind. His gallantry, ability, shrewdness, and integrity had been a heritage to his son, and to his son's sons, indeed, through generations to this day. Thomas Davis wrote of the devotion of the Geraldines to Ireland:

"But never then, nor thence, till now, have falsehood or disgrace,
Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle to his face."

If the name of La Touche had replaced that of Fitzgerald the lines would have been as substantially true. Here, in this last Parliament of Ireland, then, were five gentlemen, who bore this honoured name of La Touche. One upon the side of the measure, and four in unflinching opposition. These five gentlemen were all guided by the same scrupulous regard to the dictates of their consciences. The group was so remarkable, that this outline of a great period in the constitutional history of the country can best be continued by a brief biographical review of one of the most remarkable of the truly great families of Ireland. Indeed, this Episode from the Last Parliament of Ireland is supplied by the fine public spirit of these five gentlemen, the foregoing introductory observations being given, merely to enable the reader to grasp the position of the country when "the Five Just Men" acted their noble part.

The La Touche family had been distinguished figures in the life of Ireland from the days of William III. In the latter half of the eighteenth century the family had a quite remarkable position — foremost in finance, in commerce, in the higher walks of political life, amongst the best section of the country gentry of Ireland in the unselfish service of the public, in the social life of their time, as liberal patrons of art, of literature, of music and of the drama too, for Marlay had its private theatre—"The Mignonette Theatre, Fairyland,' where dramatic work by Henry Grattan was at least once presented, and where Flood played *Macbeth* to the *Macduff* of Grattan, his great opponent in later days, supported by the members, and especially by the ladies of the La Touche household. To all these manifold qualifications was added an abounding charity, remarkable in a period little prone to the softer benevolences. Indeed, to have removed this family out of the life of Dublin, in the later half of the eighteenth century would have been to create a void, which nothing could have supplied. To briefly trace the services of the distinguished "Five Just Men" of the Union period, the descendants of this great name, a brief retrospect becomes essential.

The La Touches of Dublin and Marlay.

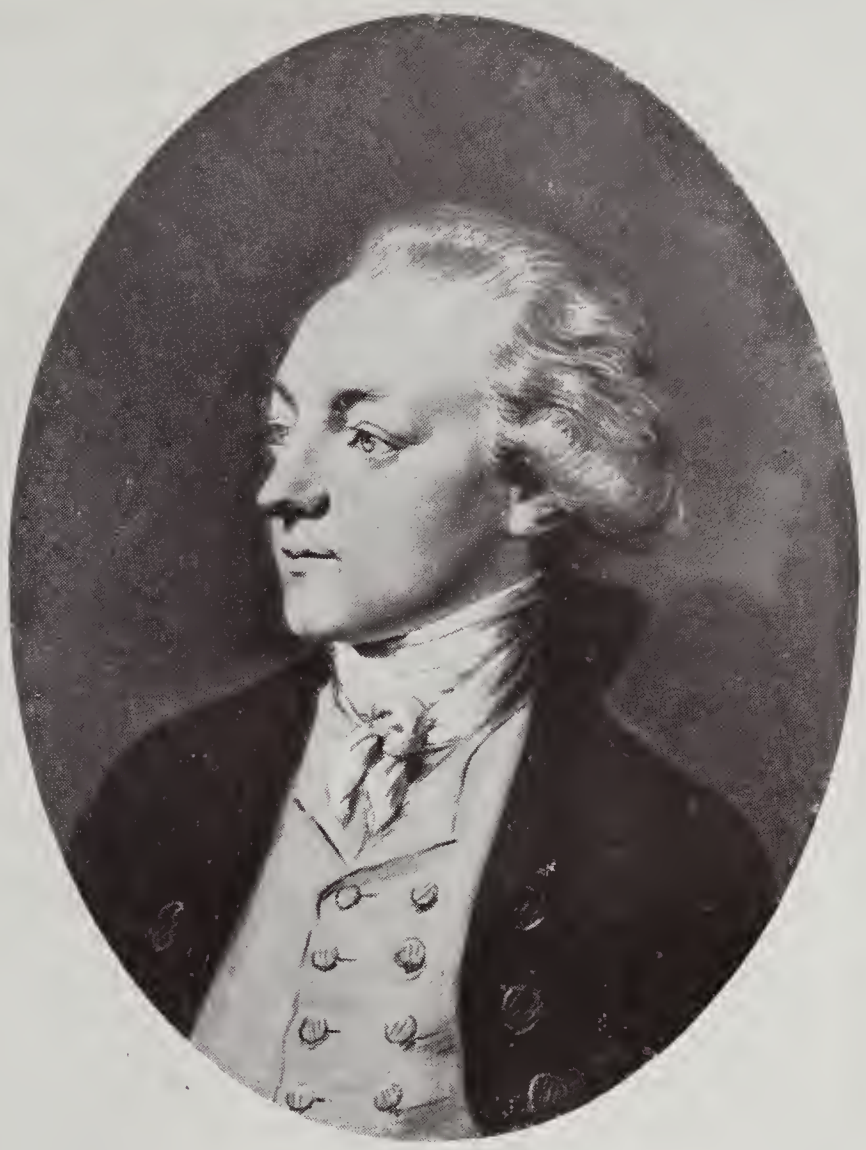
David Digues de la Touche des Rompieres, born in 1671, a descendant of an old and distinguished French family, of the Calvinistic faith, sought refuge in Holland, where he adopted the military profession. He came to Ireland with the "Huguenot Regiment de Caillemote," in the service of William Prince of Orange, who ousted his father-in-law—James II.—from the throne, and was crowned

*Pitt moved his Reform Resolutions in the Parliament of Gt. Britain on 7th May, 1783.

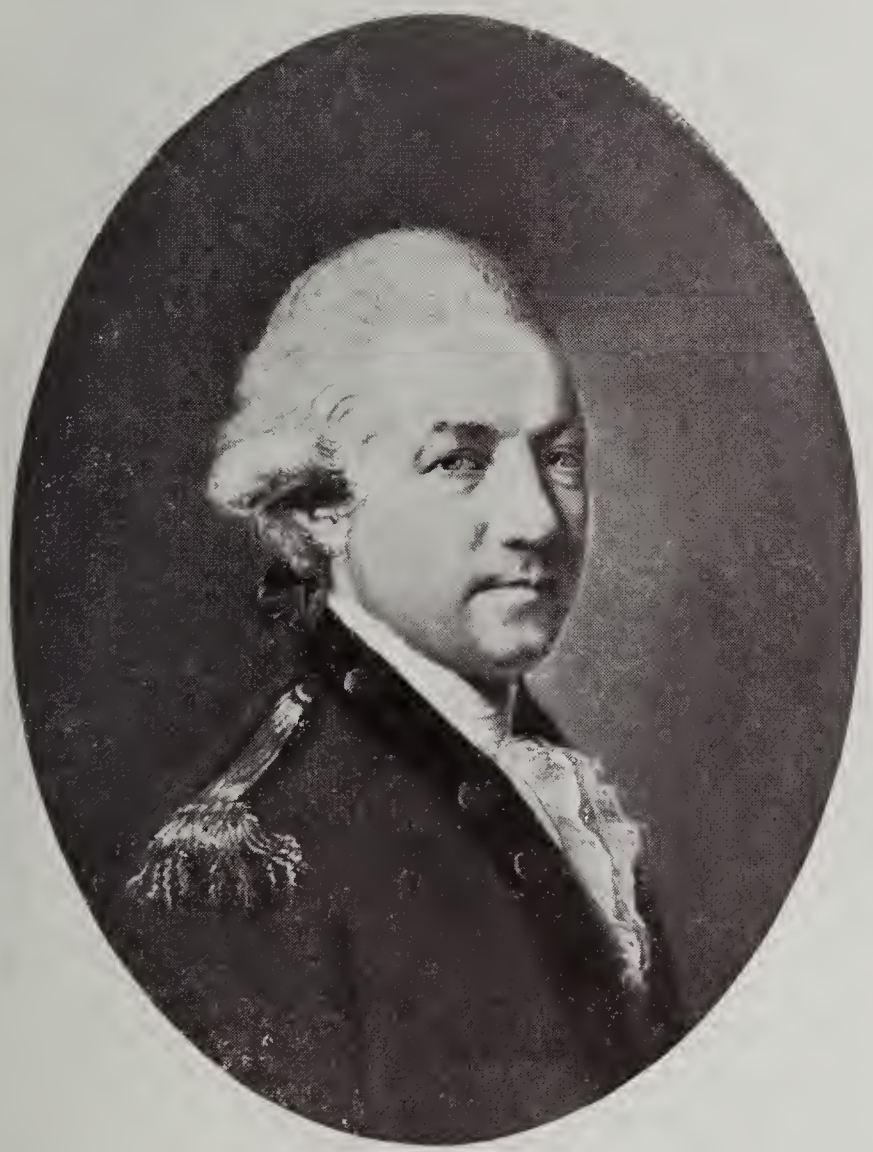
"THE FIVE JUST MEN."



JOHN LA TOUCHE OF HARRISTOWN, M P. CO. KILDARE,
(Brother to the Rt. Hon. David La Touche, P.C., M.P., of Marlay.)
Knight of the Shire for the County of Kildare, in the last Parliament of Ireland.
Owner of the Borough of Harristown.
In the Collection of Mr. Robert Percy O'Connor La Touche. D.L., of Harristown.



DAVID LA TOUCHE THE YOUNGER, M.P., OF ST. CATHERINES, LEIXLIP.
(Eldest son of the Right Hon. David La Touche, P.C., M.P., of Marlay.)
Sat with his father for the family Borough of Newcastle-juxta-Lyons, Co. Dublin, in the Last Parliament of Ireland.
In the Collection of Mr. Christopher D. La Touche, Merrion Square, Dublin.



COLONEL ROBERT LA TOUCHE, M.P., OF HARRISTOWN,
(Younger-son of John La Touche of Harristown)
Sat with his brother, John La Touche the Younger, for the family Borough of Harristown, Co. Kildare, in the last Parliament of Ireland.



JOHN LA TOUCHE THE YOUNGER, M.P., OF HARRISTOWN.
(Elder son of John La Touche of Harristown)
M.P. for the family Borough of Harristown, Co. Kildare, in the last Parliament of Ireland.

From the Portraits in the Collection of Mr. Christopher D. La Touche, Merrion Square, Dublin.

AN EPISODE IN LAST PARLIAMENT. "THE FIVE JUST MEN"—Continued.

King of England in 1689. David Digues de la Touche des Rompieres distinguished himself at the crossing of the Boyue, iu the famous battle fought on the 1st Julv, 1690, at which the leader of his regiment, Colonel de Caillemote, lost his life. His commission bore date—Ensign, 1692; Lieutenant, 1694; Captain 1694. At the close of the war some of the regiments which had served William so well, were disbanded at Dublin. The survivors of de Caillemote's gallant regiment were of the number, and Captain David Digues de la Touche des Rompieres finding himself a stranger for conscience' sake, in a strange land, established himself in the Irish capital, where he joined in business, in the Dubliu Liberties, a manufacturer of cambric, and also of rich silk poplins, which the Irish capital produced. The commercial success and the established probity of the exile quickly gained for his house a high reputation, and it became a popular depository for large sums of money, placed iu its safe custody, by members of the Huguenot comuunity in Dublin, and by gentlemen and merchants generally. Thus the banking business of La Touche and Co—Ireland's first and most famous private bank—was established. David Digues de la Touch des Rompieres found leisure amidst his numerous activities to devote a portion of his time to public affairs, and in 1735 he was a member of the Common Council of Dublin (Trinity Guild).

Iu the Public Record Office, Dublin, there is a document showing that on the anuiversary of the Battle of the Boyne, Captain Digues de la Touche des Rompieres dined with nine other officers, and celebrated the day with great rejoicing. The entry is remarkable from the fact that the united ages of the ten gentlemen totalled 780 years! Obviously William's officers were not called the "die hards" without excellently good reason.

In 1745 Captain Digues de la Touche des Rompieres, full of years and honours, at the age of 73—having spent 56 of those years in Ireland—passed peacefully away while kneeling at prayer in the Viceroy's Chapel Royal at Dublin, and was laid to rest in the French Burying-Ground, in the Liberties of Dublin, close to the Cathedral of St. Patrick. His seed was destined to remain long in the land of his adoption, and happily coutinues in honour and affluence to this day. For, in 1698, David Digues de la Touche des Rompieres had married Judith, daughter of Noel Biard, of Bellevue, Dublin, and two sons were born of the marriage. The elder of these, David La Touche (the second), by a family compact, discontinued the use of the surname Digues, while the other son, his brother James, or Jacques, and his descendants, continued to use the name which in time became Digges. Digues* was the family name; La Touche the name of the estates, which in 1626, passed to a French ancestor, Denis Digues, Signeur de la Brosse et Salerne, Dunois, through his marriage with a certain great French heiress, Judith Duton de la Touche et de La Motte. This Denis Digues, Signeur de la Brosse, was the grandfather of the first settler in Ireland.



ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF LANESBOROUGH,
Eldest daughter of the Right Hon. David La Touche. Born 1760, died 1788.
After the Engraving by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., from a Miniature by H. Hone, A.R.A., formerly at Bellevue.

To return to David La Touche (the second) and his brother James Digges La Touche. The former at his father's death became the proprietor of the celebrated Dublin Bank, his father having left him his lands and leases, plate, jewels, and his interest in the Castle Street Bank, while James, or Jacques Digges La Touche, the first gentleman of his house to sit in the Irish House of Commons, was an eminent merchant, and succeeded his father in the cambric and poplin factory. He represented the city of Dublin, entering at a bye-election that Parliament of George II., called "the Long Parliament of Ireland," as it lasted through the entire reign, from 1727 to 1760. James Digges La Touche held rank as one of the most distinguished merchant princes of his native city of Dublin He was the first La Touche to take a very prominent interest in political affairs, and with much zeal and ability advocated the rights and liberties of the community, especially opposing, with great independeuce, the interference of the Parliament of Great Britain with concerns properly belonging to the Legislature at Dublin. James Digges La Touche, in 1742, organised an Opposition Committee of the House of Commons against the oligarchy of the Lord Mayor and the Board of Aldermen, and the Commons endorsed his proposed "Regulations for the better management of the busiuess of this city." Nor was this his only public service, for his "Observatious on the Embargo, lately laid on the Exports of beef, pork, and butter from Ireland," was a treatise of great importance, and had much weight in securing the removal of the penal decree, which forbade the export of Irish provisions. James Digges La Touche married Martha Thwaites, daughter of William Thwaites, and had five sons. From William La Touche, his third son, the elder branch of the Digges La Touche family descended, and the preseut Sir James John Digges La Touche, K.C.S.I., and Mr. Christopher Digges La Touche, of Dublin, are its living representatives.

It is of much interest to observe that the administrative genius of this great family has to-day found a practical continuity and expression in the person of Mr. Christopher Digges La Touche, managing director of the vast concerns of Messrs. Arthur Guinness Son & Co., Ltd., which has the distinction of being the greatest undertakiug of its kind in the world.

David La Touche (the Second) married Marie Anue Caniseele, daughter of Gabriel Caniseeie, of Dublin, and by this marriage had three sons—David La Touche, of Marlay (the third David), John La Touche, of Harristown, Co. Kildare, and Peter LaTouche, of Bellevue, Co. Wicklow. These three gentlemen lived to become famous in Ireland. They were entered as partners with their father under the title of "David La Touche & Son" in the Bank, which had removed from High Street to handsome premises in Castle Street. The eldest was the Right Hon. David La Touche, P.C., of Marlay, Co. Dublin, member, with his son, David La Touche (the younger), for the La Touche borough of Newcastle-jnxta-Lyons, Co. Dublin, in the last Parliameut of Ireland. The second son, John La Touche, of Harristown, Co. Kildare, represented his county in the final Irish Legislature, and the third son, Peter La Touche, of Bellevue, Co. Wicklow, sat for Co. Leitrim from 1783 to 1790. He had purchased a large property in Leitrim containing valuable iron mines, which were developed under his wise guidance. In 1753, his father, David La Touche (the second), had acquired the beautiful estate of Ballydonough, near Delgany, and had changed the name to Bellevue. Upou his death in 1785, at the age of 81, his third son, Peter La Touche, succeeded to the Bellevue property. Peter La Touche, it may be added, was the chairuan of the famous "Sugar Bill Meeting" of the Irish Volunteers, held in 1780, and was chairman of many important meetings in Dublin assembled to assert the independence of the Parliameut of Ireland.

The Right Hon. David La Touche came into Parliament for Dundalk Borough, and sat from 1761 to 1768 as "David La Touche, Junior." He subsequently sat from 1769 to 1776 as Junior Burgess for Longford Borough, the senior member being Henry Flood. At the General Election in 1783, "David La Touche, Junior," was returned for four Boroughs—viz., Belturbet Borough, Co Cavan; Tuam Borough, Co. Galway; Lanesborough Borough, Co. Longford; and the Borough of Newcastle-juxta-Lyons, Co. Dublin. "David La Touche, Junior," elected to sit for the Borough of Belturbet, which he represented until the year 1790. It may be noted that the Newcastle seat, vacated by this resolution, was filled by the celebrated Thomas ("Buck") Whaley, who thus entered the Parliameut of Ireland for the first time. The vacated Tuam seat fell to the lot of a more staid individual, Robert Day, afterwards Judge Day, Henry Grattan's life-long friend. In 1790 "David La Touche, Junior," then the Right Hon. David La Touche, P.C., was returned with his eldest son, now David La Touche (the younger), for the family Borough of Newcastle, and father and son sat for the Borough, during two Parliaments, from 1790 to 1800. Iu all, the Right Hon. David La Touche sat in the Parliaments of Ireland for

* The name "Digues," now spelled Digges, points to the fact that the family originally came from Spain, and the name was, no doubt, a variant of Diego. The family arms are those of the Kingdom of Grenada, to which has been added a "chief."

AN EPISODE IN LAST PARLIAMENT. "THE FIVE JUST MEN"—Continued.

thirty-seven years. As Mr. Lecky* said—"La Touche was not an orator, but he spoke with the weight of a great commercial position, and of a character very eminently distinguished for its integrity and its benevolence."

The Right Hon. David La Touche, P.C., the only La Touche—there were five in the House—who voted for the Union, had the distinction, as Grattan declared, of being one of the seven honest men who, without fee or reward, supported the measure. His action appears to have been the result of a deep conviction that the Union would benefit his country, although it was bound to exercise a most prejudicial effect upon his extensive banking concerns in Dublin, by transferring to London, the Irish Lords and Members of Parliament, who were the clients of his great firm. Of the character and importance of that celebrated House, let Mr. McCarthy Collins in his *Law and Practice of Banking in Ireland*, p. 69, give example—"The Bank was known to a past public as La Touche & Co., La Touche & Kane, and David La Touche & Sons. Previous to the Union no single private Bank transacted the same kind and extent of business that La Touche's did. It is no exaggeration to say that the entire Irish Peerage, and the Landed Gentry kept their accounts, with substantial balances, there. Names, which have become historical and famous, are to be found in their books—Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Castlereagh, Flood, Grattan, Curran, Lord Clare, the Chancellor, Foster (the last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons), Lord Norbury (when he was plain John Toler†), Barry Yelverton, Sir Boyle Roche, the Countess of Mornington (mother of the Marquess Wellesley and Arthur, 1st Duke of Wellington) were account holders in La Touche's during the years of its greatest prosperity. Nor were his services solely reserved for individuals, for in 1778 La Touche's Bank came to the rescue of the Government, and advanced £20,000 to the Viceroy, the Marquess of Buckingham, for state purposes, but subsequently declined to double the advance, as the bank did not fancy the security the Government had to offer. The Bank never issued a paper currency, and before the Union, at all events, issued no cheque forms." Accordingly the generality of its customers wrote their drafts on pieces of writing paper, although some few noblemen, like the Duke of Leinster, had private copper-plate cheque forms, blazoned with the family arms One cheque on La Touche's was historic. It was drawn by Richard Chapell Whaley, the father of Thomas or "Buck" Whaley, in favour of his wife, the "Buck's" mother. This document read:—

"Mr. La Touche,
Open your pouch,
And give unto my darling
Five hundred pounds sterling:
For which this will be your bailey.
Signed—Richard Chapell Whaley."*



THE GOLD BOX

Presented by the Merchants' Guild of Dublin to John La Touche, of Harristown.

To return to the Right Hon. David La Touche in his connection with the Union. There is a reference in the CORNWALLIS CORRESPONDENCE (Vol. III., p. 162) to the Right Hon. David La Touche's speech on the Union. It is contained in a letter, dated 15th January, 1800, and addressed to the Right Hon. Thomas Pelham, sometime Secretary for Ireland, and afterwards Lord Chichester, by Henry Alexander, member for Londonderry City, and Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, in the Last Parliament of Ireland. "Mr. David La Touche," wrote Alexander, "has made the most discreet, sensible, and wise speech which is so extremely suitable to his age, character, and situation, and derived such consistency from them, that he has silenced the leaders of the Opposition. . . . The House as yet in good humour from the very great influence of La Touche's speech."

The Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, under the City Seal, fearing the ruin of their city by the Union, addressed the Right Hon. David La Touche, asking him to vote against the measure, and expressing their veneration for him and for his family. He had never represented the City of Dublin in Parliament, although his uncle, James Digges La Touche, had, and the Corporate Address proves the great influence of the senior member for Newcastle Borough, who had always been conspicuous in every work calculated to benefit the City of Dublin. One example of this interest may be found in the establishment of the Bank of Ireland during the first year of Irish Legislative Independence, by the advice of Messrs. La Touche. The first Governor of the Bank of Ireland, when it opened for business in St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin, in June, 1783, was David La Touche, Junior (afterwards the Right Hon. David La Touche, P.C.) and he continued Governor until 1790. The first four subscribers to the original capital of £600,000, were David



THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE LA TOUCHE FAMILY.

From the Drawing by Angelica Kauffmann, in the Collection of Mr. Robert Percy O'Connor La Touche, D.L., of Harristown.

"That is a surprising picture of the La Touches going to heaven," said Bushe. "Surprising?" echoed Grattan. "Surely, if ever family earned such a reward, it was the La Touches."

* *Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, by W. E. H. Lecky, vol. iii., p. 143.

† And afterwards also, for I have drafts drawn upon La Touche's Bank by John Toler and signed "Norbury."—C. H.

* *Buck Whaley's Memoirs*, edited by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart.; p. xii.

AN EPISODE IN LAST PARLIAMENT.

"THE FIVE JUST MEN"—Continued.

La Touche (the second) and his three sons, David La Touche, Junior, of Marlay, John La Touche, of Harristown (an original Director), and Peter La Touche, of Bellevue (an original Director), each of whom contributed £10,000 to the capital funds, the maxium subscription allowed from any one individual. The enterprise was rapidly justified, for at Christmas, 1783, a dividend of 2½% was paid, in 1784 4%, and this was rapidly increased to 6%. In 1796 Bank of Ireland Stock realised 132. and the capital had five years earlier been increased to £1,000,000.

It may be here mentioned that when the Rebellion of 1798 and threatened invasion rendered necessary an extended money aid to enable the Exchequer to pay troops and provide for other urgent outlay, eight proprietors of the Bank of Ireland called a meeting, which voted an advance of £20,000. The first four names affixed to the requisition were David La Touche, Peter La Touche, William Digges La Touche, and his youngest brother, Peter Digges La Touche The Right Hon. David La Touche advanced £2,000 personally, and guaranteed a further £2,000 annually as long as required.

To revert to the thread of the Union narrative. The Right Hon. David La Touche, P.C., M.P., for his Borough of Newcastle, had, as we have seen, supported the Union. His colleague, in the representation of Newcastle, David La Touche (the Younger), Colonel of the Carlow Militia, was his heir, the eldest of his six sons, by his marriage with Elizabeth Marlay, daughter of George Marlay, D.D., Bishop of Dromore, Co Down (1745-1763) The father's view upon the great question was opposed by his own son, and so perfect was the spirit of a right freedom rightly understood by the elder of these two gentlemen that he gave to his own son the liberty of conscience to oppose the measure, and to nullify his own vote in its favour. Had parental authority, family affection, or self-interest been insufficiently powerful to sway the younger man from what he believed to be the path of public duty, his father had a last and infallible resort, for by all the laws that governed and protected the rights of the Borough Owner, who declined to traffic in seats, the son had not bought the seat and was bound to surrender it if required to do so. This sacrifice was unasked and unmade. It is impossible to judge whether the independence, the justice, the integrity and the right feeling for the other man's point of view, secures the higher meed of commendation, for the noble father or for his devoted son.



MRS. PETER LA TOUCHE,

To whose untiring effort and munificence the Female Orphan House on the North Circular Road owes its existence. She anticipated the injunction of Tennyson, and not only taught the "orphan girl to sew," but had her wisely instructed in every useful department of a good woman's work. Mrs. Peter La Touche had among her many beneficences an Orphanage at Delgany.

David La Touche (the younger), of St. Catherine's, Leixlip, Co. Dublin, in 1789, married Lady Cecilia Leeson, seventh daughter of Joseph, 1st Earl of Miltown. His eldest sister, Elizabeth, became the beautiful Lady Lanesborough by her marriage with Robert Herbert, 3rd Earl of Lanesborough; his second sister, Henrietta, married Sir Nicholas Colthurst, the 3rd Baronet; Emily, his third sister, married Col. George Vesey, of Lucan,* who for a short period represented Tuam Borough in the Last Parliament of Ireland; and his younger sister, Marie Anne, wedded the Right Hon. Maurice Fitzgerald, D.L., P.C., Knight of Kerry, and Knight of the Shire for Co. Kerry in the last Parliament of Ireland. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, in 1815, became the wife of the Rev. William, 4th Baron Brander, D.D. David La Touche (the younger), after the Union, sat in four Parliaments of the United Kingdom as Knight of the Shire for Co. Carlow, and other members of the family represented Dublin City, Carlow, Kildare, and Leitrim Counties in fourteen United Parliaments.

Before leaving the subject of the La Touches of Dublin, it may be recalled that when the Act of Union finally became law, King George III., through his minister, wrote to the Right Hon. David La Touche—

"That His Majesty considered himself under such obligations to him for the part he took in carrying the measure, that His Majesty offered him anything it was in the power of the King of England to bestow."* But the King had nothing to bestow which the Right Hon. David La Touche desired. His fealty he yielded as a loyal subject without fee or reward, conscientiously believing that the measure would benefit his country.

The La Touches of Harristown

John La Touche, of Harristown, second brother to the Right Hon. David La Touche, first sought to enter Parliament as member for the City of Dublin in 1767. The death of James Grattan, Recorder of Dublin, and father of Henry Grattan, had caused the vacancy, and had left the celebrated Charles Lucas without a colleague in the representation Two candidates appeared—viz., William Robert Fitzgerald, commonly called the Marquess of Kildare, and afterwards Second Duke of Leinster), and John La Touche of Harristown.

The former was successful, but Mr La Touche had conducted a gallant and a popular contest, and 'The Guild of Dublin Merchants in full Hall assembled" presented him with a gold box, embellished with the arms of his family, and inscribed, "In honourable recognition of the spirited contest maintained by him as candidate at the last election on the free and independent interest of the City of Dublin, 1767," and this memento of Mr. La Touche's independence and worth is preserved at Harristown. I am privileged in being permitted to reproduce it among the illustrations here presented.

In the Last Parliament of Ireland John La Touche, of Harristown, Co. Kildare, sat as Knight of the Shire for his County. His Parliamentary influence was not confined to this one seat, for he owned the Borough of Harristown, and his two sons, John La Touche (the younger), and Col. Robert La Touche, were returned therefore, and sat with him in the last Parliament. John La Touche, of Harristown, had been consulted by Government in the earlier days of the Union project. During January, 1799, Lord Camden, who had preceded the Marquis Cornwallis, in the Viceroyalty of Ireland, wrote to his kinsman and protege, Lord Castlereagh:† "John La Touche is decided in his opposition as to the time of bringing the measure forward, and says that all his family will vote on that idea." John La Touche, of Harristown, was not only one of the "Five Just Men," but he was also a man of essentially practical mind. He was one of those who held the view that Ireland, with a wisely-reformed Parliament, could ultimately blend all her contending elements into one people. This accomplished, a Union might have been successfully undertaken. Had it come to pass, under such conditions, Ireland would have entered into the Union, not as a series of warring sections, with grave internal discordancies to settle, but as a united race, such as made the Union between England and Scotland lasting and successful. He was foremost wherever the practical interests of Ireland were concerned, and utterly unmindful of self in the discharge of the obligations which his country imposed on him. As an instance of his self sacrifice, one example may be cited.

In 1796, when a French fleet threatened the coast of Ireland, Lord Camden reported to the Duke of Portland upon the measures taken for their reception—"Noblemen and gentlemen of the first property," wrote the Viceroy, "vied in exerting themselves at the head of their

* Colonel Vesey was nephew to Agmondisham Vesey, Accountant-General of Ireland.

* *Genealogy of the La Touche Family*, edited by General Sir Anthony B. Stransham, K.C.B.

† Lord Camden to Lord Castlereagh, January, 1799, *Castlereagh Correspondence*, vol. ii., p. 112.

AN EPISODE IN LAST PARLIAMENT. "THE FIVE JUST MEN"—Continued.

corps. Much of the express and escort duty was performed by them. In Cork, Limerick, and Galway, they took the duty of garrisons. Lord Shannon informs me that men of £3,000 and £4,000 a year were employed in escorting baggage and carrying expresses. Mr. John La Touche, who was a private in his son's corps* rode twenty-five miles in one of the severest nights with an express."†

By his marriage, in 1763, with Gertrude, daughter of Mr. Robert Uniacke Fitzgerald, John La Touche, M.P., of Harristown had two sons, John La Touche (the younger), M.P., and Colonel Robert La Touche M.P., and two daughters, Gertrude, the elder, who became Lady Landaff, by her marriage with Francis James, 2nd Earl of Landaff, and the younger lady, Marie Anne, who married Ralph Peter Dundas. John La Touche (the younger), and Colonel Robert La Touche both sat for Harristown in the Last Parliament. John La Touche, (the Younger) entered the House of Commons of Ireland during the Parliament of 1790-1797, as the representative of Newtownards, Co. Down. At the General Election of 1797 he was returned twice—viz., for the Borough of Newcastle-juxta-Lyons, Co. Dublin, as the colleague of his uncle, the Right Hon David La Touche, P.C., and also for his father's Borough at Harristown. He elected to sit for the latter, and ("David La Touche the younger") joined his father in the representation of Newcastle, with the result already recorded.

When the death of the widely-lamented John La Touche, M.P., of Harristown took place in 1805, his eldest son, John La Touche (the younger), then member for the City of Dublin in the United Parliament, succeeded his father in the Harristown Estates, never married, and died in 1822. He was succeeded by the surviving son, Colonel Robert La Touche, who had represented Harristown as the colleague of his elder brother in the Last Parliament. He had entered the previous Parliament (1790-1797) as member for the Borough upon the death of one of the representatives of Harristown, Sir Francis Aylmer, and had again been returned at the general election of 1797, and sat until the Union. To that measure, with his father and elder brother, he had offered an unflinching opposition. Robert La Touche was Captain, and afterwards Colonel of the Kilcullen Yeomanry Cavalry, and his regiment presented him with an inscribed sword in recognition of his services with the corps. This beautiful weapon is now preserved at Harristown by his grandson, Mr. Robert Percy O'Connor La Touche, D.L., the present owner of Harristown. In 1810 Colonel Robert La Touche married the Lady Emily Keating Trench, youngest daughter of William Le Poer Keating Trench, First Earl of Clancarty, and sister to the Right Hon. Richard Le Poer Trench, Knight of the Shire for the County of Galway in the last Parliament, and subsequently second Earl of Clancarty.

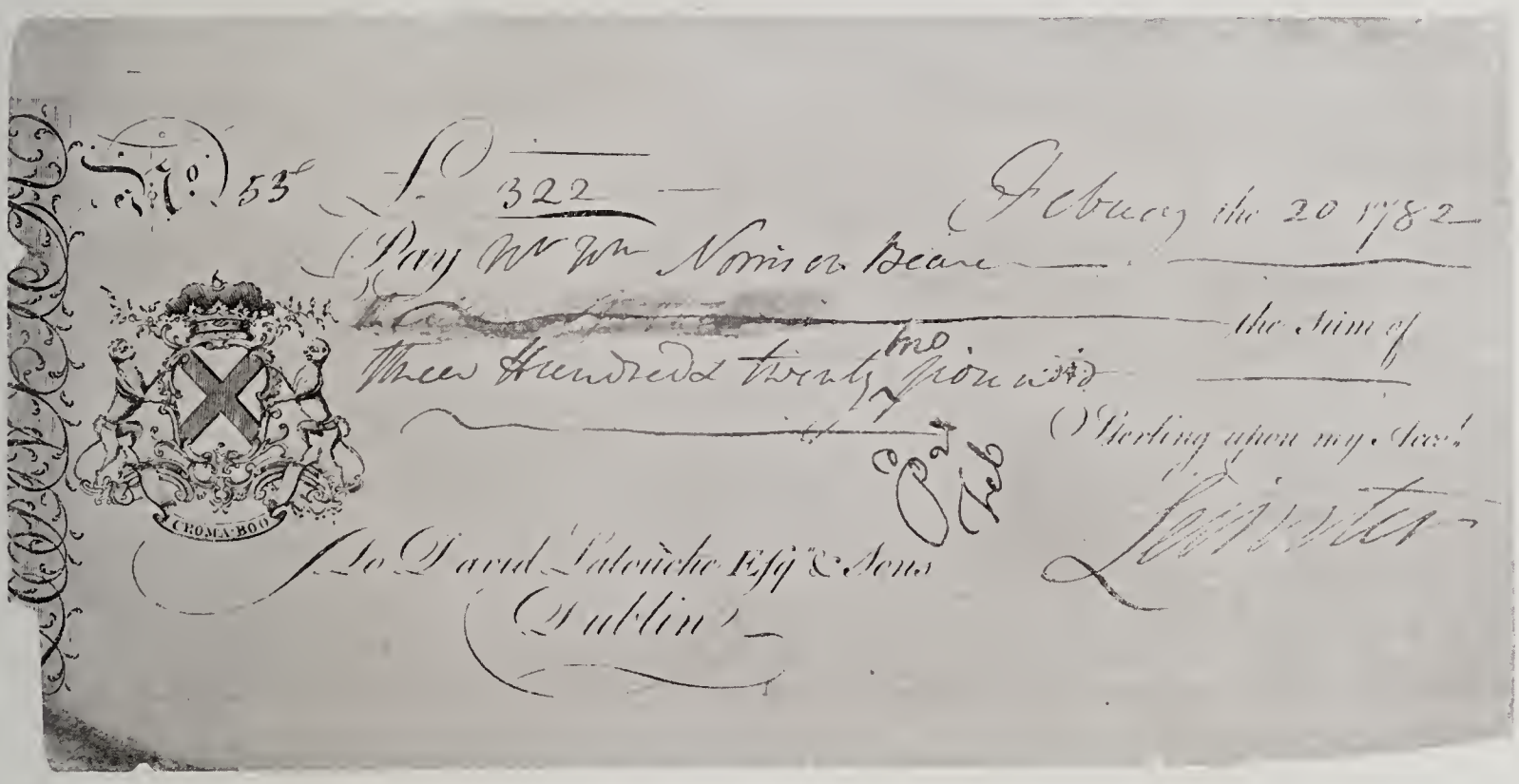
The best epitaph for these gentlemen, the "Five Just Men," who, in a time of peculiar difficulty and danger, preserved undimmed the lustre of a great name, was written by the historian, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, in his *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* :—

"In the Last Parliament of Ireland no less than five members of the name sat in the House of Commons, and his (the Right Hon David La Touche's) family may claim what is in truth the highest honour of which an Irish family can boast—that during many sucessive Governments, and in a period of most lavish corruption, it possessed great Parliamentary influence, and yet passed through political life untitled and unstained."

. . . . . .

The La Touche family anticipated Tennyson in their widespread benevolences, but to record these separately would need a considerable volume. It may, however, be said that the gentlemen of the family taught "the orphan boy to read," for was not the Right Hon. David La Touche deeply interested in the Bluecoat Hospital, and assuredly the ladies of the family taught "the orphan girl to sew," for the Female Orphan House, on the North Circular Road, Dublin is a memorial to the goodness of Mrs. Peter La Touche, of Bellevue This gracious lady prevailed upon the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, D.D., to leave his dying bed and preach that wonderful sermon in aid of the Orphan House, which had such an extraordinary effect upon his congregation, that the offertory boxes were piled with money, and many of the purses and trinkets of Dr. Kirwan's deeply-moved congregation. The incident was made the subject of a beautiful work by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A. In this picture Dr. Kirwan is depicted in the pulpit, with a body of the orphan girls, in their quaint Georgian caps in the background. Upon the steps of the pulpit are a number of delightful little figures, emblematic of fatherless and motherless childhood. These beautiful little figures were painted from the children of David La Touche (the younger) of Newcastle, and his wife, Lady Cecilia La Touche. A replica of this charming work of art graced the pages of THE LADY OF THE HOUSE last Christmas.

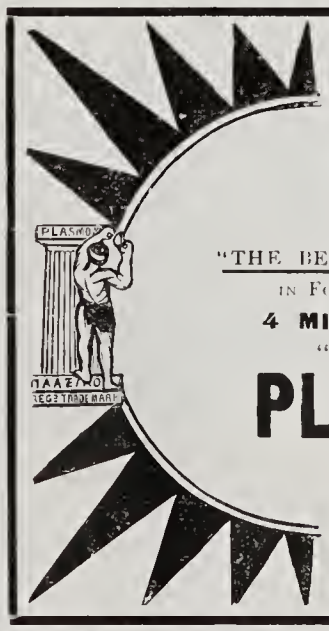
ONE OF THE EARLIEST IRISH CHEQUES.



DRAFT DRAWN BY WILLIAM ROBERT, SECOND DUKE OF LEINSTER, K.P., UPON DAVID LA TOUCHE, ESQ., & SONS, DUBLIN.

* Colonel Robert La Touche, M.P. for Harristown, Co. Kildare.

† W. E. H. Lecky's *Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iii., p. 545.



"The Premier Foods of their Class." *See MEDICAL TIMES, 26th June, 1909.*

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"MUCH Greater Nutritive Value than Ordinary Cocoa."

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The Royal Victoria Hotel,



The Home of Royalties and other Distinguished Personages when Touring in Ireland, is now Booking Christmas Visitors.

Inclusive Rate for each person, **10/-** per day. Over 100 Rooms. New Lounge Hall. First Class French Cuisine.

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JAPANESE WORM BALLS.
One dose sufficient. No other medicine or oil necessary. In boxes, **1/-, 2/6, 5/-,** etc., postage 1d. extra.

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The only certain remedy for Red Mange, Eczema, and all Skin troubles. Promotes rapid growth of coat. Kills insects instantaneously.
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The New Fruit Food for Dogs.
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1 cwt. **19/6,** ½ cwt. **9/9,** ¼ cwt. **5/-,** 14 lbs. **2/6.**

FREE. *Advice on diseases of dogs gratis, also our complete descriptive list of Horse, Cattle, and Dog Medicines.*

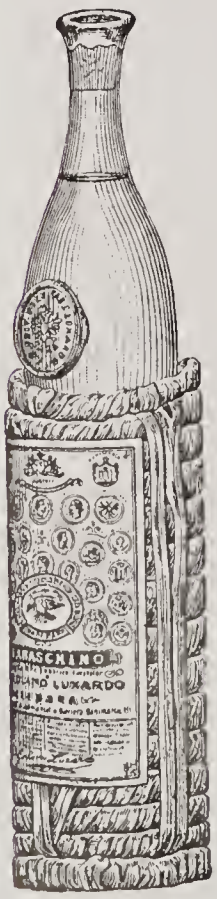
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THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DESART,

Who, in conjunction with her brother-in-law, Captain the Hon. Otway Cuffe, has established at Talbot's Inch, Kilkenny, a furniture factory—the Kilkenny Woodworkers—a Tobacco Farm, and a Woollen Mill. With the exception of one article, a Grandfather's Clock, every item of the beautiful furniture in Lady Desart's house at Talbot's Inch has been made at the local furniture factory.

Last month the Corporation of Kilkenny conferred the Freedom of the City on the Countess Dowager of Desart, who is the first woman to receive the Freedom of an Irish City. The December issue of the LADY OF THE HOUSE *will contain a special article on the Countess Dowager of Desart.*

WHALING OFF THE COAST OF MAYO.



A WHALE'S HEAD AT THE NEW ELLY HARBOUR OF THAT BLACKSOD WHALING CO., CO. MAYO.

The figure in the background is that of Captain Lorenz Bruun, who has established the Whaling Industry at Elly Harbour, Blacksod Bay. He is seated in the mouth of the leviathan, and his companion is the Rev. M McHale, P.P., of Kilmore, Erris, Co. Mayo.

From a Photograph by the Rev. M. McLoughlin, C.C., Kilmore, Erris.

SPECIALITIES.

CULTIVATE A HOBBY

We are no great believers in cut and dried maxims, bnt one, at least, has always had for us an element of convincement—to wit, that which says that—"an idle brain is the devil's workshop." All sensible people nowadays cultivate some sensible hobby; it diversifies drab outline and fills up the odd half-hours. For a lady with artistic tastes and some sense of colour, we can conceive of no more delightful hobby in the dull winter evenings than steady pursuit of the art and mystery of "Aspinalling." By means of Aspinall's famous enamels one can practically re-furnish one's house. Old wicker chairs, brackets, and other inconsidered articles of furniture come out as new when treated by these enamels, which, let it be noted, give the object painted a beautiful glossy porcelain-like surface All baths and hot-water cans should be re-painted once every twelve months with Aspinall's Special Bath Enamel, the best-known preservative against rust. We refrain from saying more on this score as full directions as to use are given on each tin of Aspinall's Oxydised Enamel. The rest is a matter of artistic ingenuity and pleasing experiment. Those who think of taking up the hobby should note that a special show of Aspinall's Enamel for Christmas decoration, is now being made at Messrs. Hampton, Leedom & Co., Ltd., 50, Henry Street Dublin.

CHRISTMAS AT KILLARNEY.

Christmas at the famous Irish lakes is a great novelty, and the Royal Victoria Hotel, Killarney, is to be congratulated for suggesting a most capital way of spending the holiday. The inclusive rate for the Christmas season has been fixed at ten shillings a day—an exceptionally moderate tariff. The Royal Victoria Hotel is beautifully situated, facing the island of Innisfallen, the most lovely spot at the lakes. The hotel is distinguished as the home of royalties and important personages when touring in Ireland, and the hotel register is embellished with the signatures of a large number of sovereigns, and prominent amongst these is the name of the late King Edward VII., who never stayed at any other hotel at the Irish lakes but the Royal Victoria. A residence at this "Home of Kings" and at the loveliest spot in the world, presents a delightful prospect for those who intend to spend the Christmas of 1910 from home, more especially when the cost has been arranged on such essentially reasonable lines. The visitor is offered the choice of one hundred rooms, and the French cuisine at this celebrated establishment is stamped with the approval of the large body of epicures who have enjoyed the delights of a holiday at the Royal Victoria Hotel, Killarney. A handsome illustrated brochure, tariff, and all information will be forwarded on receipt of post card.

ARE YOU AWARE OF THIS?

Dyeing, if not the oldest of all the arts, must be the next best thing. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. It had been known and practised for centuries before the ancient Britons painted their bodies with wood. The earliest mention of the art of dyeing occurs in the 35th chapter of Exodus, which dates from B.C. 1491. Almost five hundred years ago a treatise on the subject was published at Venice. One is, therefore, safe in saying that expert dyer of to-day is "heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." The period of experiment is so long past that he is sure of his results. That is one of the reasons why the great Irish firm of Prescotts do such satisfactory work. They are master magicians, and old-faded garments and household furnishings, having once passed through their hands, come out as new. For permanency and beauty of coloring their work as dyers cannot be excelled. Talbot Street, Dublin, is the head address of the firm, but there are efficient branch establishments in Belfast, Cork, and Limerick.

Colman's DSF Mustard

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GUINNESS'S BREWERY, LOWER LEVEL, DUBLIN.



THE PACKING ENGINES FILLING CASKS AT GUINNESS'S BREWERY, DUBLIN.

TO be but a small, tiny dot in the map of the Universe, Ireland holds its own remarkably well wherever language is a method of expression and communication. In fact, it might be remarked without any pretence at exaggeration that it is almost impossible to speak of the necessities of every-day life without taking into consideration the prominent part our island plays in ministering to earthly needs. On many a page of history are told the deeds of the gallantry of Irishmen on every field, and hath not Peace her victories no less renowned than War? Who will say to the contrary when we mention some of the veritable captains of commerce who have made Ireland's fame renowned in possessing the Six Greatest Things in the World?

Dublin owns but one of Ireland's Six Greatest Things in the World, while the other five find their home in Belfast, called into being, energised and extended by the dynamic forcefulness of the Ulstermen. Dublin's one great claim to manufacturing pre-eminence is found in that vast Brewery whose great expanse and world-wide ramifications stand without parallel in Germany, England, or America. It is the most distinctively Irish undertaking in the land, from its chairman, Lord Iveagh—who bears the honoured old native Irish name of Guinness—to the firm's world-known trade mark, the Irish harp. We therefore give pride of place amongst Ireland's "Six Greatest Things" to—



MESSRS. ARTHUR GUINNESS, SON & CO., LTD., JAMES'S GATE BREWERY, DUBLIN, THE LARGEST BREWERY IN THE WORLD.

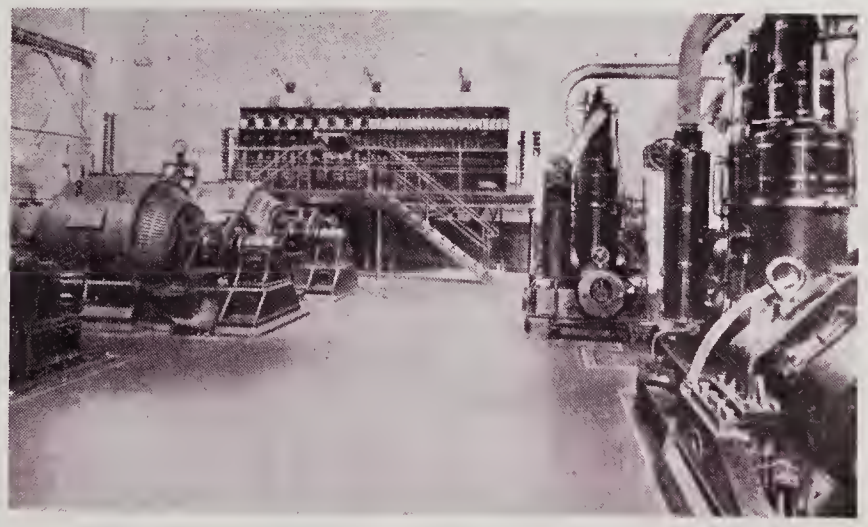
No. 1—THE GREATEST BREWERY IN THE WORLD.

Just a century and a-half ago the ancient name of Guinness became associated with the brewing industry in the city of Dublin. To-day it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that it is known in every corner of the world, and that the great development of the business proceeds in one long, linked chain of progress.

There are at present upwards of sixty-thousand breweries in existence. Of these the brewery at James's Gate is the leviathan, the mammoth concern amongst the multitude. It is high on the list of seniority, but it leads them all in respect of magnitude, perfect equipment, great output, and remarkable earning power. The pre-eminence of Guinness's may be realised by reflecting that, on an average, twelve hundred of the world's breweries would need to combine in order to meet the demand which the great brewery at James's Gate fulfils with so little apparent effort. This estimate is arrived at by comparing



THE EMPTY CASK DEPARTMENT, GUINNESS'S BREWERY, DUBLIN.



ELECTRIC POWER STATION, GUINNESS'S BREWERY, DUBLIN.

Ireland's Six Greatest Things in the World.

the output of the great Dublin brewery with the total produce of the world's breweries. Guinness's, in fact, produces one-fiftieth of the world's output, although it is but one establishment in an army of sixty thousand.

Many people are under the erroneous impression that the record for big breweries is held in England. As a matter of fact the brewery with the greatest output in Great Britain, pays less than half the duty disbursed to the Government by "Guinness's," who are liable to the same duties as their English and Scottish fellow-brewers.

What is the secret which has secured for this marvellous business such a world's record? Practically everybody in the world, interested in the brewing and allied industries, visits the great concern at James's Gate. In other businesses uninvited experts are unwelcome. "To avoid the pain of refusal, visitors are courteously requested not to ask to see the works," is a notice displayed in many offices of great concerns. At James's Gate it is otherwise. The properly introduced visitor, be he expert or layman, is welcome, and the comfort of every visitor, when viewing the fifty acres of premises and plant is specially provided for. The ordinary sight-seer will be amazed at the number and size of the mash and fermenting tuns. His knowledge of measures of capacity will be greatly in excess of that of most people when he has viewed the 150 vats in the vat-houses. One vat alone would accommodate enough stout to supply 2½ pints to every soldier in the British Army. The visitor moves about amongst a vast body of over 3,000 busy workers representing a great variety of arts and crafts.

To the uninitiated this, and much more that one sees, is of absorbing interest. To the expert it is one of the most interesting experiences of his life's work. If he seeks information, it is forthcoming. There are no secrets. The whole story of the development of this leviathan amongst modern industrial enterprises, will be laid plainly and openly before him. As in other great industries, the quality of the water supply is of paramount importance. Guinness's use up annually a quantity equal to one-fourth the storage capacity of the reservoirs available for the Irish Metropolis, but they derive their supply from special springs. For cooling purposes, the required quantity is procured from a noted well on the company's premises. The special spring water, used in the brewing, has a high extractive value. The malt and hops are, absolutely, the finest grown. None but the choicest produce will be purchased. If all the barley raised in Ireland was of the right quality every grain could be malted here, and utilised in the manufacture. Hops are the principal raw material imported, for the climate of Ireland is not found suitable to the culture of the vines, and these represent, approximately, the produce of 10,000 acres of land. Starting with the most perfect combination of suitable materials, the most modern methods, and the highest standard of efficiency, these essentials are applied to achieve the desired result. The firm has a tradition of honourable dealing to maintain, and sustains it with a steadfastness characteristic of the uniform high quality of the beverage which they manufacture for the public. These are the open secrets of the great firm's success. Expert visitors may be enabled to recognise and adopt improved methods and appliances in use at James's Gate, but in uniform quality and excellence the produce of Messrs. Arthur Guinness, Son & Co.'s great brewery remain untouched.

It has the highest value among beverages as a food and a tonic. The public, an unerring judge of standard value in the long run, has placed Guinness's Brewery and Guinness's Stout first in the high favour of mankind. Nor does the public interest end with the staple product of James's Gate Brewery. Thousands of investors, large and small, derive a regular income from its well-merited popularity.

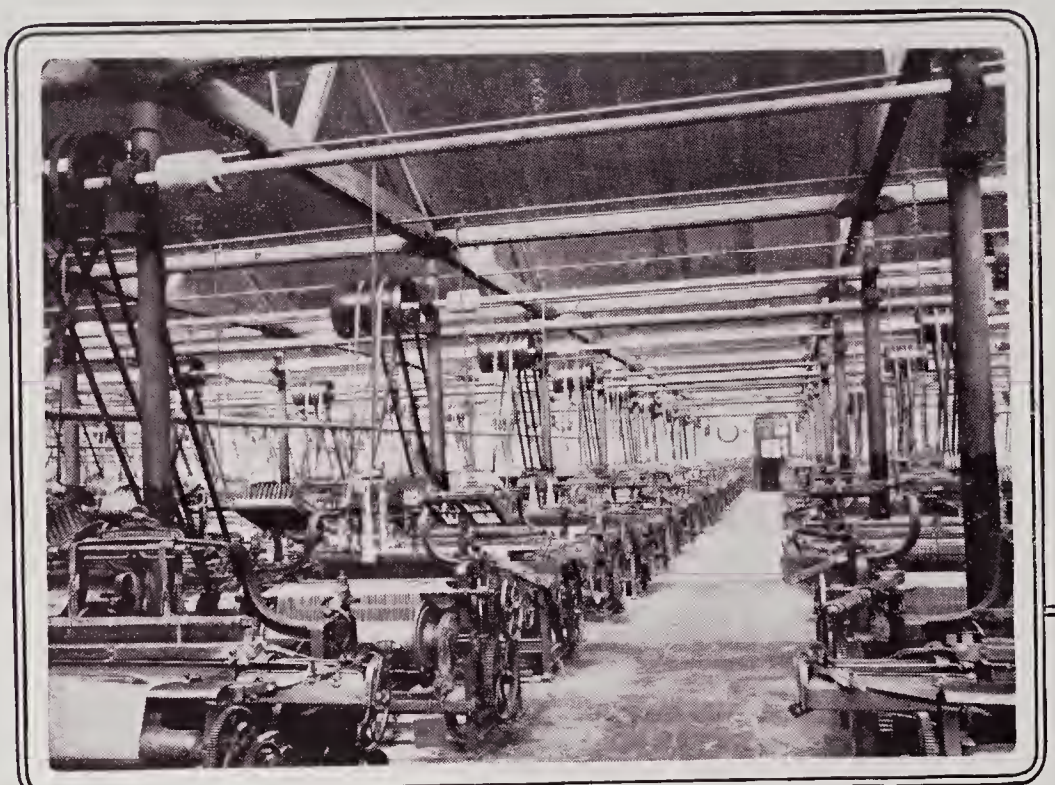
For the year ended 30th June last, the company earned the great profit of one and the third of a million pounds sterling. A round million, less £34,422, has been distributed amongst the shareholders. As a matter of fact, during the twelve months, a larger amount in cash was paid to the Inland Revenue Commissioners than to the shareholders, but the latter have some consolation in knowing that, what they did not receive in ready money has been placed to reserve and depreciation funds, and a portion carried forward to next year's profits.

To appreciate the great volume of business these earnings represent, we may express it this way—the profit upon ONE working day's business at James's Gate would be amply sufficient to pay a sure 4% dividend on an enterprise with a capital approximating to £80,000; or, to put it in another way, 5,300 families could be maintained annually in comfortable circumstances on the net profits, the head of each family being liable to income tax. The number of officers and employees engaged by the company is in or about 3,500 representing 11,000 persons dependent on incomes derived from services given to the brewery. This estimate takes no account of the money earned by barley and hop growers and various carrying agencies conveying the company's product to the markets, and delivering an average of 10,000 returned empty casks into the brewery yards each working day.

As a last curiosity in figures it may be mentioned that the bottle labels printed for all their customers are so numerous that, if placed end to end along the line of the equator the familiar yellow ovals issued in one year would make a complete belt round the widest part of the earth's circumference.

In the twenty-four years that have elapsed since the Brewery was converted into a public company, there were only eight in which the net

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ONE SIDE OF THE VAST YORK STREET MILLS, BELFAST.

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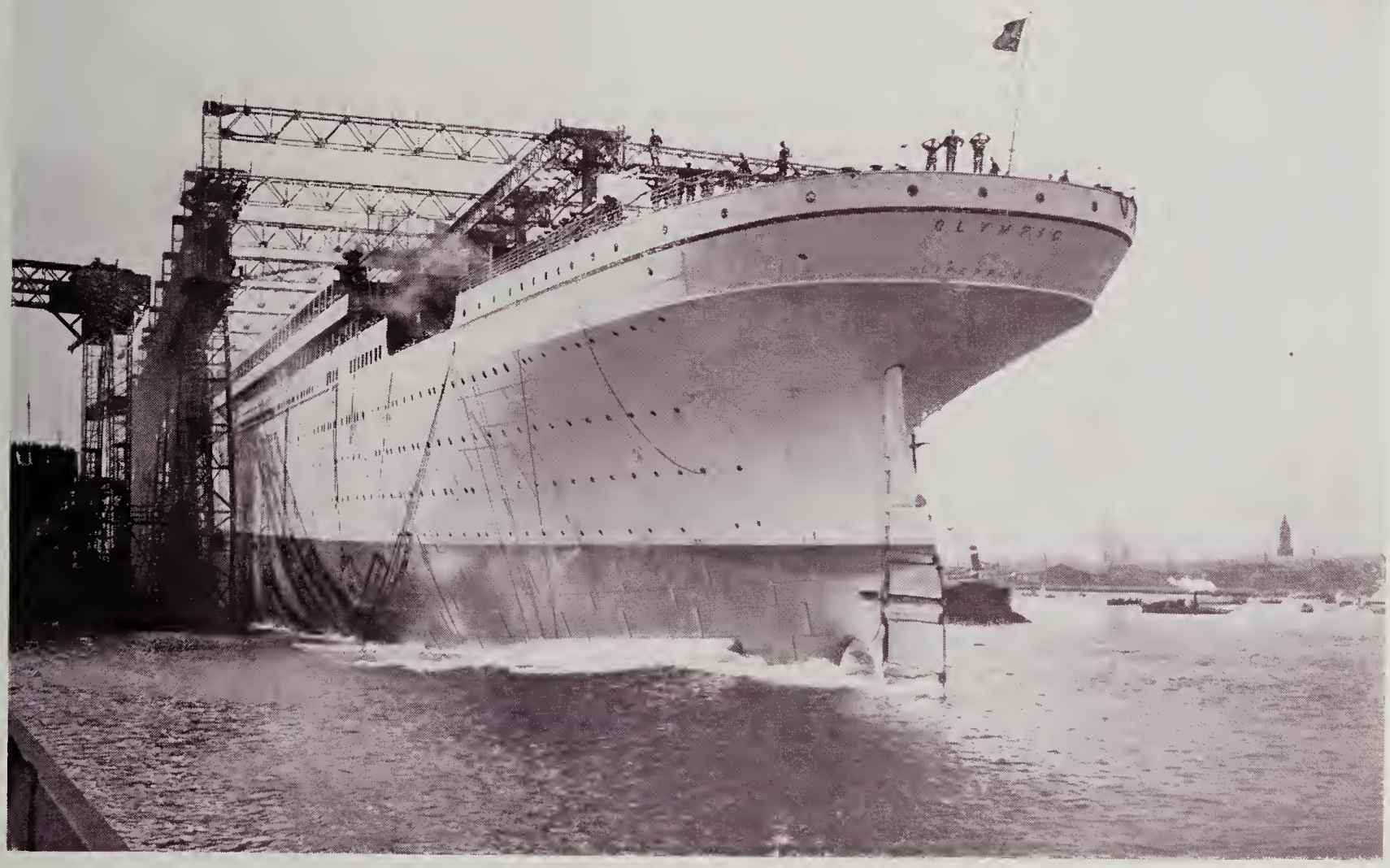
A perfect substitute for Breast Milk—so perfect, indeed, that it suits baby from birth.

THE GREATEST SHIPYARD IN THE WORLD.



THE GREATEST GANTRIES IN THE WORLD, AT MESSRS. HARLAND & WOLFF'S BELFAST SHIPYARD.

The small object occupying the centre of the right-hand gantry is the keel of the White Star Royal Mail Steamer Olympic (45,000 *tons*), *the largest ship in the world, launched* 20*th October,* 1910.



THE LAUNCH OF THE OLYMPIC, THE LARGEST VESSEL IN THE WORLD, FROM MESSRS. HARLAND & WOLFF'S SHIPYARD, THURSDAY, 20TH OCTOBER, 1910.
THE OLYMPIC LEAVING THE GANTRY

Ireland's Six Greatest Things in the World.

profits showed a decrease on the previous year, whilst for 1910 they were £75,000 higher than the previous highest. No man can foresee the limit of the firm's progress. Since its first inception a Guinness has always directed the fortunes of the firm. During the years of its greatest growth—those later years—the earlier condition continued, for it is almost superfluous to mention that Lord Iveagh has, for years, been the noble chairman of this famous undertaking. He is notably the greatest individual benefactor that Dublin possesses the thoughtful citizen who



THE BELFAST ROPEWORKS,
THE LARGEST WORKS OF THEIR KIND IN EXISTENCE.

has supplied essential needs to the submerged tenth in the guise of numerous philanthropic enterprises associated with his name in the Liberties and elsewhere. The citizens of Dublin—indeed, the people of all Ireland, for every corner of Ireland is represented in the Brewery service,—are glad to know that the name of the Guinness family will be associated with this great concern and maintain its honourable traditions for at least as many generations as the present one is likely to be interested in.

Having examined and admitted Dublin's one unquestionable claim to industrial greatness, we now turn to that proud Irish city which enjoys the unique distinction of owning five of the greatest things of their kind in the world. These cover a wide range of human activity, and include a mammoth ship-building yard, a leviathan linen mill, a great rope works, and a tobacco factory, unparalleled for vastness in the world's wide expanse.

It is, indeed, fittingly opportune now when one hears talk of the greatest triumph of the twentieth century, the gigantic White Star liner, S.S. OLYMPIC, that we should turn to

No. II.—THE GREATEST SHIPYARD IN THE WORLD.

It is a genuine world's wonder, not alone by reason of its products, but by reason of its immensity and perfect equipment. Not much over half-a-century ago this site—or a portion of it, for much has been reclaimed from the sea—was occupied by pleasure gardens, and a nook where schoolboys bathed. EHEU! what a metamorphosis from the caterer's tea kettle to immense boilers that would tax two score horses to draw. The infant firm of Hickson & Co. had as their manager, the late Edward Harland (who later became Sir Edward Harland, Bart., M.P., and a statue of whom adorns Belfast City Hall Gardens) The young manager was far seeing. He had pluck, too, for when in 1858 the business showed signs of languishing, he made a bid and acquired it, as well as the small adjoining yard. Then joined by a young German, Gustavus Wolff, in 1861 began the extraordinary career in which an insignificant little place grew and prospered until now it has no equal, and from its slipways again and again, has gone forth "the largest ship in the world." In fact, it is credited to Lord Pirrie, how half-jestingly he declared that his firm were prepared to quote for new ships by the mile. This has become more than true, when we see the OLYMPIC stretching over one-sixth of a mile, and even she is only a stage in progress. A later partner than G. W. Wolff (now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* earned by a strenuous life) was Lord Pirrie, P.C., who joined in 1874, and is now the chief figurehead. Forty-two years is not much in a dynasty, yet to-day, the Right Hon. Alex. M. Carlisle, P.C., managing director of the firm, will tell you that he has, of himself, taken active part in launching 240 vessels from Queen's Island—and the very big majority of them ocean liners. Of course, it is well known that there have been brought about perfect revolutions in shipbuilding, and nothing more momentous, perhaps, than the placing of the cabins amidships.

Pass along Queen's Road at noon on a Saturday, and you get a glimpse of what this big industry means. Corrugated iron buildings seem limitless on either side, as they guide this streaming crowd which moves along homewards, as if every second lost on the way was of consequence. There are 12,000 of them — more than the entire population of Wexford, men, women, and children—and every weekly pay-day they draw as much as £20,000, that finds its way into circulation. Modern day success requires modern day equipment. It is so with the Harland & Wolff concern. It is the new order of things to supersede steam by electricity, and so the Electric Power Station itself is a sight worth seeing. It is amazing how electricity is brought into use from operations so diverse as heating the tiny glue-pot of an apprentice upholsterer to the cutting of a massive steel plate five inches thick. Every where is order, everywhere the co-ordination of mind, muscle, and machine. The rivets are driven home by a machine which exercises precision akin to that of a skilled jeweller.

Even a launch — a thrilling moment in the privileged sightseer's life—is considered a mere ordinary day event at Queen's Island. Nine months ago the hour for the ship's dispatch from her cradle was fixed. The time arrives, and everything is in readiness. The exact moment to the second is indicated by the chronometer. Then a slender steel lever, no thicker than a walking cane is deflected to depress the hydraulic trigger, and lo! behold! a mass of steel, 28,000 tons in bulk, glides into the water! Could anything be more simple? Within 67 seconds the OLYMPIC had cleared from terra firma; and, ten minutes after she had reached buoyancy, men were beginning to put down the keel of her successor. What does this great industry mean in wealth? Look to-day around you at the area covered by the two adjoining yards—Harland & Wolff's and Workman & Clark's, and within 30 acres, you see shipping representing as much as would settle the Land Question for once and all. The OLYMPIC and TITANIC alone represent 11 millions sterling. So much for the shipyard proper, ere we come to consider—

III.—THE GREATEST GANTRIES IN THE WORLD.

Of course, they are part and parcel of Queen's Island. When you approach Belfast by one or other of the cross-channel steamers these are the first landmarks that catch your gaze Miles out you can see them, and from the land side they dominate Belfast as much as does the lofty



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Ireland's Six Greatest Things in the World.

dome of the City Hall. Yea, they are even higher than the latter, since their child, the OLYMPIC, extends higher from keel to bridge jack than the municipal edifice. Silhouetted against the sky, its height over all is 185 feet—51 feet higher than Nelson's Pillar—and its length, end to end, 600 feet, or as long as Sackville Street proper. There are two of these gigantic mechanical structures—one nearer Queen's Bridge, a single erection, with splendidly balanced projecting arms extending 106 feet on either side of the gantry, thus serving the part of elevating and conveying material, up to a 10 ton load, as well as tending the rivetting machines, to ships building on either side. This gantry, erected by the Brown Engineering Co., of Cleveland, U.S.A., cost alone as much as £80,000. But yet it is a miniature compared with the great gantry shown in our illustration, which is double in form, connected with a transverse bridge, and covers both the OLYMPIC and her sister (not launched yet), the TITANIC. This great engineering work—much more wonderful than the Forth Bridge in its varied uses, cost £120,000, and is indicative of the vast money suuk in Belfast shipbuilding. Nor does this comprise all, since at the fitting-out wharf is an electric floating crane which lifts 250 tons at a time with as much ease as you or I would handle a paperweight. And when we are at Queen's Island, we must consider the uew Graving Dry Dock, which has involved an outlay of at least £360,000, and will accommodate any ship up to 850 feet.

Shipping suggests ropes, but those of us who "know our ropes," so to write, are fully aware that the discardment of ropes is one of the developments of modern shipping. The bare, stunt poles have superseded the graceful, towering masts, with their intertwining array of rigging, royals, braces, and what not fal-lals of rope vernacular. And yet, paradoxical enough, the industry of rope-making is far from decaying; and Mr. G. W. Wolff is prominent in the directorate of

IV. — THE WORLD'S GREATEST ROPEWORKS.

To reach these, known as the Belfast Ropeworks Co., Ltd., we must travel to the outskirts of the commercial capital of Erin's Isle. It is a sight to astouish us, these works covering 34 acres, and employing 3,500 persons directly, and indirectly a great many more. Practically everything from a fine fishing line—its 60 fathoms weighing just an ounce, to a great cable measuring 20 inches in circumference, and weighing 4 or 5 tons, is made here. Look at a piece of ordinary shop twine, and it may interest you to know that a pound represents 1,000 yards, so that 1,300 miles of it go to the ton. Of this, the firm produces weekly 130,000 miles—as much about as would encircle the earth six times over. Where does it all go? No need to ask when you know that the Ropeworks Co. has 30,000 customers on its books, and it prides itself on the fact that its products embrace 3,500 different sizes and varieties of ropes, twines, and lines, which are sent from Hammerfest, the most northerly, to Punta Arenas, the most southerly town in the world. Moreover, its products are used in the lofty aeroplane, soaring high in the heavens, as they are used in the net trawling in the deepest seas. It is an industry we may be well proud of. Yea, in literature this firm has given us Dr. Samuel Smiles, of "Self-Help" fame.

The first item of economic information lisped by the infant in the National School is that Ireland produces linen, so we pass to—

V.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST LINEN FACTORY.

We find this "greatest" also in the North—that of York Street Flax Spinning Co., Ltd; for while linen was made at one time in various centres all over Ireland, it is now virtually confined to the North-East corner. Yet in Belfast cotton held sway about 1800. Then begau a change. Historians tell us that its growth was due to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, expelling the linen weavers to Ulster, just as a similar colony of silk weavers came to settle in Dublin. This may be so, but a more probable theory is, that the cotton industry had waned through manufacturers cutting prices, and still more, at a later date, by the American War putting a stoppage to the import of raw cotton. At any rate, after York Street Mill, which had hitherto been employed in spinning and weaving cotton, was destroyed by fire in 1828, Mr. John Mulholland (afterwards created Baron Dunleath) decided on rebuilding the works in 1830, that linen, NOT cotton, should engage his attention. Moreover, Mulholland's example was soon followed by others. At the same time, while linen mills by the score, of huge size, are found in Belfast, York Street still remains the world's largest. It is certainly a great concern, this mill, with its sides flanking four streets, and even then requiring several supplementary works in Henry Street, in York Road, and in Antrim.

It is no place for uervous or irritable people, with its 90,000 spindles, and its 1,000 power looms looked after by as many operatives as there are people in a good sized town like Dundalk. The great frames clack, clatter, and whirr, as they move to and fro; the huge shuttle shoots uncannily back and forward; the threads move along in parallel rows; the spindles go revolviug round so swiftly as to blur their outline, and the noise is very great. In the basement is stored the raw material—grey flax fibre, the product chiefly of four countries—Ireland, Belgium, Holland, and Russia. It passes stage by stage through the various departments, and when we come to the despatch room we learn how widespread is the destination of Irish linen. Yea, it is indeed a lesson in practical geography to stand beside the checker any afternoon what time he ticks off the marks and destinations of the various bales and strongly bound boxes. For travelling round the world and back again in a breath it makes the cinematograph a very feeble rival. Boston, and Ballarat, Yokohama and Buenos Aires, Melbourne and Moscow, New York and Nairobi, Vienna and Valparaiso—these are all in one evening's despatch. Why, Spain itself calls for three waggon loads; and had the people of Great Britain as great a taste for fine linen as the Spaniards, our home trade would be trebled.

It does not astouish us to be told that every full working day the spindles at York Street Mills produce a thread of 125,000 miles, so that it would go five times round the earth at the Equator. Here Ireland need fear no rival ever.

Having visited the largest linen factory in the world, it is strange that we need only step next door in York Street, Belfast, to be in—

VI.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST TOBACCO FACTORY.

It, as everybody knows, is that of Messrs. Gallaher, Ltd. Carnegie has given his biography to the public, and when Mr. Tom Gallaher —justly styled "The Tobacco King"—gives his, what an inspiring volume it will be. Originally hailing from Derry, he threw off his coat forty years ago, determined to conquer. His struggle has been all uphill, and though he has got there alright, he is to-day the busiest, and withal the most modest individual among the 2,000 who earn their living in his big concern. Bless me! it's a day's journey to traverse it from end to end. There it stands, just as York Street Linen Mill does, on a similar area, bounded by four wide streets. The site covers four acres, but when you remember that there are five—and, in some portions, six—floors of like area you get a total space of about 22 acres, which is almost twice the size of Merrion Sq. And not a sq. foot of this space but is utilised either by leaf, by the latest machinery, by offices, or by some particular branch of the process.

It seems peculiar why from the broad United States, Turkey, Egypt, China, and even far-away Japan raw tobacco should be brought here to Ireland to be merely distributed again in a more widespread fashion. Dr. T. K. Uprichard tells how, in his explorations in New Guinea, he found cannibal savages treasuring an empty Gallaher "Gold Plate" tin as an idol and mascot. Though tobacco can only be classed as a luxury, it plays a tremendous part in the economic and political world, as undoubtedly as it does in the social, for "the pipe of peace" is more than a mere saying. In the bonded stores of Gallaher, Ltd., is tobacco to the value of £300,000 carefully under excise supervision. Whereat one is not surprised for each cask of the raw material means £200 in duty for the upkeep of our army and navy. Mr. Gallaher should be a persona grata with the Government. Certainly he is one of its most solid supporters, since he pays as much as a million and a quarter sterling in duty each year, aud a cheque for £120,000 to be paid on any one day is not unusual. Great is Gallahers', for it has even survived the fierce opposition of the great American Tobacco Combine, which did its utmost to crush out of existence this independent Irish firm. But Gallahers'—a private concern with a capital of £1,000,000, controlled by one man—came out of the crush actually greater in determination and output. In far-off Virginia its warehouses are as big as in Belfast, so it has every claim to be international.

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Ireland's First Steps towards Great Achievements.

THE PIONEER ELECTRIC TRAMWAY OF THE WORLD.

IT is remarkable what a foremost place Irishmen have taken in the world, not only in such public matters as politics, soldiering, journalism, and the rest, but in the less openly-exploited fields of science, especially as regards engineering and means of locomotion. And it is only a little less remarkable how ignorant Irishmen in general are of what our countrymen have done in this way for themselves and the universe at large.

How many of us, for instance, are at all aware that the pioneer electric tramway of the world was first started between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway by the enterprise and inventive genius of an Irishman, Mr. William A. Traill, C.E., M.A., Eng. F.R.G.S.I., and brother of our own Dr. Anthony Traill, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin? As far back as 1882 this gentleman proposed to Dr. (afterwards Sir) William Siemens that the tramway to the Giant's Causeway, for which the latter had just obtained Parliamentary powers, should be carried out on electric lines, the electricity to be generated by water from the River Bush, which gives its name to the town of Bushmills. The project, it need not be said, was one of well-nigh appalling difficulty—difficulty not rendered any the less by the opposition of some unenlightened farmers and landowners through whose property the proposed tramway should run. Roads were bad, some lying right along the sheer edge of the cliff; hills had to be levelled; while insulating materials were at that infant stage of electrical development few and indifferent, and experience in the construction of dynamos naturally extremely limited.



MR. WILLIAM A. TRAILL, C.E.,
The Inventor of the Electric Tramway.

The first hydro-electric power station ever constructed is situated on the River Bush, less than a mile up from Bushmills at the Salmon Leap, where a fall of 25 feet of water was obtainable; and though new turbines have been erected, its original features remain pretty much the same. The present generator is the fifth that has been installed, each new one being in turn more efficient and up-to-date than its predecessor. "The installation," as a little booklet on the subject informs us, "while being left so far behind by the numerous electric power stations of the present day, has a unique importance attached to it as the first hydro-electric power station ever constructed for the propulsion of electric tramcars, still preserving its original features and, after twenty-seven years, still doing its work efficiently and well."



THE FIRST ELECTRIC RAILWAY—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY TO PORTRUSH, CO. ANTRIM.

Of this small but famous line Mr. Traill, owing to its unusual mode of construction, was contractor as well as engineer, and it is interesting to learn that the line has come to be popularly known as the Traillway. It is also worthy of note that his head electrician had been originally Mr. Traill's coachman, and was trained by his master to the duties of his new and intricate business. In the beginning they were without proper insulated cables, and were first obliged to adopt a side-conductor rail, insulated as best they could, and which, as things advanced, became replaced by the overhead system. The tramway was formally opened on September 28th, 1883, by Lord Spencer, the "Red Earl," then Viceroy of Ireland, and the six miles journey in cars drawn by electricity generated by water power was rightly considered at the time "one of the most interesting efforts of engineering, and a feat unique in the annals of a new motive power."

The "conduit system," by the way, was one of Mr. Traill's original ideas, for which he took out patents in 1883, afterwards selling them to America for a very disproportionate sum, since there seemed at the time so little prospect of its being generally introduced. It is almost amusing to read to-day an account of the opposition directed against this tramway, which now carries annually no less than 140,000 visitors to view the basaltic wonders of the Causeway. On the day of the inaugural journey the ordinarily peaceful village of Bushmills was like an armed camp. A threatening letter, moreover, had been sent to the poor "Red Earl," and partly on that account, and partly no doubt as a guard of honour, the whole railway from Portrush to Bushmills was lined by a battalion of Enniskillings, and as many police again, on horseback and on foot. It is gratifying, however, to know that nothing calamitous occurred, and that Mr. Traill has lived to see the ultimate world-wide triumph of his epoch-marking invention.

THE FIRST SINGLE-LINE RAILWAY—LARTIGUE LINE BETWEEN LISTOWEL AND BALLYBUNION.

Another invention of which Ireland proved the pioneer is the monorail which runs through Kerry between the towns of Listowel and Ballybunion. This monorail was introduced into Ireland at a very early date, and was the very first European example of this means of locomotion, though a one-rail system which permits of a very fast rate of speed, but which as yet has hardly come to anything practical, has been latterly adopted between two such important and busy centres as Manchester and Liverpool. The puzzle is to know how the train, perched so insecurely, as it seems, on top of a single raised track, ever adheres to the line at all; but the secret lies, I am told, in the system of balancing, and there are, to be sure, two twin small engines to each train, one on each side of the monorail.

A waggish story is told of this Lartigue line in Kerry, that at one time its managers were commissioned with the carriage of a cow, which they could only undertake safely by borrowing another of similar weight to balance it. And it is further recorded that those in charge have since never been able to get rid of the second cow, or at least, if not exactly the same second cow, of the one which since then and down to the present day has taken in turn the important post of balancer!

DIXON'S "ARBUTUS" TOILET SOAP UNRIVALLED FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Ireland's First Steps towards Great Achievements.

It is curious to note the strange appearance of the single railway track, still more the railway station with its series of single and apparently meaningless lines. I have never had the exciting experience of travelling on the Lartigue railway, but many of my friends and relatives have done so for a long time back, and I have not heard any of them complain of the slightest inconvenience or discomfort.

IRELAND GIVES THE WORLD THE FIRST SINGLE-RAIL RAILWAY.



THE LARTIGUE LINE, LISTOWEL TO BALLYBUNION, CO. KERRY.

THE GYROSCOPIC SINGLE RAIL RAILROAD.

The Gyroscopic Railway, which recently evoked so much wonder and admiration in London, is the invention of another Irishman, Mr. Louis Brennan, whose factory is at Gillingham, Kent, and who has been awarded for it the Grand Prize at the Japan-British Exhibition, the very highest award it is possible to receive.

This is even a more wonderful contrivance than the Lartigue mono-rail, in fact it has rightly been described as "a miracle," and can be so easily and quickly constructed over rough roads that the invention must prove specially useful for military purposes. The car can be run by steam, petrol, or electricity, and the one recently exhibited had two petrol engines, it being desired, in the course of military tactics, to avoid the visibility of steam. The car is not only extremely safe, despite its one rail, but is also capable of great speed, and of taking the sharpest curves without the risk of accident.

AN IRISHMAN INVENTS THE LATEST AND MOST PERFECT MONORAIL RAILWAY.



MR. LOUIS BRENNAN'S MONORAIL.

The pointed front of the train somehow suggests to one's mind the forefront of an aeroplane, and it would be almost easier to imagine that, like an aeroplane, this wonderful contrivance flew over the track instead of adhering steadfastly to the line like any ordinary and well-conducted railway train. As seen from underneath in particular, the mystery of this train's locomotion seems truly marvellous and inexplicable, and high tribute of praise for his ingenuity must be accorded to its inventor, Mr Brennan, who was born at Castlebar, Co. Mayo, and who, judging from his photograph, with its genial, good-natured expression, looks a typical son of the motherland which is so proud to claim him as her own.

THE FIRST MAIL STEAMSHIP TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Until the year 1838, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who at the time were responsible for all postal contracts, had been content to commit Her Majesty's mails to America to the insecure and uncertain charge of sailing vessels which bore the ominous title of "coffin-brigs." And though vessels propelled by steam power had within the previous dozen or so of years occasionally and at irregular intervals traversed the Atlantic, Ireland claims again the ownership of the first vessel to have crossed "the herring-pond" directly, and with the view of establishing regular steam communication between the old country and the new.

On July 5th, 1838, the S.S. Royal William, owned by the City of Dublin Co., was sent direct to America, taking nineteen days going, and fourteen and a half days on the return journey. The City of Dublin's steamers were then the largest and most famous afloat, and the company, which had under consideration the project of opening up regular communication between America and Liverpool, decided to inaugurate the new service by despatching the Royal William, then a new steamer, built two years before. She had already proved herself faster than any of the Government mail steamers passing between Holyhead and Kingstown, and later, when placed on the London station, she did the journey between Falmouth and Kingstown in 23 hours, only an hour or so longer than at the present day. She had cabin accommodation for eighty passengers, and that first departure from Liverpool aroused world-wide interest at the time. Many thousands lined the piers and the riverside, bursting into frantic cheers of enthusiasm as the vessel moved off, while cannons were fired from various points.

FREKE
XMAS PRESENTS:
CHINTZ EMPIRE SHADES, 2/6 to 9/11.
EMBROIDERED PHOTO FRAMES from 1/11.
23, Grafton St., DUBLIN.

Ireland's First Steps towards Great Achievements.

Mr. Samuel Cunard, the originator of the great Atlantic line of steamers bearing his name, was on board the ROYAL WILLIAM on that first adventurous journey, and there is little doubt that as a result of this steamship voyage, which even then clearly demonstrated the superiority of steamships over sailing vessels as a faster and more reliable means of travel for mails, Mr. Cunard, until then merely a prominent merchant of Halifax, Nova Scotia, set his great enterprise on foot, and very soon after was entrusted, together with his partners, (the requisite capital of £270,000 having been subscribed for) by the Government with a seven years' contract for the fortnightly carriage of Her Majesty's mails between Liverpool and Halifax and Boston. So that with a Dublin vessel and a Dublin company lies at least some of the credit for the institution of one of the greatest and most far reaching enterprises of modern days. And with a Belfast firm, which only the other day launched the biggest steamer ever built, lies still the even greater glory of furnishing the largest, best-equipped, and fastest steamers that now cross the Atlantic. In shipbuilding, as in a few other things, Ireland may well lay claim to hold her own against the world.



MR. LOUIS BRENNAN,
The Irishman who has designed and made the perfected Single-rail (Gyroscopic) Railway.

THE FIRST PNEUMATIC TYRE.

With Mr. J. B. Dunlop, of Belfast, but now of Dublin, lies the honour of inventing the first pneumatic tyre, which has revolutionized not only the bicycle, but has evolved a whole world of motor traffic as well. The first bicycle was built in 1819, and was given the fanciful, and as one must think now, the inappropriate title of "The Dandy Bicycle," and also the less flattering name of the "Hobby Horse." It may surprise many to know that already, early in the nineteenth century, a patent was taken out for a rubber tyre to be applied to bicycles. The invention, however, came to nothing at the time, as the vulcanization of rubber, which alone would render such a tyre of use, was then unknown and unthought of. By a singular coincidence, however, the secret of vulcanization of rubber was discovered and invented simultaneously in England and America. That was in 1843, just five years after John Boyd Dunlop, the originator of the now famous Dunlop Tyre, himself came into the world. In 1845 what was described as a pneumatic tyre was invented by Mr. Robert Thomson, but was unsuccessful. During the year 1867 an unsuccessful solid rubber tyre was introduced and quickly discarded. A second and a third and a fourth solid tyre were in turn invented, and found one by one equally useless, as the rubber in every case tore off in wear. It was after this that Mr. Dunlop came as a conquering hero on the scene, and, in total ignorance of any previous attempt at the production of a pneumatic tyre, evolved his famous and successful Pneumatic Tyre. He had been for many years a veterinary surgeon in Belfast, where he had by far the largest practice of any of his profession in Ireland; and it has been remarked as rather strange that a gentleman whose lifework had hitherto been concerned chiefly with the care of the horse, should have given to the world the invention which made motor traffic possible, and seems eventually calculated to drive the horse in a large measure from the scene of everyday life.

It is curious also that Mr. Dunlop had, up to the time of his epoch-making invention, never owned or ridden a bicycle himself. His profession, however, and his intimate knowledge of horses naturally led him to take an interest in the speed of vehicles attached to them; it is said, moreover, that this first particular attention to bicycles was further drawn by the interest he felt in a machine belonging to his eldest son. Some fanciful fairy tales have been told in this connection—one, for instance, as to his having fixed a strip of garden hose on the boy's machine, and thus evolved the first idea of the pneumatic tyre—but there is no doubt that with the assistance, and we may well believe very active interest, of his son, then a very small boy, whose chin was level with the table, Mr. Dunlop constructed his first pneumatic tyre of sheet rubber one thirty-second of an inch in thickness, and fastened it on to a solid disc of wood with strips of linen. This, the first Dunlop tyre, saw the light on the 23rd July, 1888.

Not only was the solid rubber tyre first used in Ireland, but our country can also claim credit for introducing the first inflated tyre. Mr. Dunlop after a time transferred the beginnings of his very important industry from Belfast to Dublin, and it is surely a matter for the greatest regret that through the over-sensitive feelings of a section of Dublin exquisites, who could not tolerate between 'the wind and their nobility" the smell of naphtha and rubber diffused by the factory in Westland Row, the entire of the immense business of tyre manufacture and cycle development should have been driven to England, and away from the capital of Ireland, so badly in need of industrial enterprise of that and every sort.

A picture of the original Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre, fitted to the first bicycle, made by Edlin & Sinclair, of Belfast, the tyre being manufactured by J. B. Dunlop personally, is shown in our illustration; the bicycle in question is mounted by the inventor's little son, who helped his father in the manufacture of his great and world-famous invention, the first Dunlop tyre. The tyre is now in the Royal Museum, Edinburgh, enjoying a well-deserved rest after its long service, having run over 3,000 miles in its time without repair or puncture. The hind wheel, we must add, shown in our picture, is not shod with the original tyre, as unfortunately the original hind wheel got lost in Paris. It will also be observed that the hind wheel is larger than the front one, the safety bicycle with wheels of equal size not having been at that time evolved.



MOVING TROOPS ON THE BRENNAN MONORAIL.

In another part of this "All Irish Christmas Number" the portrait

THE ONLY IRISH PIANO MAKERS with 135 YEARS EXPERIENCE ARE POHLMANN'S,
40, Dawson St., DUBLIN, and
9, Marlboro' St., CORK.

Ireland's First Steps towards Great Achievements.

of Mr. Harvey Du Cros is produced. To this clever Dublin man and his sons belong the honour of early recognising the merits of Mr. John Boyd Dunlop's great invention. Mr. Harvey Du Cros acquired the patent, obtained control of the cycle businesses connected with it, and formed in the city of Dublin the original Pneumatic Tyre and Booth's Cycle Agency, from which all the later immense developments radiated. The pioneer Company had upon its Board Mr. Harvey Du Cros, of Dublin; Mr. J. B. Dunlop, of Dublin; Mr. R. Booth, of Dublin; Mr. F. W. Woods, of Dublin; and last, but foremost in the work, as he is in the good graces of everyone, that sterling Dublin man, Mr. R. J. Meeredy, author, journalist, and practical man of affairs.

In 1909 twenty-one years had elapsed since the invention of the Dunlop Tyre. During that year the number of cycles in use was approximately 3,000,000, the yearly output in the United Kingdom 800,000, while the exports for six months totalled £840,822. The approximate capital value of the investments in the cycle and tyre industries was £25,000,000, and a similar sum represented the value of the cycles in actual use. These figures represent the British and Irish trades only. The capital value of the motor vehicles of all kinds now in use, made possible by the Tyre invention, is estimated as £50,000,000, and this is also for the United Kingdom alone.

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

Very interesting is an account of the foundation of the railway-line between Dublin and Kingstown (one of the earliest railways in the United Kingdom, and for long the very first in Ireland), and its subsequent extension on the "atmospheric" system to Dalkey. Dubliners of to-day may wonder not a little on learning that when the project of establishing closer communication between their city and the "Port of Dunleary" (Kingstown) was first mooted, the idea most favoured was that of a waterway or ship canal running to Kingstown Harbour from the Grand Canal Dock in Ringsend. But it must be remembered that in the days before railways the canal-boats were a favourite means of locomotion with all Irish travellers. The scheme, however, was abandoned as impracticable, since there was not a sufficient sum of money forthcoming to carry it out, and it was after this decision that Charles Blacker Vignoles, "soldier and civil engineer," was commissioned to carry out the proposed railway line between Dublin and Kingstown.

Vignoles, famous amongst engineers of his day, was descended from a Huguenot family long settled in Ireland, and it is probable that he was born near Enniscorthy, in Wexford. It is also said that he was related to Sir Isaac Newton. Needless to say the proposed line aroused, as usual, great opposition from the landowners *en route*, and also from the commercial classes in Dublin, who had apparently little faith in the project, or hope for its success, while the Irish Press of the day ridiculed and denounced it with one voice. Vignoles' great friend and champion, Mr. James Pim, of Monkstown, managed, however, to overcome all objections, and combat the scruples of the Irish Board of Works, which finally came nobly to the rescue and advanced the sum of £75,000 towards the enterprise. But even yet they had to contend with the stubborn opposition of Lord Cloncurry and another gentleman owning most of the landed property between Blackrock and Monkstown, and it was only by making them large concessions and paying them considerable sums of money that they were brought round to consent to the measure.

THE FIRST MAIL STEAMER TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.



THE ROYAL WILLIAM,

The first Steamer to carry Mails across the Atlantic Ocean, was owned by the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company, and chartered by the Cunard Company. Mr. Samuel Cunard, the founder of the Cunard Company, made his passage to America on board the Royal William in 1838. The Royal William took 19 days going to America, and 14½ days on the journey home.

What better way of bringing home to you the real worth of Mellin's Food than offering to let you test it Free.

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Ireland's First Steps towards Great Achievements.

In his first speed trial, undertaken with one of his new engines, "The Hibernian," Mr. Vignoles travelled from Dublin to Kingstowu at the rate of 60 miles au hour! But the proposed immediate opening of the line to the public was delayed for a little time by a devastating flood in the Dodder, which had carried away several of its own wooden bridges, and damaged the new liue ouly in a lesser degree. However, on December, 17th, 1834, the first train started from Dublin at 9 o'clock in the morning, and proved such a huge sensation and success that it was found impossible to carry all the would-be passengers, even though nine trains rau each way that day The writer's own father, a very young child at the time, was amongst the passeugers who succeeded in gettiug a seat for that first railway journey in Ireland, and I often heard him refer to the great occasion with zest and considerable pride. On the very same day the Salt Hill Hotel at Monkstown was also opened, and Vignoles, very proud and pleased, no doubt, with the success of his achievement, accepted the invitation of the railway directors to dine with them there that evening. So popular did the new line prove, that between the opening day, December 17th, and the 31st of the same month, it carried no less than 35,000 passengers, while the receipts for passenger traffic averaged £2,000 a month.

About ten years later the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company got power to extend the line to Dalkey. The extension, which was completed in 1844, is said to have "acquired considerable notoriety, as the directors had been induced to lay it down on the 'atmospheric' system, which was there successfully carried out, and was an object of great interest to scientific men, whc came from all parts of the kingdom, many also from abroad, to inspect this line." Vignoles had another great railway project in his mind for Dublin, which was to connect the Dublin and Kingstown line (something on the plan of our present "Loop Line") with all the other Irish railways at a great Central Station, to be constructed at "the Barrack Bridge." The route was to lie by the back of Brunswick Street, crossing D'Olier and Westmoreland Streets to Aston's Quay, and so on. But this great scheme, like a good many more, had to be abandoned at the time on the score of expense.



MR. JOHN BOYD DUNLOP,
The Inventor of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre.

THE PARSONS' STEAM TURBINE, WHICH IS REVOLUTIONIZING SEA TRANSIT.

With another Irishman rests the honour of a notable invention, the now famous Parsons Steam Turbine. The inventor, the Hon. C. A. Parsons, belongs to a distinguished family long known and honoured in Ireland, and conferring distinction on Ireland also in no less degree by the genius and notable achievements of many of its sons. From the earliest records, dating back to 1639, a Parsons has represented his county in Parliament, and the four first Earls of Rosse had the further aud perhaps unique distinction of successively representing Ireland in the House of Lords, as one of the twenty-eight representative peers ordained by the Act of Union. One of them, Lawrence, second Earl of Rosse, was the strongest opponent the Union had.and fought against it tooth and nail with untiring energy and ability to the end.

William, the third Earl, was a renowned mathematician, a scientist and chemist as well as an astronomer, and it was he who invented the famous immense telescope evolved only after eleven years of patient and strenuous labour in building and casting it. His laboratory and observatory at Rosse Castle, Birr, King's County—the telescope is so large that it is recorded that the late Dean Peacock walked through the tube carrying an open umbrella over his head—has long been visited by distinguished strangers and scientists from all parts of the world.

The Honourable Charles A. Parsons is a younger son of this third Earl, and brother of the Fourth. He invented the famous steam-turbine, bringing it out in 1884, and improving on it year by year ever since. It has long since been applied to such leviathans of the sea as the MAURETANIA, the LUSITANIA, H.M.S. DREADNOUGHT, and innumerable other vessels, the advantages claimed for it being greater speed and steadiness of motion, as the propellers never race even iu the heaviest of seas. The speed can also be better maintained under every condition of weather, and there is a great deal less vibration; while it is claimed on the score of economy that all boats using these steam turbines consume from 15 to 25% less coal than formerly, as well as needing a smaller engine-room staff, and much less oil.

It is to be regretted that the manufacture of turbines could not have been kept at home in Ireland, but it was perhaps inevitable that a larger industrial centre should be chosen. The invention has been applied also to the generation of electricity, for which purpose it has been found more economical as regards space and expenses of working, one uan being able unaided to run several large turbines. From his works in Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Hon. Charles Parsons has already supplied innumerable corporations, factories, mills, collieries, electric lighting companies, and public institutions of all sorts with turbine installations, which have gone to such distant places as Australia, Brazil, Russia, Italy, Japan, etc., while agencies and branch offices have been established all over the world.

These are but a few of the more recent achievements of Irishmen in the world's progress. There are others, of which our present space will not permit a detailed account.

That truly wonderful invention the Marconigram, or wireless telegraphy, for instance, had as its author another great genius, whose mother at least was Irish, and who has chosen also for his life's partner the daughter of a distinguished Irish family. It is interesting to recall too that the little town of Carlow, comparatively isolated in our Irish midlands from the big outer universe, was amongst the first, if not actually the first, to adopt a municipal system of electric lighting.

There are our great breweries, our distilleries, our linen and woollen industries, which last were threatened long ago with total extinction and suppressiou by the jealousy of England.

We may go back also and invade the realms of medicine and humanitarian ideas to find that it was a charitable Irishman who founded the Rotunda Maternity Hospital, the first of its kind in existence in point of time, as well as of equipment and achievement. And thongh we have often been accused of less tenderness towards animals than the people of the sister isle, it is pleasant to record that it was a scion of a distinguished Galway family, Richard Martin, afterwards nicknamed, "Humanity Dick," who was responsible for the passing of the first Act with regard to the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Altogether we Irish folk have not a little to be proud of in the achievements of our countrymen. And surely there is much even in this short account to encourage hope as to the future of our kinsmen and our country, and to teach the unenlightened outlander and the stranger in our midst that Ireland can justly lay claim to some distinction in the great achievements of the world.

SHANDON.



THE FIRST DUNLOP TYRE.
The front wheel shows the first Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre, now in the Royal Museum, Edinburgh. The lad shown mounted upon this cycle is Mr. Dunlop's son, Mr. John Boyd Dunlop, junior, now grown to manhood. This tyre was ridden for over 3,000 miles without puncture or repair.

May be given with safety and benefit to your baby from birth.

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NEW SEASON'S STOCK JUST ARRIVED

IT OUGHT NOT TO BE.

After listening the other day to some of the facts and figures concerning infant mortality, facts and figures sufficient to unnerve any thinking man or woman, there came persistently drumming at the door of our intelligence the thought that surely this thing ought not to be. We were minded of that pathetic little epitaph over in Cheltenham churchyard, an epitaph on a child who died when three weeks old.

"It is so soon that I am done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

Alas! how many are "so soon done for"? How many precious little lives are sacrificed unnecessarily on the altars of carelessness or ignorance. This thing ought not to be! Then we heard that out of the children who die, no less than nine-tenths are hand-fed; again this thing ought not to be. With the science and knowledge of to-day, there ought surely to be a remedy for this disastrous state of affairs. Happily there are several remedies, and of one of the greatest of these we will say a word or two later.

Some of the other remedies are far from new; it may be that they gain in importance as our cities gain in population. There is fresh air—simple, inexpensive, yet valuable beyond anything devised by the skill or ingenuity or sleepless resource of man. There is cleanliness. What a slaughter of the innocents is attributed to dirt! If the poor—if, indeed, everyone— would read, mark, learn and inwardly digest that one priceless little fact, that health without cleanliness cannot for long exist, that terrible death-roll would assuredly decrease.

Then there is the important matter of warm clothing. A little chill means a mighty mischief to a little child, a mischief whose end can never be foretold. Yes, clothing counts too.

But, about the 90% of this terrible toll being hand-fed babies—what is the lesson here? Clearly the trouble here is the food, and just as clearly the remedy must be a food—the *right* food, the food that will as nearly as knowledge can compass, offer the hand-fed baby the same benefits as those enjoyed by the breast-fed child—Mellin's Food!

Reader, if you could see, as we have seen, that gallery of children's portraits, unique, we dare say, in the whole world, which Messrs Mellin have gathered together under their roof at Peckham, if you could read, as we have read, from those sheaves of simple testimony, you would ask no further questions, you would entertain no further doubt. What mother's milk does for the breast-fed child to-day, Mellin's Food is doing for those from whom, unhappily, the parent's nursing is withheld. Mellin's Food, mixed as it should be, with fresh cow's milk, is to scientific intent and purpose equivalent to mothers' milk. Like mothers' milk it is adaptable to children's requirements day by day, week by week, month by month; like mothers' milk it is safe and beneficial from birth; like mothers' milk it does not tax the immature digestion, being absolutely free from starch. Among its additional advantages we learn that it requires no cooking, and that it can be prepared in a moment. Thousands of doctors and, at a low estimate, tens of thousands of mothers, have echoed the praise which that great gallery of children's photographs sings silently for itself.

Nor is Mellin's Food offered merely as a factor in saving a child's life, but as a power, as almost a paramount power, in building that child up to sturdy manhood or womanhood. No debt is greater than that owed by vigorous maturity to care in infancy, just as no more grievous censure is levied by the upgrown weakling on those responsible for his early neglect.

How many thousands of men and women are thus walking about to-day, vigorously fighting life's battles, merrily giving and taking life's knocks, taking it all with a smile, who, but for Mellin's Food, might be among the weaklings and the infirm. How many are there to-day rejoicing in the rich possession of sound minds in sound bodies, who, but for Mellin's Food, might have emulated the youngster "who never grew up"

If only all the children who to-day stand faltering at the parting of the ways to health or illness could be straightway put on "Mellin's," what a difference should we find! If only those unhappy mites, wayfarers already on that dark road, at whose end yawns a grave, could quickly have the benefits so lightly dealt with here, soon how many faces would be turned healthwards once more, how many eyes would dance again with joy, how many hearts would swell again with pride and gratitude and love. The proprietors of Mellin's Food have done more than place this Food upon the market; they have devised a perfect means for its administration, and the Mellin's Feeding Bottle puts the old feeding bottle worries for ever aside. The food in the Mellin's Feeding Bottle lies close up round the teat, leaving no air space, and so long as there is any food left in the bottle, it is impossible for baby to inhale "wind" with the food. The teat is non-collapsible, offering just the proper degree of resistence to the infant mouth and gums. The valve, which provides for the necessary inlet of air, is so constructed as to preclude all possibility of leakage; it admits the air so gradually as to suit the suction power of the weakest child · thus preventing choking fits, due to the too hurried intake of food.

To everybody sending two penny stamps to cover postage, Messrs Mellin will send a generous-sized sample of the food, and some interesting literature concerning it. We strongly advise every mother, and mother-to-be to forward their request without delay. The address is Messrs Mellin's Food, Ltd., Peckham, S.E., and when writing you will do well to mention that you saw this offer in The Lady of the House.

CHRISTMAS IN SIGHT.

The Scenes of Activity witnessed daily at

THE HENRY ST. WAREHOUSE

ARE INDICATIVE OF A BUSY CHRISTMAS TRADE.

They therefore recommend their Customers and Friends to shop as early as they can conveniently, so as to avoid the rush which invariably exists the last couple of weeks before Christmas.

THOUSANDS OF SUITABLE ARTICLES TO SELECT FROM, FROM SIXPENCE TO FIVE GUINEAS.

THOSE INTERESTED IN CITY OR PROVINCIAL CHARITIES
Can purchase Goods at Specially Reduced Rates.

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"THE WEST END HOUSE OF DUBLIN."

If baby frets, Mellin's Food will win back Health and Happiness.

MELLIN'S FOOD

A veritable sheet anchor to any mother who cannot nurse her baby.

CHRISTMAS, 1911.

The Lady of the House

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR.

CONDUCTED BY CRAWFORD HARTNELL.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
PER POST, 1S. 4D.

The Only Picture of the House of Lords of Ireland.



THE HOUSE OF LORDS OF IRELAND, 1703-1713, ASSEMBLED AT CHICHESTER HOUSE, DUBLIN, IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

This rare French print, "Parlement D'Irlande," dated 1704, *is understood to be the only picture of the House of Lords in Ireland in Session. The original print measures four inches wide by three inches and a quarter deep, and has been accurately enlarged for reproduction here. The figure upon the Throne is that of the* 2nd *Duke of Ormonde, and upon his left hand, to receive his commands, sits the Speaker of the House of Commons (Alen Broderick, Esq.). Queen Anne's first Parliament in Ireland addressed the Sovereign unsuccessfully praying for Union between Ireland and England, and it subsequently imposed the Penal Code, and refused the appeals made to it respecting the violation of the Articles of Limerick.*

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL

A PICTORIAL RECONSTRUCTION OF
The Last Parliament of Ireland.

BY CRAWFORD HARTNELL.



THE MACE OF THE PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND.

"Until the body which has entrusted this Mace to my keeping demands it, I will preserve it for them"—Right Hon. JOHN FOSTER, Speaker of the Last Parliament of Ireland.

PERHAPS no matter relating to Ireland has been the subject of such endless debate and controversy as the Parliaments of Ireland, and especially that Last Parliament which ended its days in 1800. While this is the case one may safely assert that, despite all the speaking and writing, there is an extraordinary want of precise information upon the whole subject. So little, indeed, is known that no full and accurate list has ever been published, showing the constituencies that returned the members of the final legislature of Ireland, and the names of those members with the dates of their election. True, a return was published by order of the Imperial Parliament in March, 1878, fairly accurate as regards the Parliaments of England, the Parliaments of Great Britain, and the Parliaments and Convention of the Estates of Scotland. To these informative records was added a return of the Parliaments of Ireland from 1559 to 1800, which was perhaps more remarkable for what it withheld than the precise information it disclosed. Joseph Foster in his *Collectanea Genealogica* speaks of this official return as "a disingenuous hoax upon the literary public."

"YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BRIBE ME."



RICHARD, 4th VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT,
Captain of the Powerscourt Yeomanry Cavalry, 1798, who turned Robert Stewart (Lord Castlereagh) out of his house for offering him the bribe of a Marquisate in exchange for his vote for the Union. Lord Castlereagh was dismissed with the observation: "You're not going to bribe me." From the Portrait by M. Quadal, in Powerscourt, Co. Wicklow.

The greatest authorities have shown a singular want of acquaintance with important phases of the Union struggle. Perhaps a single instance will serve to illustrate this. One winter's night seven years ago I was reading Mr. Lecky's fascinating *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* when my attention was arrested by a most singular passage describing the decisive Union division taken on the 5th—6th February, 1800. This passage reads:—"Eight members only were absent and unpaired, and it was understood that these had stayed away intentionally, wishing neither to support or oppose the Government. It is a curious fact that Colonel Fitzgibbon, the son and successor of Lord Clare, was among the number." The authority for these surprising lines was given—the *Cornwallis Correspondence*, vol. iii., p. 181. I recalled that John Fitzgibbon the younger, the "Colonel John" of late years, the elder son of the Chancellor and his successor in the Earldom, was, in the year of the Union, a child who had not then reached the eighth year of his age, and curious to investigate the puzzle I took down my copy of the *Cornwallis Correspondence*, formerly the property of Charles Stewart Parnell, who, in 1867, had received the volumes as a present from his mother, and found that the quotation had reference, not to the Union division of 1800 in the House of Commons of Ireland, but to one

Continued on Page 10.

The First Picture of the Parliament of Ireland.

The First of the Two Pictures Drawn during the actual existence of the Parliament.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF IRELAND IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE, 1703-1713, ASSEMBLED AT CHICHESTER HOUSE, DUBLIN.

"The Commons met and unanimously chose Alan Broderick, Esquire, Her Majesty's Solicitor-General in that Kingdom, to be their Speaker." One of the Acts of this Parliament, was the presentation of an Address to Queen Anne, praying for a Union with Great Britain on the lines of the Scottish Union then just concluded. This proposal was most coldly received by the Queen. In February 1704, Sir Theobald Butler, Richard Malone, and Sir Stephen Rice, eminent barristers, the two former in their gowns, appealed to this assembly, without success, against the violation of the Treaty of Limerick by the promotion of the Penal Code. The above picture is especially interesting from the fact, that it is the only view of the interior of Chichester House, where the Parliaments were held, prior to the building of the Parliament House. Chichester House stood near the site of Parliament House. The picture, now presented, is an enlargement of a French Print, "Chambre Des Communes D'Irlande" of 1704, and only one copy of this print is now known to exist. The print, from which the above enlargement has been made, is a companion to the House of Lords' picture on Title Page.

The Last Picture of the Parliament of Ireland.

Painted during the actual existence of the Parliament by F. W. Wheatley, R.A.

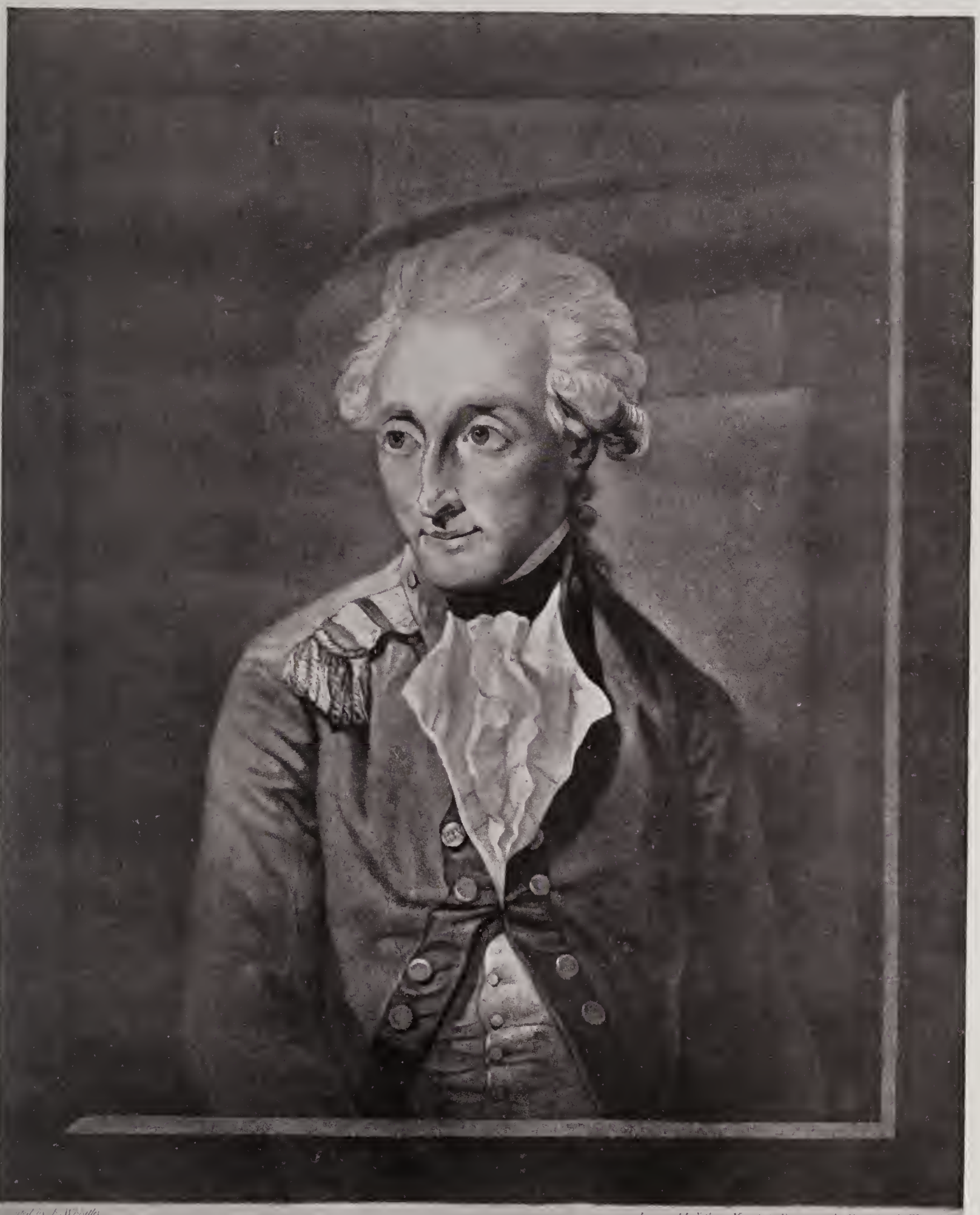


HENRY GRATTAN URGING THE CLAIM OF IRISH RIGHTS IN 1780.

The splendid example of Wheatley's genius, the only authentic picture of the Parliament of Ireland in the later years of the Eighteenth Century, is the companion to the artist's great work, "The Volunteers in College Green." This picture is the property of Colonel F. R. T. T. Gascoigne, D.S.O., of Lotherton Hall, Aberford, Yorkshire, and was, by his kind permission, first published as a supplement to the Extra Christmas (1906) number of "The Lady of the House." The picture is now reproduced in large size, on India paper, by the publishers of this magazine.

F. W. Wheatley's Famous Portrait of Henry Grattan.

Painted in the Year of Legislative Independence, 1782.



Engraved by V. Green Mezzotinto Engraver to his Majesty & to the Elector Palatine

HENRY GRATTAN ESQ.R

A Real Representative of the People

who by his repeated exertions in the Senate, was a great instrument in forwarding the emancipation of his Country

Published Sep.r 10.th 1782. by V. Green N.o 29 Newman Street Oxford Street London

A Relic of the Union Debates in the Last Parliament of Ireland, 1799-1800.



THE ROBE OF THE SPEAKER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND,

Worn during the Union Debates of 1799-1800 by the Right Hon. John Foster P.C., Last Speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland. This garment, now in the Museum of Science and Art, Kildare Street, Dublin, is made of black silk, woven in the Liberties of Dublin, and embroidered with gold bullion lace, also Dublin made.

The Last Speaker of the Parliament of Ireland.



THE RIGHT HON. JOHN FOSTER, P.C.,

A foremost opponent of the measure of Union. This picture gives the only idea that remains to us of the Round Chamber, in which the House of Commons of Ireland deliberated, and the measure of Union was passed. The beautiful Octagonal Chamber (the scene of the Declaration of Rights and of the independent Parliament), presented in F. W. Wheatley's picture, was burned in 1792. The Round Chamber was then built. The "Colchester Papers" relate that after the Union, the Bank of Ireland was required to subdivide the Round Chamber, into several rooms, so as to "leave nothing of its former appearance." The glimpse of its circular sweep, afforded by this picture, is thus all that now remains to us of its former stately proportions of the Round Chamber.

A Pictorial Reconstruction of the Parliament of Ireland.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.

which had taken place in the Imperial Parliament in 1841, the occasion being a vote of want of confidence in Lord Melbourne's administration moved by Sir Robert Peel. The true figures of the Union division of 1800 were 158 for and 115 against the measure, with 27 absentees. It was the largest division ever recorded in the Parliament of Ireland, and in mentioning the figures the editor of the Union Viceroy's *Correspondence* had, for the purpose of comparison, quite unnecessarily given the details of the largest division ever taken in the Imperial Parliament—that already mentioned, which was recorded just forty-one years after the Union.

It is quite conceivable that so great and painstaking an authority as Mr. Lecky should have been misled when dealing with such immense masses of dates and facts as are grouped round the history of the period, but it struck me as remarkable that an occasion of such tremendous historical importance should have been the one upon which Jove nodded. If this want of acquaintance with a great central fact existed in the case of the most unquestioned authority, how could surprise be felt that the multitude knew so little respecting the lesser details of the subject. The thought induced me to devote such time as I could spare to the close study of the Last Parliament of Ireland, and after seven years of diligent work an accurate record of both Houses of the Parliament of Ireland (1797-1800) has been compiled from original and authentic sources, and forms a perfectly astounding story. This record runs to many hundreds of pages. My object in preparing the work has been to reproduce in a fair, unbiassed way, without any partisan purpose, the true story of a great historical event. The place for its publication is not here, nor the time now, but I may be allowed to give certain glimpses of the Senate of Ireland, which will serve to lend some additional interest to the Pictorial Reconstruction of the Last Parliament of Ireland appearing in these pages, and at the same time to add the last chapter to the pictorial representation of the former Parliamentary life of the country, already dealt with in former Christmas Numbers of this magazine, under the titles of the Legislative Independence of the Parliament of Ireland, and the Irish Volunteer Movement.

From the year 1782 the Assembly had been a sovereign Parliament, no longer subject to the whole of Poyning's law, which from the time of Henry VII. had divested the Parliament of all powers except the right to register or reject such legislation as might be presented to it for acceptance. The House of Lords in Ireland had its authority restored as the Court of Final Judicature by the repeal of the Act of 6 George I. But although the Irish Parliament from 1782 was admittedly a sovereign legislature, yet the Executive in Ireland was in no sense a Parliamentary executive, for it was appointed and dismissed by the Ministry in England.

The Last Parliament of Ireland was returned in the summer of 1797. Earlier in the year Grattan and the leaders of the opposition had left the House, hopeless of either effecting the Reform of Parliament which the wisdom of Ulster so urgently demanded, or of securing, for the Catholic gentry of the country, a place in the national assembly.

In the opinion of the Viceroy, Lord Camden, "The success of either of these questions would shake to the foundation the English interest, and so long as the present system of governing Ireland is adopted, they ought not to be entertained."* Grattan had bowed to the inevitable, and had seceded, and, for the moment, the Parliamentary Opposition of Ireland "had died by its own hand." In North and South the portents of the coming storm—the rebellion of 1798—were already evident.

*Camden to Portland, 9th March, 1797—State Paper Office.



A COMPARTMENT IN THE GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF IRELAND (OCTAGONAL CHAMBER).
From F. W. Wheatley's Picture in "The Irish House of Commons, 1790."

The new Parliament, like its predecessors, since the passing of the Stuarts, consisted of 300 members constituted in the following manner :—

Knights of the Shire returned for 32 Counties	64
Citizens representing ... 7 Cities	14
Representatives of the Borough of the College (University of Dublin)	2
Burgesses for 110 Boroughs	220
Total	300

It will be interesting to glance briefly at the electoral authority behind this House of 300 Members. The total electorate of the thirty-two counties probably did not, on a liberal estimate, exceed fifty-two thousand, which roughly would allow to each of the sixty-four Knights of the Shire an average of rather over one thousand six hundred votes. The electoral authority behind the Knights varied, however, with the electorate of the counties which they represented. For example, the County of Down possessed the largest electorate in Ireland, and had six thousand voters, while the Counties of Galway and Longford were furnished with the smallest, namely, 700 each. Many controlling influences were paramount in the counties, but these constituencies were regarded as open and free.

Of the two hundred and thirty-six members returned by the remaining one hundred and eighteen constituencies (cities and boroughs), only eighteen members could be ranked with the Knights of the Shires as the representatives of what, in any sense, could be termed open constituencies. Amongst the nine places returning these eighteen members there were five cities—viz., the free city of Dublin, and the cities of Cork, Waterford, Limerick, and Londonderry ; the counties of the towns of Carrickfergus and Drogheda, the borough of the College (Dublin University), and the borough of Newry. The total electorate of these nine places was nine thousand four hundred, to which the City of Dublin contributed four thousand, freemen and freeholders, and City of Cork about fifteen hundred.

This leaves, to complete the House, two hundred and eighteen members who represented one hundred and nine close borough constituencies controlled by individuals, and this large number, considerably over two-thirds of the whole House, were elected by a body of voters which probably fell short of four thousand—the number which sent the two citizens to Parliament to represent the great free City of Dublin. Thus, taking an average, the electorate behind each of the two hundred and eighteen members for these close boroughs would total eighteen voters. As a matter of fact, however, the vast majority of the close boroughs were not dignified by the possession of anything like this number of electors, as the number in the charter was usually thirteen.

It will be seen that the total electorate returning the three hundred members to the Parliament of Ireland was sixty-five thousand four hundred, viz., sixty-one thousand four hundred returning eighty-two members for the free or open constituencies, and four thousand sending the remaining two hundred and eighteen members to College Green.

At this point a glance forward will illustrate the character of the one hundred and nine close boroughs. By the measure of union, twenty-five were permitted to continue electoral centres, but, instead of sending two members, as they had done to the Parliament of Ireland, they were only permitted to return one to the Imperial Parliament, and the vast majority of the twenty-five boroughs remained close until the Reform Bill of 1832 in great measure purged the three kingdoms of very many of their undesirable electoral curiosities.

(*Continued on page 14.*)

Relics of the Last Parliament of Ireland.

The Seating of the Houses of Parliament.



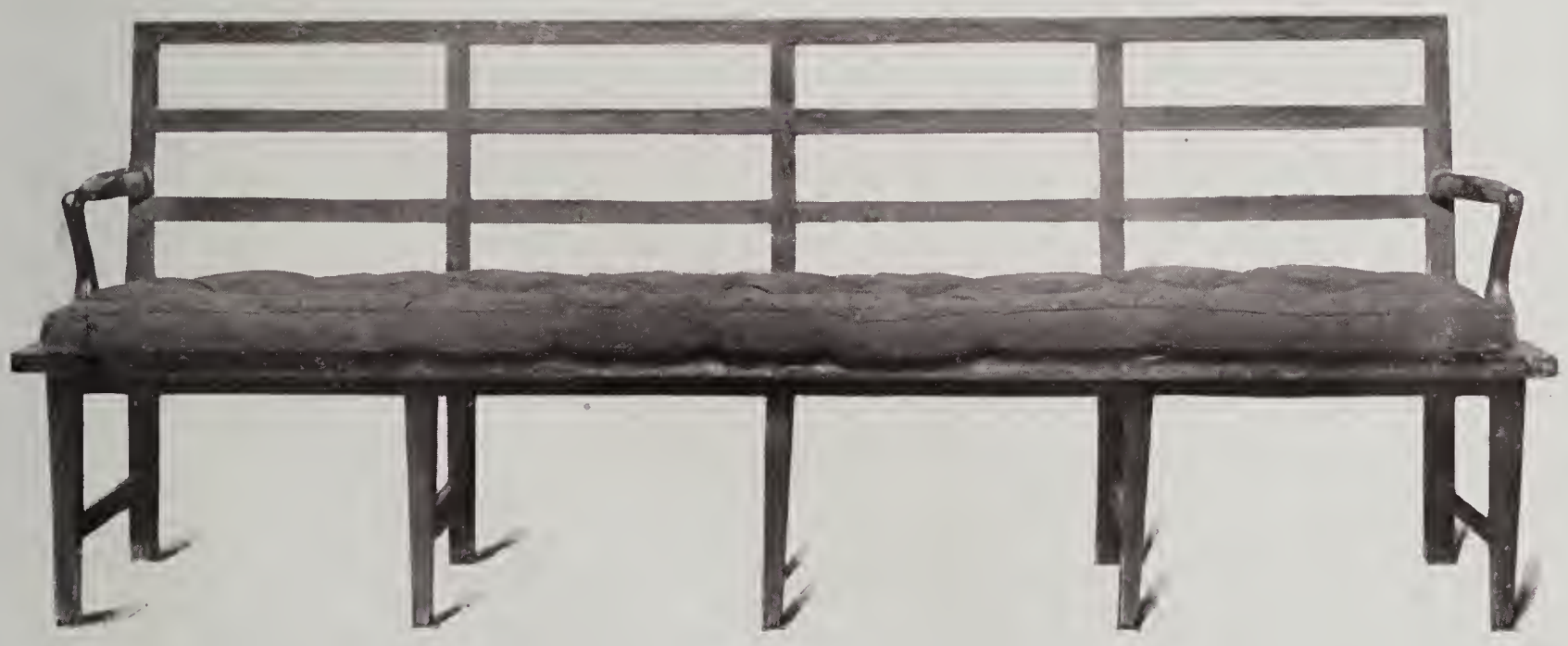
THE CHAIR OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN IRELAND

The woodwork is all gilt, and the chair has been upholstered in crimson fabric. In his *Diary* the Rev. John Wesley dilates upon the imposing appearance of this chair. Now in the Royal Irish Academy.



THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR OF THE LAST PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND.

This Chair is made of white beechwood, and is coated over with "gesso," a mixture of whiting and glue used to prepare surfaces intended to be gilt. The woodwork was formerly gilt, but is now painted brown. The arms of the chair are decorated with modelled bay leaves, and the carved corbels embellished with large acanthus leaves. These leaves and the spiral ornamentation on the legs of the Speaker's Chair both occur on the Mace of the Parliament of Ireland. The scarlet-cut velvet upholstery is modern. Now in the National Museum of Science and Art, Kildare Street, Dublin.

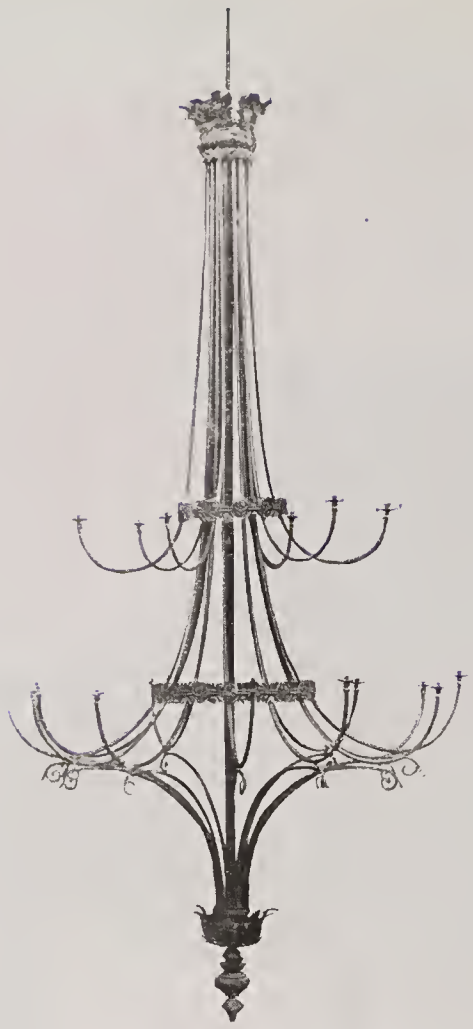


ONE OF THE BENCHES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN IRELAND (ROUND CHAMBER).

A few of these Benches are in the Royal Irish Academy. They are made of Irish oak, and are excellent examples of what a seat should be—light, firm, and comfortable. An example of the more solid benches, which seated the Commons in the Octagonal Commons Chamber, destroyed by fire in 1792, is preserved at St. Patrick's (Swift's) Hospital, Dublin. The character of these benches are shown in F. W. Wheatley's Irish House of Commons, 1780.

Relics of the Last Parliament of Ireland.

The Lighting and Decoration of the Houses of Lords and Commons.



ONE OF THE BRASS CANDELABRA,

Used in the House of Lords and Hall of Bequests, Parliament House, Dublin. These beautiful objects have been painted black, and adapted to modern needs as electroliers, and now present a preposterous appearance. The Board of Works, it is understood is responsible for this act of vandalism. The Candelabrum here presented has been restored to its original form. Three of the candelabra are now in the Royal Irish Academy House



THE GRAND CANDELABRUM OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, IRELAND (ROUND CHAMBER).

A beautiful example of carved Irish woodwork (Georgian Period, about 1793). This elegant Candelabrum hangs in the Examination Hall, Trinity College, Dublin, and is reproduced by kind permission of the Provost (Anthony Traill, Esq., LL.D.). It is of beautifully carved oak, gilt, and has sixty sconces to hold wax candles, and is hung by chains, which allow it to be lowered within easy reach, when the replenishing of its sconces becomes a necessity. This elegant object was presented by Philip, 3rd Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1801-1806, to St. Audeon's Church, Dublin, but was transferred to Trinity College in 1858, when St. Audeon's Church was undergoing repairs.



THE DEFENCE OF LONDONDERRY. A TAPESTRY FROM THE HOUSE OF LORDS OF IRELAND.

This large ornamental panel, which adorned the wall of the Lord's Chamber, in Parliament House Dublin, and is still in the Bank of Ireland, is a fine example of Dublin Tapestry work.

Relics of the Last Parliament of Ireland.



THE HOUSE OF LORDS OF IRELAND, LOOKING TOWARDS THE THRONE.
The Throne has been removed and the Statue of George III. stands in its former place.



THE HOUSE OF LORDS OF IRELAND, LOOKING TOWARDS THE BAR OF HOUSE.
The former Bar of the House has been removed.
The walls of the Lord's Chamber are embellished with fine examples of Dublin tapestries, representing the Battle of the Boyne and the Defence of Londonderry

A Pictorial Reconstruction of the Last Parliament of Ireland.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.

For the twenty-five close boroughs in Ireland, unabolished at the Union, no less than seventeen members continued to be returned to the Imperial Parliament by the favour of members of the Upper House, and many men desiring to figure conspicuously in the political world at Westminster had reason to hold these unabolished close boroughs of Ireland in grateful remembrance. Thus Lord John Russell sought refuge in Bandon Bridge, Co. Cork, and sat therefor from 1826 to 1830; and Mr. Robert Peel—afterwards Sir Robert, and nicknamed "Orange Peel" by O'Connell—got in for Mr. Pennefather's close constituency, Cashel City, in 1809. The method of Mr. Peel's election illustrates the means whereby such favours were bestowed. There is a letter in the State Paper Office from Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards first Duke of Wellington, containing the following curt direction: "Let Mr. Pennefather know the person I wish to be returned is Mr. Peel. I will let you know his Christian name and address by express to-morrow. We wish to have him returned by the meeting of Parliament."*

To resume the sidelights thrown on the close boroughs of Ireland. After deducting the twenty-five close boroughs unabolished at the Union, eighty-four remain, and these were bought up at £15,000 each, saddling the National Debt of Ireland with a sum of £1,260,000. All of the purchased close boroughs except four, were claimed as the property of individuals, and of these no less than sixty-four were owned by members of the House of Lords.

Thus, by the favour of Peers, one hundred and twenty-eight members had sat for boroughs, abolished at the Union, in the Lower House, during the short Last Parliament of Ireland. To this must be added thirty-four members, each of whom, by a similar favour, were returned for the subsequently unabolished boroughs, which each returned two members to the Parliament of Ireland, a right reduced to one member each for the Imperial Parliament. It follows that, apart from the "lordly influence" which helped to return members in some of the counties, free cities, and open boroughs, one hundred and sixty-two members, or more than one-half the total representation of Ireland, were sent into the Commons by members of the House of Peers in Ireland.



ARTHUR, 2ND MARQUESS OF DOWNSHIRE.

Patron of the Boroughs of Blessington, Fore, and Hillsborough, and owning one-half of the Borough of Carlingford. An uncompromising Anti-Unionist.

It will be observed that, in mentioning the boroughs purchased at the Union, four were separated from the eighty boroughs bought from individuals. These four were St. Canice's, or Irishtown, Co. Kilkenny; the City of Clogher, Co. Tyrone; and Old Leighlin, Co. Carlow, where the influence of the Bishop of the Diocese was paramount in returning the members. There remains the borough of Swords, Co. Dublin; this legislative centre owned no patron, although many sought unavailingly to establish their title to the control of the electorate. The £45,000 "Compensation" for the three "Bishop's boroughs" went to the Commissioners of First Fruits. The £15,000 paid for the borough of Swords was placed in the hands of Trustees for the purpose of building schools, a most admirably wise and necessary proceeding, since twenty-one of the freemen and burgesses of the Corporation of the Borough were obliged to subscribe their marks to the petition presented by them to the Commissioners of Union Compensation, in lieu of their names, which they were unable to write.

*Sir Arthur Wellesley's letter is given in *Ireland from the Union to Catholic Emancipation*, by D. A. Chart, M.A., p. 12.

For the corrupt borough system which swamped the Parliament of Ireland the Stuarts were mainly responsible. The absolutism of the Tudors had laid the lines of England's political authority in Ireland which prevailed, in great measure, until the Union, but the continuation of the Tudor representation, or the development of the Parliament on Tudor lines, would have rendered impossible the carriage of the Union by the methods adopted. The Stuarts, for the purpose of shaping the Parliament to their own ends, had swamped the House of Commons by creating eighty-three of the close boroughs, which returned no less than one hundred and sixty-six members. In seventy of these Stuart boroughs the elective power centered in thirteen individuals, and in no case rose above thirty-six, and these places continued, as they were created, until 1800. Sixty-four of the Stuart boroughs were swept away at the Union, and Ireland, as usual, paid the bill for this relief to the tune of £960,000.

In the earlier days of the Parliament the members had been more representative of the interests of their constituents than of their own. Regular "wages" had been paid to them, not as a reward or as a personal emolument for services rendered, but in order to cover out-of-pocket costs while attending the House on the business of their constituents. Originally in the intendment of law and in practice, an inhabitant citizen was returned to Parliament to represent a city, and an inhabitant burgess to represent a borough; this was the practice recognised by the statute law. Now, such persons being sent to Parliament, not on their own individual affairs, but to do and act for all their townsmen, it was but just and right that their expenses should be borne by all. Hence writs were issued as a matter of course for "members' wages." In 1613 "allowances were made to the burgesses of Derry and Coleraine, who were stated to have been elected and appointed by the [Irish] Society* for their attendance in Parliament." The allowance was probably 7/6 per day, which was no doubt ample, for a cow or bullock was then valued in Ulster at fifteen shillings (about one halfpenny per pound), a sheep at sixteen pence, a hog at two shillings, barley at eleven pence the bushel, oats fourpence the bushel, and strong beer sixteen shillings the barrel, and "exceeding dear at that price."

There is also a receipt, dated 1641, from Dominick Roche, Alderman of Cork, acknowledging payment of £87 sterling at the rate of 7/6 per day for two hundred and thirty-two days' services in Parliament, "with 12s. for the writ." In the *Commons' Journals* the payment of "wages" can frequently be traced down to the year 1666, but, in the Parliament then assembled, the Commons, for the most part strangers to those cities and towns which they represented, and elected in many cases by non-resident electors, made every exertion to abolish this ancient law. Indeed, a bill to abolish the payment of "wages" to Parliamentary representatives was introduced and passed by the House of Commons, without one dissentient vote, but was rejected by the House of Lords. The habit of paying wages to representatives, however, gradually fell into disuse, and it is singular that the corruption of boroughs and parliaments began with that assembly, which attempted, by abolishing the "wages" of representatives, to throw off the fair control constituents should possess.‡

* *A Concise View of the Irish Society* (1842), p. 33.

‡ Peter Gale's *Ancient Corporate System of Ireland*, p. 190.

Continued on Page 16.

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Relics of the Last Parliament of Ireland.

A Writ of the Last Parliament.

CITY OF CLOGHER WRIT—JONAH BARRINGTON RETIRES FROM PARLIAMENT.

George the Third by the Grace of God of Great Britain France and Ireland King defender of the Faith and so forth To the Sheriff of the County of Tyrone Greeting we Command you that according to the Tenor of a certain order Lately made in our lower House of Parliament now Sitting Electing to the City of Clogher within your County you cause to be Elected one Burgess of the said City pursuant decreed in the place of Jonah Barrington Esqr who hath accepted the office of Exchequer of Munster [illegible] Proclamation being first made of the premises and of the day and place freely and indifferently by those who shall be present at the proclamation according to the form of the Statute in that case made and provided and the name of such Burgess to be inserted in certain Indentures between you and them who were present at the Election to be thereupon made whether at the said Election he be present or absent and to cause him to come to the said Parliament with all Convenient Speed So that the same Burgess so to be Chosen may have full power and sufficient authority for himself and for the Commonalty of the aforesaid City to do and Consent to those things which in our Parliament aforesaid by the Common Council of our Realm of Ireland by the blessing of God shall happen to be ordained upon the aforesaid affairs Willing Nevertheless that neither you nor any other Sheriff of this our Kingdom in any wise be Elected and the Election so made distinctly and openly under your hand and Seal and under the hands and Seals of them who were present at the Election do you certify us to our Chancery forthwith remitting to us one part of the aforesaid Indentures sewed to these presents together with this Writ Witness Charles Marquis Cornwallis our Lieutenant General and General Governor of our Kingdom of Ireland at Dublin the Eighteenth day of January in the Fortieth Year of our Reign

Glenworth

Rec'd 30th January 1800

To the Sheriff of the County of Tyrone

A Writ for the new Election of a Burgess for the City of Clogher in the said County

Glenworth

This writ authorised an Election to be held for a Burgess to represent the notorious City of Clogher, Co. Tyrone, in the Last Parliament of Ireland. The vacancy was caused by the retirement of Jonah (afterwards Sir Jonah) Barrington, prior to the Union Division in 1800. The new member was the Hon. Richard Annesley, whose astounding Union performances are now given for the first time. The Indenture returning Richard Annesley in room of Jonah Barrington is reproduced on page 16. Annesley was unseated on petition.

INDENTURE OF RETURN CERTIFYING THE ELECTION OF A BURGESS FOR CLONMINES, CO. WEXFORD, TO THE LAST PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND.

This Indenture made the twenty seventh day of January in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred Between Christian Walton Esquire Sheriff of the County of Wexford of the one part and Samuel Tench Esquire Portreve of the Borough of Clonmines in the said County of the other part Witnesseth that according to the form of the Writ to this Indenture annexed and according to a Precept directed by the said Sheriff to the said Portreve He the said Portreve and the Burgesses of the said Borough have unanimously elected and chosen Major Henry Eustace to be Burgess of the said Borough in and at the Parliament specified in the said Writ in the Room of Henry Luttrel Esquire who hath accepted the Office of Escheator of Ulster who hath full and sufficient power for himself and the other Burgesses of the aforesaid Borough to do and Consent as the said Writ requireth In Witness whereof the parties aforesaid have hereunto set their Hands and Seals the Day and Year first above Written

Sam: Tench Portreve

Christ. Walton Sheriff

2nd Feby 1800

THE INDENTURE OF RETURN FOR LORD ELY'S BOROUGH OF CLONMINES.

This Indenture returned one Member to represent the pocket Borough of Clonmines in the Last Parliament of Ireland. Lord Ely owned three Boroughs in Wexford—viz., Bannow, Clonmines, and Fethard—and returned two Members of Parliament for each of the three Boroughs by a single vote—that of Sam Tench, the Portrieve of the three Boroughs. The signature of Sam Tench is that at foot upon the left side of the document. He, by twelve strokes of his pen, returned twelve members for Lord Ely's three Wexford Boroughs, to the last Parliament of Ireland—viz., five for Bannow, four for Clonmines, and three for Fethard. When these legislative curiosities were disfranchised at the Union, "Compensation," amounting to £45,000 was paid to Lord Ely, whose six borough members had voted for the Union, when Bannow, Clonmines, and Fethard Boroughs were disfranchised.

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A Pictorial Reconstruction of the Last Parliament of Ireland.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.

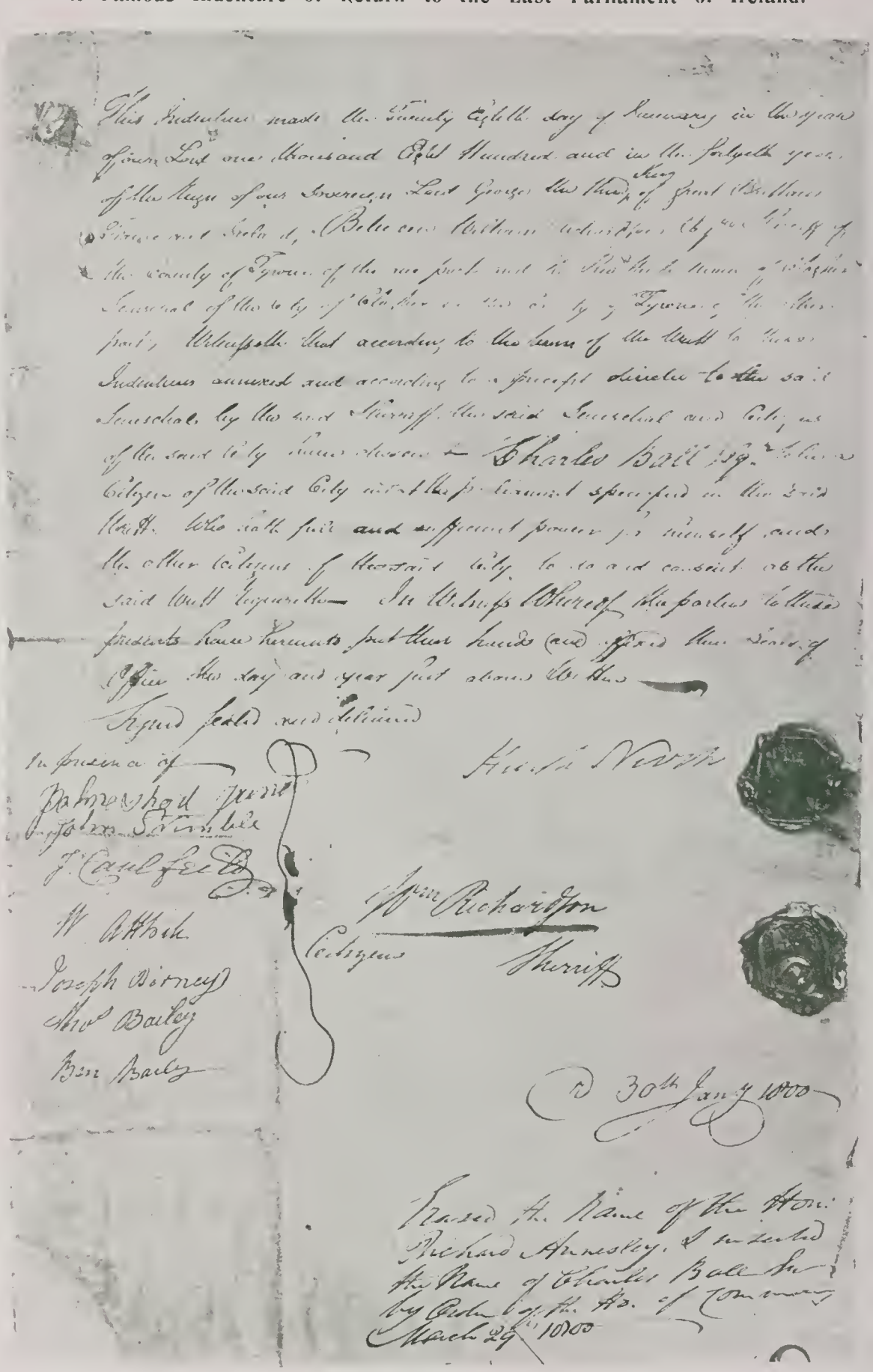
But all this, like the official gowns which the Commons of Ireland originally wore in the days of the Tudors, were things of the long-distant past in the year 1797, when the Last Parliament of Ireland was elected, for men who bought their seats for one of the numerous corrupt boroughs, or went to Parliament as the nominee of a borough owner or patron, had long been taught by the Government more easy and profitable paths for earning emolument than steady public service at 7s. 6d. per day ever presented to the earlier representatives of the cities and boroughs of Ireland.

It was not, however, until the eighteenth century that the practice of bartering political support for titles, pensions and patronage reached its highest, or lowest, expression. The corruption practised prior to the close of the Last Parliament was, no doubt, greater than at any other period, so far as Ireland was concerned; but bad as the corruption of the Union time was, the Parliament of Great Britain, earlier in the century, presented an equally unedifying spectacle. Macaulay tells us that "The Whig ministers of George the First and George the Second were compelled to reduce corruption to a system and to practise it on a gigantic scale." The fashion was perfected in England and introduced into Ireland, where the Ministers of George III., having learned their lesson at home, did in this country exactly what the Ministers of the preceding Georges had previously carried out in England. So it came about that the majorities of Pitt in Ireland were, in fact, secured by those arts of "management" upon which, in England, such Ministers as Newcastle and Bute had become accustomed to depend for their majorities. Pitt had promised the Duke of Rutland, during the viceroyalty of the latter, to consider the question of reforming the representation of the Parliament of Ireland, but this reform was to follow the successful reform of the Parliament of Great Britain, and as Pitt failed to accomplish the purification of the latter assembly, the work of reforming the legislature of Ireland was never undertaken, but, on the contrary, was bitterly opposed, by the Government, and the old methods continued to render possible the working of the Stuart close borough machine "in the English interest."

Sir Edward Poynings, the Lord Deputy of Henry VII., at the Parliament held in Drogheda had passed that famous statute known as Poyning's Law. The original intention of that measure has been the subject of endless controversy, but its effect was obvious to all. In the language of Hallam, "by securing the initiative power to the English Council, a bridle was placed in the mouth of every Irish Parliament."

Grattan in the House, the Volunteers of Ireland without, had overthrown nearly the whole of the power created by Poyning's Law. The controlling power, created by the Stuarts, remained, and proved a sufficient and impassable bar in the path of reform, and in the blending of the inhabitants of Ireland into one people, and finally enabled the overthrow of the Assembly which had achieved legislative independence from external control, but had left its own house in such disorder as to ultimately enable those

A Famous Indenture of Return to the Last Parliament of Ireland.



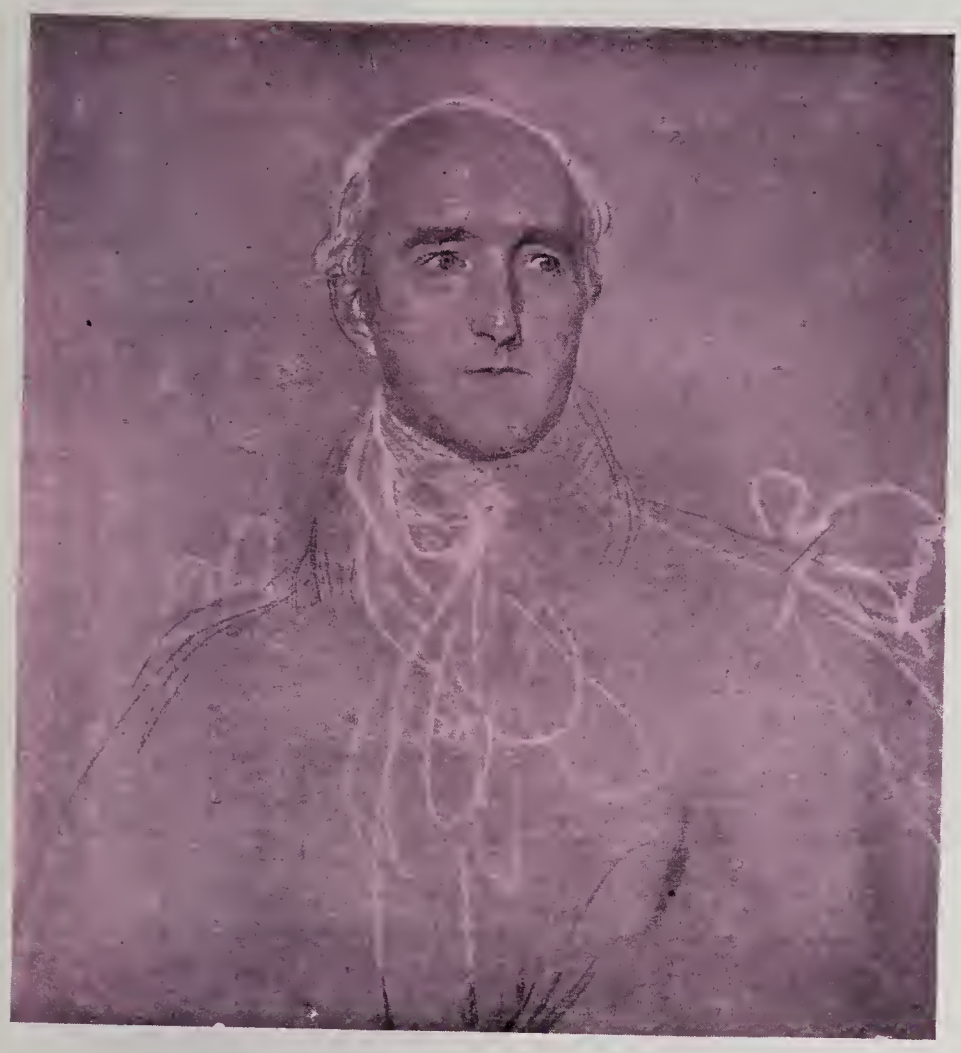
RETURN OF THE HON. RICHARD ANNESLEY, ELECTED AS CITIZEN OF CLOGHER CITY, TO THE LAST PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND, IN ROOM OF JONAH (SIR JONAH) BARRINGTON.

Annesley voted for the Union in 1799 as Burgess for Blessington, and was turned out of the seat by Arthur, second Marquis of Downshire, a staunch anti-Unionist. Jonah Barrington vacated the Clogher City seat, and Annesley replaced him, and voted for the Union in 1800, although a petition against his election was pending at the time. Annesley was next elected Chairman of the Committee on the Union Bill, and every line and clause of the Bill was settled under his presidency. On the 28th of March, 1800, the Committee reported that Annesley had not been elected for Clogher, and he was obliged to leave the House at once. The House then ordered that the name of Richard Annesley should be erased from the Return, and the name of Charles Ball, anti-Unionist, the other candidate at the election, inserted instead. The certificate of this having been done is endorsed on the corner of the Return, in the handwriting of Thomas Bouchier, Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper. Annesley, who had voted and acted as Chairman of Committee on the Union Bill, while not having a seat in Parliament, now required to get back to the House to complete his labours. This he did on 8th May, 1800, as Member for Midleton Town, Co. Cork.

Continued on page 24.

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Some Celebrated Men who sat for Irish Boroughs in the Parliaments of Ireland.



RICHARD COLLEY WESLEY, OR WELLESLEY, MARQUESS WELLESLEY.

Elected in 1780 for Trim by his father (Garrett, 1st Earl Mornington), who owned the Borough. Succeeded his father in 1781, and sat in the House of Peers in Ireland as 2nd Earl of Mornington. Sworn of the Privy Council, Ireland. Created Baron Wellesley, in the Peerage of Gt. Britain, 1797; Governor-General of India, 1797-1805. Marquis Wellesley in the Peerage of Ireland, 1799; Secretary of State 1812; Knight of the Garter, 1812; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1821-1828; and again 1833-1835. Born in Grafton Street, Dublin, 1760. Married Mary, daughter of Charles Carroll, "The Senator of Maryland," at Viceregal Lodge, Dublin.



HON. ARTHUR WESLEY OR WELLESLEY,

Afterwards 1st Duke of Wellington, brother to Richard, Marquess Wellesley. Sat for Trim, in the Parliament of Ireland, 1790 to 1797. The Hon. Arthur Wesley took a close interest in the affairs of Trim, and from 1789 to 1793, his signature is affixed to all the records of the Corporation of Trim. Born in Dublin 1769; married Lady Catherine Pakenham, second daughter of the 3rd Earl of Longford, in the Drawing-room of that nobleman's town house, Rutland Square, Dublin in 1806, and died at Walmer Castle, 1852.



JOSEPH ADDISON,

The celebrated essayist, who sat for Cavan Borough, in the first Parliament of Ireland, held during the reign of Queen Anne, 1703-1713. In 1709, Joseph Addison was Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Keeper of the Records. In 1713 Addison wrote the tragedy of Cato, and Voltaire declared that Shakespeare was a barbarian in tragedy compared with Addison.



CHARLES TOTTENHAM, OF TOTTENHAM GREEN.
"TOTTENHAM IN HIS BOOTS."

Who sat for New Ross in the second session of the "Long Parliament of Ireland," which lasted during the entire reign of George II. He rode from Wexford to Dublin to record his vote against the proposal to vote money supplies for a period of twenty-one years, and so render the Government independent of the Parliament of Ireland. The number on each side, for and against, was 50, and the single vote of Tottenham defeated the impudent proposal.

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The Last Parliament of Ireland—Some of the Leading Anti-Unionists.



COLONEL ROBERT LA TOUCHE, M.P.
Burgess for Harristown, Co. Kildare.
Younger son of John La Touche.



JOHN LA TOUCHE, M.P.,
Knight of the Shire for County Kildare.
Owner of the Borough of Harristown.



JOHN LA TOUCHE (THE YOUNGER), M.P.
Elder son of John La Touche. Burgess for Harristown, Co. Kildare.



DAVID LA TOUCHE (THE YOUNGER), M.P.
Burgess for Newcastle-juxta-Lyons. Son of the Right Hon. David La Touche, M.P.



THE RIVAL ORATORS (FROM A CARICATURE OF 1800)

JOHN EGAN, K.C., ANTI-UNIONIST.,
Chairman of Kilmainham. Burgess for Tallagh (or Tallow), Co. Waterford. "Bully Egan" was aptly compared to "the Trojan horse. sounding as if he had armed men within him." Offered a judgeship if he would support the Union, and declined.

PATRICK DUIGENAN, K.C., LL.D., UNIONIST.
An excellent scholar and an able man, but a miserable bigot, and the sworn foe of reform. Grattan considered that his speeches inflicted a double injury, "the Catholics suffering from his attack, and the Protestants from his defence." The Doctor held a number of valuable offices.



JOHN EGAN, K.C.,
"Bully Egan." Burgess for Tallagh, Co. Waterford. A determined Anti-Unionist.



JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.
Made belated re-appearance upon scene of earlier triumphs as Burgess for Banagher, King's County in June, 1800. Master of the Rolls, 1806-1814.



FRANCIS HARDY.
The Biographer of Charlemont. Burgess for Charlemont Borough, Co. Armagh. A gentleman in straightened circumstances who refused all offers.



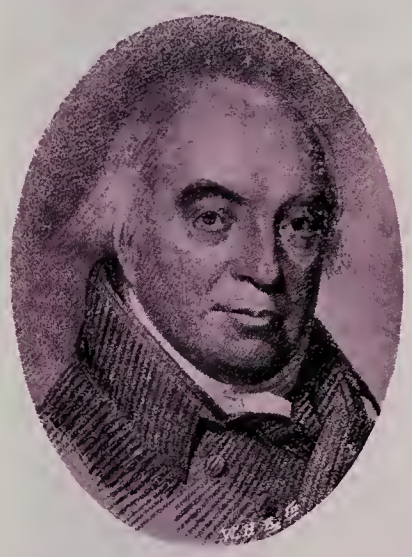
THOMAS GOOLD.
Burgess for Kilbeggan, Co. Westmeath. Thomas Goold entered the House a few hours before the great Union Division of 1800, and spoke and voted against the Government.

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The Last Parliament of Ireland—Some of the Leading Anti-Unionists.



W. CONYNGHAM PLUNKET, K.C.,
Burgess for Lord Charlemont's Borough of Charlemont; Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, 1830.



RT. HON. JAMES FITZGERALD, K.C., P.C.,
His Majesty's Prime Serjeant-at-Law, 1787-1799. Burgess for Kildare Borough; voted against Union, 1799—1800. Deprived of office.



LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES VEREKER,
Represented the County of the City of Limerick; voted against the Union, 1799-1800 cashiered for his opposition. In 1817 succeeded as second Viscount Gort.



HENRIETTA GRATTAN, WIFE OF THE RT. HON. HENRY GRATTAN, P.C.

Grattan had retired from Parliament, and had not sought a seat at the General Election, in 1797. When the Union was set in motion, he endeavoured to find a seat, and was returned for Wicklow Borough The election was held at midnight on the 15th January, 1800, and the Indenture of Return was brought to Mr. Grattan, who was staying at a friend's house in Baggot St., Dublin, and was exceedingly ill. When the messenger arrived, Grattan felt too ill to rise, but Mrs. Grattan insisted that he should do so. When he had dressed, she wrapped him in blankets, and placed him in a sedan chair, and so he went to the House. The danger of this was pointed out to Mrs. Grattan, who replied "My husband cannot die better than in defence of his country."



GEORGE CROOKSHANK,
One of the two Anti-Unionist members for Belfast Borough, who opposed the Union in 1799.



REV. WILLIAM DICKSON,
Bishop of Down and Connor, 1783-1804.



REV. RICHARD MARLAY, LL.D.,
Bishop of Waterford, 1795-1802.

The two Spiritual Peers who fought the Union Bill in the House of Lords, Ireland. Bishop Marlay was the uncle of Henry Grattan.



SIR JOHN MACARTNEY, BART.,
Burgess for Naas Borough, Co. Kildare: Voted against the Union, 1799-1800. Understood to be in straightened financial circumstances, but declined all offers of place and emolument, and fought the measure at every stage with great ability and unflinching integrity.

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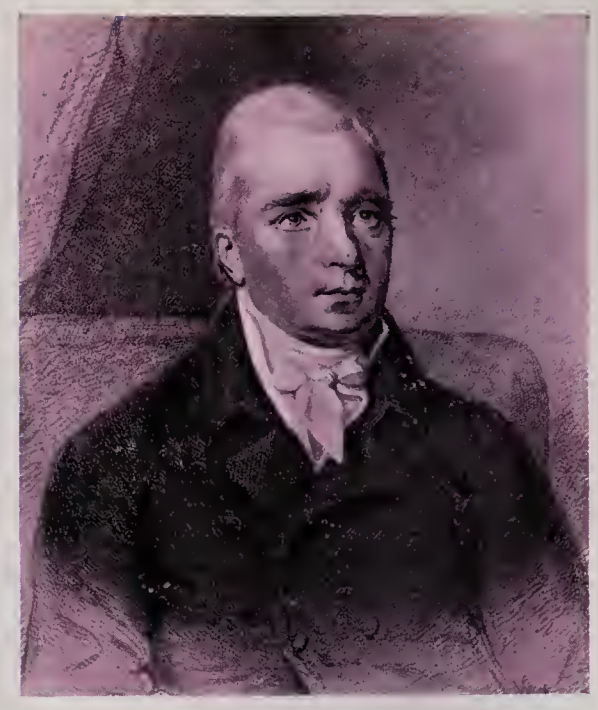
The Last Parliament of Ireland—Some of the Leading Anti-Unionists.



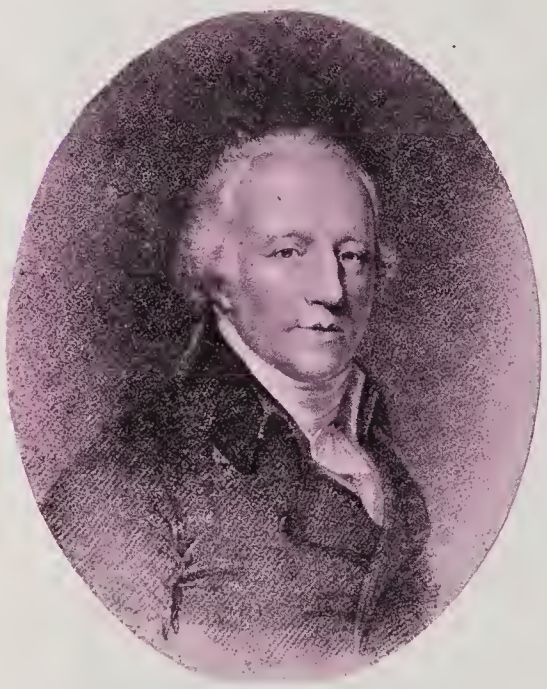
SIR JOHN EVANS FREKE, BART., OF CASTLE FREKE,
Afterwards Sixth Baron Carberry; owner of the Borough of Baltimore; an unflinching opponent of the Union, 1799-1800. Representatives of the Freke family sat in twenty-one Parliaments of Ireland.



HAMILTON GORGES, OF KILBREW,
Knight of the Shire for County Meath. An incorruptible gentleman of ancient lineage and most scrupulous honour, who was unsuccessfully offered a peerage, and a vast sum of money in return for his support of the Union. His response was to organise the County Meath petition, against the measure, which he opposed at every stage.



THE RT. HON. GEORGE PONSONBY, K.C.
Burgess for Galway Town. One of the most zealous leaders of the country gentlemen in opposing the Union. Subsequently Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and for some time Leader of the Opposition in the Imperial Parliament.



RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH,
Burgess for St. Johnstown Borough, Co. Longford. Voted against Union, 1799-1800. Father of the celebrated Maria Edgeworth. "I had been offered 3,000 guineas for my seat."—Edgeworth Memoirs, vol. ii., pp. 252-3.



THOMAS ("BUCK") WHALEY,
Burgess for Enniscorthy. Voted for the Union in 1799, and against in 1800. When the 1800 division was taken Whaley remained in the House. "You are mistaken—the ayes go out," said Edward Cooke, the Under Secretary. "Yes, replied Whaley, but this time I vote again against the Union."



RT. HON. SIR JOHN PARNELL, BART, P.C.,
Knight of the Shire for Queen's County. Dismissed from the valuable office of Chancellor of the Exchequer for his opposition to the Union. Great grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell.



CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE,
Burgess for Callen, 1797-1799, and for Donegal Borough 1799-1800. A most distinguished anti-Unionist. Chief Justice, King's Bench, 1822-1841. (From a portrait in after years).



WILLIAM SAURIN, K.C.,
Burgess for Blessington Borough. One of the ablest opponents of the Union. Challenged Government to submit the question to the constituencies. Lord Castlereagh replied, that such a proposal was "highly unconstitutional, and the true Jacobite principle." — Cornwallis' Correspondence. Vol. iii., p. 213.



PETER BURROWS, K.C.
Burgess for Enniscorthy. Spoke and voted against the measure, which he fought at every stage with great courage and ability. Burrows defended Robert Emmet, at his trial, in 1803. (From a portrait in old age).

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The Last Parliament of Ireland—Some of the Leading Anti-Unionists.



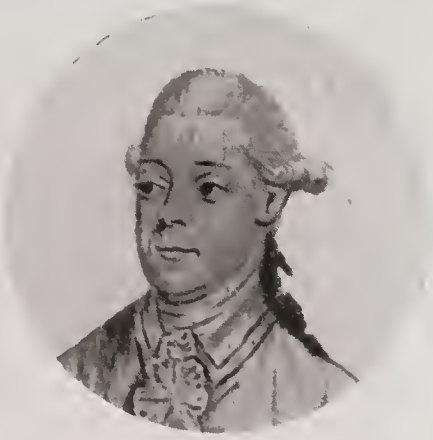
DUKE OF LEINSTER,
One of the most determined opponents of the Union in the House of Lords of Ireland. Brother to Lord Edward Fitzgerald.



JAMES, 1ST EARL OF CHARLEMONT,
Commander-in-Chief Leinster Volunteer Army, 1782–3. Voted against the Union in 1799. Died 4th August, 1799.



FRANCIS, 2ND EARL OF CHARLEMONT,
Only surviving son of James, 1st Earl of Charlemont. As Francis William Caulfield (Lord Caulfield), Knight of the Shire for Co. Armagh, he voted in the House of Commons against the Union in 1799, and voted in the House of Lords against the measure in 1800 as Earl of Charlemont.



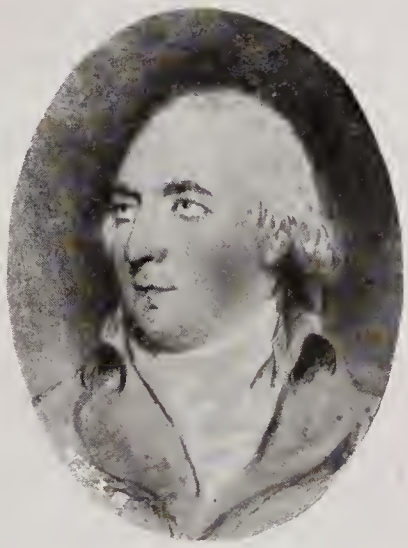
RIGHT HON. GEORGE OGLE, P.C.,
Citizen for the City of Dublin. One of the earliest promoters of the Volunteers of 1782. Voted against the Union in 1799, and again in 1800. Author of "Maire a Stoir" (Mary Asthore), and "Banna's Banks." Had fine expressive eyes, and gave the verb "to Ogle" to the "language of the eye."



RICHARD DAWSON,
Of Dawson's Grove, Knight of the Shire for Co. Monaghan. Voted against the Union in 1799 and again in 1800.



HON FRANCIS MATHEW (LORD MATHEW),
Of Thomastown Castle, Knight of the Shire for Co. Tipperary. Second Earl of Llandaff. His father, Francis, 1st Earl of Llandaff, was a prominent Unionist, and his son a determined Anti-Unionist. Voted against in 1799 and again in 1800.



RT. HON. WM. BRABAZON PONSONBY, P.C.,
1st Baron Ponsonby. One of the foremost leaders of the country gentlemen of Ireland in opposition to the Union. Knight of the Shire for Co. Kilkenny. His elder son sat for Dungarvan Borough, his younger for Fethard, Co. Tipperary. All three were staunch Anti-Unionists. Voted against in 1799 and 1800.



JOHN BALL,
Burgess for the free County and Town of Drogheda. An incorruptibly honest opponent of the Union in 1799 and 1800.



COLONEL JOHN WOLFE,
of Forenoughts. Burgess for Carlow Borough. Opposed the Union, and was dismissed from Commissionership of Revenue, value £1,000 yearly.



JOHN REILLY,
Burgess for Blessington Borough. Opposed the Union, and was dismissed from Board of Accounts, an office worth £800 yearly.



SIR R. BLIGH ST. GEORGE.
Burgess for Athlone Borough. Voted against Government in 1799 and 1800. A member of the St. George family appeared in the Parliaments of Ireland no less than forty-six times.



FRANCIS RAWDON, 2ND EARL OF MOIRA.
1st Marquis of Hastings. Absent from home in 1799. Voted against the Union (by proxy) in 1800. Governor-General of India 1812.



COLONEL JOHN DOYLE.
Burgess for the Manor of Mullingar. Secretary at War (Ireland) 1796; Anti-Unionist. Retired from Parliament 22nd January, 1799. Distinguished soldier—General Sir John Doyle, G.C.B.



LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. GALBRAITH LOWRY COLE,
Second son of William Willoughby, 1st Earl of Enniskillen. Voted against the Union in 1799, and was sent out of the country by Government, and refused an Escheatorship to enable the Enniskillen seat to be vacated. Afterwards General Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole, G.C.B.



MAJOR WILLIAM PONSONBY,
of Bishop's Court,
Afterwards Major-General Sir William Ponsonby, K.C.B. Second son of Rt. Hon. W. B. Ponsonby, P.C., 1st Baron Ponsonby, Knight of the Shire for Kilkenny Co. Burgess for Fethard Borough, Co. Tipperary. Against Union in 1799 and 1800. Killed at Waterloo.



HON. WILLIAM J. SKEFFINGTON,
Burgess for Antrim Borough. Voted against the Union in 1799 and 1800. Constable of Dublin Castle.

A Pictorial Reconstruction of the Last Parliament of Ireland.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

external influences at one stroke to accomplish its utter destruction, and avenge the humiliation of 1782. The delegates at the Volunteer conventions—particularly the practical-minded Northern Corps—in 1783 demanded a wise reform, which would have secured for the Parliament a career of extended usefulness and certainly a great accession of dignity and independence. If the old Parliament of Ireland, purified, reformed, and strengthened, does not stand on College Green to-day, of a certainty Ulster is not to blame. Flood had unavailingly worked to give practical effect to the wisdom of the Volunteers, and subsequently Grattan and the leaders of the Opposition in Parliament exhausted effort in the same direction, but the driving power of the great movement was gone, and the Government, safe behind the barriers erected by the Stuarts, swept aside every effort to purify and reform and eventually by the misuse of the close boroughs, laid the whole fabric in the dust.

The corrupt Borough system, by means of which this was accomplished, was not peculiar to Ireland. On the contrary, it was an exact copy—a living replica—of the abominable Borough system which afflicted Great Britain until 1832, when the passage of the Reform Act practically placed the Government in the hands of the middle classes. In 1785 Pitt, shortly after he came into office as Premier, proposed to expend £1,000,000 in buying up thirty-six decayed boroughs which returned seventy-two members to the Parliament of Great Britain, but that body declined to sanction such a sacrifice of principle to expediency as buying rotten boroughs to secure purity. * The borough reform of Great Britain was effected without the payment of a shilling to any individual. Lord John Russell had predicted that longer delay would cause bloodshed and the upbreaking of the British Empire.

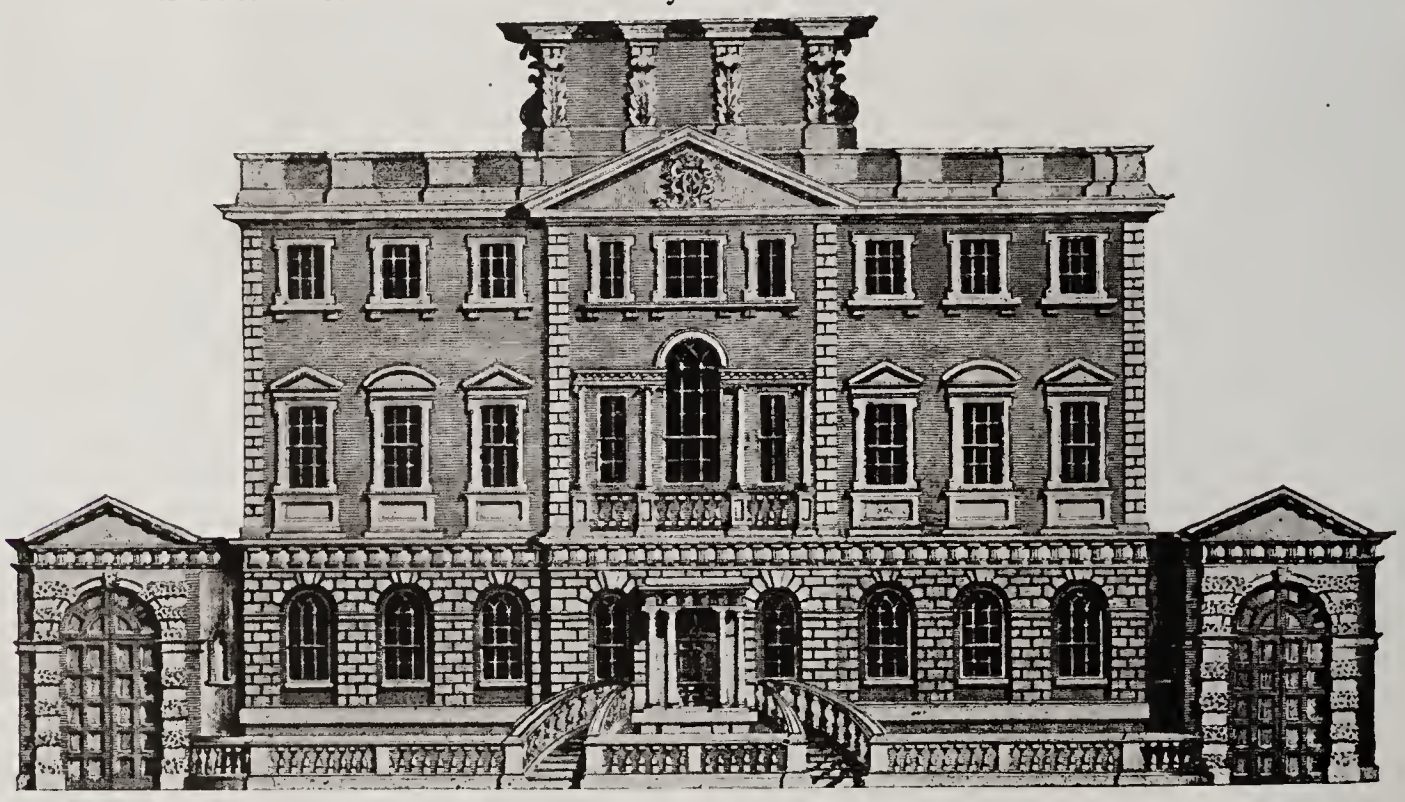
Pitt's effort to buy up corrupt boroughs in England is frequently cited to show that these were, as Lord Eldon maintained in 1832, strictly private property, and it is argued that Pitt did nothing in Ireland at the Union which he was not prepared to do in England when he launched his reform proposals there in 1785. This is a complete fallacy, for Pitt's policy at Westminster was to strengthen the legislature of Great Britain by purifying the representation; while his policy in Ireland, after the Union, was defeated in 1799, was to offer the inducement of £7,500 a seat to those who controlled close borough property to support his measure of Union and destroy the ancient constitution of the country.

The general corruption practised to accomplish this project was sufficiently bad, but was the least blameworthy portion of the series of fraudulent borough operations which affected a drastic change in the representation without the holding of a general election.

The Opposition, composed of the flower of the country gentlemen of Ireland, again and again challenged the Government to submit the question of the Union to the test of a general election, and declared that they would abide by the decision of the country. The responsible ministers of the crown replied that such a proposal was "seditious," "Jacobinical," "revolutionary," and "traitorous"; indeed one scandalised Borough member, who did well out of the business, declared that such a proposal was "damnable."

The methods by which the representation was changed without an appeal to the sixty-five thousand electors of Ireland will be indicated at the close of this brief outline, but before that subject is approached, it will be interesting to cast a passing glance at the growth of the House of Lords, which, by its control of the House of Commons, through the close boroughs, really held the key of the position. The evolution of the House of Peers in Ireland will be most readily followed by a perusal of the following table showing the state of the Peerage of Ireland during fourteen reigns :—

A Dublin Town Mansion in the Days of the Last Parliament of Ireland.



Lord Powerscourt's House.

THE RESIDENCE OF RICHARD, 4TH VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT, IN WILLIAM STREET, DUBLIN.

It was down the steps of this Mansion that the emissary was turned who proposed to Lord Powerscourt that he should cast his vote for the Union and be promoted a Marquis. Lord Powerscourt's valedictory observation, "YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BRIBE ME," is cut upon the frame of his portrait which adorns the walls of Powerscourt, Co. Wicklow, where this noble old Irish family has been seated since Sir Richard Wingfield received the lands of Powerscourt in 1609, as part of the reward for his prowess in the Ulster rising, when he captured Castledoe and slew Sir Cahir O'Doghertie.

Sovereign.	Dukes.	Marquises.	Earls.	Viscounts.	Barons.	Growth of the House
Henry VII.	—	—	4	3	12	19
Henry VIII.	—	—	6	5	17	28
Edward VI.	—	—	6	6	16	28
Queen Mary	—	—	6	6	16	28
Queen Elizabeth	—	—	4	4	16	24
James I.	—	—	11	18	38	27
Charles I.	—	3	17	43	36	96
Charles II.	1	—	31	44	29	104
James II.	1	—	33	45	32	110
William III.	2	—	31	39	24	94
Queen Anne	2	—	25	39	24	88
George I.	1	1	32	52	31	115
George II.	—	—	48	47	38	133

George III., at the time of the Union, had increased the total number of Temporal Peers of Ireland from 133 to 228, and in a single year of the reign (1776) no less than thirty creations and promotions had been made. The number of Spiritual Peers at the Union was twenty-two. The total strength of the Upper House

* G. Barnett Smith's *History of the English Parliament*, vol. ii., p. 320.

A Concise View of the Irish Society (1842), p. 33.

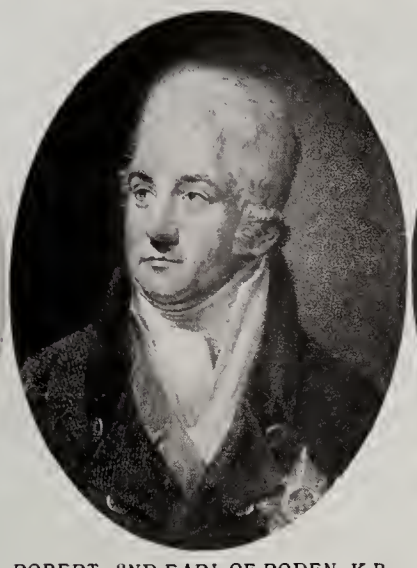
Continued on page 28.

WEDDING STATIONERY
A SPECIALITY.
WALLER & CO., 20, Suffolk Street, DUBLIN. ESTABLISHED 1798
Stationers and Printers by Royal Warrant to the late Queen Victoria.

The Last Parliament of Ireland—Some of the Leading Unionists.



RT. HON. ISAAC CORRY, P.C.
urgess for Newry, Co. Down. Held a umber of most valuable sinecures, to hich was added the Chancellorship of ıe Exchequer, taken from Sir John arnell, Bart., the anti-Unionist. During ıe Union debates insulted Grattan, who ıot him in a duel.



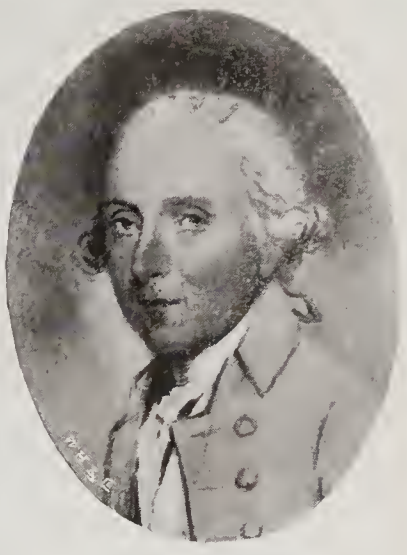
ROBERT, 2ND EARL OF RODEN, K.P.
Controlled the Corporation of Dundalk, represented in Parliament by the Earl's brother, and brother-in-law. The family influence was on the Government side at the Union, and Lord Roden was one of the first twenty-eight representative Peers.



REV. JOHN PORTER, D.,D.
Lord Bishop of Clogher, who elected no less than six members for the City of Clogher to the Last Parliament of Ireland. The members were selected by Dublin Castle, and returned by the Bishop's thirteen electors. There were only 44 houses in Clogher.



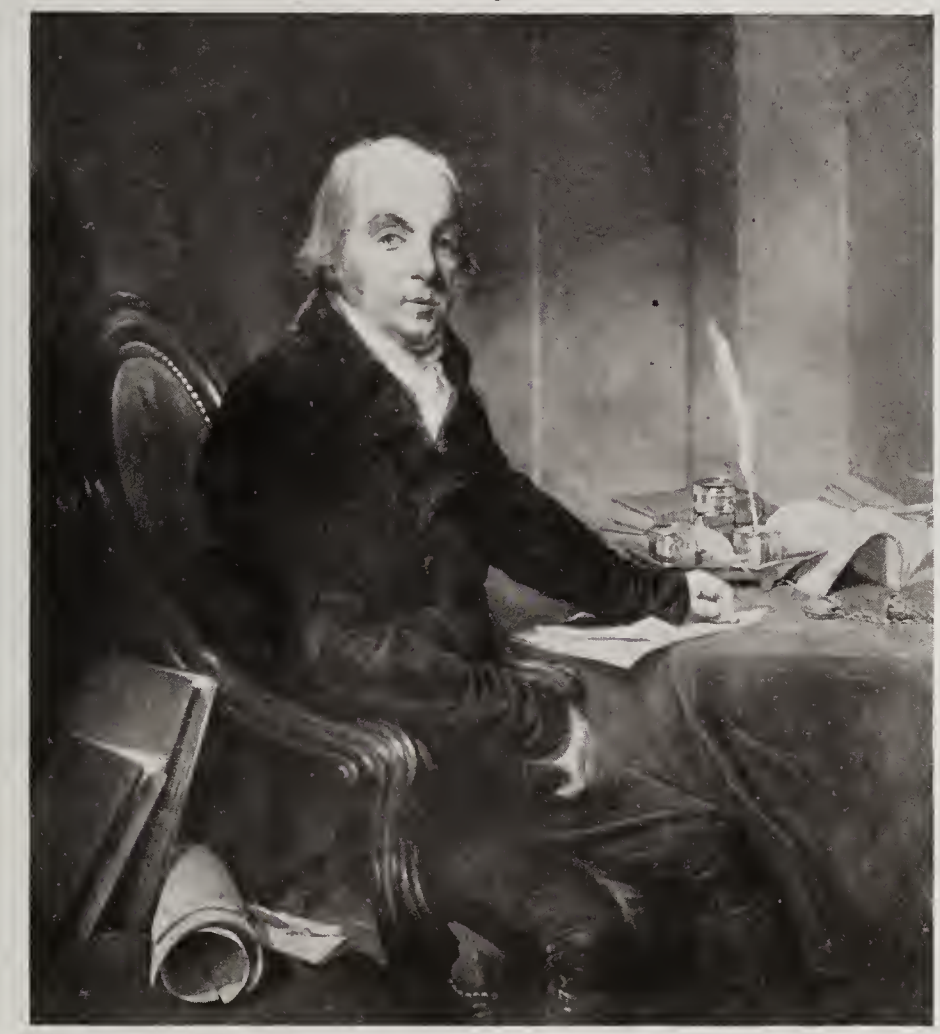
JAMES, BARON TYRAWLEY,
Created Baron Tyrawley, 1797. Voted for the Union, 1799-1800 in the House of Lords. Selected as one of the first twenty-eight Representative Peers.



RT. HON. THEOPHILUS JONES, P.C.,
Knight of the Shire for Leitrim County. Voted for Union, 1799-1800. Held valuable office from 1767, and was superannuated with £1,500 yearly, in June, 1799.



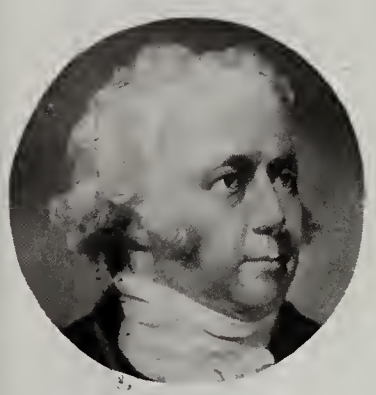
VISCOUNT CARLETON.
Created Baron Carleton, 1789 ; advanced Viscount Carleton, 1797 : Decidedly averse to Union in December, 1798, a complete convert the month following. One of the first twenty-eight representative Peers.



RT. HON. RICHARD R. ANNESLEY, P.C.
Whose Union career given elsewhere, epitomizes the methods used to pass the measure. Annesley sat in the last Parliament of Ireland—first, for Blessington Borough, Co. Wicklow, then for Fore Borough, Co. Westmeath ; next for Clogher City. Turned out of Blessington and Clogher, he lastly took refuge in Midleton Town, Co. Cork.



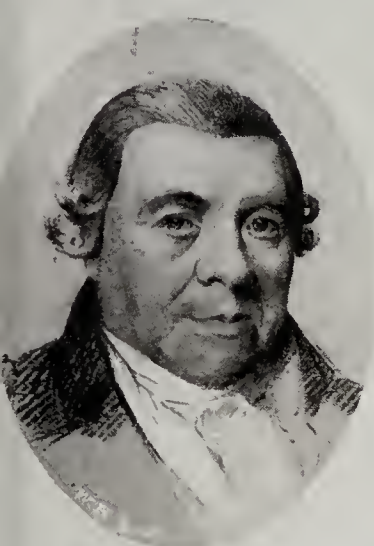
ARTHUR, LORD KILWARDEN.
Created Lord Kilwarden 1798. Supported the Union in the House of Peers, and was advanced Viscount Kilwarden (1800). Assassinated in 1803.



EDWARD COOKE,
An English Under Secretary of State. Burgess for Old Leighlin Borough, Co. Carlow ; a ceaselessly active lieutenant of Lord Castlereagh in promoting the Union.



LORD CHARLES FITZGERALD,
Burgess for Ardfert, Co. Kerry. Second son of James, First Duke of Leinster, and brother to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Voted for the Union, 1799 1800. Created Baron Lecale, 1800



PATRICK DUIGENAN, LL.D.
urgess for Armagh Borough. Voted the Union in 1800. Judge of the erogative Court and Consistorial urt, Dublin. One of the Commissiers of Union "Compensation."



RICHARD MARTIN,
Burgess for Lanesborough, Co. Longford. Voted for Union, 1799-1800. Received valuable office, of which John Reilly, Burgess for Blessington, was deprived, for Reilly's opposition to the measure.



HON. JOHN MONCK MASON, P.C.,
Burgess for St. Canice Borough, Co. Kilkenny. Held numerous offices, and had valuable pensions.



JOHN BERESFORD, JUN.,
Son of William, 1st Baron Decies, Archbishop of Tuam: Burgess for Colcraine Borough. Voted for the Union, 1799-1800. Joint Taster of the Wines with his uncle, Rt. Hon. John Beresford. John Beresford afterwards entered Holy Orders and succeeded as 2nd Baron Decies.



LORENZO MOORE,
Colouel Battle Axe Guard 1784-1786. Burgess for Ardfert from March, 1798 to January, 1800. Voted for Union, 1799 ; retired from the Parliament, before the great Union Division of 1800

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A Pictorial Reconstruction of the Last Parliament of Ireland.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.

thus stood at 250. Marquis Cornwallis reached Ireland on 20th June, 1798, to unite in his own person the civil and military authority in the country. He surrendered the Viceroyalty towards the close of May, 1801. In this interval of less than three years twenty-nine creations were added to the Peerage of Ireland, and of these only seven were unconnected with the Union. It will be seen that while, from the close of the Stuarts' reign, no addition had been made to the 300 Commons, the expansion of the Peers had been so great that the number of members in the Upper House had been more than doubled. The "foreign element" had grown enormously. There were dozens of Englishmen and Scotsmen who did not own a rood of land in the country, and were unconnected with it by family ties, property, public service or sympathy. Large numbers of them had received their Irish titles for borough services in the Parliament of Great Britain. A few "foreigners" had acquired their titles by services of honour, and many eminent men who had fought the Empire's battles by land and sea were justly rewarded with Peerages of Ireland. Many of the "foreigners" had never set foot in Ireland, not even to take their seats in the House from which their titles were derived. Others, who had not waived this formality, had the privilege of voting by proxy, and even of entering a protest, also by proxy, on the Lords' Journals. In the English House the right of voting by proxy existed until 1868, but the right of protest by proxy was never a privilege which the Peers of England, or those of Great Britain, enjoyed. The proxy vote of the "foreign absentees" was, however, in very many instances at the command of ministers, to defeat necessary measures required by Ireland. The Englishmen and Scotchmen, without Irish connection, were not, however, the only "foreigners." There were others; such, for example, as Frederick Christian Rhynard de Reede Gynkell, sixth Earl of Athlone, a gentleman from Holland, whose vocabulary was limited to "twenty words of the English Language." He was a descendant of that Godart de Ginkell, lieutenant-general of the forces of William III., who besieged and took Athlone, gained the important victory at Aughrim, laid siege to Limerick, and finally drew up and completed the Articles of Limerick, afterwards violated. In 1691 this foreign warrior had been created Earl of Athlone, and given certain lands, a grant which, on investigation, was cancelled. Disgusted at this treatment, de Ginkell had retired to Holland, and no Earl of Athlone had appeared among the Peers of Ireland from 1691 to 1795. In the latter year his descendant, already mentioned as the sixth Earl of Athlone, had fallen into poverty in Holland, and George III. had recommended him for a pension on the Irish establishment, that fertile milch cow for all kinds of "foreign" undesirables—many being so extremely questionable in their character and the nature of their services that old John Fitzgibbon (the father of the Chancellor) had once declared that "the wages of sin is Ireland." Lord Camden, the Viceroy at the time of the

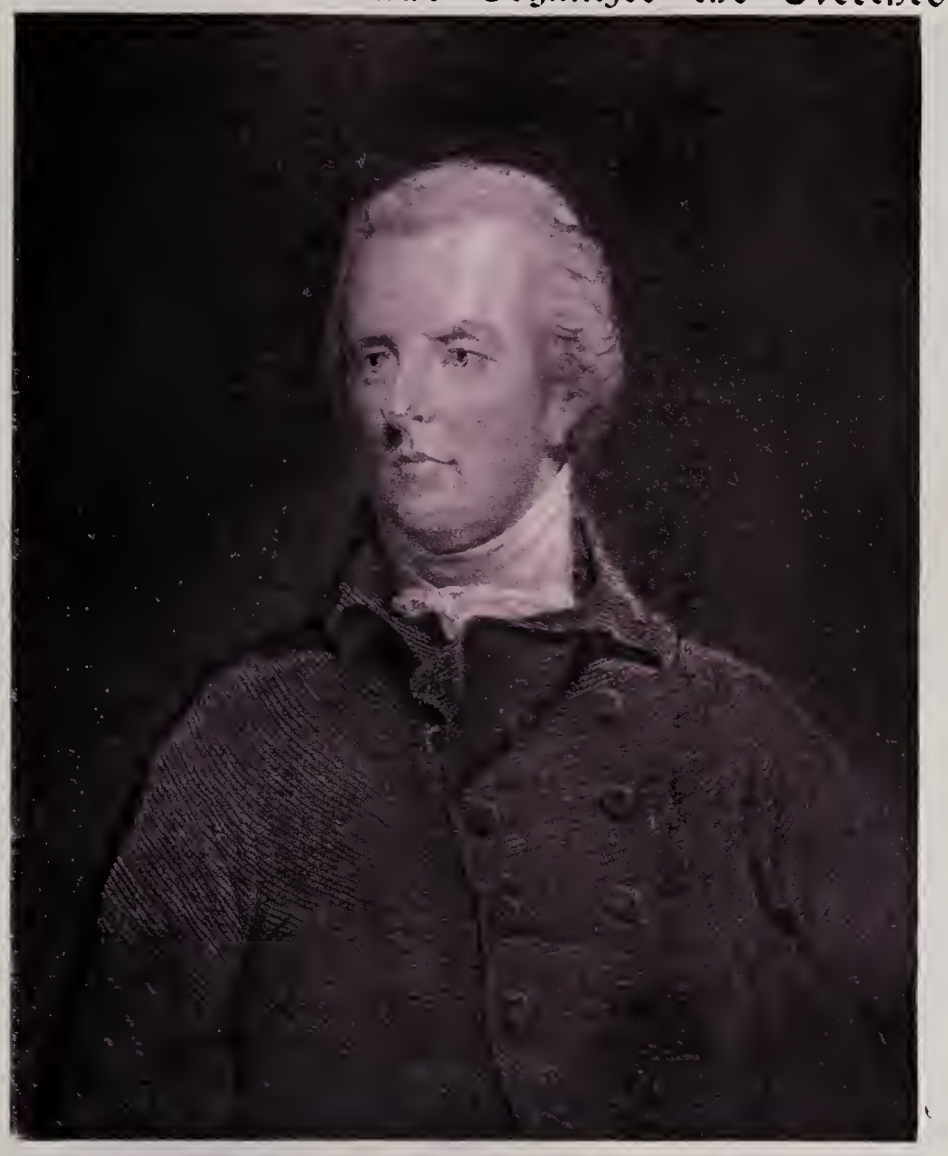
INTERIOR OF A DUBLIN GEORGIAN TOWN MANSION.



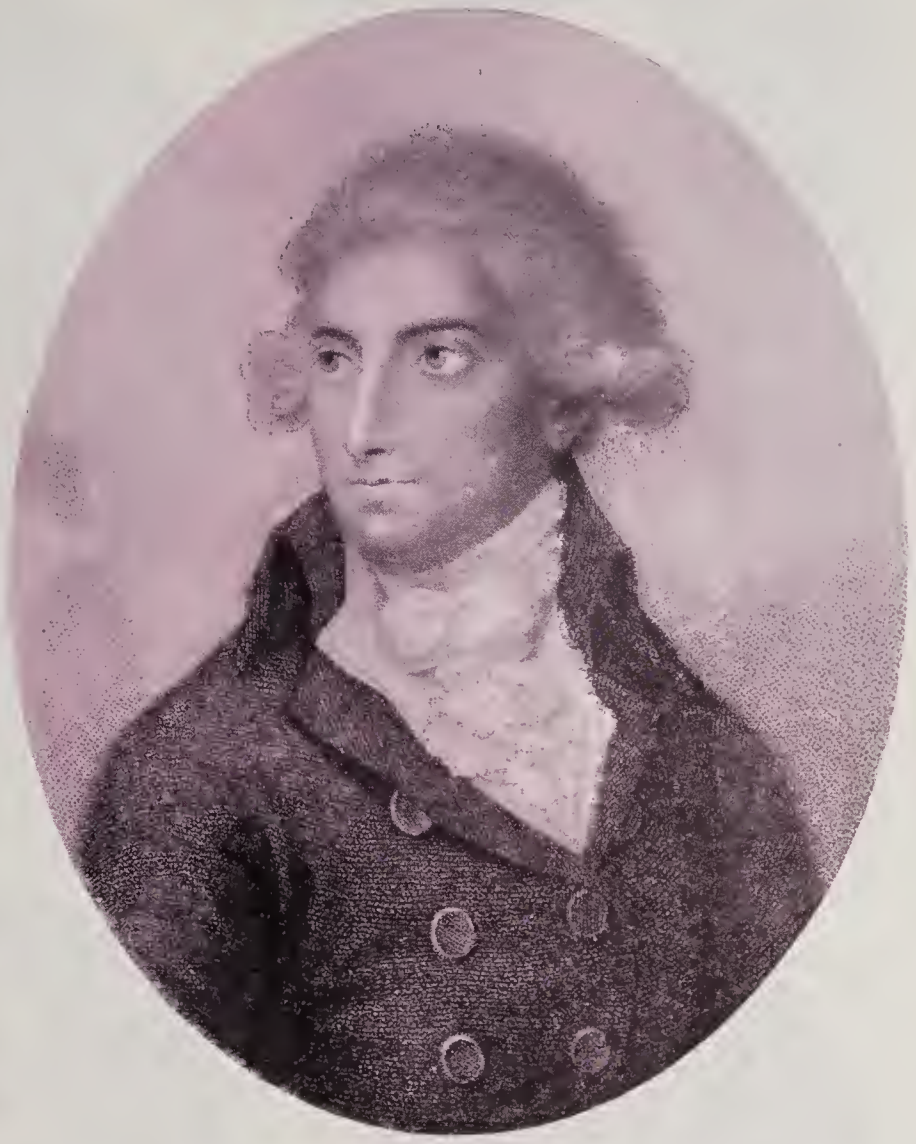
THE HALL AND STAIRCASE AT ELY HOUSE, ELY PLACE, DUBLIN, THE TOWN HOUSE OF HENRY, 1ST EARL OF ELY.
By the courtesy of the Georgian Society.

Continued on page 35.

The Men who Organized the Overthrow of the Last Parliament of Ireland.



WILLIAM PITT, PRIME MINISTER OF THE PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN,
Who on the defeat of the Union Proposal in 1799, perfected the plan of offering £7,500 for each close Irish Borough seat disfranchised by the passing of the Union measure. This buying up of corrupt Boroughs in the British Parliament, had been unsuccessfully proposed by Pitt in 1785.



JOHN (FITZGIBBON) EARL OF CLARE,
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.
The first Irishman to fill the office. Lord Clare manipulated the House of Lords and Lord Castlereagh the House of Commons.



RT. HON. ROBERT STEWART, VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH,
Knight of the Shire for Down County; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1798-1801, who conducted the Union operations under the Viceroy, Marquis Cornwallis. Viscount Castlereagh was the first Irishman to fill the office of Chief Secretary. "He is so very unlike an Irishman, I think he had a first claim to an exception in his favour."—MARQUIS CORNWALLIS TO THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, 20TH NOVEMBER, 1798—CORNWALLIS CORRESPONDENCE, VOL. II., P. 441.



MARQUIS CORNWALLIS, THE UNION VICEROY,

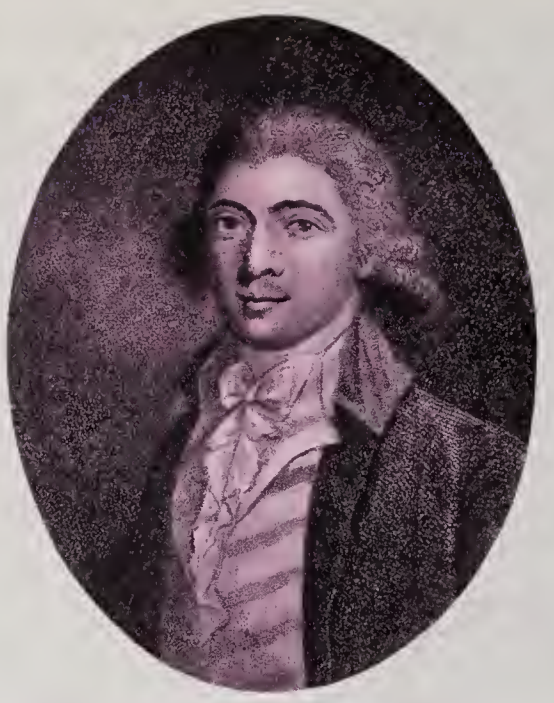
Who organised the Union operations. Lord Cornwallis, who arrived in Dublin, 20th June, 1798, immediately the Rebellion was suppressed, began to prepare the way for the Measure of Union. His letters (Cornwallis Correspondence), teem with lamentations regarding the corruption of which he was chief organiser in the years 1799-1800.

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The Last Parliament of Ireland—Some of the Leading Unionists.



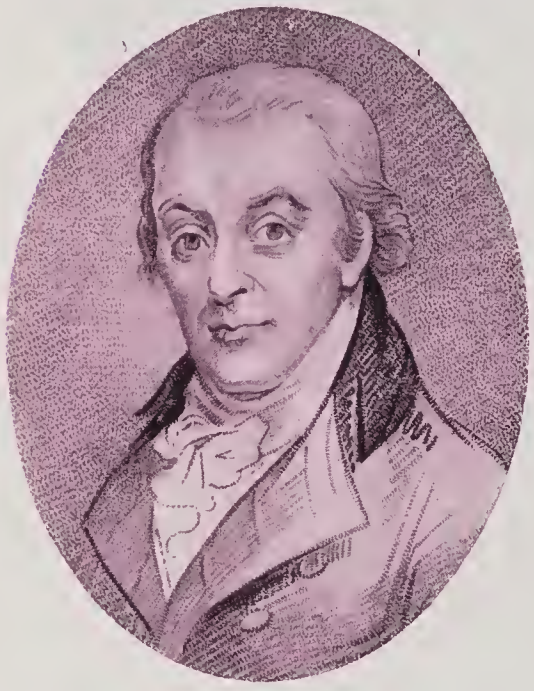
SIR JOHN BLAQUIERE, P.C., K.B.,
Burgess for Newtownards, Co. Down. An Englishman who came to Ireland in the entourage of Lord Harcourt, and was Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1772-1779. Blaquiere's jobbing and pensions form an amazing record. He aspired to become one of the first twenty-eight Representative Peers, but this was curtly declined. He was, however, created Baron de Blaquiere, and given an annuity of £1,000 a year.



RICHARD, BARON DONOUGHMORE, OF KNOCKLOFTY
Eldest son of John Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin (1776-1794).and brother to Major-General John Hely Hutchinson, Citizen for Cork City, and Hon. F. Hely Hutchinson, Burgess for Naas. Richard, Baron Donoughmore, and Viscount Suirdale, was advanced Earl of Donoughmore, in 1800. One of the first elected twenty-eight representative Peers.



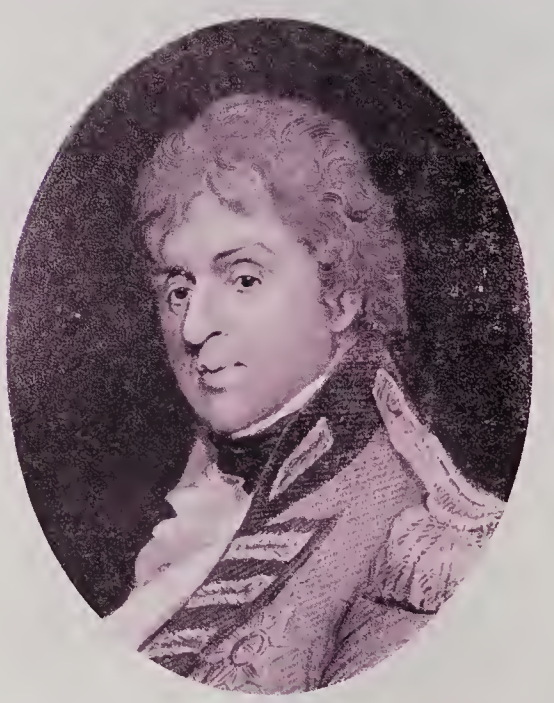
RT. HON. JOHN BERESFORD, P.C.
Knight for the Shire of Co. Waterford.
The power of the Beresford's in Ireland was prodigious. The family controlled about twenty seats in the Parliament, and held, or had in their gift, offices to the value of £20,000 per annum. John Beresford was known as the, "King of Ireland," and Earl Fitzwilliam's efforts to dismiss Beresford, from one of his sinecures, ended in the overthrow of Fitzwilliam.



ARTHUR BROWNE, LL.D.
Representative for the Borough of the College (University of Dublin). Voted against the Union, 1799, and for the Union, 1800. Rewarded with the valuable office of Prime Serjeant at Law. At Browne's death (1805) this office was abolished. The Prime Sergeant took precedence of the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General.



RT. HON. THOMAS CONOLLY, P.C., OF CASTLETOWN,
Knight of the Shire for County Londonderry. Voted for the Union in 1800, and retired from Parliament, May, 1800. Governor of Londonderry City, and of the town of Coleraine.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON, JUN.
Citizen for Cork City. Defeated by the French at Castlebar, 1798. Served as Commander in chief in Egypt, and drove the French out of that country.Created Baron Hutchinson (1801). In 1825 succeeded his brother as Second Earl of Donoughmore.



THE EARL OF ALTAMONT.
Voted for the Union by proxy. Representative Peer, K.P., Marquis of Sligo.



SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE, BART, P.C.,
Who owned the Borough of Knocktopher, and returned four members therefor to the Last Parliament of Ireland. As Burgess for Knocktopher, voted for the Union, 1799-1800. Held numerous valuable offices.



LORD YELVERTON, BARON AVONMORE
(BARRY YELVERTON).
Lord Chief Baron, Court of Exchequer. Voted for Uuion, 1799-1800. Promoted Viscount Avonmore.

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sixth Earl's importunity, demurred to his request for aid, and Lord Athlone came to Ireland to prosecute his enterprise in person. During 1795 he took his seat in the House of Peers in Ireland, wherein no person bearing the title of the Earl of Athlone had sat for a period of one hundred and four years. In 1799 the Earl was in Dublin but was an absentee from the Union division in the Lords during that year, when fifty-two peers only had voted for the Union paragraph in the Address and sixteen were in opposition. In the following year, however, the Dutch Earl of Athlone was present on the Earl's bench in the Upper House of the Parliament of Ireland and voted for the Union, and on the 19th January, 1801, he was granted an annuity of £2,000 a year out of the Consolidated Fund. The Athlone peerage became extinct in 1844, so that the Dutch Earl of Athlone's services had cost the country £88,000, but that was merely a drop in the ocean of public monies squandered.

The native representation in the House included large numbers of men of ancient lineage, of the highest honour, of great possessions in Ireland and of an ability and character which would have adorned and shed luster upon any assembly. The character of the House was, however, blemished by the levies constantly drafted to its benches of those whose traffic in peerages and places, in borough-mongering and in the shady bye-ways of politics, were a source of disgrace to the Government and to themselves, and reflected upon the character of the Lords' Chamber. These were, as Mr. Lecky declared, the holders "of Irish titles historically connected with memories not of honour but of shame."*

Yet withal, when every nerve had been strained, every stratagem employed, every force and inducement used, far less than one-third of the Peers of Ireland could be induced, in 1800, to vote, openly in person, or secretly by proxy, for the measure upon which the Government had set its heart. The non-contents totalled twenty-six, and one hundred and forty-nine Peers of Ireland stood silent and aloof, taking no part in the proceedings. Of the high-minded action of many of the Lords' minority there is little room here to speak. The exigencies of space press hardly, so a bare glance at examples must suffice. Richard, fourth Viscount Powerscourt, fought the measure in the Lords with great energy, ability, and integrity. He was visited by Lord Castlereagh, who held out the prospect of a Marquisate as a reward for his support of the measure—an offer which Lord Powerscourt responded to by turning "the Statesman of the Union" out of his house, with the observation, "You are not going to bribe me," an exclamation which forms the honourable inscription upon the frame of his portrait now hanging in Powerscourt, Co. Wicklow, and a replica of which I am privileged to produce.



RIGHT HON. DAVID LA TOUCHE, P.C.,

Owner of the Borough of Newcastle-juxta-Lyons, County Dublin, for which he sat, with his son, David La Touche the younger. An eminent Dublin Banker founder and first Governor of the Bank of Ireland One of the seven gentlemen of high character who, without fee or reward, supported the Union. His son and Parliamentary colleague, David La Touche the younger, was upon the Anti-Unionist side.

William Robert, Duke of Leinster, and the Earls of Charlemont; James, 1st Earl in 1799, and his son Francis, 2nd Earl, who had succeeded at his father's death, fought the great measure strenuously.

Arthur, 2nd Marquess of Downshire, was another of many honourable men in the Lords of Ireland. He controlled seven seats, and so determined was his opposition from the outset that it does not appear that even the hardihood of the Viceroy, Marquis Cornwallis, was equal to the task of offering him any inducement. Indeed, when the Viceroy was touring Ireland, like a political Commercial Traveller, touting for votes, he forebore to even enter the County of Down because, as he records, of that "proud Leviathan, Lord Downshire." The borough members of the Marquis were bribed and a series of remarkable tricks were played upon him, but the Marquess never sold his seats, and the Burgesses, who sat by his favour alone, were bound to retire if their public action did not run along the lines which he approved. So he turned out man after man as fast as the Government bought them, and the seven Downshire seats† recorded six votes against the Government in 1800. His reward? Well he was cashiered from the Colonelcy of the Down Militia, which he had made one of the most efficient regiments in Ireland, his valuable offices were confiscated, his name was struck off the Privy Council, and he died a broken-hearted man ere the Union, which he had fought so valiantly, was two years old. His wife avenged his fall, and when Lord Castlereagh sought to secure election for the County of Down in 1806 the influence and energy of this lady beat him out of the constituency.

Let it be recorded that the overthrow of the United Irishmen, the movement which was the mainspring of the insurrection of 1798, was in its inception the work of this loyal gentleman Lord Downshire. Aye, observes the critic, but he, like many of the opponents of the Union, received the borough "compensation." In the case of the Marquess this amounted to £52,500, but let it be remembered in his instance, as in the case of others, the success of his efforts and his plans, had they succeeded, would have insured that such a payment, on such an account, would never have been available to fatten the purse of any man.

The manipulation of the close and corrupt Boroughs was the most serious phase of the Union period, as by these operations sweeping changes were effected in the character of the representation without the holding of a General Election.

Seats of members desiring to retire from the Parliaments of Great Britain were vacated by the grant of the nominal office of the Chiltern Hundreds or that of the Manor of East Hendred. In Ireland the bestowal of one of four nominal offices of profit accomplished the same object. These offices were the Escheatorships of Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, each value for thirty shillings. In Ireland these offices were not availed of frequently, as few members retired. Between 1762 and 1799, a period of thirty-seven years, the Escheatorship of Ulster was only granted upon nine occasions. From 1794 to 1798 thirteen members availed of the privilege of retiring, and accepted the office of Escheator of Munster. One single individual had retired under cover of the Escheatorship of Connaught—this was in 1788. Prior to the Union proposals the Escheatorship of Leinster had been useful to two retiring members—one in 1761 and one in 1778. It will, therefore, be seen that no abuse of these offices had been made.

The question of Union was first ventilated in the Last Parliament in January, 1799, and in that one year twenty-six members accepted Escheatorships, and vacated their seats, in every instance except one, for close boroughs. The Government gain by these operations in 1799 was a total of twenty-two seats. Between 1st January, 1800, and the close of the Parliament in the same year, thirty-seven Escheatorships were also granted, all for close boroughs, with one exception (Londonderry County). Thus, within two years, sixty seats were vacated, and of these fifty-eight were for close boroughs. Few of the forty-one boroughs operated upon possessed twenty voters, and all were under the control of individuals. The net result of these proceedings was that the Government on the whole gained forty-two seats, seventeen Government seats were unchanged, and the Anti-Unionists captured five, the latter thus bringing into the House some of the most effective and masterly opponents of the Government measure—viz., William Saurin (Blessington Borough), Charles Kendal Bushe (Donegal Borough), and Thomas Goold (Kilbeggan Borough). John Philpot Curran also made a belated entry for Banagher.

A large number of additional changes in the constitution of the House was effected by the appointment of an army of "Gentlemen at Large to the Lord Lieutenant"—a small office of profit—and the individuals appointed to these offices were in every case friends of the Government, who very often vacated one borough seat to move into another, an arrangement sometimes necessary in this political game of chess, or perchance undertaken to allow some other Government nominee to come into the House and assist in garnering the abundant harvest.

This General Election for close boroughs, by means of a hitherto unheard-of abuse of the Escheatorships, was the work of the Marquis Cornwallis, the Viceroy of the Union period. His protestations of purity and probity occur frequently in his *Correspondence*. In these letters he inveighed continually against the corrupt people

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* *History of England in the 18th Century*, Vol. IV. p. 518.

† Blessington, Co. Wicklow, two seats; Hillsborough, Co. Down, two seats; Carlingford, Co. Louth, one seat; Fore, Co. Westmeath, two seats.

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of Ireland; and the historians, never weary of repeating his denunciations, of pointing the moral and adorning the tale, incidentally approving the Viceroy's integrity and high character. Public writers have set him aloft as if he were a kind of political Bishop Berkeley, to whom Pope most justly ascribed "every virtue under heaven."

A close investigation of the performances of Marquis Cornwallis in 1799 and 1800 leaves one quite unconvinced as to the value of these testimonials to the public virtue of the Union Viceroy, who has been so readily accepted, at his own valuation, by the historians. "The political jobbing in this country," declared the Viceroy, "gets the better of me. It has ever been the wish of my life to avoid all this dirty business, and I am now involved in it beyond all bearing. . . . How I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court!"* "I despise and hate myself for engaging in such dirty work." "My occupation is now jobbing with the most corrupt people under heaven."† Every student of history is familiar with these wailings of the Viceroy, which have been almost as generally quoted as the wisest passages of Shakespeare.

The author and mover of the Escheator operations in the Parliament of Ireland would, like the lady in the play, have been wise not to protest his purity so much, for the most impudent of all the Irish borough operations, undertaken by the Marquis Cornwallis, was for the benefit of his own son-in-law.

The Viceroy moved the close borough representatives in and out, and from borough to borough, as a dexterous chess player handles his men on the board; but the one instance in which a member for an English close borough accepted the stewardship of the Manor of East Hendred and vacated his seat in the Parliament of Great Britain, to pass over into Ireland and become a member of a corrupt borough there, was supplied by his own relative, Mark Singleton, an officer in the 1st Guards (afterwards the Grenadiers). This gentleman had married Lady Mary Cornwallis, the only daughter of Marquis Cornwallis, in 1785. Ten years later the Marquis had returned him to the Parliament of Great Britain for his nomination borough of Eye, Co. Suffolk. The year following he was appointed to the valuable office of Storekeeper to the Ordnance in England. Mark Singleton in October, 1799, vacated his seat in Eye and came to Ireland. The Viceroy hoped to secure his election for Lord Darnley's close borough of Athy,‡ where a vacancy had been caused by the death of one of the members. This, however, did not succeed, as John, 4th Earl of Darnley, decided to bring in a relative for the Athy seat. The Viceroy, however, had no difficulty in arranging the matter. There was a certain close borough in the south-eastern corner of Ireland—the name is purposely withheld—where a Peer returned the two members by means of an electorate of thirteen members.§ Thomas Wray, Inspector of Hearth Money, catalogued this borough as "an insignificant little place, having few, if any houses, and paying little, if any, Hearth Tax. An Anti-Unionist burgess—a distinguished officer, and a member of an old Irish family—had been turned out of the seat by the Peer, and as a stopgap an English Clerk in the Secretary's Office in Dublin Castle had been introduced into Parliament therefor. On the 20th January, 1800, this Clerk was appointed a Gentleman-at-Large to the Lord Lieutenant, with an annual salary of £145 13s. 5d, and the seat was thus vacated. Into the vacancy came Mark Singleton, ex-member for Eye, the Viceroy's son-in-law. He was elected to the Last Parliament of Ireland on the 3rd February, 1800, took his seat on the 5th February, and before the dawn of the following morning had voted for the extinction of the Parliament which he had entered for the first time fifteen hours earlier.

Almost immediately the Viceroy demanded an English Peerage for the obliging Peer who owned Mark Singleton's close borough seat. The demand startled the Duke of Portland, who was quite ignorant of the transaction, and demurred to the proposal, not understanding the necessity for granting a seat, in the British House of Lords, to the obliging Peer of Ireland.‖ The Viceroy stood to his guns, however, declared the claim irresistible, and the Peerage was granted. At the Union the borough was deprived of the power of sending any more Viceroy's relatives to Parliament, and Ireland paid the customary £15,000 for the relief. As for the useful officer, he advanced quickly in military rank.

One might occupy one hundred pages with examples.

By means of the Escheatorships no less than twelve members were passed through the Last Parliament of Ireland for the Earl of Ely's three County Wexford boroughs (Bannow, Clonmines, and Fethard), by the vote of one individual—the Portrieve, one Samuel Tench, who elected the entire twelve members. By these twelve elections members of the opposition were, in many instances, forced to retire and supporters of the Government were returned. In 1800 Lord Ely's six borough members voted with the Government and received their due rewards, and Lord Ely became a Marquis in Ireland and a Baron in Great Britain, and when his three County Wexford borough curiosities were disfranchised he received as compensation £45,000. So much for the activities of old Sam Tench, some time Portrieve* of Bannow, Clonmines, and Fethard.

Belfast, the largest borough in Ireland, with twenty-two thousand inhabitants and thirteen electors, was a red-hot Anti-Unionist stronghold; and the two members, George Crookshank and Alexander Hamilton, reflected the feeling of Belfast when they voted against the Government in 1799. The 2nd Marquis of Donegal controlled the borough, turned out the two opposition members† and replaced them by two residents brought from the County Waterford—viz., Edward May and John Congreve. The former voted for the Union in 1800, but the latter never even took his seat, and so Belfast only contributed one vote to the Government majority in 1800. How odd it sounds to-day that in Belfast, where members were elected by thirteen votes and dismissed by the whim or interest of one individual, the Government could not secure one hundred and fifty names, out of the twenty-two thousand inhabitants, for a petition in favour of the Union, and that the city of Cork, with its electorate of one thousand five hundred, should have been the most enthusiastic supporter of the Government measure!

The Wonderful City of Clogher.

The City of Clogher, Co. Tyrone, however, presented the most perfect example of the methods employed to illegally change the representation. The "City" was controlled by the Bishop of Clogher. Rev. John Porter, D.D., was Bishop of Clogher from 1797. He was an Englishman who came to Ireland as Chaplain to John, 1st Earl of Camden (Viceroy 1795-1798), and was made a Bishop during his first year in Ireland. The Government selected the pawns and the Bishop set them up on the Board. Here is a brief epitome of the record of this most wonderful "City" during the Last Parliament of Ireland.

Clogher City, Co. Tyrone, had an electorate of "twenty citizens and inhabitants."‡ It was a place of no general trade or commerce, except, indeed, the traffic of returning members to Parliament, as the memorial presented by the electorate to the Commissioners of Union Compensation very frankly avowed. From 1797 to 1800 this trade was in a most buoyant and profitable condition.

The two Citizens returned for the "City" at the General Election in 1797 were Sir John Tydd, Bart., Paymaster of the Corn Duties, and Thomas Burgh of Bert, who held a bewildering variety of offices.

Sir John Tydd accepted the Escheatorship of Ulster, and vacated the Clogher seat on 7th March, 1798, and on the same day was elected Burgess for the Marquess of Downshire's Borough of Fore.

Enter Jonah Barrington.

Into the Clogher seat vacated by Tydd came Jonah Barrington—the Sir Jonah Barrington, Knt., of later years. One year previously Barrington had been appointed Judge of the Court of Admiralty in Ireland. He had voted against the Government measure in 1799. On the 17th January, 1800, less than one month prior to the decisive Union division taken during that year, Barrington accepted the office of Escheator of Munster and vacated the Clogher seat.§

Barrington was the historian of the Union period, and published in his *Historic Memoirs*, and also in *The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, Red and Black Lists of the Union Divisions. The author asserted that he wrote with the original "Red" and

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* Cornwallis to Ross, *Cornwallis Correspondence*, 20 May 1799, Vol. iii., p. 100, 101.

† Cornwallis to Ross, 8 June 1799, *Cornwallis Correspondence*, Vol. iii., p. 102

‡ Lord Castlereagh to Marsden, 29th October, 1799, *Castlereagh Correspondence*, Vol. ii , p. 435.

§ The control of the Borough had passed to the Peer with his wife, whose family possessed it for years.

‖ *Cornwallis Correspondence*, Vol. iii.

* Portrieve, or Portreeve, from "port," a haven or harbour, and "reeve," an officer or bailiff who looked after customs or port tolls. Bannow and Clonmines in 1799 and 1800 were uninhabited, and Fethard was a little hamlet. One of Sam Tench's Union Indentures of Return will be found on page 15

† Alexander Hamilton, Burgess of Belfast, was also deprived of his office as Curzitor in Chancery to punish him for his opposition.

‡ Memorial to the Commissioners of Union Compensation (ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 26th April, 1805).

§ Jonah Barrington subsequently unsuccessfully endeavoured to return to the House for Maryborough.

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"Black" Lists* before him. This may have been true, but, if the statement be accurate, then Barrington did not faithfully transcribe the division lists. One example of Barrington's startling inaccuracy will suffice. The name of the Hon. Richard Annesley is, of many instances, the most remarkable omission. Annesley (of whom presently) appeared in neither of Barrington's lists, which, by the way, Henry Grattan the younger reproduced in the *Life* of his illustrious father.

The reason for Barrington's retirement from Clogher is to be found in the Parliamentary Report of "A Select Committee of the House of Commons," issued in 1829, and, as a result of this Report, Barrington was, during the following year, by the almost unanimous vote of the House of Commons, removed from the Bench. The circumstances were of a very painful character, and they are only referred to here as Barrington's evidence gives part of the story of Clogher. In the course of his testimony to the Select Committee, Barrington declared that Lord Westmoreland† 'wrote me a letter expressing his expectation that I would resign my seat (which I had got through his lordship), as I opposed the Government question (the Union). I had paid for my former seat (City of Clogher) £2,500, and I did say I thought I should be made some compensation for it, but whether I was or not, I would do as Lord Westmoreland suggested, against the opinion of Lord Oriel (Rt. Hon. John Foster, the Speaker), Mr. Ponsonby, and other friends of eminence, and resign my seat; and I did resign my seat, upon the understanding that I should be placed upon the same footing as others who resigned their seats." Barrington further related that he subsequently put in a claim for compensation, but that it was put in too late, the time for receiving claims being limited to one year. He added that "Dr. Duigenan (Armagh Borough) was a Commissioner (of Union Compensation) and Lord Annesley (Hon. Richard Annesley). . . . They were my friends, but could do nothing." The name of Duigenan, like that of Annesley, was significantly absent from Barrington's Black Lists of the Government majority. Another omission was the name of Sir George Shee, Bart., Secretary of the Treasury, who sat for the Borough of Knocktopher, Co. Kilkenny. Perhaps the following letter, extracted from Barrington's sworn deposition, will throw some light on the latter omission:

"My Dear Barrington,—I am happy to tell you that a very *satisfactory* letter has gone from hence on *your business*, dated the 29th December.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"George Shee.

"Downing Street,
4th January, 1805."



JAMES MOORE,

Of Drumbanagher. An incorruptible Anti-Unionist. Elected Burgess for Newry, 8th March, 1799. Strongly opposed the Union. Was offered and refused Union Peerage. The Estate of Drumbanagher consisted of 4,000 acres.



COLONEL MERVYN ARCHDALE,

"Anti-Union Archdale," of Castle Archdale. Owner of great territorial possessions in Fermanagh, and sat as Knight of the Shire for that county from 1761 to 1800. Fought the measure at every stage. An honourable example of the best type of Irish country gentleman.

[From Mr. W. Nairn's Copy of the Portrait at Castle Archdale.]

"This letter," Sir Jonah Barrington deposed, "was succeeded by a considerable sum of money paid to me by the Irish Treasury, *exclusive* of *salary*, as some compensation towards my losses."

So Saul, too, was amongst the profits!

Jonah Barrington Goes Out of Clogher, and Annesley Comes In for the "City."

To resume the Clogher changes. The person who came into Parliament for Barrington's Clogher seat was—the Hon. Richard Annesley! At the General Election Annesley had been returned for Fore Borough, Co. Westmeath, and also for the borough of Blessington, Co. Wicklow—both seats belonging to the Marquis of Downshire. As already related, Annesley had elected to sit for the latter, and Sir John Tydd had slipped out of the Clogher seat, wanted for Barrington, and into the Fore seat, vacated by Annesley. Annesley had voted for the Union in 1799, and was forced by Lord Downshire to retire from Blessington. This Annesley did by accepting the Escheatorship of Munster on the 20th January, 1800. Eight days later he was returned as Citizen for Clogher City in the room of Barrington.*

Annesley voted for the Union as Citizen for Clogher in 1800, and was appointed Chairman of the Committee of the Whole House on the Union Bill. Thomas Burgh, Annesley's colleague in Clogher, had voted with the Government in 1799, and was appointed Commissioner of Accounts. The acceptance of this office vacated his seat, and he was kept out of the House by the Government (who feared that he was lukewarm on the great question) until the decisive division of 1800 was over. Sir John Tydd now again resigned his seat in Fore Borough, and Thomas Burgh took his place as Burgess for Fore, after the division of 1800. This was so timed as to leave the Fore seat vacant for the great Union Division of 1800, and thus Lord Downshire lost one of the seven votes he had resolved to cast against the measure.

Into the vacancy caused in Clogher by the retirement of Burgh came Lieutenant-General William Gardiner, who was returned for "the City" on the same day as Richard Annesley. In the division of 1800 Gardiner, like Annesley, voted for the measure.

Annesley is Unseated.

A petition was presented by the two opposition candidates, John King and Charles Ball, both Anti-Unionists, against the return of Gardiner and Annesley for Clogher, and on the 29th March, 1800, the latter were declared never to have been duly elected. By order of the House of Commons the two Indentures, certifying the Return of Lieut.-Colonel William Gardiner and the Hon. Richard Annesley, were placed on the table of the House by Thomas Bouchier, Deputy Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper, who, by the order of Parliament, erased the names of the non-elected "Citizens," Gardiner and Annesley, and replaced them with the names of John King and Charles Ball. The city had fallen! In the last election of its long history the Bishop's close Borough of Clogher had been forced open.

The original documents, the Writs and Indentures of Return, were preserved in the office of the Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper, and are now in the Public Record

* Red and Black Lists were regularly issued by the House of Commons in Ireland up to 1800 as a record of the voting on each question. No official Red and Black Lists of the Union Division of 1800 were ever publicly issued. On the contrary, books and documents were destroyed, mutilated, and suppressed, to prevent the exact truth becoming publicly known. Many Lists were published of the Union Division in 1800, such as Barrington's, Webb's, etc., but the entire reconstruction of the Parliament was necessary before the full and accurate account of the proceedings could be gauged, and this work has now, for the first time, been completed.

† John Fane, 10th Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1789–1795.

* The Writ vacating Barrington's Clogher seat, and the subsequently amended Indenture of Annesley's Return therefor, are here reproduced in reduced facsimile.

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Office, Dublin. A reduced facsimile of Barrington's Writ and of Annesley's Return, as amended, is here presented.

The loss of his seat was nothing very startling in the case of Gardiner, but was grave indeed in that of Annesley, for he was Chairman of the Committee of the Whole House on the Union Bill, which had been debated and passed, line by line, under the Chairmanship of an individual who was no more a member of Parliament than the statue of King William III. which stood outside on College Green. The consideration of the measure in Committee was, perforce, stopped, and it was not until the 8th May that Annesley could get back to the House. This was effected by means of a Stuart Borough, but that was the usual course, for every city, borough, and town already mentioned as being connected with this City of Clogher operation was a legacy of the Stuarts. The last Stuart Borough availed of by Annesley was Midleton Town, Co. Cork. Major-General John F. Cradock was one of the sitting members, and was now appointed a Gentleman-at-Large to the Lord Lieutenant, thus vacating the seat. Annesley was elected in the room of Cradock, and was back in the House on 8th May, and shortly resumed his labours as Chairman of the Committee on the great measure.

The Bill "Hung Up."

The unseating of Annesley at such a critical time had fairly paralysed the Government. The House had met on fourteen days during the month of February, and from the 1st to the 28th March, the day of Annesley's disaster, it had worked at high pressure, and sat on twenty-one days out of the twenty-eight. Between the 28th March and 8th May, when Annesley was seeking a seat, it had only assembled *five times*. The critics of the Parliament have deduced from this fact that the gentlemen of Ireland cared nothing for the fate of their Legislature. As a matter of fact, the sparse meetings of Parliament were caused by the Government's fear of assembling the House when the great Bill was in a state of suspended animation. So that, at the most important and critical juncture in the history of the Last Parliament, the Government hesitated to assemble the House for a period of thirty days because their Chairman of Committee was in the wilderness seeking a seat! Once Annesley got back to Parliament, as the new Burgess for Midleton Town, the House sat every week-day from the 8th to the 31st of May, and for twenty-three of the thirty days of June.

The Hon. Richard Annesley had performed a feat hitherto unattempted in the Parliament. He was elected to the last Parliament for Fore Borough, Co. Westmeath; Blessington Borough, Co. Wicklow; Clogher City, Co. Tyrone; and Midleton Town, Co. Cork; and every one of these boroughs, city and town, were at the Union swept away as unworthy of Parliamentary existence. The reform, no doubt, was needed, but it cost Ireland £60,000. Annesley was twice turned out of the Last Parliament, and had acted as Chairman of the Whole House, on the most important measure in its history, when not a member of the Assembly. He had his reward, and it was quite ample. One part of it was the office of Chief Commissioner of Union Compensation, where he presided over the distribution of a huge sum of Irish money, of which only a part was the £1,260,000 distributed for the disfranchisement of such boroughs as had made his fortune during the last months of the Legislature.

The election of the Hon. Richard Annesley for Midleton Town caused a great movement in the House. Cradock had retired from Midleton to let Annesley back to Parliament, and now Cradock had to be provided for. This is what happened.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Stewart (half brother to Viscount Castlereagh, and afterwards 3rd Marquis of Londonderry) was appointed Escheator of Ulster on 8th May, 1800—the day of Annesley's election for Midleton—and retired from Thomastown Borough, Co. Kilkenny.* Major-General Cradock promptly stepped into the Thomastown vacancy and returned to the House. The Right Hon. Thomas Conolly became Escheator of Munster on 8th May, 1800, and vacated Londonderry County—the only county seat thus treated during the whole of the Last Parliament, until the measure had been carried. the Government not having dared to risk an election in any county where individual influence was not paramount. There was not any risk in Londonderry, however. The County had first sent Members to the Parliament of James I., and these were chiefly returned by the influence of the Irish Society, representing the twelve Corporation Companies of the City of London which had "planted" Ulster. Great estates had been secured, in due time, by the Stewarts and the Beresfords; indeed, Tristram Beresford—the first of his famous family to settle in Ireland—had come over as the first Agent-General of the Irish Society, commissioned to manage its affairs and transact its business in Ulster. So in this exceptional county it was safe for Mr. Conolly to retire, and the vacancy thus occasioned was filled by the election of Lieut.-Col. C. W. Stewart, who fifteen days earlier had retired from Thomastown Borough. This move of passing from a Burgess to a Knight of the Shire had its reward. Colonel Stewart received the "patronage" of the County Londonderry.

Let the reader clearly understand that *never*, in the Parliament of Ireland, had one single Escheatorship transaction of the character above outlined, taken place until that good man, Marquis Cornwallis, the pious Viceroy, who desired to "kick" the corrupt people of this country, came over in 1798 to carry through the programme of William Pitt.

All the original Writs and Returns, now in the Public Record Office, Dublin, the Manuscript Minute Books of the House, the Lords and Commons Journals and Parliamentary Returns are the authorities on which the facts above stated are based; the *Cornwallis Correspondence*, *Castlereagh Correspondence*, and *Beresford Correspondence* have also been consulted.

Sir Laurence Parsons and the Irish Gentry.

Such is a brief outline of a very small part of the work of the Marquis Cornwallis, during his short Viceroyalty in Ireland. To hide his own grave misdeeds he adroitly painted the people of Ireland as the most corrupt under Heaven. Sir Laurence Parsons, Knight of the Shire for King's County, had described, in prophetic words, the sources of corruption imported into Ireland. Uttered four years before Lord Cornwallis arrived, they were admirably descriptive of the virtuous Viceroy who was yet to come. "The gentlemen of this country," said Sir Laurence Parsons, "if not poisoned by example and temptation, would be as virtuous as any on earth—it is their nature to be so. They are not born an avaricious, gripping, plundering gentry, but the very reverse—noble, generous, and independent. . . It is the despicable panders of an external administration who come over here and blow upon their characters, and tamper with them and taint them; and then, when they go back to England, stigmatise them for the taint which they themselves had given, until they

* Lieut.-Colonel C. W. Stewart had sat for Thomastown for less than two months. He was elected to Parliament for the first time on 14th March, 1800, as Burgess for Thomastown. Lieut.-General W. Gardiner, who had been turned out of Clogher, returned to the House as Burgess for Thomastown in room of James Kearney, appointed an Escheator.

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The Misses ALLEN-BROWN, Violet Nurseries, HENFIELD, Sussex.

A Pictorial Reconstruction of the Last Parliament of Ireland.

have made the name of the Irish Parliament almost a synonym for corruption." *

The Character of the Opposition.

The result of the entire undertaking was that 115 gentlemen of the Parliament of Ireland, in the face of the whole battery of bribery, corruption, trickery, and intimidation, voted against the measure in 1800. These gentlemen represented, in great measure, the open constituencies of Ireland, the counties and the chief cities, and almost the "whole unbribed intellect of Ireland was ranged upon their side."† Hallam says of the great parliamentary time of Irish history that it was "a period of splendid eloquence, and of ardent though always uncompromising patriotism." And these 115 gentlemen of Ireland, who did not bow the knee to Baal, upheld the high character of their class in those dark days of a long and terrible temptation.

The Opposition had a leader in Henry Grattan whose character and devotion was not overestimated by the memorable tribute of the English churchman, the Rev. Sydney Smith, who closed his famous essay with these words: "No Government ever dismayed him—the world could not bribe him—he thought only of Ireland—lived for no other object—dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his manly courage, and all the splendour of his astonishing eloquence. He was so born and so gifted that poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature and all the highest attainments of human genius were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free; and in that straight line he went on for fifty years, without one side look, without one yielding thought, without one motive in his heart, which he might not have laid open to the view of God and man."

It need hardly be added that the Parliament of Ireland was a body intensely loyal to the Empire, for which it had repeatedly made great sacrifices This was ever manifest, even in such times of bitter controversy with the sister country as 1780, 1782 and 1798.

ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE ANTI-UNIONISTS.



SIR LAURENCE PARSONS, 5TH BART.,
Knight of the Shire for King's County. Moved the rejection of the Union, paragraph in Address, 1799, when project was defeated on his motion. Opposed the measure at every stage. Afterwards 2nd Earl of Rosse.

Irish Trade under the Protectionist Parliament of Ireland.

In the memorable year 1780 the Free Trade was established—not, however, the political Free Trade from which agricultural Ireland and her landed interests have suffered so severely—for the Irish Free Trade Parliament was thoroughgoing in its protectionist policy. Irish Free Trade meant freedom from the restrictions imposed on the trade of Ireland for the benefit of England. Ireland, when she established her Free Trade, continued the duties, but they were imposed by the Native Parliament for the benefit of the Irish kingdom. How successful the policy was in fostering the growth of industries and commerce, how hopeful the outlook, was attested from a singular quarter. When the abolition of the Legislature was first agitated, the Government took measures to place a statement of the case before the country. This statement was drawn up by Edward Cooke, the Under Secretary, member for Old Leighlin Borough, Co. Carlow, in the last Parliament, Under Secretary at the Castle, and Lord Castlereagh's chief lieutenant during the Union operations. He was addressing a public, versed from practical experience, in the true facts of the case, so that he was obliged to admit, what was evident to all men, that, since 1779, Ireland had made tremendous strides in manufactures, agriculture, population, and wealth. "It is universally admitted," wrote Cooke in his official pamphlet ‡ "that no country in the world ever made such rapid advances as Ireland had done in these respects." The woollen trade had grown enormously, the cotton manufacture had been protected by higher duties since 1782 and had prospered. The House of Commons of Ireland took evidence before a Committee regarding the manufactures of the country and the proposed Legislative Union. § Mr. John Orr, of Dublin, was examined, as to the cotton industry, and assured the Committee that the Irish cotton manufacture had "thrived under the auspices and protection it received from an Irish Parliament," and that "much Irish capital had been embarked under the faith of an Irish Parliament." Mr. Orr estimated the value of cotton goods manufactured in Ireland at £750,000 per annum; he was only one of many manufacturers, and he employed over 3,000 workers. Mr. Denis Thomas O'Brien, another cotton manufacturer, testified that the Irish cotton trade employed 30,000 people, and that £500 000 was annually paid for labour in that trade. Mr. Jacob Geoghegan, a silk manufacturer, considered the "superintendence of a resident parliament necessary for the protection of his trade. He would not have engaged in it without that protection." He estimated that from 5,000 to 6,000 persons were then engaged in the silk trades of Dublin. Mr. Leland Crosthwaite testified that there were twenty sugar houses in Ireland, and that fleets of ships brought the raw sugar in from the West Indies to Dublin, and that this was paid for in Irish manufacture imported to the West Indies. He had always seen the House ready to protect and encourage the manufactures of this country; and he thinks they lose the protection when they lose their Parliament." Mr. John Duffy, a Dublin calico printer, informed the Committee that he gave daily work to 1,200 persons, and added that about £200,000 capital was employed in the calico printing trade in Ireland. The return is filled with interesting evidence respecting the condition of other important trades that had risen to opulence under the old protective Parliament, and subsequently disappeared.

Three lines of figures will show the growth of population, revenue, and local taxation in Ireland during the closing fifteen years of the Parliament of Ireland.

Year	Population	Revenue	Estimated Local Taxation	Total	Taxation per Head
1785	3,820,000	£1,128,000	£400,000	£1,528,000	8s od
1795	4,485,000	1,551 000	500,000	2,051,000	9s 2d
1800	5,126,000	3,018,000	550,000	3 568,000	13s 10d

The management of the affairs of Ireland by the Parliament was marked by a wise frugality, and there were evidences of a humane intention to exempt the poor from the pressure of taxation. The Hearth Tax, the most important local taxation, gave prooof of this intention. The tax was levied on the number of fire hearths in each house. The cottager, with one hearth, was tax free. The house containing two hearths paid 4s 10½d annually, three hearths 8s 1½d, and nine hearths or more, 8s 8d per hearth. When the Union was secure the Government, by means of its majority in the fast-expiring Parliament, imposed a new tax, on windows, and here the old regard for the poor again showed itself, for the house with less than five windows was exempt. A dwelling with five windows paid 5s 10½d, ten 18s 5d, and so on, to a building with fifty windows, which contributed £13 16s 3d.* Coaches and other carriages were also taxed. The "luxuries of the poor," too, were lightly dealt with, for the tax on spirits was only 3s 9½d per gallon, and tobacco paid but 5d per lb. Ireland, unlike Great Britain, never had an Income Tax under her own Parliament.

The internal navigation of the country had been excellently developed by means of canals, Irish horse-breeding had been started on its still successful career, and the cities and chief towns of Ireland had expanded and improved. The leading features of the City of Dublin, its splendid University buildings, Courts of Law, Custom House, Exchange, the Royal Dublin Society, the chief streets, squares, stately residences, fine quays, hospitals, and excellent port, had been evolved under the fostering care of the Parliament, so that even if all its detractors could say about its shortcomings were true—and their charges are in very many instances exaggerated, prejudiced, and untrustworthy—the evidence of fact shows that when the gentry of Ireland lived in their own land and ruled her affairs in their own House, they left multiplied proofs of their practical love of country, their sagacity, public spirit, and wise administration.

* 40 Geo. III., Cap. 52.

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* *Irish Debates*, Vol. xiv., pp. 101, 102.

† In Henry Grattan's *Life* it is asserted that only seven gentlemen voted with the Government without fee, reward, or hope of preferment.

‡ *Arguments For and Against a Union between Great Britain and Ireland.*

§ The Reoort of this Committee was reprinted by order of the United House of Commons in 1833

LEWERS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

At a period such as this, when people's minds are running on the matter of suitable and practical Christmas presents for the little folk, suggestions as to suitable places, where appropriate gifts may be had, are, of necessity, welcome. In this connection, we would point to Messrs. Lewers, the well-known outfitters, etc., of Sackville Street, near the "Pillar," as about the best house we know for this purpose. In that beautiful and excellent wearing material, known as Irish poplin, Messrs. Lewers are showing a fanciful variety—in ties for gentlemen, and for ladies a poplin tie and belt to match. They are pretty in design, and are of the class known as "Royal Irish" Poplin, made by a leading Dublin manufacturing firm. For children this firm specialises in handsome and fetching suits, overcoats, etc. In underwear, Messrs. Lewers stock only best makes, such as "Wolsey," "Pesco," and the Irish "Blackrock."

FREKE XMAS PRESENTS: PORCELAINE, SILVERED METAL WARE, EMBROIDERIES. 23 Grafton Street, DUBLIN.

THE PRETTY CHILD COMPETITIONS.

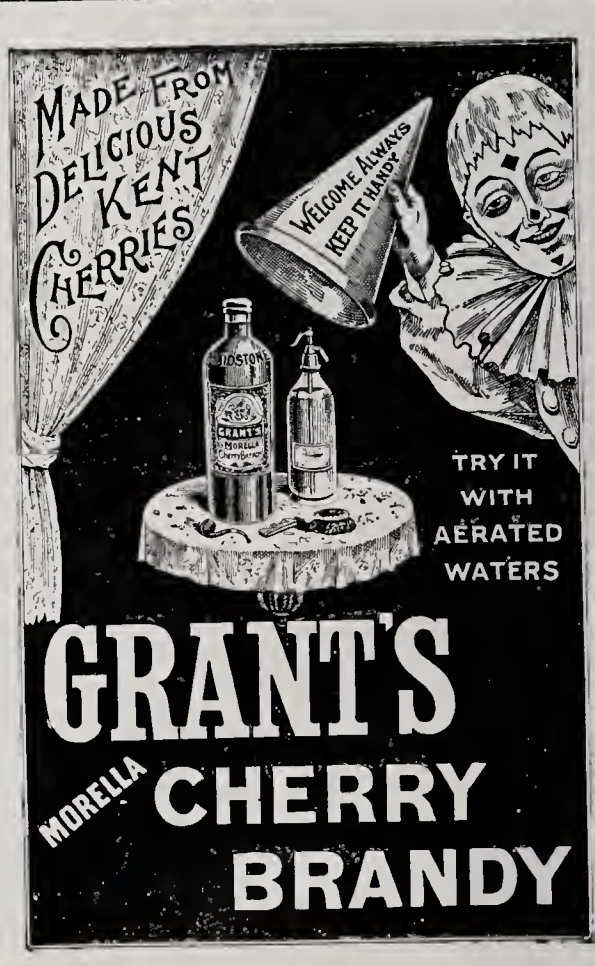
THE total number of photographs received for our 1911 Biennial Pretty Child Competitions was 4,948, showing an advance on the numbers in our previous competitions. From this mountain of photographs we have adjudged a large number as being specially suitable for reproduction. The children represent every class in the community, and there is hardly an Irish district, town, or village, which has not contributed at least one bonny little representative The protraits reproduced represent the survival of the "fittest," and will be found enshrined in the "ALBUM OF LITTLE BEAUTIES," a copy of which is presented gratis with each copy of our Extra Christmas Number. In Class **A** forty-two portraits of girls between the ages of four and ten years are presented; Class **B** contains forty-two boys of like age; in Class **C** there are forty-two photographs of girls under four years of age; and Class **D** consists of forty-two little boys, who have not yet completed their quartette of years. In all, no less than 168 Portraits are given. Each class is completed upon one page of the Album, and the number which is placed under each portrait, corresponds with the name, address, and age of the child given at foot of the page on which the portrait appears. Inside the Album will be found a Voting Paper, upon this Our Readers are invited to record their votes for the Child Beauties of their choice in each class. The Voting Papers contain the fullest instructions for the guidance of voters. All Voting Papers must reach the LADY OF THE HOUSE, Commercial Buildings, Dublin, on or before Thursday 28th December. The votes will be counted, and the Prize Awards certified by the EDITOR of the LADY OF THE HOUSE. Now, one word to the voters. Everyone possessed of a Voting Paper is entitled to FOUR VOTES—viz., one in each of the Four Classes. In past Competitions it was found that a very large body of voters "plumped" or voted for a single competitor in one class, sacrificing the other three votes in the remaining classes. This is an objectless proceeding, and we would, therefore, ask every voter to vote for the Prettiest Child in each of the whole four classes. If a number of voting papers are sent fastened together, all recording votes for the same children, only the top one need be filled in and signed, to ensure all the attached papers being duly credited.

All photographs which have not been reproduced, and for the return of which stamps have been sent, will be posted to their owners on or before 21st December.

The Prize Awards and Full Report will appear in the LADY OF THE HOUSE for 15th January next, *after which date all photographs reproduced in the Album of Little Beauties will be returned to the senders.*

SPECIAL HONOURABLE MENTION.

A. Dudley T. Annesley, The Mount, Arklow, 1¼. Violet V. Aikins, Flower Hill, Navan, 2¼. **B.** Nannie Bullen, 5, Clonmore Ter., Tralee, 7½. Evelyn Brown, 7 Cathedral Sq., Waterford, 4¾. Arnold Barber, 59, Up. Mervue St., Belfast, 3. Frances Barry, 7, Daisy Terrace, Waterford, 4. Samuel Browning, 5, O'Connell Ter., Limerick, 4¾. Shawn Beakey, Ballykilty, Coolgreany, Gorey, 9. Kathleen Bolger, 77, Lombard St. W., Dublin, 6½. Eveleen Barry, 32, Kingsland Parade, Dublin, 4¼. Eily Butler, Bridge St., Tipperary, 7½. Lissie Byrne, Castlemaine St., Athlone, 8. Meta Black, Waverley Cot., Bangor, 7¼. Edward Bracken, Woodford Ho., Ballytore, 6½. Iris Bury, 32, S. Frederick St., Dublin, 7. Florence Bunting, Rly. Station, Ballyhaunis, 2¾. **C.** Colin Clandillon, Darrara, Clonakilty, 4¾. Eric Colwell, Gresham Hotel, Dublin, 9. Thomas G. Cooke, Ashford, Cong, 2¼. Annie Clooney, 3, Fields Ter., Ranelagh, 9. Nora Corry, The Lodge, Newtown, Kildare, 7¾. Lina Colley, 61, Up. Stephen St., Dublin, 8. Amy Clarke, 34 Merrion Sq., Dublin, 2¾. J. J. Callagy, Eglinton St., Galway, 3½. Charlie Collins, Stapleton Place, Dundalk, 1¾. John Collins, 7, Reinhardts Bldgs., Lombard St., Dublin, 9 mos. David Chambers, Castle St., Enniskillen, 2¾. Michael Colahan, "Rosslea," Meath Rd., Bray, 6½. Thomas Crowley, Ballinecu, 7¾. Seamus Collins, 16, St. Joseph Avenue, Dublin, 2¼. Eileen Carroll, 16, Carysfort Av., Blackrock, 6½. Phyllis Campbell, 17, Lr. Beechwood Av., Dublin, 5. Madeline Coyne, George's Street, Wexford, 9¾. **D.** Rose Daniels, 56, Mullins St., Balmain, Sydney, 7½. Henry Duignan, 5, Brougham St., Belfast, 1½. Maurice Dodd, Gezira Gds., Cairo, 1¾. Robert Dunlop, 3, Up. Prince Edward Ter., Blackrock, 3½. Michael Donovan, 44, Harrybrook St., Belfast, 4. Cecil Dobie, 28, Regent St., Belfast, 4½. Maureen Dunne, Henry St., Tullamore, 2. E. Daly, Main St., Ferbane, 10. Vincent Digby, Caledon, Co. Tyrone, 2. Eileen Deacon, 3, Duke St., Drogheda, 7. Moira Dwyer, Main St., Roscrea, 2. John Devine, 8, N. Richmond St., Dublin, 6 mos. Eileen Doyle, Newcastle St., Kilkeel, 4. May Dunphy, 11 Barrett St. Kingstown, 8½. Carmie Dilworth, 6, Lower Glentworth St., Limerick, 10. Herbert Doherty, 2, Doherty's Ter., Kilkee, 3¾. Anna Doyle, 6, Westbourne Ter., Bray, 7. Gretta Delany, Leighlin Bridge, Carlow, 5. **E.** Willie Ebrill, 72, Waterloo Rd., Dublin, 1¾. **F.** Jack Fraser, Ardarragh, Lisburn, 2. Geraldine Flanagan, 21, High St., Sligo, 6½. Patricia Fitzgerald, Newtown, Castlebar, 1½. Sadie Fitzmaurice, 13, Lr. Glengariff Rd., Dublin, 6½. Isabel Flanagan, Mourne Hotel, Strabane, 2. George Finn, 10, Norfolk Rd., Dublin, 4. Martin Foley, Castle Street, Sligo, 2. Eileen Farrell, 17, St. Paul St., Dublin, 3½. **G.** Kathleen Griffith, Waymount, Roundstone, 1½. Evelyne Graydon, 2, Shankill View, Bray, 7½. Gertrude Gurhy, Gorvagh, Mohill, 3. Gwendolyn Gracey, Comber, 6½. Mai Greany, 2, Sandymount Green, Dublin, 2½. Eileen Grimshaw 18, Adelaide Av., Belfast, 1½, Rubena Griffith, H.M.Prison, Belfast, 10 mos. George Graham, Swan Pk., Monaghan, 5 mos. Eileen Gough, Ballyharty, Bridgetown, Wexford, 6½. James Gorman, Derriana, Howth Rd., Dublin, 3½. Elizabeth Golding, 22, Grove Pk., Rathmines, 7½. William Greig, 1, Osborne Villas, Terenure, 9 mos. Doreen Greene, 13, Granby Pl., Dublin, 4. Eileen Gallagher, Shannon G. S., Red Mills, Co. Cavan, 5½. Georgina and Henrietta Gregg, Daramona, Ashdale Rd, Dublin, 9. May Gleeson, 10, Sitric Rd., Dublin, 9. **H.** Arthur Harris, Patrick St., Dublin, 1. Dorothy Hutchinson, 5, York Ter., Killarney. 9. Michael Halpenny, Scotstown, Monaghan, 5½. Noel Hillary, Church Bay Rd., Crosshaven, 1. Alfred Hughes, Saude Fjord House, Dublin, 1½. Rose Hanley, Circular Rd., Tuam, 2½. Georgie Hill, 3, Merrion View Av., Dublin, 3. May Hindes, 12, Nevis Av., Strandtown, Belfast, 9½. Aileen Harrison, St. Brigid's, Clondalkin, 5¾. Kathleen Howard, 58, Fitzroy Av., Dublin, 4¾. Bernadette Hackett, South Ter., Dungarvon, 2½. May Hallahan, 22, Dobin St., Armagh, 7½. Lillian Halpin, 19, Parnell Place, Dublin, 4. Cathleen Halpenny, Ulster Bank, Ballyhaunis, 2½. Johnnie Holroyd Smyth, Ballynatray, Youghal, 8. Leonard Henry, Dunmore East, Waterford, 1½. . Florence Ingoldsby, 87, Belmont Av., Dublin, 7. J. Maire Jephson, 18, Landsdowne Rd., Dublin, 1. Grace Joyce, Sylchester, Longford, 2¾. **K.** Nancie King, Carndouagh, Foxrock, Dublin, 7½. Frederick Kerr, 4, Chelmsford Road, Dublin, 2. Jane Kavanagh, 11, Merchant Quay, Dublin, 4½. Alice Keating, Cabra House, Kells, 4½. Violet Kearon, Glenthorn, Arklow, 7. Sheelah Kenny, 21, St. Alban's Road, Dublin, 1½; Eva Kenny, New St., Longford, 2½. Wilhelmina Kean, 11, North Boundary St., Belfast, 6½. Rosaleen Kelly, Dunboyne, 2½. Marie Kelly, 85, West St., Drogheda, 6½. Angela Kelly, 17, Moat Street, Edinburgh, 2½. Susie Kelly, 1, Riversdale Ter., Belfast, 3½. Tillie Kennedy, Fermanagh Ter., Clones, 8. Marie Kennedy, 5, Home Farm Rd., Dublin, 9¾. L. Francis Lyle, Norhane, Portrush, 2½. Jack Leonard, Glen Allyn, Stillorgan, 6. Bernard Lynch, Brennan's Parade, Bray, 1½. Maureen Lawson, Tullow, 2. Patrick Lawlor, 18, Stafford St., Dublin, 1¼. Ida Logan, Carrick-on-Shannon, 9½. Nora Leahy, 3, Belgrave Sq., South Monkstown, 8¼. Nannie Long, 63, Edinburgh St., Belfast, 5½. J. Lucking, 150, Faythe St., Wexford, 3½. Gladys Leopold, 3, Casino Ter., Dublin, 4¾. **M.** Edmund M'Donnell, 43, Brighton Sq., Dublin, 1¼. Eilleen M'Grath, 15, Irishtown Road, Dublin, 3¾. Kathleen Murphy, Malpas St., Dublin, 7. Thomas Monteith, 48, Oldpark Rd., Belfast, 3¾. Billy Mark, Omeath, 2. Jack Murphy, 2, Seaview, Irishtown, Dublin, 2¾. Michael Martin, Effoldstown, Lusk, 3½. Kathleen Melloy, "Grasmere," Lindsay Rd., Dublin, 3¾. Imelda M'Grath, Owenstown, Maynooth, 3¼. Gladys MacNevin, Hibernian Bank, Mohill, 9½. Catherine Mulcahy-Lyons, 14, Up. Gladstone St., Clonmel, 1½. Annie Molloy, 150, Fayth St., Wexford, 2. Eamon Morrin, Foxford, 3. Violet Marshall, 36, Agincourt Av., Belfast, 7½. Mary M'Daide, 45, Newmarket, Dublin, 9½. Winifred M'Endoo, 8, Strathavon, Portadown, 4¼. Henrietta Miller, Enniskean, 2¾. Rhona M'Kee, Korona, Cliftonville, Belfast, 8¾. Kathleen M'Cartney, Adelaide Av., Coleraine, 4. Marjorie Moore, Brookfield, Donnybrook, 5. Walter Mandy, Sydney Lodge, Blackrock, Dublin, 3½. Violet Mullally, 15, Rathdown Road, Dublin, 4¾. William Francis and John Kyle M'Call, Yew Place, Holywood, 1¼. Kathleen M'Caffery, Shandon, Lisburn, 3½. **N.** Shaun Neill, Slievemoyne, Helen's Bay, 1¾. Annie Nolan, Woodview House, Athy, 7. PatriciaNicholl, 54, Fountain Hill, Londonderry, 3½. Ruth Nicholl, Dervock, 2¾. **O.** Eileen O'Rourke, 4, Weston Terrace, Dublin, 4. Thelma O'Hare, The Villa, Warrenpoint, 6¾. Eilcen O'Connor, New Bride St., Dublin, 1. Kieran O'Driscoll, Coombe Bank, Valencia Island, 5. Nellie O'Dea, Dysart Villa, Limerick, 2¼. May O'Rourke, Canal Harbour, Athy, 5¼. Clifford O'Farrell, Corballis, Sandymount, 3. Norah O'Shea, 1, Kent Terrace, Dalkey, 6. James O'Brien, Riverstown, Kilmessan, 4½. Francis O'Callaghan, 6, Tyrconnell Rd., Inchicore, 4. Kitty O'Conner, 13, Windmill St., Limerick, 8½. Prue O'Brien, 12, Lower Beechwood Avenue, Dublin, 7. Catherine O'Callaghan, 5, Malpas Place, Dublin, 4¼. Marie O'Brien, 27, Brighton Sq., Dublin, 9½. Donal O'Reilly, West End Terrace, Queenstown, 2½. Dollie O'Reilly, 23, Phibsboro' Rd., Dublin, 5. **P.** Reta Plunkett, 8, Susan Ter., S.C.R., Dublin, 3¼. Patrick Plover, Baldwin St., Michelstown, 3½. Maureen Pollard, Bridge St., Ardee 4¼. Gerald Prendergast, 2, Cecil St., Limerick, 7½. **Q.** Madeline Quin, 3, Dexter Ter., Dublin, 5½. **R.** Willie Reid, Springfield, Lisburn, 1¾. Lillie Rigney, 13, Meath St., Dublin, 1½. Eddie Ruddell, 7, Kimmage Rd., Dublin, 2¼. Maureen Roche, Riversidc, Thurles, 7½. Robert Ross, 1, Tritonville Rd., Dublin, 2¼. Editha Roark, The Rookery. Camolin, 3. William Raper, Fort Union, Adare, 1¼. John Robinsou, Pettigo, 2¼. Charles Rea, Medical Hall, Roscrea, 4. **S.** Robert Symes, M. & L. Bank, Bandon, 3½. Richard Sheehan, Glenside, Glenbeigh, 4½. Gretta Scallon, Crettiyard, Carlow, 2. Cecil Smith, Terifa Lodge, Galway, 1½. Rina Sullivan, Bantry, 3. Cecily Santry, 5, Abbey Sq., Newry, 1¾. Edna Staunton, Ballaghaderin, 6½. May Skelly, Oldcastle, 6¾. Jack Stratton, Auburn, Clones, 3. Adelaide Sullivan, Up. Jail St., Ennis, 9½. Margaret Stein, Commercial House, Clogher, 6. **T.** Violet Thomson, Glencoe, Kimmage Rd., Dublin, 1¼. Mollie Templeton, 59, Brunswick Rd., Bangor, 6½. Nell Thorp, The Green, Castlebar, 4. Edward Tuite, Monastery Cottage, Enniskerry, 2½. Ida Turnbull, High St., Tullamore, 6 Charlie Thornton, 3, Chalgrove Ter., Dublin, 2½. **U.** Robert Urch, 33, Herbert Avenue, Dublin, 7 mos. **V.** Muriel Venart, 13, Adelaide Ter., Dublin, 1½. **W.** Alice Wallace, "Raheen," Coliemore Rd., Dalkey, 2¾. Bessie Wright, 38, Magdala St., Belfast, 3. Nellie Williams, 1, Barlow Ter., Dublin, 9. Cyril Wood, 128, Corso Vittorio, Emanuele, Naples, 2¼. Sheila Wells, 107, Fordwych Rd., West Hampstead, 1¼. Jean White, 17, Hasting St., Dublin, 1¾. Maureen Willis, 35, Heytesbury St., Dublin, 6½. James Whelan, Bull Ring, Wexford, 1¼. Michael Walsh, 8, Brabazon Row, Dublin, 1¼. George Williamson, 10, Leinster Pl., Rathmines, 6 mos. Alex. Walker, Zephyr Lodge, Kells, 3¼. Bertie Wickins, District Hospital, Cork, 6½. John Wilson, 16, Gt. Denmark St., 1. Richard Worn, 47, Connaught St., Dublin, 3 mos. Stella Warner, Station House, Galway, 1¾. Lilian and May Walmsley, Railway House, Sligo, 2. Phyllis Walker, 3, Lansdowne Terrace, Limerick, 2. Thomas Woodcock, 56, Reuben St., Dublin, 1½. Ethel Willis, 1, Wapping Lane, Derry, 13 mos.



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In **HOT** weather—refreshing, with aerated waters.

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THOS. GRANT & SONS, DISTILLERY, MAIDSTONE, KENT.

TWO SOYER CRUSADES IN IRELAND.

ALEXIS SOYER—1847.
NICOLAS SOYER—1911.

DURING the lifetime of the present generation the art of cooking has not been discussed with such enthusiasm in Dublin and Belfast as within the past two months. Sixty-four years ago the domestic economy of our kitchens received similar attention. It is a very remarkable fact that the current awakening of Irish interest in so vital a matter should be due, after so long an interval, to the grandson and name-sake of the great Alexis Soyer, whose name was a household word in the Irish Metropolis during the spring and summer of 1847.

The Soyer of the nineteenth century had attained the zenith of his reputation as the most accomplished chef of the age when, owing to the failure of the potato crop, famine began to decimate the population of Ireland. Soyer was then twenty-nine years of age, five years a widower, and his salary at the Reform Club was £800 a year, exclusive of an annual average income of £200 from apprentices. In February, 1847, he felt keen sympathy with the suffering people of Ireland and wrote to the Press recommending the establishment of model soup kitchens, and contributing a subscription of £30 to the project. Further, he planned a model kitchen, devised three varieties of soup that could be sold at prices ranging from three-farthings to threepence per quart, and placed all the resources of his skill at the public disposal. The result of his action was, that the Government commissioned the greatest cook of the age to cross over to Ireland, to erect his model kitchen on the Esplanade in front of the Royal Barracks, and dispense the three varieties of soup to the hungry poor at cost price.



M. ALEXIS SOYER (SOYER THE FIRST), GRANDSIRE OF M. NICOLAS SOYER.
Painted by his Wife.

By selecting the greatest exponent of high-school cookery to feed the impoverished masses in Dublin the government displayed an ineptitude for managing Irish affairs which has always exposed them to criticism by the popular party. Instead of forbidding the export of grain from Ireland, and forwarding Indian meal to Munster and Connaught where distress was appalling, they erected a soup kitchen in the metropolis where death from starvation was comparatively rare. The action of the Government of the day does not, however, detract from the real merits of Alexis Soyer's scheme for alleviating the distress. He was a genuine philanthropist who cheerfully exerted himself to succour his suffering fellow-creatures.

He arrived in Dublin on the 1st March, 1847, less than a month after he first ventilated his project in the London Press. On the 5th of the following month the Irish Government made the mistake of opening Soyer's model kitchen like a fashionable function and permitting well-to-do people to stand by to witness the hungry poor being fed, circumstances which the critics seized upon to inveigh bitterly against the authorities. Soyer's kitchen, nevertheless, accomplished more good work than its designer bespoke for it.

The structure was of wood, forty feet in length, by thirty, not unlike a modern aerodrome. In the centre of the apartment was a large steam-boiler mounted on wheels. Arranged round the inner walls were a number of metallic box-shaped vessels, also set on wheels, into which materials for soup were placed. These were heated by steam from the boiler and, by a slow digestive process, the nutriment in the materials extracted. When the soup was ready recipients were admitted singly by a side entrance, supplied with a large bowl of soup and an ample allowance of bread, and then passed out through a

Continued on Page 42.



M. ALEXIS SOYER'S MODEL SOUP KITCHEN.
Established on the Esplanade, opposite the Royal Barracks, Dublin, to feed the Starving Poor of the Metropolis of Ireland during the Famine of 1847.

EARLY PICTURES OF THE PORT OF DUBLIN.



THE OLD CUSTOM HOUSE, AT ESSEX BRIDGE, DUBLIN.

SHOWING OLD ESSEX BRIDGE, WITH THE STATUE OF GEORGE I.

The erection of the Old Custom House was begun in 1707, was quickly completed, and the building continued in use until 1790, when the present Custom House was opened.

The Statue of George I., shown on Old Essex Bridge, erected in 1722, was removed to the Mansion House Garden, Dawson Street, Dublin, in 1753.

EARLY PICTURES OF THE PORT OF DUBLIN.



A VIEW IN DUBLIN BAY, SHOWING JOHN PIDGEON'S HOUSE.

By F. W. WHEATLEY, R.A., Painter of the "Volunteers in College Green," the "Irish House of Commons in 1780," "The Cries of London," &c

TWO SOYER CRUSADES IN IRELAND—*Continued from page 39.*

door at the rere of the building. Soyer guaranteed to give one meal per day to 5,000 persons in this way. During the first three weeks the kitchen was in operation only 2,000 persons took advantage of it daily. During the second period for which the figures are available—twenty-six days—the average daily attendance rose to 12,500. Between the 24th May and 31st July over a quarter of a million meals were supplied, convincing evidence that the Dublin poor appreciated the value given, notwithstanding the criticisms of the numerous class that is always "agin' the Governmint."

The superior orderliness and economy of Soyer's method over all others that had been tried in Ireland, or elsewhere in similar crises, was not only admitted but demonstrated, the cost being proven to be 50 per cent. cheaper than the same food could be supplied under any other system then devised.

Should any reader desire to sample one of the three soups devised by Soyer for the poorest classes the cost will not exceed sixpence for two gallons for No. 1, prepared according to his directions as follows:—"I first put one ounce of dripping into a saucepan (capable of holding two gallons of water) with a quarter of a pound of leg beef, without bones, cut into square pieces about half an inch, and two middle-sized onions, peeled and sliced. I then set the saucepan over a coal fire and stirred the contents round for a few minutes with a wooden (or iron) spoon until fried lightly brown. I had then, ready washed, the peelings of two turnips, fifteen green leaves or tops of celery, and the green part of two leeks (the whole of which, I must observe, are always thrown away). Having cut the above vegetables into small pieces, I threw them into the saucepan with the other ingredients. Stirring them occasionally over the fire for another ten minutes; then added half a pound of common flour (any farinaceous substance would do), and half a pound of pearl barley, mixing all well together. I then added two gallons of water, seasoned with three ounces of salt and a quarter of an ounce of brown sugar, stirred occasionally until boiling, and allowed it to simmer very gently for three hours, at the end of which time I found the barley perfectly tender."



M. NICOLAS SOYER ("Soyer the Second"),
THE ORIGINATOR OF PAPER BAG COOKERY,
At one of the recent Soyer Paper Bag Demonstrations organised in Dublin and Belfast by THE LADY OF THE HOUSE *in favour of Good Cookery for the People of Ireland.*

When Soyer returned to England he published a sixpenny pamphlet entitled, "The Poor Man's Regenerator." It contained recipes for cheap fish and other dishes suitable for very humble homes. This publication had a large sale, about one-third of the profits being allocated by the author to the Irish Famine Relief Fund. Ten years later the defective catering for sick, wounded, and effective soldiers in the Crimea induced him to volunteer his services, which were accepted by the Government. He introduced most desirable reforms in the dietary arrangements of the hospitals at Scutari, and subsequently in connection with the commissariat at the front. He developed fever, dysentry, and dropsy through his exertions amid such unusual environment. Nevertheless he returned to duty immediately he was discharged from hospital. He died within a year of his return to London, at the comparatively early age of forty-nine, but not before he had been instrumental in effecting radical and beneficial reforms in the ordinary and sick diets of Tommy Atkins.

In Alexis Soyer's second letter to the Press, respecting his scheme for feeding the famine-stricken in Ireland, he expressed a health aphorism which one wonders has not become a current saying, "A change of food," he wrote, "acts as generously on the digestive organs as a change of air does on the convalescent." That is a truth of such importance that it would be well to have it emblazoned in letters of gold on motto cards to be hung in every dining-room and kitchen in the United Kingdom—nay, throughout the world.

The Modern Soyer Campaign in Ireland.

The recent LADY OF THE HOUSE demonstrations of paper bag cookery by M. Nicolas Soyer, at Dublin and Belfast, have accomplished more than securing recognition of the superior results to be achieved by the new method of preparing food in "Kookera" paper bags. Those who have seen and heard M. Soyer will be the first to admit that we are a long way behind the times in matters of cuisine. To recognise a deficiency is the first step towards repairing it. And, at the present moment, Ireland has a fair start in advance of most other countries in a system that has certainly come to stay. In an improved method that will ultimately become universal. Everybody—every intelligent girl and woman interested in practical cooking, who has seen M. Soyer at work has been enthused by the experience, and tried to emulate the achievements of the worthy grandson of the great Soyer. Though the latter invented many contrivances for the kitchen he introduced no reform of such distinction and general utility as the "Kookera" Bag of Soyer the Younger, or, rather, Soyer II—our Soyer. We have been surprised to hear so many references made, in trams, in trains, and at social functions, to home experiments in paper bag cookery by various people who had no idea that the writer of this article took any particular interest in the subject. All the testimony, with one exception, was generously confirmatory of the superior merits claimed for the new system. The one exception was a Dublin gentleman whose name is a household word wherever English is spoken. He prefers to have his food cooked in the old way, possibly because his views in some directions are abnormally conservative, but, his wife's enthusiasm being unquestionable, his conversion is only a matter of time. Personally, the writer had no greater opportunity than anyone else to acquire the art, yet has been successful beyond expectations in attaining all the improved results claimed for paper-bag cookery by M. Soyer. One might be tempted to regard one's own efforts with a favourable eye and a predisposed palate, but white and red meats and confectionery, cooked in the "Kookera" paper bags, have been appreciated by the four male members of the family—ranging from 16 to 54 years of age and the pater should be a judge. The chefs of the best hotels and clubs in Ireland have been glad to seize opportunities to win his approval by sending up their choicest specialities when they learned that he was on the premises where they officiated. So far, the most pronounced effects have been attained in cooking fish; the flavour reminding the pater of a mouthful of the North Atlantic, swallowed when bathing off the west coast of Ireland!

Ireland is a fruitful country washed by a fruitful sea. There have been, and are, and will be, for some time, in our dear old land some Soyer who never found their true vocation. As long as the great mass of the population breakfasted on potatoes, dined on potatoes, and consumed potatoes for supper, cookery remained a one-eyed art.

That day has passed never to return. The phenomenally improved condition of the small farmers, the general diffusion of education—creating desires unthought of by the ignorant, the labourers' dwellings with their quarter-acre allotments, and the daily and periodical papers

Concluded on Page 52

If baby frets, Mellin's Food will win back Health and Happiness.

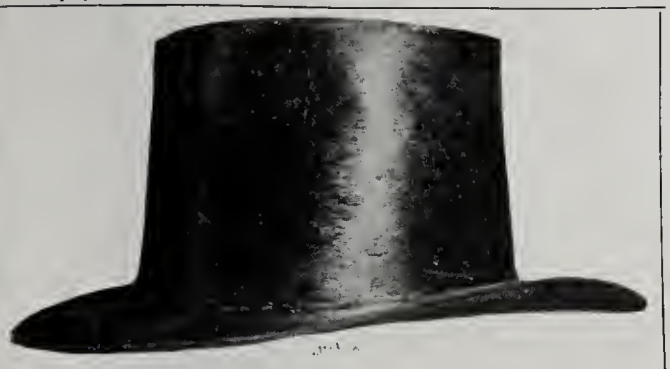
MELLIN'S FOOD

A veritable sheet anchor to any mother who cannot nurse her baby.

A Gossip About Dublin Hats and Heads.

" . . . . Make loudest possible proclamation of your Hat."—CARLYLE.

The singular outlines surrounding this page are exact photographic reductions of the head conformations of some distinguished Dublin residents and their visitors. They are prepared from the hat blocks of Mr. J. Morgan, 9, Grafton Street, Dublin. The largest block shown is at the top left-hand corner; it exhibits the formation of the largest head for which Mr. Morgan ever made a hat. At the right-hand corner is a reduced representation of the smallest head which the hatter ever fitted. Identification of the heads is not allowable as the susceptibility of their owners might possibly be touched and the intention in their reproduction here is to illustrate how greatly the heads of man and woman may vary. Amongst the outlines is the head conformation of a Prince of the Blood Royal, and one of a great Cardinal now no more.



LADIES' HUNTING HAT OF THE 1850'S.

THE Sage of Chelsea was nothing if not a grumbler, and in that expansive, general all-round grumble, his "Past and Present," he falls foul of even the innocent, enterprising hatter in the Strand, who advertised his stock by means of "that great hat, seven feet high, which now perambulates London streets"; we forget the name of this otherwise uuoffending tradesman, but one of the up-to-date jokes, which enriched the printed surface of the gigantic hat was the flourishing statement, that he was Hatter-in-Ordinary to Dando. Few of our readers have heard of Daudo, the showy swell, of the Champague Charlie order, of whom so many sayings and doings were reported in posters, and in the lesser daily literature; he was not unlike the less attractive "Johnnie Walker" of to-day—but younger, and, as we think, on looking back, less vulgar.

It is a fact, patent to most of us, that many men do make the loudest, possible proclamation of their hats, or have done so in the past, the raw-pulp tenuis crush and other far-from-dressy forms, seeming to predominate at the passing hour. We all remember the last Marquis of Drogheda's sporting white hat and black band, and the third Earl of Howth's ditto; the Rev. Chancellor Tisdall's faultless demi-shovel is within recollection of youthful people of to-day, almost as universally as are the widely-contrasted, remarkable coverings of "Deerfoot" and that so-called "Thing of Booty," who perambulated the streets of Dublin, until their quite recent call over to the majority.

Carlyle says of the harmless trader: "He has uot attempted to make better hats, as he was appointed by the universe to do, and as with this ingenuity of his (as in the advertising medium) he could very probably have done; but his whole industry is turned to persuade us, that he has made such!" Oh! hapless, so unconsciously offending probably Mad Hatter in the Strand, what a notoriety hast thou attained! Men say that these recorded words have gained for thee immortality.

"Him we have left to his destiny" continues Carlyle, and of IT Victoriau criticism has declared, with the instigator of it, that "Cocker's Arithmetic is not surer." . . . No man upon this sad earth of ours, not one of the "twenty seven millions travelling on such courses, with gold jingling in every pocket, with vivats heaven high," in exuberance, over the success of their shoddy manufacture doubtless, and "Mostly fools!" save one, Johnnie Cloutie, a Scotch jobbing tailor, in the village of Ecclefechan, could clothe that iron-framed torso of the Head of the Mystic School as to waistcoats, but he seems to have been more successful in the matter of obtaining good hats, for it is *en evidence* by M. Daguerre and others, that his low-crowned, broad brimmed, white beavers—exactly what George Eliot describes on her Milby attorney, Mr. Dempster—were of rich, long silky nap. Oue can picture the iron grey locks and black beetling brows, uuder the fluffy covering. . . . Yet the radical reformer need not have found fault with the quality of hats produced throughout the three kingdoms duriug the 1830's and 40's. We have evidence that our own leading local firm, Messrs. Morgan, who have carried on a genuine, thriving, and honourable manufacture at their premises in Grafton Street since 1792, were quietly producing goods of excellent, unquestionable quality, here, in this longwhile "most distressful country," at the very time of Carlyle's complaining, unmindful of red radicalism, Chartist mobs, and petitions to Parliament, with roll of subscribed names extending from St. Paul's to St. Stephen's.



DANIEL O'CONNELL'S HAT, 1840.

Alas! for a decadence primarily caused by revolutionary politics in another land. Morgan's conscientious workers admit to-day that they cannot produce a hat of "Such plush!" as that which they made for Mr. Magan, of Killyon, Co. Meath, father of the late Miss Augusta Magan in 1840 (among those with which we illustrate), the destruction of silkworms in France, during the war with Prussia in 1870, and subsequent disturbauce by the Commune, having so completely destroyed the silk trade at that time, that it has never since revived in its pristine perfection.

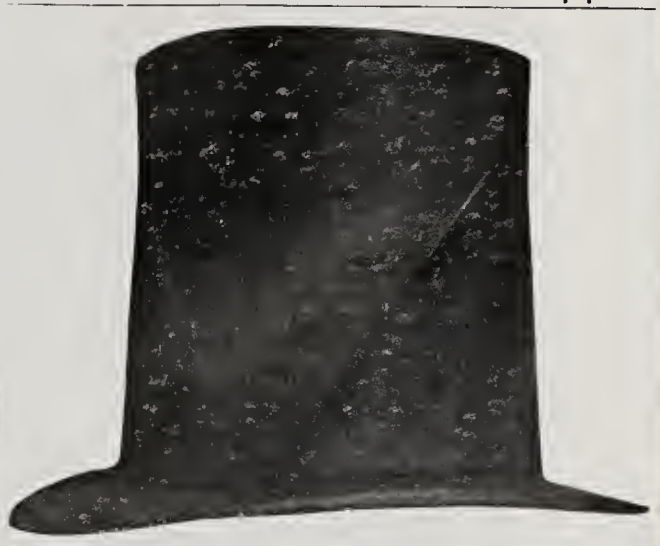
The French are leaders in the product of material for hats, and gentlemen's silk hats are still constructed on frames of calico, stiffened with shellac. Different thicknesses are required, the heaviest fur for huntiug hats, known in The Field as "Morgan's life preservers," as they have saved the life of many a man pitched squarely upon the ground on his head. We make a wider use of felt hats now than our grandfathers did, with, we venture to think, the achievement of a finer product than they obtained. A superfine pile made from sealskins, musquash and other fine hides, is now added to the universal rabbit fur and fiuer fur of hare's ears; while there has been constructed machinery so perfect in its results that, by fans blowing through screens, the yielding of these various furs is mechanically separated, and arranged according to its varied quality. A regulated mixing of the many downs thus separated, produces felt of fine, finer, and finest quality, while the coarser fibre or refuse is made into hard felt, of the cheapest description.

The most interesting specimen shown in our illustration is the chapeau worn by the Liberator, Councillor O'Connell—the great "O" of Carlyle and Macaulay. It is of French Paramatta.

This Liberator's hat was evidently one intended for summer wear, and was probably left at the hatter's on assuming one of heavier make. Note the breadth of brim, how well it must have balanced the massive face beneath! The most characteristic aspect of that impressive countenance, one which first attracts beholders, is the comparative smallness of the features — eyes, mouth, nose, and pointed chin, which combined, carry the expression of brilliant Irish wit; these again added to by the fleshy cheeks, forming a massive underjaw, and the whole surmounted by that broad, perpendicular brow, which predominates in the *ensemble*.

The waxen death mask, now in the Natioual Gallery's portrait collection, is speaking, almost, in its undeniable exactness, yet how sad is its literalness, marking the loss of teeth, with an omnious draw of the underlip, suggesting paralysis, and in the tragic expression of the closed lids.

Turnerelli's marble bust shows a fiorid wig, and consequently suggests a much larger cranium than the literal hat warrants. As in the case of King Edward's equally broad brimmed hats, the actual crown appears comparatively small. King Edward's outline of the head was more conical than O'Connell's, completing the oval form of the true Guelph face. O'Connell's hat plainly suggests the angle at which it was habitually carried on the head, and with it, one imagines the dignified folds of the well-known cloak which accompanied it.



THE CHAPEAU OF MR. MAGAN AND WILKINS MICAWBER, 1835.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN BELFAST.

THE PURCHASING CENTRE FOR ULSTER.

THE progress in decorative art as applied to the modern mercantile establishment is perhaps in no centre so manifest as in the great northern City of Belfast. As an offset to cities that can lay mere sentimental claim to a thousand years of embattled history, Belfast points to its modernity as a mighty practical asset. Unhampered by the older conditions which have bequeathed to more ancient centres narrow, crowded, and unsightly streets, unsanitary and ill-suited to modern commerce, Belfast, with its spacious and well-regulated thoroughfares, seems equipped with all that makes for industrial success.

Under such attractive aspects the Christmas shopping centres of the commercial capital of Ireland are necessarily set in surroundings of convenience and beauty. Lofty modern frontages, tastefully displayed window dressings, and splendidly illuminated interiors are characteristic of many a shop in Donegall Place, Royal Avenue, Castle Place, High Street, and other adjacent avenues of commerce.

Of these ornate and well-equipped establishments we subjoin individual notices of those which we may well style the leaders within the area of "this great market place" of the Ulster metropolis.

With Castle Junction as a starting place, we cannot avoid giving prominence to that magnificent drapery structure known locally as The Bank Buildings, Messrs. Robertson, Ledlie, Ferguson & Co., Ltd., proprietors. In consecutive order we shall likewise succinctly describe such fine concerns, having regard to their Christmas attractions, as those of Messrs. Robert Watson & Co., Ltd., the well-known furniture firm of Donegall Street; Messrs. Marsh, the popular biscuit and cake manufacturers, of the same street; Messrs. Thompson, Ltd, the eminent restaurateurs and caterers, of Donegall Place; Messrs. Hanna & Browne, the celebrated upholsterers and carpet warehousemen, of Arthur Street; Messrs. Craig & Paton, the famous baby carriage establishment, at Great Victoria Street and Howard Street; and Messrs. Erskine, of Ann Street and North Street, whose manufactured articles of leather, such as portmanteaus, dressing cases, etc., are widely known in Ulster and, indeed, throughout the southern provinces.

THE BANK BUILDINGS,

(Messrs. Robertson, Ledlie, Ferguson & Co., Ltd)

This magnificent drapery concern which, from the point of centralisation, occupies towards Belfast a somewhat similar position to that of the famous Bank Buildings in the city of London, is just now turned into a palace of delight for youth, as well as into a most attractive emporium, from whose well-arranged stores settled age may select suitable Christmas or New Year's gifts. The proprietors are sole agents in Belfast for the celebrated "Liberty" art goods, and from their collection presents may be chosen for all ages. The firm specialises in famous Irish linen handkerchiefs. In silverware there are hair brushes and other toilet requisites, and also ornamental articles such as ladies' hat pins, etc. In leather goods some very fine examples of this work are on view. But amid a stock so varied and so choice, one cannot hope to do justice in brief notice; so we would strongly advise intending purchasers to make a personal visit to this central establishment.

MESSRS. ROBERT WATSON & CO., Ltd.

This old-established furnishing concern, 90, 92, and 94 Donegall Street, and factory in Library Street, is just now presenting a fine display of goods appropriate to the season. Fancy and decorative articles of an attractive character are here displayed, and needless to add, all eminently suitable for Christmas gifts. This year Messrs Watson celebrated their jubilee or semi-centenary, an event which marked a never-failing annual increase in business. This Jubilee year has, we understand, surpassed all previous records in the matter of trade expansion. Experts in house furnishing, the firm's interesting booklet entitled "Home Comforts" affords ample testimony of tasteful skill in this direction. Regarding the Irish industrial movement, Messrs. Watson are efficient promoters thereof, seeing that, in addition to their being large employers in connection with their factory, they also sell a considerable quantity of home-made goods. In the Permanent Belfast Industrial Development Exhibition the firm has an exhibit of its own. In Messrs. Watson's spacious and well-lighted premises prospective house furnishers may rely on all the facilities procurable in the selection of their purchases.

MESSRS. ERSKINE & SONS, Ltd., Ann St. and North St.

This widely-appreciated firm are extensively engaged in the manufacture of portmanteaus, leather bags, dressing cases, etc. Over forty years of successful trading have resulted in the solid entrenchment of this firm as premier Irish producers of leather goods of the description mentioned above. Their tastefully-dressed windows are just now stocked with a lavish profusion of articles which may be classed as just the thing for Christmas gifts. Handsome dressing cases, into which the necessary toilet articles are compactly fitted, are manufactured by Messrs. Erskine, and such presents are just now very popular with the givers of Christmas gifts. A visit to Messrs. Erskine's establishments will doubtless result in the conviction that ornate leather articles, such as are there displayed in such profuse variety, are eminently suitable for presents. In this respect we may well quote old Æsop's legend relating to their being "nothing like leather."

MESSRS. CRAIG & PATON, Great Victoria St.

Specialists in baby carriages, the above firm is just now attracting appreciative attention through the medium of their "Comfort" baby carriage, which may be described as the last word in vehicles designed for the ease and delight, coupled with safety of children. The model crescent-shaped baby carriages mentioned in Messrs. Craig & Paton's catalogue, which, by the way, should be in the hands of all intending purchasers of these articles for juveniles, merit also a tribute of commendation. A vast variety of baby carriages may be seen at the premises of this firm, or through the medium of their price lists. They range from 39s 6d to £8 8s, crated and carriage paid to any station in Ireland. During December the firm are making a special display of miniature dolls, carriages, cots, children's tricycles, and other goods most suitable for making really satisfactory Christmas presents.

MESSRS. THOMPSON, Ltd., Donegall Place.

The frequency of the professional appearances of those famous Belfast caterers at society functions in the northern capital affords evidence of their leading position in this regard. In dealing with years that are as yet more or less recent, it may be noted that the Earl of Dudley, during his viceroyalty, always entrusted the management of his society luncheons and other entertainments, while up north, to Messrs. Thompson. In like manner, Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Pirrie, while Lords Mayor of Belfast, had the same capable firm to perform similar offices at their official functions.

Touching on recent fetes, luncheons, suppers, etc., we select some of the more prominent which were catered for by Messrs. Thompson—the entertainment of the guests at the reception given at Craigavon to Sir Edward Carson; the luncheon given by the Ulster Unionist Council to the delegates to the meeting; the ball supper given by the High Sheriff of Londonderry; the luncheon given on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Ewart, daughter of Sir William Quartus Ewart, Bart.; and also the banquet given by Messrs. W. & G. Baird, Ltd., on the occasion of the firm's jubilee. It may be here mentioned that the firm's restaurant in Donegall Place is the largest of its kind in Belfast.

MESSRS. MARSH & CO., Ltd., Donegall Street.

In many an Irish household, north and south, the Christmas cakes, shortbreads, etc., of the above firm are decidedly popular. The advent of the festive season finds Messrs. Marsh's firm well provided with an infinite variety of iced and ornamented cakes, of which we may mention the Almond cake, an iced confection with design in almond paste; the Christmas cake, an ornamented fruit confection; the Shamrock, rich fruit with soft icing, tastefully ornamented; the Killarney cake, a good fruit cake, with soft icing and ornamented. In rich cakes not ornamented there is the Rich Fruit, the Seed, the Sultana, the Rich Plum and other standard varieties. In shortbread and selected biscuits, fancy tins and smaller cakes, Messrs. Marsh are presenting to the public, through the customary trade channels, a splendid assortment of dainty confections. Among the specialities of this firm we should mention the high favour which is bestowed on Marsh's Afternoon Tea cakes and Marsh's Cream Crackers.

MESSRS. HANNA & BROWNE, 21, and 22, Arthur Street.

The above firm, which is one of the largest establishments in Belfast, are extensively engaged in the manufacture of bedsteads and bedding, and are equally well known as high class upholsterers and cabinet-makers. For the Christmas season, Messrs. Hanna & Browne are just now presenting to the public an exhaustive variety of appropriate presents. These include every description of lamps and electric light shades, etc., down quilts and cushions. As sole agents for the "Marshall Sanitary vi-Spring Mattress," this firm is enabled to offer to the prospective buyer the most comfortable bed in existence. In the extensive warehouse of this firm, which extends from its handsome frontage in Arthur Street away back to Calendar Street, the purchaser will find ample conditions in the matter of light and space for making careful selection of the high grade furniture, carpets, etc., with which the premises are so well and ornately stocked.

AN IDEAL WINTER TONIC.

With the uncertain and tempestuous winter climate of this island of ours, which so often gives rise to attacks of influenza, colds, bronchitis, etc., there could be few Christmas gifts more acceptable to delicate or invalid friends than two or three bottles of the well-known tonic, "Vibrona." There are but few amongst us who have not at some time or other suffered from the dire effects of the malignant *la grippe*, and with a great many people, unfortunately—since each succeeding attack makes one more liable to another—a yearly visitation of the deadly thing has come to be looked upon as almost inevitable, and quite to be expected.

The cold, raw days about Christmastide and January seem the most fruitful breeding-grounds of the disease, which nevertheless can be guarded against, and even kept altogether at bay, if steps are only taken in time. It is the constitution "run down" by ill-health, malnutrition, overwork, or anxiety that becomes the easy and unresisting prey of the insidious influenza, as of other diseases; but by fortifying ourselves with a good tonic, taken for a sufficient length of time according to our needs, we may learn to defy all blasts of wind and weather, and protect ourselves against risk of illness or infection.

Vibrona has been tested with excellent and most satisfying results by medical men in all parts of the world for almost seventeen years back; and if their experience is to be trusted, no other tonic possesses the same recuperative powers after influenza and all cases of debility and exhaustion as Vibrona, the Ideal Tonic Wine. It must not, however, be confounded with other medicated wines, which depend for their stimulating properties almost altogether on the alcohol which is a constituent and important part of them. Unlike these, the action of Vibrona is cumulative, which is to say, it steadily increases until the whole system becomes invigorated, the appetite and digestion are improved, and the erstwhile invalid and sufferer can go through prolonged mental and physical exertion, without any undue sense of strain or fatigue. After a course of Vibrona, which is entirely free from the harmful effects of coca and similar drugs, other stimulants are neither necessary or desired, and its results, in cases of sleeplessness and neuralgia, are most markedly beneficial.

THE BANKRUPT.

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. [Specially written for "The Lady of the House."]

George A. Birmingham's famous character, "The Rev. J. J. Meldon," of SPANISH GOLD, makes his re-appearance.

Mr. Doyle, as has been noted elsewhere, is the most important man in Ballymoy. The ownership of the Imperial Hotel confers a certain social dignity; but the hotel is not the real source of Mr. Doyle's influence. He is chairman of every body that has a chairman, and one, at least, of these chairmanships carries with it the right to administer justice from the bench of the Petty Sessions Court. Mr. Doyle values this privilege for the sake of the opportunities it affords him of helping his friends and neighbours when they get into trouble with the law. Nor is the hotel the chief source of Mr. Doyle's wealth. His guests pay for their entertainment, of course; but if Mr. Doyle depended on them he would be a poor man. The bar is more profitable than the hotel. More money is taken over its counter in a day for porter and whiskey than comes from the hire of bedrooms and the sale of bacon and eggs during three days. The shop next door to the hotel—a shop in which you can buy most things from lamps to ladies' hats—brings in a substantial sum. Mr. Doyle's plan of giving long credit is also profitable. It not only ties his customers to him, but enables him to charge interest on their accounts. The calculation of interest for broken periods, when payment comes in by driblets, is a difficult business. Mr. Doyle, who is not particularly good at arithmetic, has adopted a simple plan of adding half a crown or five shillings to every account, whenever such addition strikes him as desirable. Mr. Doyle is also agent for almost everything which is sold by means of local agents—bicycles, watches, sewing machines, wine, Guinness's porter, artificial manures and flour are all distributed about the country around Ballymoy through Mr. Doyle. These agencies pay more or less. The wine and the watches, for instance, very little; the flour a good deal. Yet, curiously enough, it was through one of these agencies—the most profitable of all of them—that Mr. Doyle once almost lost no less a sum than £45.



"THE REV. J. J. MELDON," THE HERO OF GEORGE A BIRMINGHAM'S FAMOUS STORY, "SPANISH GOLD."

This picture is reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., publishers of the shilling edition of "Spanish Gold," and of the owner of the drawing, the Rev. J. O. Hannay, M.A., of Westport, Co. Mayo.

It happened this way. Lisnally is a village some eight miles from Ballymoy. In Lisnally there is one shop owned by a man called Peter Mulcahy. He buys his flour, wholesale, from Mr. Doyle. He buys on credit, retails on credit, and pays his own bill when his customers pay him. Sometimes he does not pay for a long time. Then Mr. Doyle reproaches him and adds something in the way of interest to the account. Peter Mulcahy—this is, perhaps, natural—has never liked Mr. Doyle. Quite recently Peter Mulcahy's debt assumed alarming proportions. As stated by Mr. Doyle in the account which he furnished, it amounted to £45. No one knew, and the most skilful accountant could not have discovered how much of this was actually due for flour, and how much was interest. Peter Mulcahy, suspecting the worst, began at this time to hate Mr. Doyle. He hated all his creditors, but he hated Mr. Doyle more than any of them.

Rumour, which though branded as a lying jade, frequently tells the truth, said that Peter Mulcahy was on the verge of becoming a bankrupt, paying a shilling or so in the pound, and starting fresh. Mr. Doyle heard the rumour, and determined to get his money out of Peter before the crash came. Peter knew that Mr. Doyle had heard the rumour, and determined, maliciously, to annoy, as well as to swindle Mr. Doyle.

Then came the day of the autumn fair of Ballymoy. Peter Mulcahy was in town selling cattle, for he was a grazier as well as a shopkeeper. Mr. Doyle was busy all day picking up what money he could from such of his customers as succeeded in selling their cattle. He went to bed well satisfied with his day's work, particularly well satisfied with the result of his interview with Peter Mulcahy, a result all the more pleasant because it was wholly unexpected.

It happened next morning that Mr. Meldon—the Rev. J. J. Meldon—was passing the hotel at half-past ten, and saw Mr. Doyle sitting in the porch. Mr. Doyle was looking singularly depressed, and Mr. Meldon

WALLER & CO., (ESTABLISHED 1796.)
20, SUFFOLK ST., DUBLIN,
Have always in Stock a large supply of DAY BOOKS, LEDGERS, JOURNALS, STOCK BOOKS, MINUTE BOOKS, &c., &c., in all Sizes and at all Prices.
Stationers and Printers by Royal Warrant to the late Queen Victoria.

THE BANKRUPT.—Continued.

was a man of ready sympathy. All clergymen must be sympathetic. Sympathy is one of the qualities demanded by their profession. Mr. Meldon, being an exceptionally fine type of clergyman, was more sympathetic than most of his professional brethren. He had been heard to boast that there was nothing he liked better than helping people who were in any kind of trouble. The boast was entirely justified. His life, while he resided in Ballymoy, and for long afterwards, was famous for deeds of disinterested kindness.

Noticing the look of depression on Mr. Doyle's face he at once stopped and shook hands with him.

"What's the matter with you, Doyle," he said. "You look to me rather as if the Local Government Board was going to hold a sworn inquiry on something you've been doing on the board of guardians."

"It's not that," said Mr. Doyle; "I'd be glad if it was."

"It must be your own whiskey then. I'm always telling you about that whiskey. It's poison, especially the stuff you sell in that tent of yours on fair days. Why on earth do you drink it?"

"I didn't touch a drop all yesterday—not out of the tent anyway. What I took—and it was mighty little—was from a bottle of my own."

"I can't stay here guessing what's the matter with you all day long," said Meldon. "You're not thinking of getting married, are you? If you are you needn't look so down over it. I don't know the lady, of course, but I suppose you chose her yourself. In any case, even if she chose you, it's far better to take her cheerfully."

Mr. Doyle smiled in a sickly way, then he relapsed into gloom.

"It's a matter of forty-five pounds," he said.

"Peter Mulcahy?" said Mr. Meldon, who had also heard the current rumour.

"It is Peter Mulcahy."

"I'm thoroughly ashamed of you, Doyle, as you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here you are, a man worth thousands, the richest man in Ballymoy by far, and because you're losing a paltry forty-five pounds you're sitting there with a face on you like a dead pig hanging up in a butcher's shop."

"Forty-five pounds is forty-five pounds," said Mr. Doyle, sulkily.

"It is not, not to a man like you. It's not more than about ten. It would be to me, and I daresay it might be to Major Kent, but it isn't to you; you'll never miss it."

"It's not the money itself, though for all you may say forty-five pounds is a tidy lump."

"If it's not the money, why did you tell me it was? I wish you'd learn to speak the truth, Doyle. I've wasted a lot of valuable time explaining to you why you shouldn't be depressed at the loss of forty-five pounds, and when I've done you've the cheek to tell me that it wasn't the loss that was depressing you."

"It's the thought of the way Peter Mulcahy got the better of me."

"Well," said Mr. Meldon., "I expect you've often got the better of Peter Mulcahy."

"He went out of this door last night," said Mr. Doyle, "with a grin on his face, as much as to say, 'Bedamn, Mr. Doyle, but you're done in the eye this time!' I was uneasy in my mind when I saw that grin on him, and the first thing I did this morning was to go down to the bank with his cheque."

"If you were fool enough to take a cheque from a man like Peter Muclahy, you deserve what you get. I don't pity you one bit."

"He wrote that cheque," said Mr. Doyle, "within in my own parlour. At five o'clock it was or a little later, and me spilling whiskey into a tumbler for him the way I'd show him what a lot I thought of him for paying me, when the rest of his creditors would have to take what he chose to give them."

"I don't suppose the bank cared whether it was in your parlour or in the presbytery that he wrote that cheque, or whether he was drunk or sober at the time. If he hadn't the money to his credit——"

"Do you think I'd be such a fool as to take a cheque without knowing he'd money in the bank? It's a poor opinion you have of me, Mr. Meldon."

"It is," said Mr. Meldon, "a very poor opinion."

Mr. Doyle spluttered, and began to swear. It must be remembered that he was a great man, and no great man likes to hear that anyone has a poor opinion of him. Mr. Meldon grinned amiably. Then Mr. Doyle recollected that his friend particularly disliked profane language. He stopped swearing, and spluttered worse than before. Mr. Meldon's grin broadened. Mr. Doyle pulled himself together with an effort. He had a real liking for Mr. Meldon, and a kind of half belief in the curate's power of doing things which seemed impossible. He did not see how his lost £45 could possibly be recovered, but he felt that he would like to tell the whole story to sympathetic ears.

"Come along in, Mr. Meldon," he said, "to where nobody will be disturbing us, and I'll tell you the way it is, and how that fellow got the better of me."

He led the way to a grimy room at the back of the hotel. An old mahogany table stood in the middle of the floor. It's top was stained in circles where jugs of hot water had been laid on it, or tumblers overfilled with porter had let some of their contents trickle down their sides. Against one wall stood a horsehair sofa, lumpy near the foot, heavily dinted at the top where Mr. Doyle habitually sat. In a corner near the window was a battered bureau, covered thickly with dusty papers and plentifully inkstained. Three wooden-seated chairs were arranged round the fireplace, where the ashes of yesterday's fire looked repulsive. Above the chimneypiece, in a gold frame, was a large photograph of three portly ecclesiastics, who had been taken seated side by side on a bench, which was obviously too short to hold them all with comfort. On the opposite wall was a coloured representation of a steeplechase.

Mr. Meldon glanced at the chairs and the sofa. Then he settled himself on the least sticky corner of the table. Mr. Doyle stood with his back to the cold fireplace.

"Peter Mulcahy," he said, "had four bullocks in the fair yesterday."

"Horrid-looking beasts," said Mr. Meldon. "I saw them."

"He sold them, though; and the price he got was——"

Here Mr. Doyle's voice sank. In the West of Ireland, everybody's voice sinks when mentioning a sum of money. This is a kind of instinctive reverence, like the taking off of a hat when entering a church. There is, after all, though theologians have hitherto denied this, something divine about a sum of money, especially a large sum.

"The price he got was £38," said Mr. Doyle. "but he had to give ten shillings back out of that for luck."

"Your idea," said Mr. Meldon, "was to close on the £37 10s."

"It was, of course, but——"

"It didn't occur to you, I suppose, that by grabbing Peter Mulcahy's whole assets, when you knew he was just going bankrupt, you were swindling his other creditors?"

"That's a hard word, so it is, and what I didn't expect to hear from you, Mr. Meldon."

"It's true though."

"It is not true. For the rest of the creditors as you call them—the fellows that he owes most to along with myself, is two English houses that supplies him with——"

"That makes a difference, of course. One doesn't pity an English firm. But I don't think it quite justifies you all the same."

"And anyway," said Mr. Doyle, "they wouldn't have got a penny of that £37 10s., for, believe you me, Mr. Meldon, Peter Mulcahy is the lad who knows how to put it away safe, the way they wouldn't ever hear a word about it."

"Very well. I see that, and I withdraw the word, 'swindling.' But why didn't you get the money?"

It appeared that Mr. Doyle had done all that was humanly possible in the matter of getting the money. As soon as he knew that Mulcahy had sold his cattle, he sought him out and followed him about the fair. Mulcahy avoided him, not ostentatiously or deliberately; but it happened that whenever Mr. Doyle overtook him, there was someone else in conversation with him. Mr. Doyle was a man of great delicacy of feeling. He forbore demanding the £37 10s. in the presence of an outsider. Finally Mulcahy had gone into the bank. Mr. Doyle waited for him on the steps of the bank, and waylaid him as he came out. The greeting between the two was most cordial, and it was Mulcahy himself who introduced the subject of the debt.

"I didn't like the way he was looking at me," said Mr. Doyle, when he came to this part of the story. "It wasn't natural that he'd be grinning the whole width of his mouth, and him having to pay away a lump of money. But he showed me the bank receipt for the £37 10s., and it was right enough."

"Deposit receipt?"

"No, for he put the money to the credit of his account, and I knew it would be all there, for I had the tip from one of the bank clerks that Mulcahy wasn't the kind of man that they'd allow to be overdrawn

HEATHER'S BOX CALF OR GLACE KID BOOTS FOR LADIES, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, to 16/- 62, George's St., DUBLIN.

THE BANKRUPT.—Concluded.

by as much as a shilling. I felt easier in my mind when I had argued it out that Mulcahy had that much money to his credit, though I didn't like the way he was being so mighty pleasant to me. "There's a trifle I'm owing to you, Mr. Doyle," he said, "and I'd like to settle it before I go home to-night.' 'If you give me something on account, Peter,' says I, 'I'll be content. I wouldn't press an old customer. What about thirty pounds now?' I needn't tell you, Mr. Meldon that I didn't expect to get thirty, and I'd have been thankful enough for twenty. You could have knocked the legs from under me with a thraneen, when Peter Mulcahy up and said he'd write me a cheque for the whole of what he owed."

"For the whole of what you said he owed. I don't expect he really owed you much more than about thirty-five pounds."

Mr. Doyle ignored this. His methods of book-keeping were his own, and he was not inclined to discuss them even with Mr. Meldon.

"That's the whole of the story," he said. "I took the cheque, and the bank wouldn't cash it."

"I suppose," said Mr. Meldon, "that he didn't draw out that £37 10s. in the course of the day?"

"He did not; for I kept him in the parlour here along with myself till after five."

"Spilling whiskey into his glass?"

"That and talking," said Mr. Doyle. "I wouldn't have let him next or near the bank for the price of a barrel of porter. Not till the bank was shut anyway. He could go then if he liked, but he didn't offer to."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Meldon, "that Peter Mulcahy has played off a pretty neat trick on you. He's dangled that money in front of your eyes just so as to annoy you. He knew jolly well that the bank wouldn't cash a cheque for £45 when he'd only £37 10s. to his credit. They wouldn't have cashed it if he'd had £44 19s. All he has to do now is to come in and draw his balance, whatever it is, and then laugh at you and the other creditors, specially you."

"I'd give a good deal to get even with him," said Mr. Doyle. "I'd give——"

"Would you give £7 10s.?"

"I would. I'd give £70 10s. to see that swindling blackguard with the grin on the back of his head instead of the front of his mouth."

"I can't promise that you'll see that," said Mr. Meldon, "but if you do what I tell you you'll make Mulcahy feel pretty sick. I needn't explain to you, Doyle, that I detest swindling and trickery of every kind. I wouldn't give you the advice I'm going to give, if I didn't think it was perfectly honest. The English firms will be stuck in any case when Mulcahy goes bankrupt; so there's no use our fretting about them. Besides they're English, and all these English are quite ridiculously rich. It'll do them good to lose a little money. Mulcahy doesn't, of course, owe you anything like £45, and I couldn't conscientiously help you to get that much money out of him. But I daresay he really does owe you £37 or so, and I don't mind helping you to get that."

"If you're thinking of altering the figures on his cheque——" said Mr. Doyle.

"I'm not thinking of anything of the sort. Do you suppose I'm fool enough to commit forgery? No. What you've got to do is this. Go down to the bank and lodge £7 10s to his credit. It may not be absolutely necessary to lodge so much, for he may have had a pound or two in the bank, before he put in the £37 10s. But it won't do to run any risks, and the bank won't tell you how much he has. You lodge £7 10s., and then present your cheque for £45. The bank will cash it, and Peter Mulcahy will be the sickest man west of the Shannon when he comes to draw his balance."

Mr. Doyle, straddling before the empty fireplace, tugged thoughtfully at his scraggy moustache. The full beauty of the plan dawned on him slowly. He straightened himself and crossed the room. Then he grasped Mr. Meldon's hand, and wrung it heartily. His inclination was to pour out oaths expressive of extreme delight. Being debarred from that natural expression of his feelings, he turned without a word and walked to the door.

"Hold on one minute," said Mr. Meldon. "I think I'll wait here till you come back. I'd like to hear how you get on. Have you anything to read in the house? I hate idleness, and may as well be occupied while I'm waiting."

"I have, of course," said Mr. Doyle. "I've yesterday's *Independent* and a Prayer Book."

Mr. Meldon glared at him. Then, seeing that Mr. Doyle looked genuinely grieved at the meagreness of his library, he spoke kindly.

"Bring them both to me," he said. "After all, it doesn't matter. You won't be very long."

Mr. Doyle was, however, absent for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Meldon having extracted all matter of interest from both the newspaper and the prayer book, left Mr. Doyle's parlour and settled himself in the porch of the hotel. When Mr. Doyle returned, he greeted him irritably.

"What on earth kept you?" he said. "It doesn't take more than two minutes to walk from this to the bank, and two back. It can't have taken you more than another five to make your lodgment and cash the cheque. What have you been doing all the rest of the time?"

"It wasn't," said Mr. Doyle, "as if there was only one lodgment to make."

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean is this. It would have been a pity to lodge the whole £7 10s. at once, and that blackguard Mulcahy, with maybe £40 or more to his credit. I might be leaving him with a balance to draw out, which is what I'd be sorry for."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I lodged a pound first of all," said Mr. Doyle, "and then I passed the cheque across the counter, but the young fellow handed it back to me, so I lodged another pound, and I tried him again. When I had £4 lodged that way I said it would save trouble if he'd tell me at once how much more I'd have to give him, before he'd cash the cheque. You'd think he'd have had the sense to see that; but he hadn't. He answered me back mighty proud and stiff that it was against the rule of the bank to disclose the state of any customer's account. That riz my temper on him, so I laid down my mind to give the boyo as much trouble as I could. I began making lodgments of five shillings at a time, and when I'd made six of them, and offered him Mulcahy's cheque six times, I dropped down to half-crowns. It was how I intended to go on to shillings after that, but when I had eight half-crowns lodged, he cashed the cheque."

"Hold on a minute," said Mr. Meldon.

He worked a sum rapidly on the corner of the "Independent."

"What you lodged altogether," he said, "was £6 10s., and the last lodgment was only half-a-crown, so Mulcahy can't have more than two and fivepence to his credit at the outside now. You haven't done badly at all, but you ran a frightful risk. Suppose Mulcahy had come in——"

"That's what I clean forgot," said Mr. Doyle. "And he might."

"He's absolutely sure to in the course of the day. The wonder is that he hasn't been here already."

Mr. Doyle, shaken by the narrowness of his escape from an awful danger, walked to the door, and looked out along the road.

"Bedamn!" he said, startled into mild profanity in spite of the curate's presence. "Bedamn, but there's himself coming down the hill on the old mare with the spring halt, that he bought over in Dunbeg two years ago, and he's looking as pleased with himself, as if he didn't owe a penny in the world. Let him not see you, Mr. Meldon, for if he did——"

"I don't care whether he sees me or not," said Mr. Meldon. "I've done nothing to be ashamed of."

But Mr. Doyle pushed him from the porch into the coffee room.

"I wouldn't for the whole of the money twice over," said Mr. Doyle, "that he suspected anything before he went to the bank. And he might if he saw the two of us together."

Peter Mulcahy, giving an occasional kick with his heels to the mare with the spring halt, passed the hotel, and could be seen from the coffee room window entering the bank.

"I'll give him fifteen minutes," said Mr. Doyle, "to be telling the young fellow in the bank what he thinks of him, and after that he'll be up here."

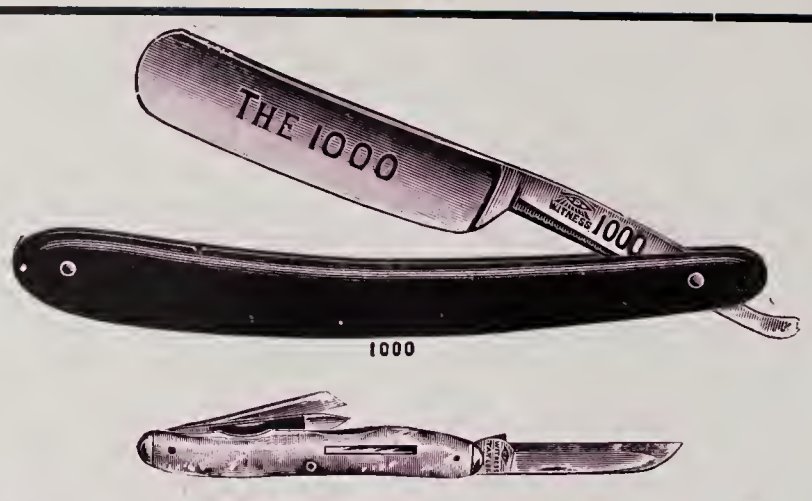
"In that case," said Mr. Meldon, "I'll slip off home."

"You will not," said Mr. Doyle, "for I'll not let you. It'd be a shame for you to miss the language that Peter Mulcahy will be using. Believe you me, he's the lad that knows how to curse!"

"That's exactly the reason I'm going home," said Mr. Meldon. "I don't take any interest in cursing. Your taste for the more recondite forms of blasphemy strikes me as morbid, Doyle. I don't share it with you. Good bye."

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THOUSANDS OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO SELECT FROM.

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TWO SOYER CRUSADES.—Concluded from page 42.

circulating throughout the provinces, are influences of the first importance towards the development of skill in cookery.

We are not thinking of high-class cookery, but of intelligent, wholesome plain cooking, that demands every variety of vegetable that can be grown in Ireland, and every variety of fish, fowl, and meat belonging to the Irish fauna. Having all these good things provided by the Creator for dwellers in this Island home of ours, the cooks should be capable of preparing the food as capably, and serving it as ornately, as in the best restaurants of great cities. Until that degree of general domestic comfort prevails in the overwhelming majority of Irish homes, we cannot claim to be recognised as a highly-civilized people by visitors from countries of greater material wealth.

The reforms that are imminent will be accomplished and a better and higher standard of living attained without extravagance. Really efficient mistresses of middle-class homes are obliged to be economical, and become so to a degree that is as surprising as it is praiseworthy. In England cooking is better and more varied than here, nevertheless, not many years ago the French chef of one of the largest hotels in London affirmed, that he could prepare a dinner from the kitchen "waste" contained in the morning dustbin outside any London mansion. He maintained that, as a rule, the English were wasteful cooks.

In Ireland we shall never become as gross or as large eaters as our English neighbours. Being satisfied with a very moderate quantity there is a crying necessity to make its preparation faultless in every detail. There is greater need to help every girl who has a penchant for cooking and housekeeping than to equip young Irishwomen for intellectual careers. The present condition of cookery in Ireland is disgraceful. For one commendably prepared dish there are twenty wherein the food looks more acceptable in the raw than in the cooked state. We have blushed with shame in a small hotel in County Meath when an English friend had to satisfy his hunger with tea, bread, and butter, because the eggs were only heated, not boiled. Yet the Meath hens are said by experts to produce the best eggs in Ireland, if not in the world.

In lodgings at Mallaranny, Killybegs, and Achill Island we have known glorious family holidays to be marred by primitive cookery. Breakfast and tea were always satisfactory when plain, but dinner experiences forbade any demand for Scotch breakfasts or high teas. Salmon, whiting, mackerel, turbot, herring, grey gurnet, plaice and sole, fowl and mutton were plentiful, but they were literally boiled to rags, and sent to table without sauce of any kind. In the minor hotels throughout the country there is a slightly better attempt at cooking and serving food, but for anyone who desires a tolerably decent dinner, in a strange Irish town, it is necessary to find out the most popular hotel amongst the commercial travelling fraternity. Occasionally, but only occasionally, one is in luck. Some years ago we spent twenty-four hours in a little hotel at Dromahaire to which we had been recommended by an Englishman. It is run by a German chef who had been employed in the Northern Counties Hotel, Portrush. He prepared the dishes for his guests and charged the moderate prices one would expect in so small a hamlet. The result is that he is now the proprietor of two hotels and deserves the success he is reported to have achieved. In lodgings at Louisburgh, Co. Mayo, we were admirably catered for. In houses directed by women who have been cooks in good families, or owned by refined people who have been obliged to receive paying guests, there is always a certainty of finding good catering. Such establishments, however, are, unfortunately, few and far between, and, like the mountains of Ireland, make the dead level of the country conspicuous.

Our connection with the introduction of paper bag cookery into Ireland has, incidentally, aroused us and many of our subscribers to recognition of the fact that, hitherto, our national deficiencies in the all-important matter of cuisine are a blot on the fair fame of the good women of Ireland. It is true that the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction and the County Councils have, in recent years, made an attempt to spread the light, but we do not wish to see Irish girls trained to tolerable efficiency in cookery in order to qualify them to emigrate with a greater certainty of finding remunerative employment in a foreign country. We need all the culinary talent we can cultivate for home and domestic service here. We want good cooking and variety of food introduced into ninety out of every hundred homes in Ireland as a measure of public health, of decency of living, and as the only means by which the national pride of our womenkind may be shielded from the bitter reproach of being ignorant housewives. To attain this end, the LADY OF THE HOUSE will in future devote more attention than hitherto, because of its confidence in the ability of Irishwomen to gain as much distinction in cookery as in any other womanly employment.



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THE OUTCAST'S WIFE.

A Christmas Story.
By MARY COSTELLO.

[FOUNDED ON FACT.]

"COME along, Ann, it's nonsense," Mrs. O'Sullivan protested impatiently tapping her sister's shoulder; "you are always imagining the maddest things, and we'll lose the quick Harcourt Street train."

"Look at him—oh! just look at him," Ann pleaded, "he's pushed back his hat . . . Laura, it IS George Ryan!"

"Rubbish. You know perfectly well poor George is dead. Sure, wasn't Rose in widow's weeds, that day we met her before you went to India?"

"She was."

"Didn't she burst out sobbing when we kissed her? Yes? Well, isn't that enough?"

"No—yes—it isn't," Ann Briscoe broke in breathlessly. "If it's not George, it's his ghost. There, there, don't you remember that quick twich of the head! Oh, it makes me feel a girl again—the poor, poor fellow . . . Here's your umbrella, dear. . . . Besides, who else would be standing opposite the old house, with that awful lost look in his eyes?"

"Are you coming, Nan, or not?"

"Not, Laura. I couldn't sleep unless I made sure. Don't you remember I was his particular friend, his go between when he was courting Rose, the confidante of them both? Don't wait, dear, I'll be down with you for the Christmas, never fear."

Ann Briscoe is a type of the middle-aged Dublin spinster we all know and unconsciously bless.

Night and day she is to be seen waddling through the streets—for she is very fat for her age—waddling through hospitals, Homes for incurables, workhouse wards, and tenement horrors, into the squalid purlieus of life, where pain, want, dirt, and misery dwell, and almost invariably bringing with her a gleam of sunshine, a breath of the fresh south-west wind. For her heart is so big, and her blood so rich and strong, that it renews every moment the fibres of her brain, and so she carries hope and cheerfulness with her, like a magnetic atmosphere.

The sisters were standing in the window of a house in Mountjoy Square, where they had gone to visit a bedridden friend. They had lived in the square when they were children, and their parents had been born in it, at the time that it was one of the most fashionable quarters of the city.

Years ago the Briscoe family had drifted away to different parts of the world, and among the friends and neighbours left from the merry old days, there remained but the invalid, to whom they were paying a Christmas visit.

The man whom Ann Briscoe took for a ghost was leaning against the railings of the square, gazing at the two houses facing him.

One of them, now a nursing institute, had been the Briscoes home; the other bearing an announcement that it was to be let or sold, in every dust-encrusted window, had been his own.

Before he had become an outcast among men, the lonely watcher had known the greatest happiness of life, the glory of promising youth, the music of love inside the walls of those two houses.

He gazed at the blindless window with an ache of longing for the love and laughter that had passed for ever, for the touch of a friendly hand, the sound of his real name which he had not heard for years.

Poor George! When the chums of his Trinity days were adding professional and learned initials to their names, he had been known by a number.

It seemed to him he was dreaming, when a woman came towards him in the dusk, with outstretched hands.

"George Ryan!" she whispered. "Oh, is it you, really you?"

Then the words leaped out, that he could never recall.

"My God! it's Nan—little Nan Briscoe with grey hair!"

"And a double chin," the tears streaming from her kind eyes, washed away the welcoming smile.

"Don't," he broke in. "I am dead."

With a piteous gesture he tried to free himself.

"I—I thought you were in India——" he stammered.

"Two years ago I returned."

"I thought there was no one left in Dublin who would know me. I am dead, Nan—dead!"

She slipped her arm through his, as she used, in her childhood, when she wanted him to make her hard sums right, and led him away from the sorrowful spot.

"Come home with me, George. I'm living at the south side of the city now. Come home and tell me how, and when, you died—— where you are buried."

"No," he said. "I'm not fit to cross your door step, Nan. No lapse of years, no effort of mine can make me clean again. Only it's dark I wouldn't let you walk with a gaol-bird. . . Ah! you dear woman! . . . .Nan, I've only come back to learn one thing. It has brought me from the other end of the world. Tell me?"

"I'll tell you nothing, George," she retorted, "except at my ain fireside. Come along!"

His need of knowledge was a hunger, consuming him night and day, so he had to give in. When they reached her home, he slipped to his knees by her side, as she was warming her shaking hands.

"Now, Nan, now," he pleaded, his sensitive high-bred face quivering with apprehension. "I'm nearly a month in Ireland, and can hear nothing. A dead man is handicapped. I'm afraid to make straight inquiries to follow up clues—"

"Lest she should learn you were alive, poor boy?"

"Yes, where is she, Nan? How is she, my darling. . . .how? When did you see her last?" He paused for a moment, and as she did not reply he put out a bleached and shaking hand.

"No, no," she whispered, "I do not mean that. I—I—when last I heard she was alive. I know she is alive, in fact."

"And my child?"

She shook her head. "Rose didn't answer my letters from India, and so I lost her and the child. When I saw her before starting, five years ago, she was in deep mourning for you, and looked—oh! so lovely and so sad—Ah! George, George, was it right to strike her as you did, after the horror she'd been through? She loved you. She understood. She knew you meant to put it back, and all the time you were—there she was counting the hours for the dawn of your release, planning the new life together in America—ah! was it right?"

She stopped, covering her eyes to shield them from the wild agony of his.

"Right?" he groaned. "My God! have I ever done anything right? Isn't my life a chronicle of blunder, weakness, failure, culminating in irretrievable disgrace——?"

"No, no—not irretrievable!"

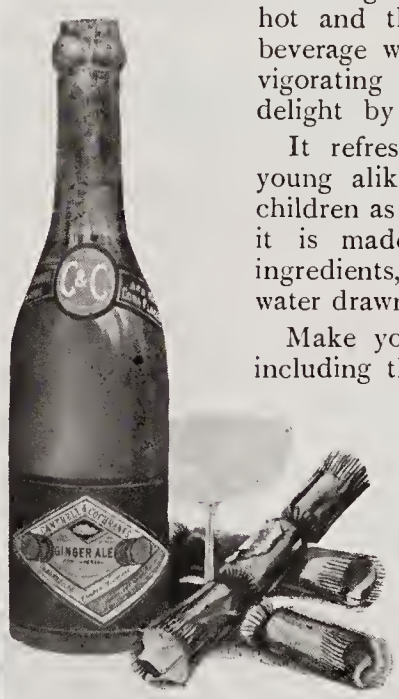
"I have no grit no backbone. A stronger man might have made himself master of his destiny in a new land. And when I was in the darkness, beating against the hideous bars, I thought I could—yes, could live it down, and make a home for her and the child. On my release I spent a hidden month with them, then went to America, as you know, to have a home ready for them. I tried for two years—hard, hard—but misfortune dogged me—the brand of the gaol was still on me, its corroding apathy and self-distrust. At last I got fair employment, put by a couple of hundred pounds, and in my anxiety to get Rose out, I invested it in a venture which I was told would yield 100 per cent. The shares fell to nothing, and I was struck down with typhoid."

"Poor fellow—poor fellow."

"When I came out of hospital I found my place filled, and then I made up my mind to free her for ever, to give her a chance of peace and happiness, while youth was still hers. Half a dozen men I knew—old admirers, well-to-do honourable men—would gladly marry her, if they believed I was dead—of that I was certain. So—so—"

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THE OUTCAST'S WIFE.—Continued.

"So you died, George."

"Six years ago, Nan. I'm as dead as a door nail. You could not prove that I live, if you wanted to. I'm lying in a Massachussets cemetery under a tombstone that bears my name. A friendless wretch, whose deathbed I made easy, willed me his identity, with credentials, which, legally, it would be hard to dispute."

"And now," he added, with a bitter laugh, "you'll never guess what has brought me home—why I am trying to find my wife and child?"

She shook her head.

"The reason is that I'm a rich man now—"

"Rich? Oh! can it be true?"

"That bit of land I bought for £200 is now in the heart of a growing city, and for the last months, everything I touch turns to gold, Nan! Nan!" his sunken eyes glowed, "think of it. All the beautiful things she loved and never owned, I could give her now. Take her away from shame, drudgery, want—show her the kingdom's of the earth and all their glory. It was her dream to see Italy, Egypt, India—don't you remember, Nan? . . . Yes, yes, I can make up to you for the hideous years, my Rose of the world!" his voice died in a whisper, as his old friend, gazing into the fire, shaded her eyes with her hands. . .

She was afraid to speak or look at him—for she had reason to believe that the Rose of his world no longer belonged to him.

"I don't hope—no, no," he muttered, pacing the silent room. "Nothing COULD come right with me. I am born to failure as the sparks fly upwards. But I must know what has become of her and the little one, and you will help me, won't you, Nan?" he pleaded. "Listen, dear, I promise you I won't disturb her, if she is happy and content—if if it is better that I should not, you understand?"

She nodded, pressing the hand he had laid on her knee.

"But I must know. I must provide for both; let them have a share of my wealth without fear of their finding out I am alive—if that is best."

"But how could that be done?"

"Quite easily. I'll get a solicitor in the town where I died, to advertize for my next of kin. He'll be instructed to communicate with you. You'll show her the paper, then the story of my investment will transpire, and that will only emphasize my death, drive a deeper nail into my coffin. The first thing is to find them—so far I have utterly failed. Dear old friend, you'll help me—tell me all you know. I—I am braced for the worst."

"Rose loved you, George," Nan said, her eyes on the flickering blaze, "only lived for the day of your release, mourned you passionately. She resided, you know, with her aunt Millicent until her death. The old woman's income died with her. And when I went out to India to take care of Harry and the children, Rose was looking for employment . . she—she was not fitted for work and the child was a drag——"

"Who is it," he broke in hoarsely, "Ned Fitzgerald?"

"No. He married his cousin. I am sure of nothing. But I heard—I mean a fortnight ago a friend told me she had seen Rose in the autumn—yes, last autumn——"

"Where? Where?"

She hesitated, then mentioned a watering-place on the coast line of Cork, with a great sandy shore.

"No, my friend was not speaking to her, she only knew her by appearance—give me time, George, I am telling you as quickly as I can. Rose was looking well—contented, yes. . . She was driving in a barouche with—with—ah! here is the tea at last——"

His piteous eyes made her swallow back the particulars that had almost escaped her lips, and rising hastily she busied herself lighting the spirit lamp.

"In a barouche?" he prompted. "Yes, yes?"

"She stopped at a rather fine detached villa, facing the new parish church—Arbutus Lodge—I took the name down."

"God bless you!"

"And—and—as the carriage went round to the stables, my friend assumed it was her home. She had to go by the next train, and learned no more. What are you looking for, George? I know, the time table. But you musn't—no—no—I must find out first. I'll go by the very next train—let me look—indeed I will go."

"There's not one to-night. I'll get a special . . I couldn't stand the suspense. A special is nothing, Nan."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

II.

In a windless snowstorm Ann Briscoe reached the old world town on the sandy shore next day. The tourist hotel had closed for the season, but she got comfortable shelter at an inn close to the station, and was provided with a private sitting-room, and a cheery turf fire.

While the motherly hostess was laying the table for dinner. Ann heard from her that the owner of Arbutus Lodge was a Mr. Ponsonby from the north, a wealthy gentleman who had re-opened the Glenavat Mills, a couple of years before, and was giving considerable employment in the neighbourhood. He was married, for sure, to a real handsome lady, who seemed rather delicate, and didn't go about much. Mrs. Barry couldn't say what her name was before, nor what part of the country she came from, but they had three or four nice children.

Much depressed by this information, Ann wheeled round with a peevish shiver, when the door opened, to admit a tall, heavily bearded traveller, who had come down in the same train. Without apology, he took a seat opposite hers, and held out his hands to the blaze.

"If I am not mistaken," she said courteously, "the landlady gave me to understand that this room was private."

"It is the only room fit to dine in," he replied, "and as it's Christmas Eve, I hope madame, that you will show me Christian hospitality, and allow me to share the appetizing meal I heard you ordering half an hour ago."

As she rose in some alarm, he added, with a soft laugh, "Nan! I like this place—the smell of it."

"Oh! George, George!" she cried in dismay. "Why did you break your word?"

"Don't be angry," he pleaded, "I simply couldn't stay behind, and bear the strain. What danger is there? Isn't this test of my disguise enough? I only meant to see you off at Kingsbridge, Nan; but I'm glad I've come, because I like this place. I don't know why, but I like the taste of it in my mouth."

His eyes were shining like those of a man in fever, and though he protested he was half famished, when dinner came he scarcely touched the food.

As soon as it was over he hurried out for a smoke, saying that the night had cleared up, and heedless of Ann's entreaty to wait a moment for her.

The snow and sleet were over, and the heavy clouds rolling away, leaving the deep blue vault glittering with stars.

A wave of unexplained hope uplifted the heart of the tortured man, telling him that he had a part to play yet in the life which fills all things.

And the mellow voice of the chapel bells across the harbour, mingled with the lapping of the sea on the sandy shore, made music in his brain.

"Peace on earth," the bells were singing, "Peace on earth." "Oh! God," he prayed, have pity on me, lift me out of the hell of those years. Have I not atoned? Paid back in tears of blood for the sin of a moment?"

In the wife and child whom he had once owned, lay joy and hope. They were all he had; the meaning of the world to him.

Ann Briscoe knew where she would find him. Guided by the spire of the new church, after a few minutes' walk she reached the trim detached villa, which her friend had seen George Ryan's widow enter three months before.

She opened the gate, and keeping off the gravel to avoid being overheard, stepped on to the wet grass under the shelter of the evergreen shrubs, that protected the snug residence from the public gaze.

She was not startled when George touched her arm with a warning gesture.

(*Concluded on page 66.*)

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THE PASSING OF THE SAUCEPAN.

AGAINST paper bag cookery, which for many weeks back has ousted every other subject from the public mind (not even excepting Home Rule and the strike epidemic), there are only two people who have a grievance, and this a very decided one. They are the kitchenmaid and the ironmonger, the former of whom finds that, like Hamlet, her "occupation's gone," or very nearly so; and the other, that the source of a very large part of his business profits must be now and for ever a thing of the past.

Many and great advantages are claimed on behalf of this new kind of cookery, amongst them being the great saving of waste in food; which, unlike that cooked by older methods, comes out of the paper bag of exactly the same weight and substance as it went in. Then there is the saving of time, of gas, or of coal (as the case may be), the saving of trouble in preparation, and last but not least a great gain of cleanliness and nicety, together with the almost total disappearance of pots and pans from the kitchen.

These latter articles, however useful and necessary in their own time, were not only a fruitful source of trouble to the servants, but also of anxiety and watchfulness to the mistress fastidious about the food, and full of care as to the health and physical well-being of her household. I remember, not so many years ago, when some cases of serious intestinal illness broke out in a home of my acquaintance; almost the first question the doctor asked was," if the saucepans were kept clean," further expressing the opinion that all saucepans in every household should be systematically boiled from time to time in a disinfecting fluid.

This particular case of illness, as it happened, was caused by bad water, but how easily it might have been the other! For the difficulty of keeping attentive watch on such matters with a careless or ill-trained domestic, or even with one of those awe-inspiring cooks, who look upon the kitchen and its appurtenances as a special and sacred domain of their own into which not even the mistress may intrude, is one of the things "which every woman knows," and to her cost.

With the wonderful new system, however, her mind for the future may be perfectly happy and at ease in this respect, since pots, pans, and saucepans no longer need a place in her Lares and Penates; and even should she desire to keep one or two of these articles still on her kitchen shelf—merely perhaps as a curio, or for the making, say, of an omelette (which I understand is one of the very few things NOT best prepared in a paper bag), there is no reason why a utensil so infrequently called into use should not be put by as clean and glittering as china, or as smoothly polished as silver, and Mary Anne or Bridget the kitchenmaid—in houses where there is still found need of her services—relieved of the care of these troublesome, greasy, and germ attracting objects will in future be enabled to devote all her particular care and attention to the minute preparation of vegetables, etc., and the cleaning and beautifying of her kitchen, till it becomes one of the brightest and cheeriest spots in the house.

Indeed, as Monsieur Soyer told us in one of his extremely interesting lectures, there is no reason why the kitchen of the future should not partake rather of the character of a parlour, or even of a boudoir, than that of a mere haunt of troublesome and ill-smelling cookery, and of greasy pots and pans, as it too often proved hitherto. The kitchen of the future —he tells us—will be covered with a carpet, and as a matter of fact I already know of more than one carpeted kitchen wherein, with the adjunct of a scullery, of course, all the cooking is done by the ladies of the family, in a range polished to a mirror-like brightness, without any detriment to either the carpet or the furniture of the room, which visitors and inmates alike are inclined to look upon as the brightest and homeliest and cosiest of the house.

Surely, as I said before, no other matter of merely domestic interest ever brought about such a revolution, or evoked such an extraordinary amount of interest in a minimum period of time as this same paper-bag cookery. Everywhere one went, in trams, trains, the street, or the theatre during the "interval," nothing seemed talked about save Monsieur Nicolas Soyer and his paper bag. Accordingly, on the second or third day after his arrival in our midst, every housekeeper, young and old, had purchased the bags and was "trying her hand" at an experiment which in almost every instance proved astoundingly successful; for with the proper outfit of registered "Kookera" paper bags, the grid (smooth and even of surface, so as to obliterate all chance of the bags being torn, and the dish spoiled as a consequence), and Monsieur Soyer's own book of recipes, there is happily little possibility of "going wrong."

I knew a much married man, the father of a full quiverful, and one of those unselfish and domesticated men of increasingly rare type that brings a cup of tea to his wife's bedside in the morning, who within the first few days of Soyer's sojourn in Dublin was already experimenting on his own account, with gratifying good luck. Having occasion to catch a train very early one morning, before there was other need for either wife or maids to arise, he went downstairs, he told me, lit the gas-stove, put three rashers in a paper-bag and placed them therein, and then went upstairs to dress and shave. When he came down again a short time later the rashers were "cooked to a turn," and tasted (as he expressed it), "deliciously, and quite different from any rashers he had ever tasted before."

He at least was one ardent male convert to the new cult of cookery; and further describing some "paper bag" roast ducks which he had been asked to carve the day before, he said that instead of the joints being tough and difficult of carving as is often the case, they simply dislocated themselves the moment the knife touched them, and proved altogether temptingly savoury, and of quite exceptional tenderness.

At a dinner in a country friend's house the same week I was treated to a "paper bag" meal, every course of which save the soup and one of the sweets, consisting of pancakes, had been cooked in this simplest, easiest, cleanliest, and most digestible of all methods. After the soup, there came a really delicious entree of mutton cutlets, mushrooms of the champignon variety, and green peas, which, together with its accompaniment of rich brown gravy, made a truly appetising dish. Then came a sirloin of roast beef, a very large one too, which yet had been cooked and browned to the very point of perfection, in a given time, in a paper bag, and which, with its flavouring of horseradish, made food fit for the gods.

Then there were some roast apples, beautifully cooked after Monsieur Soyer's own recipe and demonstration on little squares of flaky puff paste, and flavoured by a single clove or piece of cinnamon, together with a little sugar, a lump of butter, a spoonful of jam, and a *soupcon* of lemon or orange peel, all artfully laid in the hollow whence the core had been removed. The same country hostess, a paragon amongst housekeepers, had on the previous evening given her household and guests, after a theatre matinee, a "high tea" at which dishes of sweetbreads, sausages and bacon, and cutlets cooked as above, all contributed to add zest to the already keen appetites of the young folk returning home after a long journey on a cold and stormy autumnal day.

I merely mention these cases as amongst some coming within my own intimate and personal knowledge, and which go to show that even the novice in the art of paper-bag cookery may easily prove herself an immediate and unbounded success. For there are, of course, in all matters of innovation and novelty, a certain number and class of persons who hold themselves sceptical and unconvinced until practical proof is pushed home to the hilt. One must admit at once, however, that nothing else of the kind has ever won such almost universal approval and so many disciples of its cult in such an extraordinary short space of time, despite the isolated paterfamilias or two who doubts but that "a great deal of good food will be spoiled," or the conservative cook of long-fixed habits of thought and practice who declares with a cynical shake of her head, that "He (meaning Monsieur Soyer) must have some other way of managing it besides what he lets *you* see, ma'am!"

It was my privilege and pleasure to watch Monsieur Soyer in one of

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THE PASSING OF THE SAUCEPAN—Continued.

those wonderful demonstrations of his (at which and before which, by the way, the great crowd of women who flocked to the Rotunda each day efficiently demonstrated their entire ability to "fight their own corner" unaided, and occasionally with the least possible respect or consideration for their neighbours), and I was immensely struck by the extraordinary ease and celerity and perfection with which each dish, be it fish, fowl, joint, stew, entree, or anything else, was turned out by the world-famous chef. Although Monsieur Soyer had had the idea of paper bag cookery in his mind for a long number of years, having, as he confesses himself, often got up in the night to test the idea, and had frequently made experiments equally successful as regarded the quality of the cooking, tenderness, etc., it was only some eight or nine months ago that he succeeded in finding a paper bag that was entirely satisfactory from all points of view, and that would neither burn or impart its flavour to the contents.

These specially-prepared paper-bags, by the way, with large clips which run no risk of being served up by even the most careless of cooks, are made of the purest flax and of virgin, entirely clean, and previously unused material. Ordinary white or cream or brown paper, whether foolscap tissue, or of any other class, seems clean and unobjectionable enough to the eye. But has the housekeeper or cook sufficiently and thoughtfully considered its antecedents? Anyone visiting a paper-mill in work, and seeing everyday paper in course of manufacture, will notice that it is made up of an infinity of materials which are first reduced to a pulp. These constituent materials consist of a variety of waste matters, few of them above suspicion—old rags and newspapers, unwashed and discarded garments, the sweepings of warehouse or workshop or printing room, all sorts of rags and tatters, of shreds and patches, even including, I have heard it suggested, the used-up bandages from the hospitals; and the thought of bringing any such highly questionable material into intimate contact with our food supplies must give every housewife pause, and determine her in the selection only of the regulation bag, manufactured of virgin material and pure flax.

Most folk realised already that for many food stuffs cooking by steam was the ideal method of preparation, and potatoes, rice, puddings, &c., cooked in this way were considered infinitely preferable to any others. Well, paper bag cookery may be said in a way to be cooking by steam, since the surrounding bag not only preserves all the juices and flavours of the food but conserves the heat and the vapour, while at the same time preventing the objectionable odour which so often arises through the entire house from cooking cauliflowers, &c., in the old way. The correct heat of the oven should be not less than 200 degrees Fahrenheit, which may be reduced to 170 in about eight minutes after the bag containing the article to be cooked is put in; but even where a thermometer is not available, experience and the colour assumed by a piece of paper placed in the oven will speedily inform the cook whether the latter is too hot or too cold.

Monsieur Soyer claims that his method of cookery may be used with equal advantage in the cottage or in the castle, since no patent stove, no special oven, or expensive appliances and apparatuses are needed. All that is required is an oven of any sort, a paper bag, and the grid—this last being indispensable, since it is necessary that the heat should pass all around and under the bag and its contents.

I know at least one doctor, a dyspeptie too, who since the arrival of the paper bag will have no other sort of cookery done in his house, and finds as a consequence an immense improvement already in his health and digestion. The bachelor girl or man, living in a flat or single room of his or her own, finds the trouble of cooking reduced to a minimum, with no expensive buying or tiresome washing-up of greasy pots or pans; all kitchen drudgery practically at an end, and the danger of poisoning by lead or verdigris from unclean iron vessels totally eliminated. The eating of cold meats or tinned goods as a makeshift, or to save trouble, need no longer be endured, while, as stated before, the entire flavour of the food is not only preserved, but is also saved by its wrapping from contamination by other flavours from other food, while many of the nutritive qualities, which were often through the old methods of cooking meat or vegetables thrown down the sink or into the dustbin, are by this means saved in their entirety.

Monsieur Soyer in his invaluable book on paper bag cookery gives us voluminous recipes for fish, entrees, poultry, roasts, vegetables, savouries, and sweets, besides an elaborate time table and directions about the oven, etc. He also includes breakfast dishes, cold meat cookery, dinners for the working man, invalid cookery, and an interesting and useful discourse on "The Bag and the Bachelor," being an account of how a young barrister was enabled to save the situation when his cook had deserted him, and a highly influential friend, with briefs galore to distribute, invited himself to dinner.

Someone—surely it was a Scotchman!—inquired, it is said, of Monsieur Soyer at one of his demonstrations, "if the bags could be used a second time?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "when you have finished cooking your dinner or supper with them, put them very carefully away, and then—then you will find them MOST useful to light the fire with on the following morning."

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

THE QUESTION OF BABY.

ONE of the most striking features of present-day thought is the amount of attention that is given by men and women distinguished in literature and in medical and social science to the subject of "Baby." Not always was it so. Records comparatively modern show a tremendous neglect of possibilities, not to say of duties, connected with the child-life of the nation—neglect not altogether confined to the lowest classes—and only very recently has any very large recognition come about of the fact that the children of one day are the citizens of the next, called upon in their turn to shoulder the personal and other responsibilities of life. Many eminent men deplore a declining birthrate, but there is so much potential strength or weakness—moral, as well as otherwise—wrapped up in every little baby born, that we must surely place quantity second in importance to quality. We may want more babies, but we certainly want better babies.

"There is no wealth but life," said Ruskin, and, it may be added, there is no life so sacred as the child's. There is no need to tell any mother that fact. Nature, in her care for the race, has created within the mother the most beautiful music of the human soul, the music of motherly love. With a few exceptions (altogether unnatural) a mother does her best for her babe—her best! Yes, but if that best falls short of what is required to lay the foundations of full vitality? Such a question, of course, comes to the mind in considering the facts relating to infaut mortality. The malnutrition, for instance, caused by improper feeding, from the substitution of inferior preparations for mothers milk, as well as, in the case of the very poor, from insufficiency, all help to total up that terrible sum of wasted infancy which is pointed out to be such a menace to the nation. Mothers of knowledge and experience, of course, realise that, where the food ordained by nature cannot be given, where it is necessary to rear entirely by hand, extreme care must be taken to provide a substitute as nearly perfect as possible, one containing the necessary elements in the right proportions, and in a form suitable for assimilation by the tender babe. Raw cow's milk cannot be properly digested by infants, and yet this is the only substitute ever thought of by thousands of mothers. Cow's milk, when fresh and pure, is, of course, a splendid food—so is roast beef, at least, in the average Englishman's estimation, though roast beef would certainly not suit the stomach of a new-born child. The comparison is, perhaps, somewhat far-fetched in view of the fact that milk of some kind is obviously required. But as a food for baby, cow's milk is far from perfect, unless scientifically modified or "humanised." A method of modifying ordinary milk, quite certain and satisfactory in result, is the mixing with it of Mellin's Food, which supplies all the deficiencies of cow's milk, and, by reducing in the necessary proportion the amount of casein in the milk, and rendering the remainder more digestible, provides the suitable and assimilable food needed for healthy rearing.

High medical and scientific commendation has been given to Mellin's Food as a factor, not only in saving life, but in preventing the dwarfed bodies and stunted minds, with which those wrongly fed in infancy are cursed. A well-kuown writer has said, that there is very little difference, either in physical or mental power, between any two children who may be compared at birth, but that the first few years of existence are more vital, more important to the future than even heredity itself. If that is so, the fact has in it hope for what may be, as well as regret for so much wasted opportunity. Side by side with the statement that, of children born alive, less than three-fourths survive to the age of five, we have here much to think over in the light of further statements, made relative to the degenerative influences at work amongst us. We may or may not admit all that is said under the latter head, but we can all see that in so far as we have responsibilities to the future of the race——aye, or to the life of even one dear little morsel of humanity—everything shall be done that can be done to secure the conditions essential to sound and robust health.

"Next to breast milk, modified cow's milk is the best" for infants, was the statement made by Dr. F. J. H. Coutts, in a recent report to the Local Government Board, and, in several articles appearing in the London "Times," special mention was made of Mellin's Food, as a safe and satisfactory substitute for breast milk. Certainly the accumulative testimony to the value of Mellin's Food, the wonderful gallery of children's photographs gathered together by the proprietors (each photograph telling a story of bright eyes and rosy cheeks belonging to children hand-reared on Mellin's Food), the medical testimony, the experience of nurses—all go to prove that an excellent hand-rearing food is, indeed, at the service of every mother unable, for any reason, to suckle "baby."

A very practical consideration that may be referred to, is the method by which the Food is administered. Messrs. Mellin have seen the disadvantage of the old form of feeding bottle, with its imperfect teat adjustment and other defects, and have produced the Mellin's Feeding Bottle, which does away with all the troubles usually experienced. Mellin's Feeding Bottle has a non-collapsible teat, which offers the right degree of resistance to the lips and gums of the baby; it also embodies a unique arrangement, by means of which the food is made to lie close up round the teat, leaving no air space so long as there is food in the bottle, thus preventing the flatulence so often caused by inhaling "wind" when feeding. The valve cannot leak, and it admits the necessary air gradually, so as to suit the infant's power of suction.

Two penny stamps to cover postage, will bring a generous sized sample of Mellin's Food by return post, together with a selection of literature, valuable and interesting to every mother. Write to Messrs. Mellin's Food, Ltd., Peckham, S.E., and mention THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

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WALLER & CO., 20, SUFFOLK STREET, DUBLIN. ESTABLISHED 1796.

An Irish Pepys of a Century Ago.

Being Leaves from an Old Post-Union Dublin Diary.

BY JAMES J. O'NEILL.

(SPECIAL TO "THE LADY OF THE HOUSE"—COPYRIGHT).

I.

In these days of restless curiosity, when research is probing into every nook and cranny with the view of revealing new aspects of bygone Irish life, it is hardly conceivable that a valuable old Dublin diary should have lain unutilised for exactly half a century on the shelves of the Royal Irish Academy Library. Yet such is the case. It was in June 1861 that Mr. James Tighe presented to the Academy the two portly quarto volumes upon which my present series of articles is based. Since they deal in intimate manner with the pulsating life of the old Irish capital in the three momentous years following on the year of the Union, it seems improbable that they can wholly have escaped the eye of the literary inquirer. But it may be that those who handled them in the past were deterred from making any use or their contents by the fact that they are accidentally anonymous, the diarist having omitted to write his name in either of the volumes. All that can be determined concerning him from a minute examination of his outpourings, is that he was a cultured young man of twenty-one, a budding notary public, employed in the offices of the Commercial Insurance Company, in Commercial Buildings, Dame Street, almost on the site of the publishing offices of "The Lady of the House," which, by the way, stand upon the site of the booth of Madame Violante, where Peg Woffington made her first public appearance. The Young Notary resided with his widowed mother in Eccles Street. Wise with a wisdom far beyond his years, he took an absorbing interest in Life's ever-changing galanty show, sedulously noted all the chops and changes of home and foreign politics, had a cultivated taste for music and the fine arts, read much, thought much, was keenly perceptive of all the follies of the times, and yet was human enough to enjoy everything in the nature of amusement that was going. This by no means over-charged portrait should whet the appetite of the reader for the varied menu to be laid before him.



THE REV. WALTER BLAKE KIRWAN, D.D., DEAN OF KILLALA.

Although Dublin from '98 onwards had received a series of knock-down blows, its capacity for fun had not seriously abated. Instance our diarist's record of February 18, 1801. Leaving the office at nine o'clock at night, he repaired to "the book auction for half an hour—great fun—the operator himself was too tipsy to articulate his title pages, and several of his audience being in the same predicament, a battle royal at length commenced. The rostrum was attacked, and carried by storm,

'Jamque fasces —— volent
Furor arma ministrat.'

"The candles and candlesticks were sent on different journeys across the apartment, and the combatants, having exerted their energies till they were tired, an adjournment followed."

This reads like a page from "Charles O'Malley," and yet the latter-day school of pulling literary decadents persist in saying that Lever's novels were not true to life. Of a surety there was a time when the Dubliner rejoiced in the possession of riotous animal spirits.

A fortnight later our observant Pepys visits Trinity College, and draws a sad picture of its state of decay. After calling on his friend Corry in his apartments, he takes "a stroll in the Museum; in shocking order, put me in mind of Romeo's apothecary's shop: everything dusty and neglected. We are continually disgraced by the visits of strangers to our University. The revenues are princely, the Board composed of men of science, from the strictness of their admission, necessarily skilled in every branch of literature, yet their pens produce nothing, but now and then some trifle for the use of their pupils. Their printing house is immersed in dirt and darkness, and till within these few years, when the execution of a Young opened and supported a school of natural philosophy, their very valuable experimental apparatus was in the same predicament. The statutes provide for professors of every kind, who, one should imagine active in their respective situations. The botanical lecturer, it was lately discovered, was totally inadequate, and the discovery was an accident, for he had always contrived to evade the course. The astronomical one has just awakened from as profound a lethargy, and begins to show some signs of existence. The professor of modern languages has run away—in short, the regular routine of common lecture is alone attended to."

At the close of March, 1801, our journalist gives a vivid summary of the characteristics of the past month:—

"The state of the lower classes, from the manufacturer downwards, is, in this city, the most wretched that can be conceived. Crowds of tradespeople, not to speak of the increased numbers of common beggars, assault the passenger at every step, and almost every corner shocks him with the ghastly appearance of some half-starved creature. It is dreadful that some effectual remedy is not adopted. Want of employment is the universal apology for asking alms; and, if one estimates the decrease of business in the other working parts of the town, by that of a street which I have an opportunity of knowing, how the inhabitants continue to exist will be no small matter of astonishment. Out of 500 looms, which, ten years ago, were employed in the street in question, there now remain but twenty. While such extreme misery prevails among the lower classes, the Bon Ton is every day becoming more brilliant. The celebrated Dr. Kirwin delivered one of his charitable orations last Sunday, which was quite a philippic against the great world. It painted in glaring colours their culpable indifference to the calamitics of their fellow-creatures, but it is not likely to produce much effect. One of his noble audience had even so little consideration, as the very next day to invite him to an entertainment, the cost of which would have fed a whole ward of these miserable creatures!

"To pass to a more trivial subject. The female votaries of fashion are become completely devoted to the costume à la Grec. They are at present led by a Mrs. Stewart, a most lively young matron, with whose character report is not over-scrupulous. She dresses occasionally in boys' cloathes, in which capacity she has been on the borders of a duel, leaps into her carriage, and performs many other feats of activity. She is very pretty, displays an elegant taste, and having probably the Medicean Venus in her eye, may once again give encouragement to the manufacturers of artificial fig-leaves.

"The Beaux, in obedience to some importations, have ruffled from the throat to the breeches. Short waistcoats of a thin, woollen manufacture, are confined by a single button. Powder continues in disgrace.

"The amateurs say a taste for music is becoming very prevalent. The ladies have not yet laid aside the tambourine, and the harp is still in vogue, it is probably too expensive a piece of furniture to be so soon thrown into the lumber room."

What a ghastly spectacle is here pictured—Nero fiddling while Rome is burning. And, as if to accentuate the horror of it all, Nature was shining at her best. Never had there been known so early and so genial a spring. Summer was almost within hail. On the 1st of April we read of a tragi-comic occurrence:—

"In the course of my perambulations this day heard a melancholy consequence of that ridiculous custom—the making of April fools. A gentleman, who had been for some time observed by a girl standing on the bank of the canal, at last rushed forward, and plunged in. The girl ran screaming for assistance, but under the idea that she was deceiving them no person would attend to her. Her extreme agitation at length gained her credit, but it was too late."

Dublin at that period was infested with organ-grinders, and the George Moores of the time must have experienced many a *mauvais quart d'heure*. Our diarist speaks of a contest for superiority, which took place between the hurdy-gurdy brotherhood. "The Italian I have mentioned as

"THE VOICE OF THE PHYSICIAN."

Nottingham, 20th May, 1911.

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AN IRISH PEPYS OF A CENTURY AGO

(CONTINUED).

playing sweetly on the Seringa, or mouth-organ, beginning to eugross the business, the rest of the grinding fraternity thought it behoved them to exert themselves, and have procured a variety of strange accompaniments—a triangle, a boy whistling on his fingers, &c., &c."

By way of relief from the routine of office work, the resourceful diarist began to take lessons in miniature painting. His mem. concerniug the methods then in vogue is not without its interest :—

"Colours manufactured by Newman are the finest. The necessary ones—lake, gallstone, verditer (for veins, &c.), prussian blue, burnt terra sienna, carmine (to be ground with gum water), sapgreen, and white, prepared from mutton bones burut, being the only one which will not change. Hair pencils of sable, large camel-hair duster, sharp-pointed instrument for picking off grains of dust. Dutch reed for erasing, gum water of a very fine and clean nature, pumice for reducing the ivory to its proper thinness. The white laid on after the picture is finished, as to express the light ou the eyeball, the prominent parts of drapery, etc. Prussian bluc mixed with other colours gives them a smoothness of appearance. Prussian blue, lake, and burnt sienna nix a dark hair colour. Begin the first sketch of the features with carmine ; when perfect, touch them darker with T. sienna. The painting best composed of strokes of the pencil, but so fine as to bc imperceptible, till, from the combination of a considerable number, the tint begins to appear. Stippling not much used except for filling up. Good magnifiers an advantage, if used as spectacles—a single one rather confuses and misleads the pencil. The ivory being very thin, the tints of complexion, &c., may be heightened on the wrong side, which will give the painting a smoother appearance. When finished, the ivory to be pasted ou white strong paper, taking care to put none of the cement on parts where it may be seen through. The glass, which is of the same nature with watch chrystal, is then bound to it by gold-beaters' leaf, extending no farther than the edges."

In the unusually brief monthly summary, at the close of April, 1801, we read, "The heat of the weather has made light clothing of both sexes fashionable. The ladies and gentlemen both wear covering so loose, that a tolerable shake would almost extricate them from it. But this is principally morning dress. Long veils of Spanish make have lately been introduced."

On May-day the Milesian Pepys records—"I am just told of a revolution being about to take place, and in Dublin. The sound was unpleasant, but lost its terrors on investigation. One of our most famous dashers appeared in the streets with his wig (for all now wear something of that kind) POWDERED ; and the revolution is expected in favour of that commodity, which has now for many months been quite OUTRE."

Many curious facts in the social history of old Dublin, which never got into the newspapers, and are, therefore, forgotten, are to be found embalmed in the pages of this absorbing diary. On the 7th of May following, we read :—

"Great preparations are making for the installation ball of the new Knights of Saint Patrick. It is to cost £1,000, aud, under proper regulation, it is to be hoped, will naturally benefit the manufacturing classes.— The Rotunda, which, since the commencement of the rebellion, has been occupied by troops, now returns to its original use, and is undergoing improvements of all kinds."

Exactly a week later we read, concerning the annual exhibition of pictures : "It is to be this year on a grander scale, and proper apartments are fitting for it in the CI-DEVANT Parliament House. Kirchoffer, who exhibits for the first time, tells me there is much emulation among the painters." Early in June our youthful journalist repairs to College Green to see the pictures—"The exhibition of last year," he writes, "was in little better than a closet ; the present is in a palace. You pass through a magnificent colonnade and hall into a couple of noble apartments, arched ceilings, and lighted at top. The walls, hung with green cloth, show both the paintings and the superb frames which surround them, to the greatest advantage. The first room is appropriated to miniature sketches, drawings, elevations, &c. ; the second to the paintings. The catalogue contains on the whole 200 pieces." Such was the first use to which the old Parliament House was put after the Union. Of the incursion of the money-changers we shall hear later.

In the diarist's monthly summary for May, 1801, we read :—

"The reorganization of the Rotunda has enlivened the city with balls, assemblies, and so forth. In the former, dances consisting of several tunes, slow and quick, alternately have been introduced, and are much admired.

"Dress has, notwithstanding several attempts at change, received little within the month. Spite of Mr. Kirwin's oratory, the ladies walk afoot as thinly attired as ever, the most fashionable, by holding their pelisse or robe bound round them with all their force, contrive to exhibit the leg and thigh almost as completely as breeches would enable them. High feathers appear in full dress. The gentleuien have got into their summer accoutrements, trowsers, priucipally of nankin. Large flat-leaved round hats have just become the ton, which have the quality of compressing little people to dwarfs, and would disfigure the Apollo were he to appear in the habiliueuts of a modern buck."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER "LADY OF THE HOUSE.")

AN OUTCAST'S WIFE *(Continued from page 57).*

The windows of the villa were heavily curtained, but unshuttered, and through them shafts of light glowed, telling of warmth and comfort within.

Ann's ear caught the shrill laughter of children, and presently the drapery of the big bow window to the left was parted, and a chubby little face was pressed to the frosty pane.

When the small figure moved back, the curtains were left partly unclosed, giving a clear view of the room.

George crossed the gravel on tip-toe, and stood within a few feet of the window as Enoch Arden had stood. The scene that met his eyes was as perfect a picture of Christmas domesticity as the land could show.

A crimson panelled room in white, garlanded in holly and chrysanthemums and luxuriously furnished. Beside the fireplace,facing the window, the master of the house—middle aged, well fed, and rather good-looking—was snoozing in an easy chair ; two fair haired children were playing on the rug at his feet, and on a sofa opposite, with her back to the window, a long-limbed golden haired woman, was rocking a baby to sleep.

For what length of time Ann gazed at this scene, she never knew. The action of life seemed suspended ; she could not catch the breath of the man whose shoulder she was touching, and the waves on the shore, fifty yards away, were dumb. At last the baby began to stir and to audibly resent the lullaby, at which the long-limbed woman rose, and crossed to the door, with a swaying motherly movement. She would have passed out without showing her face, had not the occupant of the easy chair wakened up with a start and an inviting movement.

She turned round, laid the baby in its father's arms, who tossed it high, until it shrieked with delight.

Then with a smile on her lovely, placid face, the outcast's Rose of the world came down to the window, and drew the parted curtains close together.

* * * * * * * * *

"I hate her—I hate her, odious woman," Ann Briscoe cried with blinding tears—a few hours later—"That eldest child . . . she must have done it within the year—not have waited for the grass to cover his grave—and she the cause of his fall . . . heartless, brutal . . . why are such women made ?"

Ann was pacing the passage outside George's door, afraid of what might happen if she gave up the watch.

She also wanted to have a talk with the landlady, who seemed a kindly, sensible soul, and to learn before the morning all that it was necessary to know about the family at Arbutus Lodge.

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AN OUTCAST'S WIFE—*Concluded.*

When the last guest was served, Mrs. Barry came up the stairs hand in hand with a gentle-looking little girl of twelve or so, who had arrived by a later train.

As the child pushed off her travelling cap, Ann Briscoe started violently, for the wistful blue eyes and sensitive high-bred face were familiar.

"His daughter!" she gasped. "Little Nan—my godchild. Oh! what am I to do? If he sees her——"

Eagerly she questioned the landlady.

"Yes, I can tell you," Mrs. Barry answered. "Go, take off that wet coat, dearie. Annie Ryan is her name. She's here for the Christmas, to be with her mama, who'll be round presently to spend the night with her, she hopes. We're the greatest friends, that little colleen and me; she stays all her holidays here, is as quiet as a mouse, and that helpful in the tea-room when there's a rush——"

"But why—why—?" Ann broke in, "why doesn't she stay with her mother at the Lodge?"

. "Because there's no room for her there—too many other children, you see. . . . Ah! that's the mother I think. She's generally here long before the train—they do cling to each other, them two. Here's your mammy, ducky——"

Ann drew back quickly, shielding her face, as with a cry or rapture the mother and child rushed into each other's arms.

III.

Christmas morn had just dawned, when Ann Briscoe knocked at the outcast's door.

Her limbs were shaking, and there were crimson spots in her cheeks, which made her look, as she afterwards expressed it like a middle aged Dutch doll on the spree.

She had just been living through the most strenuous and exciting moment of her life.

George was sitting by the fireless grate in the attitude she had left him hours before. His arms were hanging, and his face looked bloodless. He did not stir when she dropped on her knees by his side.

"Why did you let the fire go out?" she asked in a whisper, "I kept mine up and fell asleep by it; and while I slept God sent me a dream. Listen, George, listen—the most beautiful Christmas dream that ever was. Your daughter came to me—my godchild—the little Nan with the soft amber hair, who always was coaxing us to play cats' cradle? She came to tell me, George, that she has not forgotten you—that she lies awake in the night whispering your name, wondering if you can hear her. Just the sweetest little maid, George. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," he murmured, rousing himself with a physical effort, "I have been thinking of her, dear. If she is alive, I—I want to make provision through you——"

"Alive?" she repeated, catching his hands and holding them tight in hers. "She is, George, she is. I—I have seen her—touched her. It was not a dream—no, no. She is outside the door there, waiting to comfort you—waiting for you to take her in your arms, and say that you will never leave her again—oh! how am I to tell you?"

He had risen, and was now holding the sobbing woman before him.

"You—you are not awake," he stammered; "you are dreaming still, dear Nan. How can I, in this world, claim my child, even venture to look on her face. Nan! this has been too much for you. I—I—" he stopped with a sudden catch in his breath. "What is it? What are you trying to tell me?"

"I am afraid," she whispered back, "you—you have lived through hideous sorrow, George, and you—you only seem half alive. You haven't the strength to bear the shock of joy."

"I can bear any shock now."

"You're to take it as a dream . . . listen—listen to the end of my dream . . . . she—she is taking it like that, not believing, though her teeth are chattering like mine . . . not believing it could be true; such joy, you know . . . but just hoping, wondering if there could be anything in it. . . . no, I'm not off my head . . wait. . ."

She poured some brandy into a glass, and made him drink it.

"The end of my dream was, that while little Nan was talking about you, Rose came into the room—yes, the Rose who closed the curtains on us to-night—and called me the greatest old goose in Ireland, George—"

"Called you——?"

"For believing what I did. That she could ever belong to any man but you——"

"Stop! Stop!"

"I dreamed her only child is yours; that she's earning her bread at the Lodge as a Mother's help. That you're a worse goose than me—wait—wait——"

She darted to the door, blocking his exit. "For God's sake—don't. You may kill her . . "

"She's here—in this house?"

"I've been trying to pave the way, telling her that someone like you had been seen in London, that inquiries were on foot, then the child blurted something out—what's that? No, no, no . . ."

He had hurled her aside, and before the dear woman had recovered breath, the husband and wife were locked in each other's arms.

Not till little Nan put in a claim for attention, did her godmother know for certain that joy, however overpowering, does not kill.

"Peace on earth—peace on earth," rang out the chapel bells.

—Mary Costello.

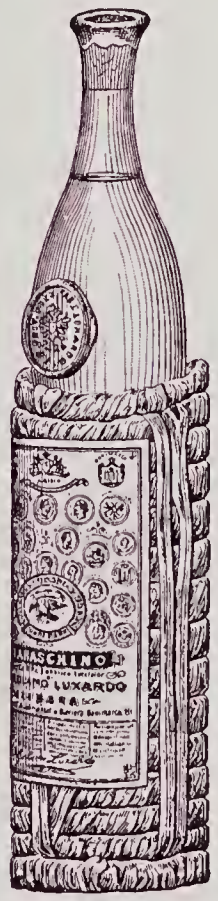
CHRISTMAS DAINTIES.

The careful housewife—about this time more than ever is sure to be "busy about many things"—will not forget to add to her list of Christmas dainties some tins of the excellent and always popular shortbreads prepared by the well-known firm of MacFarlane, Lang & Co., Ltd., of Glasgow, and of which their new "Almond" and "Assorted" shortbreads form enticing novelties this year. Most people remember, and still retain as souvenirs, the exceedingly novel and handsome biscuit tins sent out by this firm last year, and packed with appropriately named "Yule-Log" Biscuits. This season again they are determined to be in no way behind, and their new "Motor-Van" enamelled tins of biscuits as well as that called the "Anvil," made in these special forms, are sure to win an equal measure of popularity; since, apart from the excellence of the wares contained, the tins themselves form a pretty and useful addition to one's sideboard or shelf after the original contents have been used. This firm puts up other fancy biscuits in neat embossed handkerchief boxes, which are sure to find favour; while their delicious "Queen Mary" tea cakes, their thin Highland shortbread, Assorted Chocolate biscuits, and in fact everything turned out by this up-to-date biscuit factory, are sure to be found of supreme daintiness and excellence.





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NOVELTIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Of all social customs, that one of sending cards of greeting to one's friends at Christmas, seems the least likely to flag or die out, despite some foolish former prophecies to the contrary. But a mistake made by too many folk in these days of rush and hurry, is that of leaving the purchasing of one's Christmas Cards or calendars to the very last moment, and often to the close of the eve of Christmas Day itself.

This is certainly not as it should be, and at Messrs. Waller's well-known and supremely well-equipped establishment in Suffolk Street, Dublin, one will now be able to choose from a splendid assortment of Christmas Cards, " personal " and otherwise, whilst to country customers, who find it inconvenient to come to town, sample books of these private cards will be sent for selection, on payment of one shilling deposit. All are most artistic, and the work only of the best publishers, and since Messrs. Waller also stock a very varied collection of gifts, suitable for the library, the writing, or card table, or the boudoir, a visit to their premises may mean a great saving of time.

DISTINCTIVE PERFUMES.

Many fashionable womenfolk in recent years have vied with each other in the attempt to procure some particularly fragrant perfume, of such rarity that it might become identified with themselves. Some have succeeded, and some have failed. The idea is a pretty one, and, to a considerable extent, may be adopted in Ireland. As a rule, perfumes sold in this country are largely imported, and are produced in great quantities for the home and colonial markets. By avoiding the commonplace and patronising an Irish specialist of the distinction of Mr. Tate, of the Medical Hall, Royal Avenue, Belfast, we get something exceptional and valuable on account of its comparative rarity. For a Christmas present, " Tate's Irish Violets," the " Shamrock Bouquet," and " Medosweet," will be found durable, fragrant, delicate of odour, and, if one may use the word, unhackneyed. If, by any chance your local chemist does not stock Mr. Tate's speciality perfumes, your order can be supplied from the address given above, and in the attractive Irish-made caskets for which Belfast is famous.

HANDKERCHIEFS FROM LINENOPOLIS.

During this cold season, handkerchiefs are indispensable. We are told that good gloves and good boots establish the wearer's taste, though hat and costume be the worse of wear. In our judgment, a snowy-white handkerchief, in this connection, is an essential supplement to faultless covering for hands and feet. Cotton, inferior linen, and muslin mouchoirs have a tendency to go " off colour " rapidly ; the tendency is expedited in these days of indifferent home laundrying. Most people recognise the desirability of having a good stock of handkerchiefs on hands. Everyone will admit that a present of these useful articles is never amiss. Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver, 9, Donegall Place, Belfast, invite our readers to drop them a post card, if they contemplate buying ladies', gentlemen's, or children's comic printed handkerchiefs, to secure that great linen firm's priced sample catalogue of such goods, including their popular ladies' shamrock lawn-embroidered speciality.

A NOTABLE CHRISTMAS SHOW.

Ladies desirous of availing themselves of the attractive opportunities which the advent of Christmas offers in the matter of bargains in novelties would do well not to overlook a call in at O'Reilly & Co.'s North Earl St., Dublin. Exceptional value is therein manifested in those essentials of female dress, such as silk blouses, gloves, neckwear, motor scarves, and veils, umbrellas, ladies' coats, and children's pinafores, silk dresses, and paletots, etc. The prices regulating these wide ranges of goods are characterised by a moderation, which is bound to surprise and please the average lady shopper.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD FOOTWEAR.

In this chilly clime of ours, with its prevailing slush and fog, the importance of attention to one's footwear is a primal necessity. In this regard, the lot of the barefooted arab, as he rushes through miry streets with his feet all aglow with pedestrian exercise, is far preferable to that of the man or woman, whose moisture-laden boots result in cold, damp extremities. Pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption, and a hundred other evils dog the footsteps of the person, who is negligent in the matter of warm boots. Be sure, then, to get your footwear from such a leading, trustworthy firm as that of Messrs Stephen's & Bourke, 26, Stephen's Green, and 79, Rathmines Road, Dublin. This firm is now showing some neat special lines for Christmas presents. Their Jaegar Wool plus lined boots for motoring or cold feet, have secured a fine reputation. The firm has also a splendid line of children's and ladies' fancy slippers, and gentlemen's patent pumps. Very attractive satin-quilted slippers can be had there in all colours, as well as a pretty selection of ballet-dancing shoes in canvas and glacé kid, popular in all prominent dancing classes.



COLMAN'S D S F MUSTARD

As Used in the Royal Household.

Free from Starch.
Needs no Cooking.
Prepared Instantly.

MELLIN'S FOOD

Send 2d. in stamps for postage of Free Sample.

A LADY HORSE DEALER.

A NOVEL PROFESSION SUITABLE FOR IRISHWOMEN.

Illustrated with Copyright Photographs by J. C. Bristowe Noble.

A few years back a lady would have thought twice before becoming a horse-dealer, and the chances are, that on thinking the matter over for a second time, she would have decided to try some other calling first.



MISS BYRON EXAMINING THE SHOES OF A HORSE.

For, a little time ago, few and far between were the horse dealers, who were not regarded with suspicion and held in contempt. But thanks to the competition for employment that now prevails between the sexes this prejudice is being rapidly killed, and ladies no longer hesitate to deal openly in horses.

It has been said that anybody with strong persuasive powers can make a success of horse-dealing. But this is to be doubted. Indeed, to rely for success on such a factor alone, would, we imagine, be courting failure. Guarantee a horse sound, for instance, and let it turn out not to be sound, and legal proceedings would be certain to follow, unless the purchaser's money was returned promptly, and the horse taken back; and even in this case some claim might be made by way of damages and loss of time and so forth.

We are entirely at one with the subject of this short article, Miss Georgina Byron, when she tells us that the person embarking on horse-dealing must have a good general knowledge of horses, otherwise failure, sooner or later is bound to be encountered.

Facing a Difficult Problem.

Miss Byron is a young, enterprising lady, of Reigate. A few years ago she had the misfortune to lose her parents, and like so many girls who have suddenly and unexpectedly found themselves orphans, had to face the difficult problem of earning a living. Apart from an excellent general education, which had included riding and driving, she had no particular knowledge of any trade, nor had she studied for any profession.

Relatives and friends advised her, just as relatives and friends have advised hundreds of other girls in similar positions, to turn nursery governess, or something of the sort. But Miss Byron, after careful consideration, thought she would be happier and perhaps better off in the long run were she to take up some calling which would give her the opportunity of living a more or less out-of-door life, which is the life she loves, and from her earliest childhood has always been accustomed to. So her choice fell upon the vocation of riding and driving mistress.

In other words, she resolved to open a riding and driving school. But before taking this step, she placed herself in the hands of the daughter of a well-known breeder and trainer of race-horses, carriage-horses, and hunters. At this establishment she learned the whole routine of stable work, and, although she was an excellent rider and driver already, gleaned many a valuable hint regarding these two accomplishments. She led a strenuous life, working from early morning till late at night, and in her own words, was "infinitely happy."

Starting for Herself.

When eventually time arrived for her to go into business on her own account, it was at Reigate, as we have intimated already, that she decided to launch her ship. The town is comparatively close to the homes of some of her relatives, but, this advantage aside, the selection was not a happy one. She bought a few good horses, engaged one reliable groom, and the school was opened.

It was soon plain, however, that although a profitable side line, always bringing a little money, the school alone would not pay in so small a town, so far from the hunting centres. Presently, therefore, Miss Byron began to combine teaching with horse-dealing. She



MISS BYRON GROOMING A HORSE.

acknowledges this was a bold step to take, and one taken in fear and trembling, but now, after a two years' trial, she has no regret. For, buying and selling only really good horses, the venture has proved

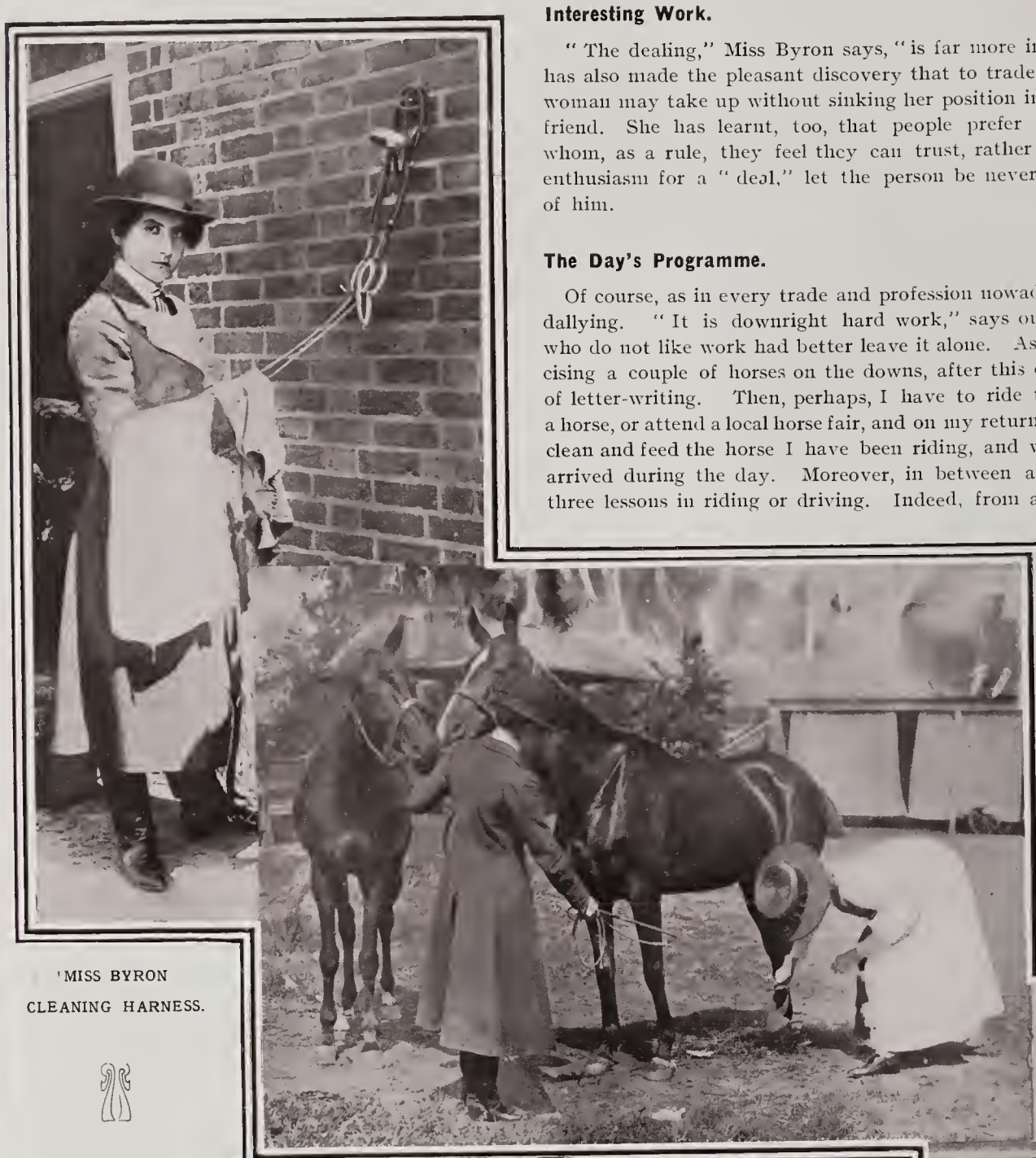
What better way of bringing home to you the real worth of Mellin's Food than offering to let you test it Free.

MELLIN'S FOOD

A Free Sample will be sent on receipt of two penny stamps for postage.

A LADY HORSE DEALER—Continued.

singularly profitable. This is not, however, to be wondered at, for is not the demand for good horses greater than the supply?



MISS BYRON CLEANING HARNESS.

Interesting Work.

"The dealing," Miss Byron says, "is far more interesting than the teaching." She has also made the pleasant discovery that to trade in horses is a vocation the gentlewoman may take up without sinking her position in the social world, or losing a single friend. She has learnt, too, that people prefer to buy horses from the educated, whom, as a rule, they feel they can trust, rather than from the uneducated, whose enthusiasm for a "deal," let the person be never so honest, is apt to get the better of him.

The Day's Programme.

Of course, as in every trade and profession nowadays, there must be no shirking, no dallying. "It is downright hard work," says our in-teresting subject, "and those who do not like work had better leave it alone. As a rule, I begin the day by exercising a couple of horses on the downs, after this comes breakfast, and an hour or so of letter-writing. Then, perhaps, I have to ride ten miles to see a customer, look at a horse, or attend a local horse fair, and on my return (although I now keep two grooms) clean and feed the horse I have been riding, and write answers to letters which have arrived during the day. Moreover, in between all this I may have to give two or three lessons in riding or driving. Indeed, from about six in the morning till ten or eleven at night I have rarely a moment to waste, day after day, week by week, and month by month."

In and out of the saddle all day long and every day, Miss Byron has almost, of necessity discarded the side seat in favour of the across seat. For safety, comfort, and appearance she recommends the former, but for convenience and humanity's sake the latter. It may also be mentioned that this interesting girl's age is only twenty-three.



"A REWARD FOR GOOD CONDUCT."

MISS BYRON SELLING A HORSE TO A CUSTOMER

HOW TO AVOID A LONELY CHRISTMAS.

There are many unattached young and elderly people quite alone in the world during the festive season. If these lines should happen to meet the eye of anyone so circumstanced, let him or her arrange to join the big Christmas house party that annually assembles in St. Ann's famous hydro, at Blarney. There will be no lack of merriment or congenial company. The artist, the savant, the business man or woman the hypochondriac, or the virile, will each and all find some congenial soul to compare notes with in that sunny portion of Ireland. It is truly a home from home. Whether the weather be fine and dry, cold and wet, propitious or otherwise, there is no dearth of amusement, out of doors or indoor, and the cuisine is beyond cavil. There need be no apprehension of being "out of it," when you get there. Besides the gain of warding off a cheerless Christmas, by a visit to Blarney there must be marked benefit to health owing to the beautiful air, greater prevalence of sunshine, and higher temperature enjoyed by those resident, even for a brief while in one of the most southern of our Irish houses of welcome.

THE FAMOUS TABLE JELLY MADE IN IRELAND.

We all know where food jellies may be purchased in Ireland for invalid use. These, we know, are prepared in laborious fashion, and, in latter days, have really become a detail of sick room cookery, rather than an item of catering for social evenings. But it is not as widely known as it should be, that the great food-producing firm of White, Tomkins & Courage, Ltd., of the Clarendon Mills, Belfast, prepare White's Jelly Crystals in such perfection that, there is no need to buy any foreign-made foods of their class in Ireland. These most convenient Table Jellies are prepared in twenty different flavours; the crystals dissolve instantly, and can be sent to table with a minimum of trouble, for there is no slicing or waiting, or worry as to the result; that will always be satisfactory. You will find White's Jelly Crystals invaluable aids to successful entertainments, wherever food is consumed. The verdict one is compelled to give after a trial is, that White's Jelly Crystals are as worthy presentations of Belfast ability in this respect as her ocean greyhounds, linen, ropes, and tobacco manufacture are in others.

HEATHER'S, for Boys' and Girls' SCHOOL BOOTS.

Wear Guaranteed. 62, GEORGE'S STREET, DUBLIN.

Hints from "The Lady of the House."

THE CHRISTMAS CONFECTIONERY OF A GREAT FIRM.

To obtain a full realization of Christmas, we hold it necessary to visit the show room of a great firm of cake and biscuit manufacturers. We may, doubtless, see something of the juveuile delights which Santa Claus has in store for his childish patrons, through the instrumentality of an inspection of a well-equipped toy bazaar; or perhaps catch glimpses of the maturer pleasures incident to the festive season, by a look in upon a lavishly stocked poulterer's, with its array of plump turkeys, and oleaginous geese; but if a visit to the iced and ornamented cake department of such a famous firm as that of Messrs. W.& R. Jacob & Co., Bishop Street, Dublin, is neglected, then, indeed, we may be said to have overlooked one of the greatest gifts in the cornucopia of old Father Christmas.

For the gladsome season without its Christmas cake, would be, indeed, Hamlet with the Danish prince relegated to a back seat. In its absence the turkey would lose its flavour for the "grown up," and, as for the youngsters, all the toys in the bursting bag of kind old Santa would not compensate for the absence of one of the many choice confections which simply abound at Messrs. Jacob's great factory. Bearing all in mind, therefore, the dominating influence of the Christmas Cake we were not at all surprised at noting the magnitude of the preparations which this mighty Dublin concern had made for the proper celebration of a time-honoured festival. Here in the firm's showroom were on view a bewilderiug variety of all classes of cake, such as rich plum and fruit, shortbreads, and mixed coufections for matinées or afternoon teas, receptions, etc. One description of cake known as the "Ambrosia" would delight the eye of an artist, as well as pleasing also his artistic seuse of taste. It was a gem in marzipan foliage, green leaves surrounding rosebuds, etc., in the most natural and consequently pleasing manner. Another variety of cake, "the Bauquet," is a very handsome one, being a rich fruit cake, with thick almond paste and fondant icing. Touching on Jacob's "Confiseries," for afternoon teas, and the firms "Confections" of mixtures for dessert and receptions, we know of uo better class of dainty. Regarding Jacob's shortbreads, we have found them displayed in a lavish variety of shapes and styles; and in this connection, is it not a fact that the preponderating number of Irish hostesses regard these shortbreads of this firm as synonymous with all that is excellent in quality, and toothsome as to taste.

FAMOUS SINCE THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.

Commercial concerns that have succeeded through the mutations of time in holding their popularity with the public, have always appealed to us. They are in a sense the blue blood aristocracy of the market place. Such a firm as the long-established fish aud game concern in William Street, Dublin, may rightfully be classed as among the exclusive ones of trade in the Metropolis. Founded upwards of a century ago by Mr. John Greene, a noted connoisseur on such matters, it has long enjoyed the favour of those who are qualified to pass upon such toothsome viands as high-grade fish and game. Not alone has this house experienced the patronage of the Viceregal household, but visiting royalty, since the days of Geroge IV. have not failed to be supplied by this long-entrenched favourites with Dublin's and London's leading chefs.

TOM SMITH'S CRACKERS.

Christmas without its crackers would lack oue of the most essentially jolly and mirth provoking adjuncts of the season; and many a Christmas dinner-party, for which the hostess spared no effort and expense has, nevertheless, only been saved from the extremity of dullness by the timely advent on the scene of "Tom Smith's Crackers."

These much-loved and time-honoured creators of Christmas good humour arrive each year in new shapes and varieties; at prices, happily also, to suit all purses, and ranging from sixpence per box upwards. Even these include crackers containing caps and toys, harmless fireworks, musical toys, jewelled rings, pins, brooches, and charms, dolls, picture-puzzles, mottoes, bird-warblers, etc., all of which are sure to delight young and old. A special appeal is made to the youthful male in the "Swank" Crackers, whose contents comprise eye-glasses, watches, chains, pince-nez, scarf-pins, buttonholes, and so on; and in the "Boy Scout" crackers, containing scouts' hats, trumpets, whistles, camping-out utensils, etc.

Then there are Coronation Crackers, Football Crackers, Zoological Crackers, and other varieties beyond count, including such up-to-date novelties (from a firm founded in 1847), as "Aeroflite Crackers," aud "Mono-Rail Crackers," which contain mechanical models and toys, while their artistic crackers for table decoration in delicate floral designs and exquisite colourings, are the last word of daintiness and loveliness. Children especially love crackers of all sorts, and the joy conferred on any one of them by a gift of even a sixpenny box of Tom Smith's Crackers, is a thing not easily forgotten.

DAMP-PROOF FOOTWEAR.

At this busy and invariably inclement Christmas season, the necessity of being dryshod and comfortably cared for iu the way of footgear, must on no account be overlooked. At the well-known establishment of Messrs. Heather, in South Great George's Street, there may always be fouud an extensive seleetion of boots aud shoes of perfect fit, aud good wearing qualities. Their terms, too, are most reasonable, ranging froui 5/11 to 16/– per pair, for ladies' boots; and from 8/11 to 16/– for gentlemeu's. They also offer special "Dampproof Boots" iu box calf or glacé kid at the same extremely moderate prices

WINTER SUNSHINE.

Many wise people choose the plan of taking their holidays in winter rather than in summer, as most of us of necessity have to do; and leaving all the cold and foggy dreariness of these wintry isles behind them, find pleasure in following the sun, to some brighter and more favoured land of the south.

The wealthier and more leisured portion of these happy folk may "winter with the Pelicau on the Nile, and return only wheu the cuckoo calls from English woods in April." But for those others innumerable who have neither the time nor the money to fare as far as Egypt, there are many other easily accessible regions, where sunlight abounds. The number of searchers after mingled mild sunshine and snow has increased enormously in the last few years, and the winter sports in the valleys of Switzerland, as well as in France, Germany, Austria, Norway, and other places, draw a steadily increasing crowd of holiday folk, keen for health and enjoyment.

Numbers of these health resorts now keep their hotels open right through the winter, and those seeking information on the subject of winter travel, will be wise in consulting at once with the agent of Thomas Cook & Son, 118, Grafton Street, Dublin, who is ready to do everything possible to suit all tastes and requirements.

DON'T FORGET THE SUET.

Beef suet is an indispensable adjunct in every well-ordered kitchen. During the Christmas season it is in demand in thousands of humble homes as a *sine qua non* for the annual plum pudding. Those who know what is best, invariably purchase Hugon's "Atora" Beef Suet at the local grocers. It is shredded, ready for use in plum puddings, mincemeat, and pastries, and may also be bought in blocks suitable for frying, basting, and cooking. Hugon's "Atora" Beef Suet saves labour of chopping, avoids lumpy deposits of suet in cold pudding, keeps sweet and fresh for months in a dark, dry cupboard, and is economical in use.

HOUSEHOLD REQUIREMENTS.

Amongst the oldest and best-known firms of wholesale ironmongers in our city, Messrs. Thos. Henshaw & Co., of 4, 5, 6, and 12, Christchurch Place, Dublin, hold high pre-eminence; and householders who, at this busy Christmas season, are apt to find themselves short of many a kitchen utensil or bedroom or dining-room necessity, will do well to remember the name and address of this establishment. We are glad to notice that the new wallpaper department added to the multifarious enterprises of the firm within the past few years, has rapidly gained for itself a very large proportion of public patronage.

WELCOME ALWAYS; KEEP IT HANDY.

Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy, made in Kent from the unadulterated and carefully matured juice of the Morella cherries, which grow to perfection in the hop country, is probably the wholesomest and most moderate priced liqueur on the market. We have for many Christmases past ordered in a flask of Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy, because it is pleasant to drink or dispense to a welcome guest. Though widely known and highly popular amongst the best class of people in England, it is not so generally used in Ireland, though hunting men, golfers, and gunners know the "Sportsman's" brand of Cherry Brandy well. It appeals to one as a most acceptable Christmas present to any friend who is not a teetotal abstainer, and a change from the foreign liqueurs usually consumed in this country.

IN THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

Some years ago our grandmothers prided themselves on their ample feather beds, but nowadays no good housewife cares to use one of these unhealthy and not too cleanly if luxurious articles. Any housekeeper wishing to dispose of one or more feather beds could not do better than communicate with the Irish Feather Co., Ltd., Tara Street, Dublin, who supply Curled Hair Mattresses of good quality in whole or part exchange, or purchase for cash as may be desired.

Stock your Larder with

LAZENBY'S

Good Things

Soups, Sauces, Pickles, Vinegars,
Potted Meats and Fish, Jellies,
Salad Oils, Salad Cream, Lemon Squash,
Xmas Puddings, Mincemeat, &c.

The Manor Mill Laundry Co., Ltd., Dundrum, Co. Dublin.

Highest Class Work. Prompt Collection. Correct Return. Post Card brings Van. Trial Solicited.



ALEX. FINDLATER & CO.'S CHRISTMAS MARKETS, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN,

SUPPLY EVERYTHING FOR THE CHRISTMAS TABLE.

Wear Guaranteed.

CHRISTMAS, 1912.

The Lady of the House

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

CONDUCTED BY CRAWFORD HARTNELL.

PRICE ONE SHILLING
PER POST, 1S. 4D.



KINGSTOWN, CO. DUBLIN, IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE STEAM MAIL SERVICE.

From an old Color Print in the possession of the Editor.

TWO IRISH CITIES.

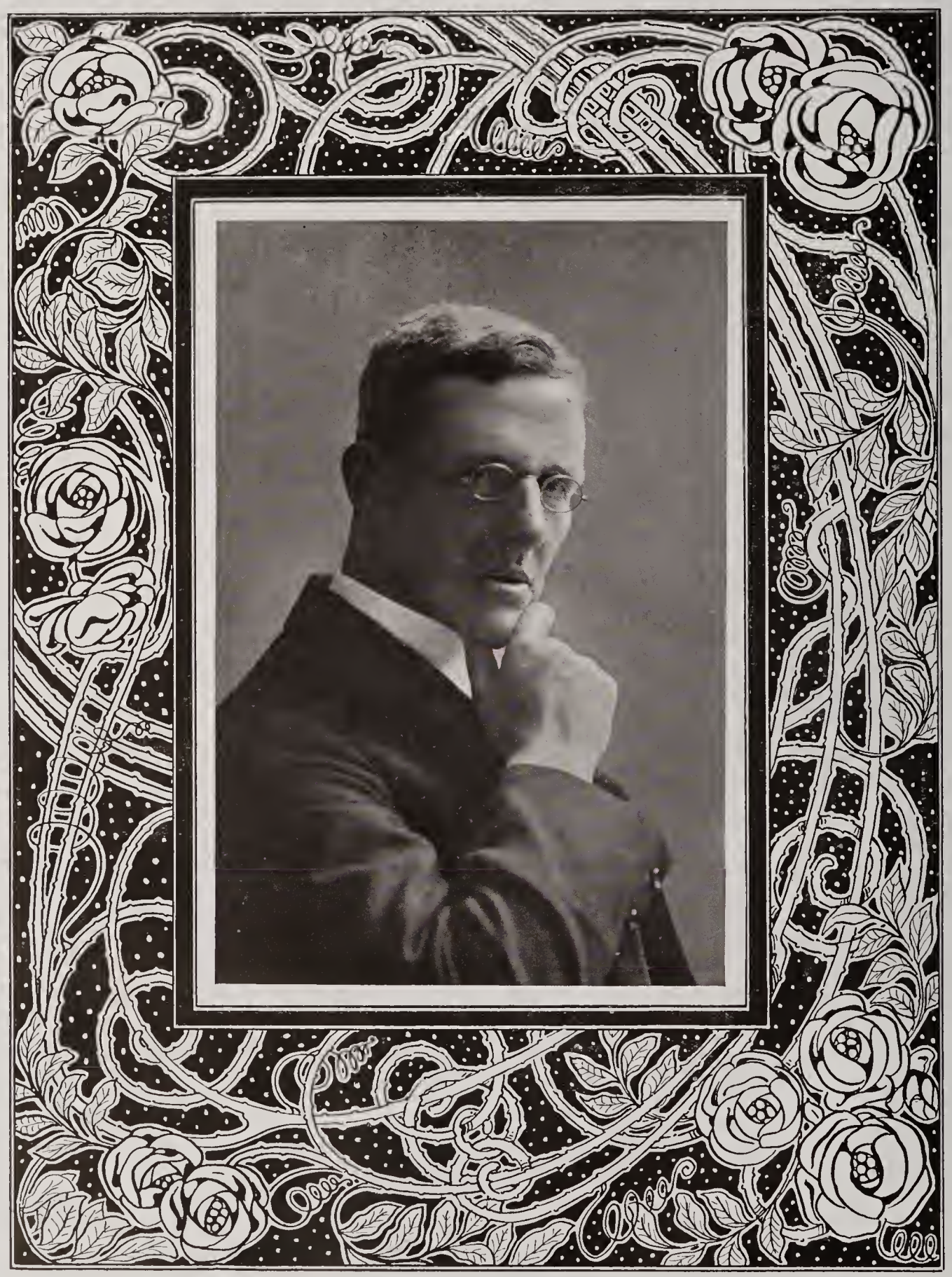
DUBLIN AND BELFAST: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, Author of "The Red Hand of Ulster," "Spanish Gold."

["LADY OF THE HOUSE" COPYRIGHT]

"AND do you really live in Belfast?" she said to me.

Her tone expressed a good deal of surprise. I was young in those days, very young, and she was the first Dublin girl I had ever talked to. I mistook her surprise for admiration. There are, as everybody knows, two kinds of surprise, certainly two, possibly many more. There is the surprise of admiration and respect, the surprise with which one might say, "And the King is really your godfather!" or "And you really have dined with Bernard Shaw!" to some acquaintance hitherto regarded as quite commonplace. This was the kind of surprise which I thought that girl felt. I had been born and brought up in Belfast. It seemed quite natural that a stranger, learning the fact for the first time, should respect me greatly. But there is also the other kind of surprise, the surprise of contempt. One says: "And you really eat tripe and onions for dinner on Sundays!" or in other company: "And you have really never heard of Botticelli!" with this kind of surprise. And it was this which that girl felt, though I did not know it at the time and did not realise it for long afterwards. Even her next remark did not enlighten me.



"GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM"
(REV. CANON J. O. HANNAY, A.M.).

Photo by W. Allison, Belfast.

"I suppose," she said, "that there are *some* quite nice people in Belfast?"

She laid a good deal of emphasis on the word "some." She did not believe there were many. She doubted, I fancy, whether there were any at all. But I did not in the least catch her meaning. We were sitting together in the corner of a Dublin suburban garden, a boy and a girl just introduced to each other, watching other boys and girls playing tennis. I had come to Dublin for the first time, and that was my first Dublin tennis party. I remember that I was somewhat painfully impressed by what struck me as a general air of shabbiness about the festivity. I had been present at a good many tennis parties in Belfast, and was accustomed to seeing things done in a more money way. The lawns I was used to were more spacious. There were occasionally bands, frequently ices. I was not inclined to grumble, because I was prepared for shabbiness in Dublin. I had grown up with the idea that it was a second-rate



THE FORMER ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN IRELAND.

Drawn by Samuel Woolley.

In 1785 this Portico, designed by James Gandon, was erected on the eastern front of the House facing College Street, Dublin. At the same time additional apartments were added for the House of Lords; these included a spacious committee room, a library 33 feet square, a fine hall, a circular vestibule, and an office for the Ulster King-of-Arms. The three figures on the pediment of the Portico represent Justice, Wisdom, and Liberty, and were executed by Edward Smith, the sculptor of the noble statue of Charles Lucas in the City Hall, Dublin.

The above is the only picture which shows the old entrance, now closed, to the House of Lords in Ireland. The ruins to the right show the Houses at the southern end of Westmoreland Street being removed to allow of the extensions of the House of Lords.

TWO IRISH CITIES—Continued.

provincial town. I did not expect much of it. But I certainly did not expect to be asked if there were any nice people in Belfast. I expected it so little that I could not understand what this pretty little girl meant by her words. I should be puzzled in exactly the same way now if some one were to say to me: "I suppose there are some quite hot days in Calcutta." Of course there are hot days in Calcutta, the very hottest kind of days. What else does anyone expect? Of course there are nice people in Belfast. Whatever might be the case with Dublin and other cities of the kind, Belfast, I was quite convinced, was full of people who are, in every conceivable sense of the word, nice. I gaped at my young lady.



THE OLD LINEN HALL,* DONEGALL SQUARE, BELFAST.
Photo, W. Lawrence.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings comes simple truth. I have often felt since that that charming girl—she was very charming—voiced in her quiet way the general attitude of Dublin towards Belfast. I think that my own feelings were a fairly accurate reflection of Belfast's estimate of Dublin. "Belfast is rich, no doubt, enterprising, energetic; but slightly barbarous still. It has hardly had time to learn how to be nice." "Dublin is a second-rate provincial town. It cannot get it out of its head that it was once a capital." That was what she meant and what I felt. I imagine that a good many people have the same meaning and the same feeling still.



DONEGALL SQUARE IN THE DAYS OF THE WHITE LINEN HALL.
Photo, W. Lawrence.

Dublin, of course, had its University. It has two now, and Belfast has one, but in those days there was only Trinity. I could not deny Trinity, for I had just entered it as an undergraduate. I did not want to deny Trinity, for even then, with all my inborn contempt for everything south of the Boyne strong and unspoiled in me, I had been caught by the fascination of Trinity. The Library gripped me first. I was taken to see it the day before I entered, and my spirit, my Belfast spirit, was cowed in me for the moment by the immense majesty of its frozen knowledge. The gantries of the Queen's Island, from which even then great ships were slipping into the muddy water, impressed me less than those immeasurable rows of brown-backed books. Mullin's shop in Donegall Place and the unimpressively housed books of the Linen Hall Library had represented to me hitherto the world's learning. I used to hesitate, a solitary shilling in my pocket, over the choice of one out of a pile of some cheap edition of classic works. To the eternal credit of that shop I record the fact that shilling books were there obtainable for ninepence, leaving threepence over from a shilling, which is a sufficient sum for the purchase of a lunch. I used to linger in the back room of that old Linen Hall Library and paw in wondering delight an edition—complete in about a dozen slender green volumes—of Morris's "Earthly Paradise." The Library of Trinity was something new to me and something very awful. I bowed the head and worshipped. Nor was I uninfluenced by the grey austerity of the quadrangle, the sudden silence when the entrance gates were passed, the square set rows of windows, grimy with what seemed to me the blown dust of great dead scholarship. Yet in the back of my mind there was a sense that even while I yielded to the fascination of the place I was being false to the ideal of a higher manhood. The gantries of the shipyard, the whirling wheels of the factory I used to pass daily, stood for achievement, the actual production of useful things, the visible triumph, rich in material good, of the energy of man. The brown books, the heavy shadowed quadrangle, stood for what?

* In 1801 the long room over the central part of the White Linen Hall became the headquarters of the Belfast Library and Society for Promoting Knowledge, which was the outcome of the Belfast Reading Society, originally established in 1788. These premises ultimately became generally known as the Linen Hall Library.



THE LIBRARY, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.
"The Library gripped me first . . . by the immensity of its frozen knowledge."



"THE GRAND" OR PARLIAMENT SQUARE, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, AT THE QUARTERLY EXAMINATIONS.
Published in 1819 by W. B. Taylor.
Built with funds supplied by the Parliament of Ireland.
"Nor was I uninfluenced by the grey austerity of the quadrangle, the sudden silence when the entrance gates were passed,"

TWO IRISH CITIES—Continued.

Here is another conversation, a little longer than the last which I reported.

"So you're going to Trinity College, Dublin?"

The speaker was a Belfast man, a great man in every way, what is now called a "Captain of Industry"; but in those days—it was before I entered College—the term was not in use.

"I suppose," he went on, "that you must go there if you mean to be ordained; but it's awful waste of time."

I more or less agreed with him; but being a Belfast boy, born and bred, I was prepared to argue. He silenced me with the story of a case which had been tried in some court or other. A workman had been maimed by the fall of a heavy weight which a crane was hoisting. He sued for compensation. This was, of course, before the recent legislation dealing with employer's liability. The question to be argued was whether or not the owner of the crane were guilty of negligence. Very able lawyers were employed on both sides.

"Our man," said my friend, "had a tip-top Trinity degree, and yet I had to spend a whole morning teaching him the elements of practical mechanics, and grinding into his head the figures of the breaking strain of wire ropes. That's why I say going to Trinity College is waste of time."

I had no answer to make to that then. Nor have I now. I know that though I can boast of an undistinguished degree it would take far more than one morning to get the theory of the breaking of wire ropes into my head. That is why I felt I was being false to an ideal when I began to reverence Trinity, and falser still when I began to love Dublin. Of course there are men in Dublin, plenty of them, who understand all about cranes and wire ropes. Did not a classic work on the Theory of Strains come from the pen of a Dublin engineer, the late Bindon B. Stoney? Yet such men as he must always have been, in Dublin, strangers and pilgrims. Dublin itself, the *genius loci*, does not regard wire ropes as things of supreme importance. It is inclined to smile a little, quite gently, at those who do. And there are men in Belfast—at least I expect there are—who know as much about Euripides as Dr. Tyrrell does, but Belfast itself does not set a high value on Greek drama. It is inclined to be a little contemptuous of all devotion to bygone forms of culture.

I have sometimes thought—this is not politics. We have the highest possible ecclesiastical authority for saying that the Home Rule question is not a political one, is indeed entirely separated from politics. Therefore, I have no hesitation in saying that I have sometimes thought that the Northern objection to Home Rule would be greatly modified, perhaps entirely removed, if arrangements could be made for the new Irish Parliament to sit in Belfast. I am not suggesting this as a way out of our great difficulty. It is nothing of the sort; for if it were suggested, the Dublin people would all immediately become strong Unionists and we should be as badly off as we are now. I merely mention the idea—it is not even my own private property—because part of the strong Unionism of Belfast is certainly due to the innate contempt which we all feel for Dublin. No orator ever says this on a platform. It is not the sort of argument which can very well be produced at a public meeting. But it is there underneath the other things which are said; and I have not the slightest doubt that the Dublin people would feel exactly the same way if the Parliament for which they long—and of course the Lord Lieutenant along with it—were to make its home in Belfast.

The man who sits down to write an article of this kind is, perhaps, unwise. He is certain to irritate the few friends he has, and to make new enemies for himself, the number varying according to the extent of the circulation of the paper in which the article appears. I recognise and deplore this fact; but, having been seduced by the plausible persuasiveness of Mr. Hartnell to promise the article I see nothing for it now but to go on with it; though by doing so I write myself down incurably unwise. After all, an enemy more or less makes very little difference, and the most profoundly annoyed friend does in the end become kind again when he reflects that it is silly to be angry with fools. Therefore, expectant of blows, I go on.

Belfast strikes me as a very much more arduous city than Dublin. I do not merely mean that the people in Belfast work for more hours every day, though I think that is true. Nor that they throw themselves with greater energy into what they are doing, though that is true too. I remember travelling on one occasion from a midland town to Belfast *via* Dublin. I arrived at the Dublin terminus of my first railway and beckoned to a porter. He smiled pleasantly at me, and then suggested to another porter that he should undertake the task of carrying my luggage to a car. The second porter did so, with the air of a man of abundant leisure, who, out of the kindness of his heart, assists a fellow in distress. I daresay I did not look as if I were good for much in the way of a tip, yet I had in my pocket, ready, a modest coin which I gave apologetically to the second, the benevolent porter. Later on I arrived in Belfast. I had not bought a fur-lined overcoat or a new hat on the way. I looked neither more nor less opulent than when I reached Dublin. A discerning porter with a knowledge of travellers must have been able to gauge to a halfpenny the size of the tip I should give. Yet long before the train stopped a Belfast porter was running alongside the carriage in which I was, eager to carry my luggage. Unfortunately for him there was another porter, equally eager, and much stronger. Just as the train stopped he reached the first porter and struck him a heavy blow on the chest. While the stricken man reeled back, this second porter secured my belongings and in the end pocketed my tip. This story is quite true—all the stories in this article are—but it is also a parable.

It is not, however, on the meaning of this parable that I meant to insist when I wrote that Belfast is more arduous than Dublin. I was thinking less of the outward and obvious signs of energy than of the inward spirit which lies behind them.

Belfast is pervaded by a spirit of intense and serious earnestness. Dublin is more suave. I do not mean that the Dublin man when he makes a speech in public is any less terrific than the Belfast man. Both thunder, and no man living can do more than that. But when the Dublin man has finished his speech he relaxes. The Belfast man goes on thundering in private life. At midnight, when the meeting is over and the cheering done, your Dublin orator will even smile over his pipe. The humorous side of his own enthusiasm is quite visible to him. The Belfast orator does not know that there is a humorous side of enthusiasm. No quantity of tobacco will lure him off the platform. I should not be surprised to hear that he continues in a condition of deadly earnestness even after he has gone to bed. Far be it from me to argue about the comparative moral worth of intermittent and perennial earnestness. I think I admire the Belfast kind more, but the Dublin kind is pleasanter to live with. Yet if any one disagrees with me about this I give in to him at once. I will not quarrel about the point. What interests me far more than the value of either earnestness, is the question about how there comes to be this difference between the two cities. It is possible to explain it by the race hypothesis, and to write vaguely about Celtic and Scot-Irish characteristics. But that mine of thought has been rather worked out and I doubt if there was ever very much in it. It is possible to fall back upon the prevailing religion of each city, and to say things about the grimness of Protestantism and the gaiety of Catholicism.

But that sort of philosophising is rather thin. The truth is that there are an enormous number of government officials, retired or still active, in Dublin, and very few in Belfast. Now the official is necessarily more or less a cynic. He earns his salary by pacifying fools and keeping things going with the minimum amount of friction. Every day he has to write scores of letters—and all of them must be civil—to people who want impossible things done violently and done at once. Every day he has to find a fresh answer to the old problem about what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body. He is a believer in the wisdom of letting sleeping dogs lie, and the dearest wish of his heart is that more dogs would sleep. He takes a genial view of human weakness, has a quiet smile for human enthusiasm, and is the most tolerant of men. In Dublin there are so many of him that his spirit has permeated the whole social body. Even people who never come into direct personal contact with an official—and there can be very few such people in Dublin—are influenced without knowing it by the official spirit. They learn to smile. In Belfast there are so few officials that their influence on the tone of life is utterly inconsiderable.

TWO IRISH CITIES—Continued.

In Dublin an enthusiasm is a thing to be smiled at quietly and privately, after office hours. In Belfast you either knock it down, if it is of an objectionable kind, or take the horses out of its carriage and drag it along, if it is one you like; and you keep up that attitude of mind even in a club smoking-room. This is the true meaning of the greater arduousness of Belfast, and I attribute it entirely to the existence, in Dublin, of a large and powerful official class.

Whether the existence of such a class is an advantage to a city or not is a point on which I do not care to pronounce an opinion. It is possible to say, and no doubt to believe, that our Irish officials are worth the enormous price we pay for them on account of their services to the community as disinfectants. They do, as I have shown, act in this way. The microbe of fanaticism can no more survive their tolerant cynicism than the diphtheria bacillus can thrive under a treatment of sunlight and fresh air. On the other hand, if you call fanaticism by the name of whole-hearted earnestness—and the terms are really synonymous—it may very fairly be urged that it is wrong to kill the little creature, that it is a leucosyte and not a hostile germ, that it ought to be fatted and strengthened with convenient opsons, such as sermons and speeches. From this point of view the official spirit must be compared, not to sanitary sunlight, but to some baneful and disagreeable chemical poison, such as chlorate of lime. Perhaps the truth lies, as ever, somewhere between the two extremes. Dublin might be better if there were only half the number of officials in it. The other half might be migrated northwards to temper the excessive ardour of Belfast. But this is a mere speculation. The plan could not be carried out because the officials would object to it.

No one, however, must suppose that in attributing a high degree of ardour to Belfast I am inclined to regard it as the superior of Dublin in altruistic desire for the public good. Ardour and altruism by no means always go together. Ireland is full of altruists of the purest kind who are so little strenuous that they never get further than putting forward their schemes for the benefit of the country in letters to newspapers. On the other hand there are people of tremendous energy and perseverance—money lenders, for instance, who, except in their own advertisements, are never spoken of as altruists. There is, therefore, no reason to think that Dublin is less altruistic than Belfast merely because its earnestness is intermittent. The fact is that the two cities are exactly equal in the matter of altruism. But the thing takes them in quite different ways. The greatest men in both cities start with the same assumption—one with which hardly anybody will be found to quarrel—that what the people of Ireland want is more wealth. Wealth—by which I do not mean any high-sounding combination of health and happiness, but simply hard sovereigns—is a thing of which the Irish people have far too little. Both Dublin and Belfast understand this. They are in full agreement on the subject. But they differ about the best and surest means of enriching people. The Dublin altruist sits down and thinks out a way in which money can be made. When he has hit upon a plan he goes round explaining it to everybody and teaching anyone who will listen to him how to get rich by means of it. He may, perhaps, think of lace-making or wood-carving, or bacon curing, or the manufacture of boots. There was a man who once saw a great future for Ireland in the moulding of wax dolls. But whatever the plan is the Dublin altruist is not selfish about it. He makes it public, founds a society for the encouragement of those who adopt it, and, if he can, persuades some government department or other to subsidise the working of it. The Congested Districts Board used to be the body most easily persuaded by altruists of this school. Unfortunately, it has recently become so entirely absorbed in land purchase that it has little energy left for experimental philanthropy.

The Belfast altruist also sits down and searches out a plan by which money can be made. When he has thought of one he says nothing about it to any of his friends, but goes to his bank, borrows the necessary capital and makes the money himself. This sounds like selfishness but is really altruism of another kind. The Belfast man believes in example, and thinks that the best way to teach the rest of the Irish people to make money is to go and do it, allowing them to watch. The Dublin altruist, who seems more purely altruistic but perhaps is not, believes in precept. The Belfast man who pins his faith on example has the weight of the authority of a popular proverb behind him; but I am not inclined to attach too much importance to that. As Charles Lamb showed long ago, many popular proverbs are simply lies. Some of them have the appearance of lies invented by profoundly immoral members of the upper classes in order to keep poor people in the path of convenient subjection.

I should like, if I had space, to work out the different expressions which the civic spirits of Dublin and Belfast have found in public buildings. The reaction of the buildings upon the souls of the people who look at them every day would also be an interesting subject. But I should require a book instead of an essay in which to write adequately on such matters. Besides, I am not skilled in architectural terminology. I venture on no more than a few hints which, perhaps, someone else will develop. The older buildings of Dublin, the Four Courts, the Bank of Ireland, the front of Trinity College, the great houses in the chief squares strike one as the work of men who were living in a large way, and were conscious that they belonged to a nation which had a personality to express in stone and mortar. I cannot conceive that these buildings were raised by mean or frightened men. The older Belfast buildings—St. Ann's Church for instance, and the Fisherwick Place Presbyterian Church, both of which have now disappeared—were, I imagine, the work of men with no great dreams, but with the solid virtues of a bourgeoisie honesty and diligence. The spirit of the Dublin buildings is that of a great lady, whose rich velvet gown and old lace set off the stateliness of her form, who is not troubled by the fact that the frocks of younger women are differently cut, who knows that she has a right to make a fashion for herself. The Belfast buildings, which are now disappearing or gone, were the stuff gown of a solid farmer's wife. It challenged no comparison with the chiffons of ballroom belles: but was comely on the figure of the woman who wore it.

In the newer Dublin buildings I am conscious of a loss of the old sense of pride. The Medical School buildings in the College park, even the graceful and imposing fronts of the Museum and the National Library do not convey the feeling of calm self-confidence; there is in them a note of desire for approbation. Their own judgment of their own worth seems hardly sufficient for them. They look outside themselves, anxious for the good word of others deemed fit to praise or condemn. On the other hand, Belfast seems moving towards a self-expression. I do not think that Belfast ever lacked self-confidence; but the efforts of the builders of its churches twenty years ago resulted in a hideousness which, to the intelligent observer, was deeply pathetic There are some churches in Belfast at which I can never look without being reminded of an old gentleman who died long ago, very rich. He used to feast his guests with fine claret, and as they drank it told them that when he was a boy he went barefooted and carried a bricklayer's hod. We respected him for his pride and his success, but we invariably felt uncomfortable. The Belfast buildings, of that particular period, have the same effect. They wear the expression of a spirit which had not yet learned the elements of architectural manners: which even took a certain pride in asserting itself against good taste.

But Belfast seems to be learning better now. The new City Hall certainly misses the dignified respectability of the building it replaced; but there is about it a sense of spaciousness which leads to the hope that Belfast is coming to the knowledge that it has a great part to play in the making of a great nation.

ARTISTS IN IRISH GOLD AND SILVER WORK.

Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins, the eminent Irish jewellers, who face O'Connell's Monument in Dublin, have done much to rescue from oblivion the exquisite work of the ancient Irish skilled artificers in gold and silver ornaments. In this they merit the gratitude of our race. Their reproductions of such historic gems as the Ardagh Chalice, the Tara Brooch, and the Brian Boru Harp Brooch, not to speak of numerous other glorious relics of Hibernian skill, suggest the advisability of visiting their establishment during the present festive time. Together with the reproduction of ancient Irish art, one can see there splendid assortments of modern taste in the shape of bracelets, rings, Waltham watches, tea and coffee services, and other articles eminently suitable for Christmas presents.

OURSELVES: Past and Present.

THE series of national pictures which, for years, have helped to secure for the Christmas issues of the "LADY OF THE HOUSE" a remarkable popularity, finds a happy continuance in the pair of Sun Pictures which form two of the supplemental attractions of the Christmas "LADY OF THE HOUSE" issue of 1912.

To the Christmas "LADY OF THE HOUSE" belongs the distinction of having discovered and presented to the public for the first time, the ONLY AUTHENTIC PICTURES of the Parliaments of Ireland, painted during THE ACTUAL EXISTENCE OF THAT ASSEMBLY.



MR. A. McGOOGAN.

The only pictorial representation of that Parliament of Queen Anne, which enacted the terrible Penal Code, was contained in a diagram entitled the CARTE DU GOUVERNEMENT, published at Amsterdam, in 1704, by authority of the Etats de Hollande et de West Erize. The only known copy of this diagram, which contained the pictures not only of the House of Commons in Ireland, but also the only picture of the House of Lords in Ireland, was discovered and purchased by the Editor of this magazine, accurately enlarged, and presented last Christmas.

The second authentic picture of the Parliament was the great work, painted in 1780, by F. W. Wheatley, R.A., as a companion to that artist's famous "Volunteers in College Green." This work, never before published, was reproduced as a supplement to a former Christmas issue (1906), and its attractions were emphasised by a reproduction, at the same time, of a coloured copy of Wheatley's "Parliament," made by Nicholas Kenny for Henry Grattan, M.P. These two pictures, of great historical importance, were also, for the first time, produced in these pages.

The popularity of these works is attested by the thousands of copies which are to-day found framed and adorning the homes of Irishmen at home, in America, and the Colonies.

Having thus shown the interiors of the Legislatures of Ireland, this magazine published in 1908 a superb view, in colour, of "College Green in the Eighteenth Century."

The present number presents a beautiful Sun Picture of "College Green To-day." It is the first perfect picture of that historic scene which has ever been taken by the camera. The old Parliament House is, as all know, a semi-circular building, and until the present year, has defied complete representation by the camera owing to insufficient space in front of the building. Such supposed perfect pictures as have hitherto been presented to the public, were secured by obtaining a series of photographs, and with greater or less accuracy joining these together, the resultant picture being what is generally called a "panoramic photograph."

That remarkable achievement, the rotary camera, has been scientifically devised to obviate the limited optical range of the ordinary instrument. It is fitted with a travelling lens which passes along and covers an expanse of subject, just as the human eye does when the head is turned from side to side. This rotary camera has enabled the production of an extended angle of view at a single operation and the presentation of the subject with an accuracy of line and perspective hitherto impossible to the limited powers of ordinary methods. The Sun Picture of College Green, secured by means of the rotary camera and now given is unique, as the first of this subject ever secured at a single operation.

The Sun Picture of the City Hall, Belfast, is an example of precisely the same method, applied to Donegall Square, Belfast.

The artist, in each case, was Mr. A. McGoogan, whose fine work has lent distinction to many of our Christmas numbers.

These two pictures present

The Centres of the Two Chief Cities of Ireland,

and supply a happy illustration to the life of those "Two Irish Cities," so aptly sketched for our readers by that prolific author and sterling Irishman, "George A. Birmingham," otherwise the Rev. Canon James O. Hannay, author of "The Red Hand of Ulster," "Spanish Gold," &c.

Having said so much as to the pictorial side, perhaps a few words further may be permissible respecting the literary features of this Christmas Annual. For the greater part these bear celebrated names, and all are "kindly Irish of the Irish, neither Saxon nor Italian"—F. Frankfort Moore, Martin Ross and E. Œ. Somerville, Katharine Tynan, Clara Mulholland, F. J. Bigger, Mary Costello, &c. Portraits of most of the writers accompany their work, and one contribution is graced by special illustrations from a distinguished Irish artist, David Wilson, whose fine cartoon and other black and white work has secured as wide an approval as the admirable work of Sir F. C. Gould himself.

The mantle of the prophet is not an item of our equipment, so we hesitate to predict whether our efforts to deserve success



A CELEBRATED IRISH CARTOONIST.

Mr. David Wilson is a cartoonist and caricaturist whose work is a regular feature of the "Daily Chronicle." Mr. Wilson's drawings illustrative of Miss Geraldine Duff's "Diary of Santa Claus," in this issue, are happy examples of his work. Mr. Wilson is a most versatile and quick worker; he is gifted with a delightful sense of humour, an active imagination, much striking originality, and artistic perception. "Nomad's Weekly," Belfast, was the first publication to recognise the merits of Mr. Wilson's work, and to present it to the public.

will this year result in its attainment. We, however, place before the public of Ireland that which has been achieved with little doubt that the welcome for the

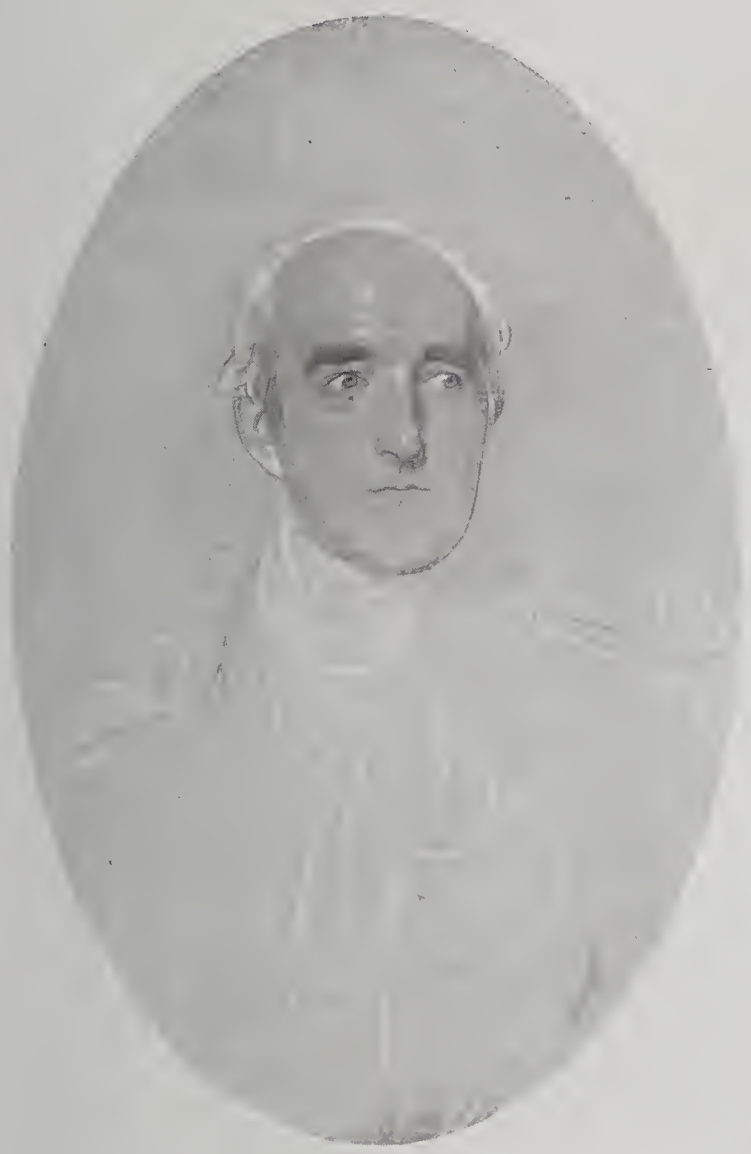
Christmas "Lady of the House," in 1912

will be as earnestly warm as that which has attended our past Christmas Annuals, over a period now only twelve months short of A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

An American Queen of the Irish Court.

By NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

THIS is a complicated story we have to tell, but we shall endeavour to set it down as coherently as possible because it is extremely interesting and romantic when divested of the genealogical, historical, and political details in which it has been preserved.



RICHARD COLLEY WESLEY OR WELLESLEY, MARQUESS WELLESLEY.
Born in Grafton Street, Dublin, 1760. Elected in 1780 for Trim by his father (Garrett, 1st Earl Mornington), who owned the Borough. Succeeded his father in 1781, and sat in the House of Peers in Ireland as 2nd Earl of Mornington. Sworn of the Privy Council, Ireland. Created Baron Wellesley, in the Peerage of Gt. Britain, 1797; Governor-General of India, 1797-1805. Marquis Wellesley in the Peerage of Ireland, 1799; Secretary of State, 1812; Knight of the Garter, 1812; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1821-28; and again 1833-35. Married Mary, granddaughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, "The Senator of Maryland," at Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, 29th October, 1825.

In 1688 when King James II. was coining brass money in the Dublin mint, to pass for half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, to the nominal value of nearly a million and a half of pounds sterling, a scion of the house of the O'Carrolls, of Ely, in the King's County, emigrated to Maryland. In time he became Attorney-General of what was then a colonial possession of the British Crown. His grandson, Charles Carroll, the famous Senator of Maryland, was one of the signatories of the Declaration of American Independence. He was the last survivor of the fifty-seven worthies who signed that famous document, and the wealthiest of them all.

In the signing of the Declaration, it is said, Charles Carroll was the only man who put down his address. Apropos of this pecularity, an interesting circumstance was related to me by a scion of the Irish branch of the Ely O'Carrolls. At the time it was regarded as doubtful whether America would win against England. Every one of the fifty-seven who signed the Declaration of Independence did so with the knowledge that it might prove to be his own ultimate ruin. All knew that Charles Carroll was a very wealthy man and, as he signed his name, someone said in his hearing, "There goes so many hundreds of thousands of dollars!" Thereupon Charles Carroll took up the pen a second time, saying, "The difficulty is, there are so many Carrolls in the country that they may not know which was the right one." So, that there might be no mistake about it, he added the words, "of Carrollton" to his signature. As Charles Carroll of Carrollton he was subsequently known and his personality is identified in the history of the United States by that designation.

At this stage of the romance from real life, it is well to bear in mind that three generations of the O'Carrolls of Ely had demonstrated their ability to profit by the opportunities that came their way in the country of their adoption. Hitherto we have been dealing with the male side of the family, now the women-folk claim attention.

Carroll of Carrollton had six daughters and one son. The eldest girl died but his second daughter, Mary, a remarkably beautiful girl, fell in love with a young Englishman named Richard Caton, a man of good family, handsome appearance, cultivated manners and, like herself, a Roman Catholic. The father did not quite approve of the match but said he would give his consent, provided young Caton freed himself from debt and established himself in a business sufficiently profitable to justify his marriage. By financial assistance from home, or strenuous exertions in the new country, or in some other way, Richard contrived in less than a year to fulfil the necessary conditions and became the husband of Mary Carroll. The bride's father set them up in a com-

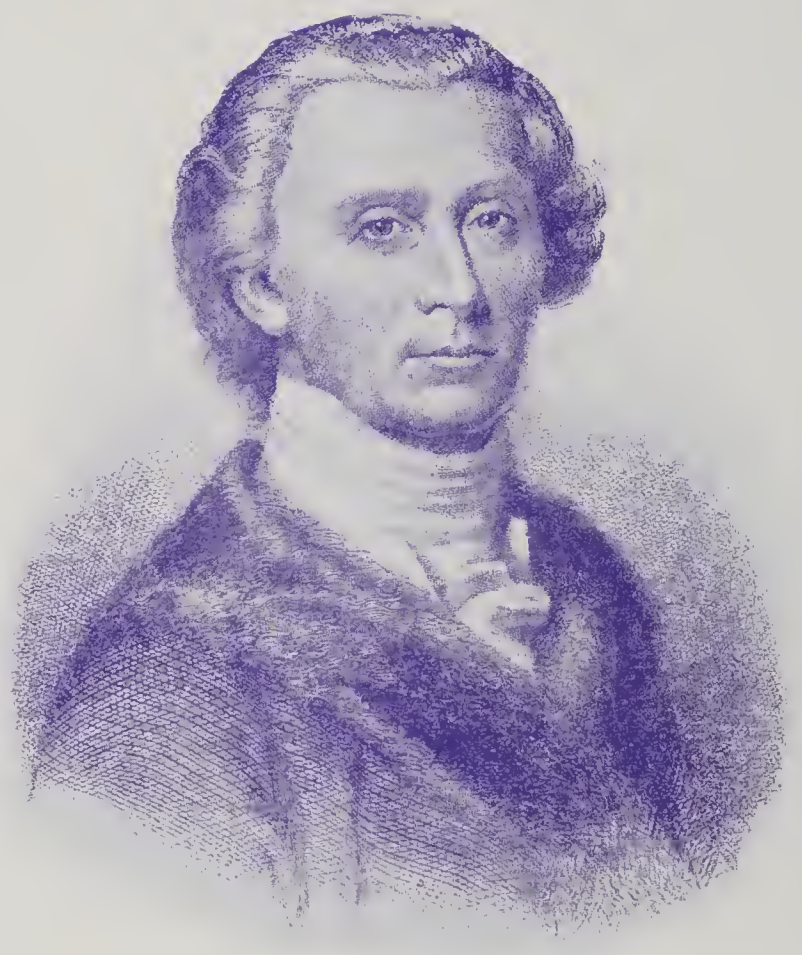


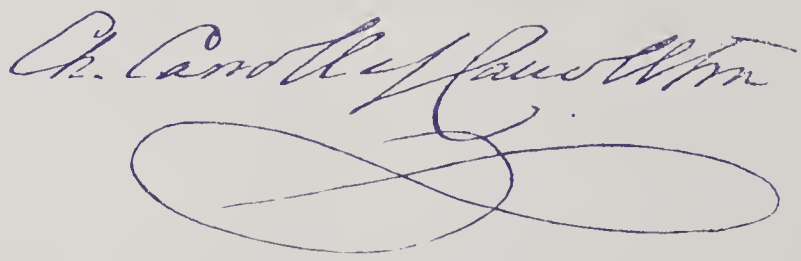
MARIANNE, MARCHIONESS WELLESLEY.

AN AMERICAN QUEEN OF THE IRISH COURT.

fortable country house on a fine estate which now comprises the Catonsville suburb of Baltimore. There were four daughters of the marriage—Marianne—subsequently our American Queen of the Irish Court—Elizabeth, Louisa, and Emily. The last-named married the British Consul at Baltimore, John Lovat MacTavish. Her descendants inherited a massive gold medal, presented to Carroll of Carrollton as the last survivor of those who signed the declaration of American Independence; the camp bedstead used by Wellington on the field of Waterloo and the jewelled robes worn by Emily's sister as Vicereine in Dublin Castle. The golden crown which accompanied the robes is now in safe keeping in a church of the Jesuits in Maryland.

The Caton girls were the fourth generation in America with O'Carroll blood in their veins. Their forbears had been accustomed to move on equal terms with all that was best and most enlightened in North American Society. Their parents were cultured people and singularly handsome, both of them. Their daughters inherited their good looks and in part inherited, and in part acquired, graces of demeanour and conversation peculiar to their environment and comparatively affluent circumstances. Richard Caton, their father, does not appear to have been a good manager of money but he provided his girls with a good home, and the context will show that their mother, profiting by her more intimate knowledge of domestic economy, furnished them with much worldly wisdom.





"THE SENATOR OF MARYLAND."

In 1816, Marianne, the eldest of the Caton girls, being then nineteen years of age, put an end to the doubts and fears of a host of suitors by marrying a neighbour, Robert Patterson, whose sister had been married on Christmas Eve, 1803, to Jerome Bonaparte, younger brother of Napoleon. The Emperor, in characteristic fashion, repudiated the marriage, tried to induce Pope Pius VII. to annul it, and failing papal compliance, issued a decree declaring the ceremony null and void. In 1807 Napoleon proceeded to carry out his own scheme by ordering his younger brother to marry the Princess of Wurtemburg and, with the opening of the New Year, he had him crowned King of Westphalia.

At the time of Marianne Caton's marriage Madame Jerome Bonaparte and her little son, Jerome, were living in the Patterson home, the master of which was president of the Baltimore Bank. Six weeks later the newly-wedded pair sailed for Europe, taking with them the bride's two sisters, Elizabeth and Louisa. Some months after her arrival in England Louisa married Sir Felton Harvey, grandson of the Marquis of Bristol, and one of the Duke of Wellington's most valiant aides-de-camp. He died two years after his marriage (1818), and his widow and her sister, Elizabeth, went travelling on the Continent. In 1828 Lady Harvey married a second time, changing her name and title to that of the Marchioness of Carnarvon, her husband subsequently becoming Duke and his wife Duchess of Leeds. The other Caton girl must have been hard to please for, though she is said to have been as beautiful and charming as her sisters, Elizabeth lived for twenty years in Europe before she finally accepted the hand and fortune of Lord Stafford.

Whilst Elizabeth and Louisa were travelling on the Continent their sister Marianne had gone back to Baltimore with her husband. He died there in 1822 and his widow, then about twenty-five years of age, returned to Europe and rejoined her sisters. The three American graces, as they were called, were popular in English society from the start and were especial favourites of the great Duke of Wellington. It was at his house that the widowed Marianne now met, for the first time, his equally gifted and little less distinguished brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The widower marquis, though well over sixty and with troubled memories of married life, became enamoured at first sight with the beautiful Marianne, who was known to be the possessor of a fortune as handsome as herself, £186,000, exclusive of landed property.

A personal invitation from the Irish Viceroy to visit the Irish capital is not a commonplace occurrence, but we must remember that the handsome, attractive-mannered and rich young Irish-American widow was no commonplace person. In due time Mrs. Marianne Patterson and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Caton, arrived in Dublin and put up at Ryland's Hotel, Sackville Street. Three months later—and now we proceed to modernise the local Pressman's reports, that is, at three p.m., on Saturday, 29th October, 1825, the Viceregal equipages called at Ryland's Hotel, and conveyed Mrs. Patterson, Miss Elizabeth Caton, and two friends to the Viceregal Lodge. The servants wore their State liveries—sky-blue coats, lined with white silk richly embroidered, and embroidered waistcoats with gilt buttons, ornamented by a shamrock in the middle of a star. A large mounted escort accompanied the carriages. The streets were bright with bunting, for this was the day of the Viceregal wedding, and crowds cheered themselves hoarse with excitement over the first alliance of an American Irish heiress with an Irish nobleman who happened to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland also.

The function proper was inaugurated by a banquet at "the Lodge," the hour fixed being 6-15 p.m. At 8 o'clock His Grace the Lord Primate married the happy pair according to the rite of the then Established Church. The Bishop of Raphoe gave the bride away. Whilst the first ceremony was in progress the Viceroy's carriages were conveying Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, from his residence in North Cumberland Street, the parish priest of St Paul's, Arran Quay, and the Vicar-Apostolic, attached to Liffey

Continued at page 36.

W. HOLMES. Exquisite Evening Gowns. Very Latest in Tailor-Made Gowns, Outdoor and Sporting Dresses, Blouses, and Shirts. Irish Fleece Travelling and Motor Coats. Choice Fur Sets. **DUBLIN, Ltd.,** 69, 70, 71 South Gt. George's Street

AT A WESTERN HOTEL.

By E. Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS, *Authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," &c.*

["LADY OF THE HOUSE" COPYRIGHT.]

THERE was a wonderful chandelier in the hotel dining-room. Fine bronze it was made of, with mermaids, and Tritons, and dolphins flourishing their tails up towards the dingy ceiling-paper, and beaked galleys, on whose prows sat six small lamps, with white china receptacles for paraffin, and smoky brown chimneys. Gone were the brave days when each prow had borne a galaxy of tall wax candles; the chandelier might consider itself lucky in that it had even the paraffin lamps to justify its existence, and that it still hung from a ceiling, instead of sharing the last resting place of its twin brother, in the bed of the tidal river under the hotel windows.

James, the hotel waiter, knew the family history of the chandelier, as he knew that of most people and things in the county. I commented upon it to a young gentleman with a pointed beard, who sat next to me at dinner, and said that it looked to me like Renaissance. The young gentleman suggested, alternatively, that it looked more like bronze. I did not dispute the point, but I think he found the subject precarious, as he turned to the young lady on his left, and I heard him embark upon a new theme.

"I was half-dead with the toothache all day," he observed.

The young lady replied sympathetically that toothache was a fright.

"Well, indeed, that's true," said James, smoothly entering the conversation from behind my chair, "I got my own share of it. Sure there was one time I used to be roaring like a Banshee all night with it!"

"Were you so?" said the gentleman, with a wink at me, "That must have been a long time ago, James."

"Well, indeed, it is too, Doctor," replied James meditatively, "going on forty years, I daresay. I went to Dublin, and I went to a great dentist that was in it that time, and he pulled all the teeth I had, and he gave me a new set entirely."



"JAMES."
Drawn by E. Œ. Somerville.

"Oh, my!" said the young lady, "that must have been very expensive."

"It was so," said James, not without pride. "Twenty pounds I gave him."

"That was awful," said the young lady, feelingly, "it was well to be you that had it to spend!"

"Well, it wasn't all out so bad," said James; "sure I only wore them a few times—I wouldn't be bothered with them, and a doctor that was a friend of mine gave me ten pounds for them."

"I suppose they were a fit for a patient of his?" said the doctor.

"They were a bad fit for me, anny-way," returned James, glancing over his shoulder at the clattering operations of his two female subordinates, with the eye of the sergeant-major—the eye that always contains a grievance. "I was a footman with the old Lord Garretmore that time. Sure that was where the chandelier came from. A grand house it was, too—big slobs of marble on the tables, and gold legs under them, and ye'd bog to the knees in the carpets. Well, it was the first night after I getting the teeth, there was a gentleman stayed for dinner, and he was to go away by the night train. Forty horses were in the stables, and there wasn't one but was out at grass, and I had to go out beating the bushes for an old mare that was round the house always, herself and her foal, to put her under the side car. 'Prua! Prua!' says I, calling the mare in the dark, and with that the teeth lepped out

AT A WESTERN HOTEL.—Continued.

of my mouth, with respects to you!"

"Oh, fie!" said the mother of the young lady.



E. Œ. SOMERVILLE,
Master of the West Carbery Hounds, Drishane, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
Photo, Lafayette.

"What did you do then, James?" inquired the doctor.

"I took the white tie off me, and I tied it to the bush that was next me for a token, and 'twas that way I got them again the next morning, thanks be to God."

Having concluded his story James started on a perfunctory tour of the table with the wine card. He stopped to pull the turf fire together, and, with a furtive eye at the glass over the chimney-piece, he rearranged the long lock of hair that draped his bald pate. It was dyed, of that peculiar shade of chestnut that disdains subterfuge, and the fact and its suggestions were distressing where an old servant was concerned; so also was the manner in which he hobbled on his heels.

"His walk's full of corns," said the young doctor, eyeing him not without sympathy. "He's a great old character. I believe they keep him here to talk to the tourists."

It is a melancholy fact that in Ireland, in these later days, "characters" have become aware of their position, and palpably live up to their reputation. But James was in a class of his own.

I said didactically, even combatively, that "characters" were free and easy, but that James was easy without being free.

"I'll bet he's not easy in his feet, anyhow!" said the doctor brutally. "Have you any more soup there, James?"

The mother of the young lady, who had hitherto preserved a silence, broken only by the audible assimilation of her soup, here laid down her soup, and said in cryptic disparagement

"Tin!"

"Well, I'd say it was the best we had yet," said the Doctor. "I'd undertake to pull a puppy through distemper with it."

"That's the soup she has always for th' assizes," said James. "Grand soup it is, and I declare to ye, she makes it out of egg shells and every old rubbish!"

The young lady's mother emitted a short laugh, but her empty soup-plate told heavily against her.

The meal wore slowly on. A sea fish, of a genus unknown to me, and amazingly endowed with bones, was consumed in distracted silence.

"I hear you have a fish shop opened in Ballinagar, Mrs. McEvoy," remarked the Doctor, taking his last fish bone out of action with professional adroitness, and addressing the mother of the young lady; "That's very up-to-date! There wasn't one I met from Ballinagar but was bragging of it."

"It was the Hoolahanes that had it," said Mrs. McEvoy; "it's closed."

"Oh, dear, why so?" said the Doctor. "Why did they do that, I wonder?"

"They said that morning, noon, and night people were bothering them for fish," returned Mrs. McEvoy, to whom this triumph of the artistic temperament presented no exceptional feature.

"Unless it might be on a fast day, I'd never ask to taste a bit of fish," remarked James, giving a helping hand to the conversation. "There was a man I knew from this place got his death in Liverpool from a bit of fish. It stuck to the upper gum. 'Bill,' says he to the one that was with him, 'so help me God,' says he, 'I'm dyin',' says he; and sure that's how he met his death! It was in some grand hotel he was, and he was too shy to give the puff to send out the bit."



"MARTIN ROSS."
From a Photo by Lady Coghill.

"I'd like to send that to the 'B.M.J.,'" said the Doctor, gravely. "Maybe you could give me the man's name, James?"

Continued on page 19

AT A WESTERN HOTEL.—Continued.

"There was them that could swear to it," said James, depositing a syphon on the table in a determined manner, "but they were before your day, Doctor Hickey."

"How young he is!" said Miss McEvoy archly. "Don't be flattering him, James!"

"Indeed, I'll not flatter him," returned James, "there's plenty doing that!"

It was at about this point that a dish containing three roast ducks was placed in front of me. Circumstances had decreed that I sat at the end of the table; it was my task to deal with the ducks, and during the breathless and steamy struggle that ensued, I passed out of the conversation, which, indeed, had resolved itself into a more personal affair between Dr. Hickey and Miss McEvoy.

It was somewhere in the reposeful period that came with the cheese, that Dr. Hickey ordered a bottle of port, of which he very handsomely invited the ladies and me to partake. He leaned back in his chair.

"Was this in the cellar the time of the flood?" he said, putting down his glass. "I don't mean Noah's flood, James, you mightn't remember that; but the time the river came up in the town here."

"Well, if it was Noah's flood itself," said James, instantly accepting combat, "it couldn't get into *our* cellars. But, faith, it was up in this room you're sitting in, and I had to get up on the table from it, and it ruz to the table, and I had to hang out of the chandelier, and a boat came into the room then and took me out. Sure that was the time that the porpoise came up the river, with the dint of the flood, and she was in it for a week in front of the hotel!

"In compliment to the visitors, I suppose?" said the Doctor. "And what happened her, James?"

"She was in it till a whale came up the river," replied James, with the simplicity of Holy writ, "and b' Jove he banished her!"

"It's a wonder you'd let him treat a lady that way, James," said Doctor Hickey.

It was still twilight when we left the dining room, and strayed to the open hall door, and out into the September evening. In the east a rose-pink moon was rising in lavender haze, and a faint wind blew from it: the subtle east wind of September, warmed by its journey across the cornfields, turf-scented by the bogs. There was a narrow garden between the hotel and the river, a place where were new and already-neglected flower-beds, and paths heavy with coarse river gravel, and grass that had been cut, not too recently, with a scythe. A thatched summer-house completed the spasmodic effort of the hotel to rise to smartness. The West of Ireland cannot be smart, nor should any right-minded person desire that it should be so.

Doctor Hickey and I sat and smoked on the parapet wall above the river. The slated and whitewashed town darkened into mystery. Little lights came slowly out, and behind the town the grey shape of the mountain lowered in uncompromising abruptness, a brooding presenee, felt rather than seen. In the summer house James was lighting a Chinese lantern, of a somewhat crumpled and rheumatic outline.

"Well, now, that's a great notion!" said Doctor Hickey, with the lethargic and pessimistic humour of his type. "That'll be in the prospectus—'Hotel grounds illuminated every night.' I wonder did they buy that at the jumble sale after the fancy fair in the Town Hall?"

We sat there, and the moon and the round red Chinese lantern looked at each other across the evening, and had a certain resemblance, and I reflected on the fact that an Irishman is always the critic in the stalls, and is also in spirit behind the scenes.

"Look at James now," said the Doctor. "He's inviting the ladies out to have coffee in the summer-house. That's very fashionable. I suppose we should go there too."

We sat with Mrs. and Miss McEvoy in the summer house, and drank something that was unearthly black in the red light, and was singularly unsuggestive of coffee. The seats were rustic, and had aggressive knobs in unexpected places; the floor held the invincible dampness of the West, yet the situation was not disagreeable. At the other side of the river men were sitting on a wall, and talking, quietly, inexhaustibly; now and then a shout of laughter broke from one of them, like a flame from a smouldering fire.

"Those lads are waiting to go back on the night mail," said the Doctor; "you wouldn't think they're up since maybe three this morning to come in to the fair."

Here a railway whistle made a thin bar of sound somewhere out under the moon, that had now lifted herself clear of the haze. A voice called from the hillside:

"Hora-thu! Tommeen! Let yee be coming on!"

The men tumbled on to the road, and hurried, heavy-footed, in the direction of the station.

"Sure, they've half an hour yet, the creatures!" said Mrs. McEvoy.

"They have, and maybe an hour before they have the pigs shunted", said James, re-entering with a plate of biscuits, adorned with pink and white sugar.

"For the ladies," he explained.

"Ah! what signifies half an hour here or there on this line!" said Doctor Hickey. "I'm told there was a lady travelling on it last week, and she had a canary in a cage, and the canary got loose and flew out of the window, and by George, the lady pulled the communication cord, and stopped the train!"

"Well, now, she showed her sense," said Mrs. McEvoy, with an utterance slightly muffled in pink biscuit.

"She and the guard went then trying to catch the canary," continued Doctor Hickey, "and he'd sit till they'd get near him, and then he'd fly on another piece. Everyone that was in the train was hanging out of it, and betting on it, from one carriage to another, and some would back the lady and some would back the bird, and telling them what to do."

"It's a pity *you* weren't in it," said Miss McEvoy, "they'd have been all right then!"

"It was that bare bit of bog near Bohirmeen," pursued Doctor Hickey, without a stagger, "not a tree in it. 'If he have a fly left in him at all,' says a chap out of a Third Smoker, 'ye'll get him in Mike Doogan's bush.' That was the only bush in the country."

"'Twas true for him," said James.

"Well, they got him in the bush," proceeded Doctor Hickey, "singing away for himself, but they had some trouble crossing the drains. I'm told the guard said the lady lepped like a horse!"

"You had it right, all to the singing," commented Mrs. McEvoy, advancing as it were to the footlights, "I have



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AT A WESTERN HOTEL.—Concluded.

the little bird upstairs this minute, and she never sang a note yet!"

Mrs. McEvoy here permitted herself to subside into fat and deep seated chuckles, and Miss McEvoy, James, and I gave way suitably to our feelings.

"Well, now, I thought it was quite a nice idea, the canary to be singing," said Doctor Hickey, emerging from the situation as from a football scrimmage, in which he had retained possession of the ball, "the next time I tell the story, I'll leave that out, and I can say that the lady that lepped like a horse was Mrs. McEvoy. They'll believe me then."

"Why wouldn't you say the canary was an eagle," said Miss McEvoy. "There used to be plenty eagles in these mountains back here."

"Well, indeed, I might too," said Dr. Hickey. "I remember it was somewhere in these parts that an uncle of mine was staying one time, and a man came to the hotel with an eagle to sell to the tourists. My uncle was like Mrs. McEvoy here, he was very fond of birds, and the man said the eagle'd be a lovely pet. Whatever way it was, he bought it." He paused to light a cigarette, and James pretended to collect the coffee cups.

"He gave the eagle to the Boots," resumed the Doctor, "and the Boots put it into an empty bedroom. It wasn't more than seven o'clock next morning when my uncle was wakened up and the waiter came in. 'There's a man in the kitchen, your honour,' says he, 'and he has a grand fighting aigle, and he says he'll fight your honour's aigle in the passage.' They had a grand fight between the two o' them in the spare room, and in the end my uncle's eagle went up the chimney, and the man's eagle went out through the glass in the window. My uncle had a nice bill to pay for all that was broken in the room, and in the end he gave the eagle to the Zoo."

"Faith, he did not!" shouted James suddenly. "He left him stuck in the chimbley! And sure it was I that got him out! and meself that sold him to a gentleman that was going to Ameriky! Sure, I was the waiter!"

Dr. Hickey threw himself back in his rustic chair.

"Holy smoke! This is no place for me!" he said. "Every story I have is true in spite of me!"

THE "TAXI" CONVENIENCE AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

Though the taxi has, as a matter of fact, worn off its sense of novelty, it is to a certain extent new to Christmas shopping, and to Christmas outing generally. At Messrs. Thompson's, in Great Brunswick Street, one can always rely on securing the best of these conveniences. They are distinguished in this regard.

THE ALLEN-BROWN NOVELTIES.

The violet nurseries of Henfield, Sussex, owned by the Misses Allen-Brown, F.R.H.S., are especially successful in their Christmas novelties, a fact which the increasing numbers of their patrons testify to. In this year's list we notice attractive hampers of their violet preparations, also a seasonable novelty in motor cases, also boxes of violet soap and shampoo powders, violet perfume, and violet bath salt, violet foam and violet toilet powder, perfumed fairy van, pretty white, and violet baskets of perfume, English violet sachets, Brilliantine, toilet soap, pot pourri bowls, old Sussex lavender water, and a number of other charming articles. Just now, when some seasonable anxiety is usually manifest regarding appropriate Christmas gifts, we would remind our readers of the advisability of writing for the attractive Xmas catalogue of the Violet Nurseries at Henfield, Sussex; post free.



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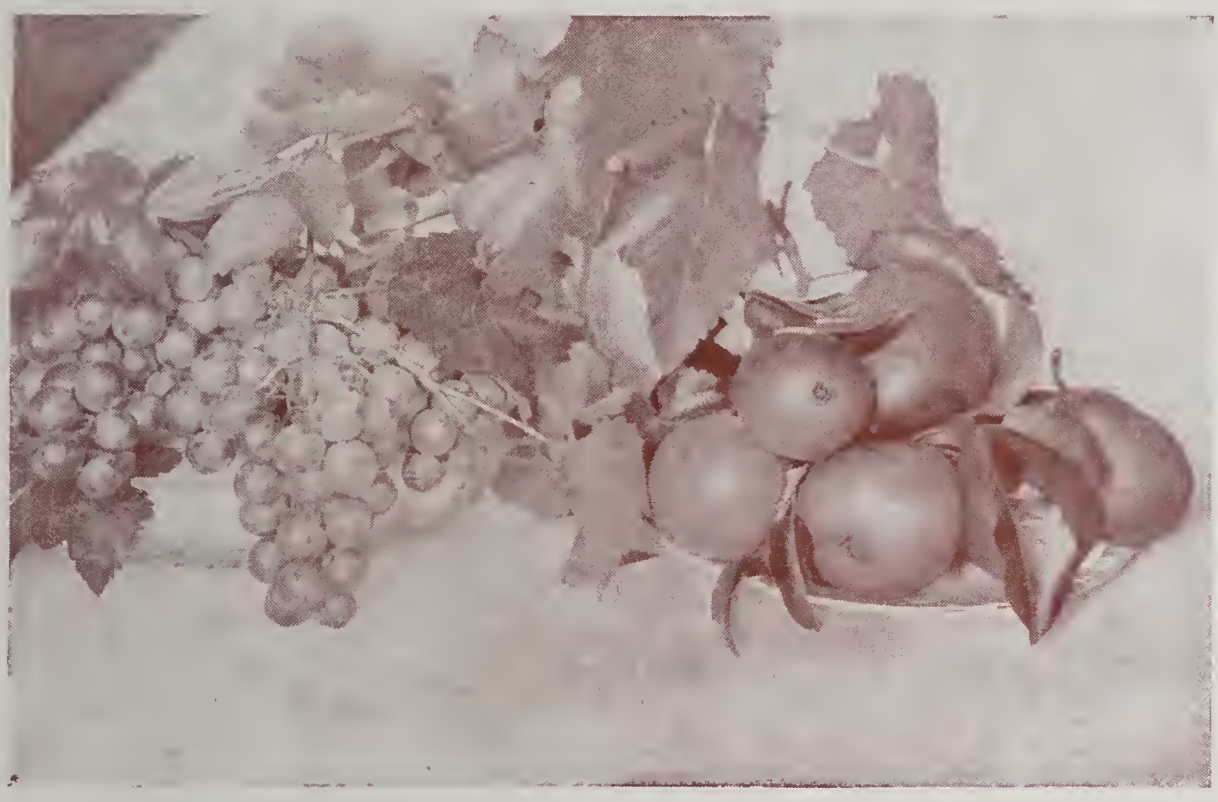
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:: THE DANGEROUS AGE. ::

A WIZARD IN A GREYSTONES GARDEN.

["LADY OF THE HOUSE" COPYRIGHT].

"God Almighty first planted a garden," says Bacon, "and He does not omit to add by implication, 'go thou and do likewise.'"



GRAPES AND PEARS.

"The gardener is blessed and blesses. Why is not everyone for some portion of his time a gardener ?"

—CANON BARNETT.

ONCE upon a time three maidens, Viola, Rose, and Kathleen met by appointment at a Wishing Well in the heart of Tipperary.

They were school friends, who had left the conventional "eighteen summers" of the novelette well behind. Not to beat about the bush, they were all three hanging on the brink of the Dangerous Age.

As some healthy, simple-minded readers may not know exactly what this term means, we will explain that this age is a new one in the world's history, born of the restless, electric twentieth century, that it develops an uncanny microbe in the blood of women between forty and sixty, especially of women belonging to the educated and leisured classes—what is loosely termed the governing Classes.

Its symptoms are of an hysteric and paranoic nature, frequently resulting in sensational outbreaks, hitherto unpermitted to respectable grandmothers and spinster aunts.

The maidens in question had brought with them a tea basket and tired, discontented souls.

Nothing had happened in their lives for the last seven years, and nothing was likely to happen for the next seven and twenty, except deaths, decaying front teeth, and attacks of rheumatism.

The chronic note of the trio was a whine against the meanness of opportunity, and the flatness of their fates—a really tragic whine.

What they Wanted.

Poor Viola wanted to be passionately loved and wooed—a butterfly flitting from flower to flower in the garden of pleasure; but she had a squat, clumsy figure, and a nose which belonged to the potato family.



LOGAN BERRIES.

Poor Rose, a slim, refined, looking woman, longed to be unladylike.

With Edwin Forster her heart cried out: "Why are most big things unladylike ?"

Enamoured of high winds, vast outlooks, and rolling seas, she pined to see the glory of the world before the show was over. To wander across its radiant crust and take part in its clamour.

But she was chained to invalid parents, hide-bound in convention, who lived in the main street of the dullest country town that man has made.

Poor Kathleen's devouring ambition was to be a golf champion or a successful society actress.

She had the muscles of a baby and the mannerisms of a mouse when brought before the feeblest footlight.

They were in a bad way, as thousands of women in Ireland are this moment.

"Pin your rag to the railing," commanded Viola, who was stage-managing the spree, "take three sips from the well, and make the wish of your hearts, girls."

"Don't," Rose broke in, "not of your hearts. Wish for something within the limits of possibility. What I am going to wish for, and what I believe may be vouchsafed to me."

"That is ?"

"The gift of a possessing hobby."

"A hobby ?" Kathleen repeated disappointed. "A fiddle-faddle obsession, that will weary your family circle."

"What bores always have in tow."

"First cousin to a bee in one's bonnet, no thank you."

A Protection for the Mind.

"It isn't," Rose flashed back. "A hobby is one of the most valuable possessions that

A WIZARD IN A GREYSTONES GARDEN.—Continued.

women like us could have—women with small means and imprisoned energies, without the stirring worries which a husband provides. O you of little sense! listen to the wise man's definition of a hobby."

She took a little book from her pocket.

"'A hobby is more than a recreation for the mind. It is a protection for it as well; we all want that, girls; sometimes I feel inclined to run away with that dark-eyed youth at the Post Office; he looks as if he had a soul."

"And I could do worse," Viola added darkly. "I could disgrace Aunt Helen's chestnut front, so I could."

"Listen. A hobby relieves the person who has it from the oppressive sense of the sameness of life, and from haunting ennui. Nothing conduces so directly to happiness and content than a distinct and permanent interest—outside that forced on us by circumstances or by professional needs."

Kathleen thought of the brother for whom she kept house—a clerk in the Provincial Bank, who hated the desk, and longed to be a blacksmith. If he had a healthy outside interest—it might keep him back from Canada.

"It matters little what its character is—a definite kind of reading or study of nature, an art or craft, an indoor or outdoor occupation——"

"A collecting craze, I suppose?"

"Yes; or any competitive effort of mind and body. The result is the same, a bracing measure of satisfaction with life, which the person with a hobby lacks. My hobby is to be the best of all. Going to provide me with the purest of earthly delights," Rose gushed. "A garden. Look at Nell O'Connar, since she began her rock border—a different woman! Gardening helps body, mind, and spirit. When I dig—yes, I can dig—I feel the life of the clay going up into me, soothing me, strengthening me——"

"But *where* do you dig, Rose? I mean, you live in the town——"

"I see—you call my estate—a back yard. Well, so it is now. A dismal plot of grass, enclosed by bare, hideous walls, intersected with clothes line, and ending in an ashpit. To think that for a quarter of a century I suffered its abomination! Give me that wishing cup quick! Next spring you'll see my backyard in glory—wild with the perfume of flowers, planted by my own hand. And, listen. In a couple of years it will be a goldmine as well. I'll have a miniature orchard, and supply all the town with fruits of my own growing and grafting!" A burst of genuine laughter greeted this.

"Start a jam factory—do!"

"To stem the drain of emigration, dear. Yes, yes!" the schoolfriends jeered.

A Glorified Back Yard.

No, it was not a bee in her bonnet.

It was, that during her absence in the autumn she had seen the actual boughs of fruit which illustrate this article, growing in a back garden smaller than her own.

To be specific, in a walled in space measuring 60 feet by 40 feet she had counted ninety apple and pear trees laden with fruit, green, yellow, golden brown, and red; of French, German, Dutch, and Californian origins, hundreds of them weighing a pound each, a few some ounces over.

But where—where is this wizard back garden to be seen? we hear our readers ask incredulously. In Spain? In Ui Braesil, or the fairy land of Avalon?

To that we reply. It is to be seen in Greystones, Co. Wicklow, at the rear of a substantial and quite commonplace terrace of concrete.



FORTY-FIVE PEARS IN A CLUSTER.

The foliage and limited dimensions of plate prevented the full cluster being shown.

It is the achievement of an acute Hobbyist and natural scientist, who, unfortunately, will not allow us to give his name.

"Put me down as 'Amateur Gardener,' or 'Working Man,'" he said, when the Editor sent us to interview him; a request which is as absurd as it is disappointing.

But he took the photographs reproduced specially for our Christmas number, and he is always ready, in the most courteous manner to show his orchard to comparative strangers, and give them the benefit of his advice.

"What I have done is nothing wonderful," he remarked repeatedly.

"It is within the power of any amateur of intelligence and perseverance to do the same. I only plant the trees, feed them, care for and watch their habits—the Giver of all gives the increase. When I buy trees from a nursery or elsewhere, in many cases they are absolutely sterile—as all professional gardeners know—or else they yield a crop of this class"

He lifted a branch which at first sight appeared to bear a cluster of cooking plums, but which closer inspection showed to be pigmy pears.

"Well, I don't make a bonfire of the purchase, you see. I graft on a Durandeau here, a Boussach, a Conference there, and see what a valuable tree the wastrel becomes."

The Irish Crab and Irish Giant.

It assuredly did. Bearing a green and golden harvest of pears that weighted the "wastrel" branches to the ground.

Three varieties on the same wood! Then we were introduced to apple trees, which bore still on a solitary stem specimens of their original offspring, the meanest variety of crab, and were elsewhere laden with the magnificent fruit known as

"The Irish Giant."

In single file we walked up and down avenues of teeming fruit trees, believing that we had covered at least a quarter of an acre! Wherever the groaning boughs permitted, enormous plants of peach-flavoured rhubarb, imported from China, and acclimatized by the "Amateur Gardener," spread out crimson arms and umbrella leaves. In one corner was a baby greenhouse, which produced the grapes of our picture also in abnormal abundance.

In another corner was a combined tool-shed, plant dispensary, and operating theatre, and on every possible bench, stand, and house window ledge, there were specimens of fruit and vegetable life being experimented with; pans of seedlings under ether; cultures struggling through various inoculations, and so on.

With good reason, we think, our now famous Christmas number may claim to have introduced "Amateur Gardener" to the reading public, as one of the leading Carpologists of the Empire. And we are proud to have to say that he is an undiluted Irishman—as far as we know. Not a blend of the scientific Scot, who pioneers so many agricultural developments in our still orchardless land.

For the benefit of readers whom this article may inspire to start fruit growing in suburban gardens and elsewhere, we will give, in the January number of the "Lady of the House" some valuable hints on the subject, jotted down during our interview with the "Amateur Gardener."

—MARY COSTELLO.

IN THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

Some years ago our grandmothers prided themselves on their ample feather beds, but nowadays no good housewife cares to use one of these unhealthy and not too cleanly if luxurious articles. Any housekeeper wishing to dispose of one or more feather beds could not do better than communicate with the Irish Feather Co., Ltd., Tara Street, Dublin, who supply Curled Hair Mattresses of good quality in whole or part exchange, or purchase for cash as may be desired.

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"Wigs on the Green." A RECOLLECTION OF DISTURBED BELFAST.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. :: ["Lady of the House" Copyright.]

"THE Shankill and the Falls are the Balkans of Belfast," I wrote, when I began this paper some time ago; and I hoped that everyone would understand exactly what I meant; but history has been moving pretty quickly in the neighbourhood of the Balkans during the past week or two, so that I am forced to modify my figure of speech, in sympathy with the changes on the map of Europe, and baldly suggest that the topographical position of the Shankill and the Falls is largely responsible for the stirring events that have within my recollection taken place in those localities.

I remember going over the old battle-ground with a distinguished soldier just after the disturbances of 1886, and when I had explained to him the conditions of the conflict, he said:

"What on earth could anyone look out for except riots, when one set of people, whose convictions are strong in one direction, are living alongside another set, whose convictions are equally strong in the opposite direction? Build up a wall between your Shankill and your Falls, and you'll have peace."

He had a wealth of historical instances, with which he backed up his opinions; but I could only shake my head by way of suggesting that I did not go quite so far; I asked him if he had ever heard the story of the schoolmaster who inquired of a boy—"If there were four glasses of beer on a table and your father drank two of them, how many would be left?" "None," was the reply. "Think again," said the schoolmaster. "Four glasses—your father drinks two—mind, two—how many would remain?" "None, sir!" "Oh, you dunce! can't you see that two would be left?" "Ah, sir, you don't know my father," said the boy.

"You don't know the Shankill and the Falls," I said. "If a wall were built, it would simply mean either that the next conflict would be fought on the top of the wall, or that brickbats would be used instead of paving stones. Where there a will there's a way."

"At present there are just too many ways," he said, and he was quite right. The network of streets between the two great religious and political thoroughfares must be held responsible for educating both parties in the science of town fighting. When it is remembered also that in the early riots in Belfast ammunition was gratuitously supplied to both belligerents by the authorities, the marvel is that there was ever a blank year. The streets were not paved, they were simply macadamised roads, with granite broken into handy lumps, laid loosely upon the surface—not treated to the indignity of interment by any steam roller—so that a few kicks of a resolute heel were sufficient to provide ideal missiles for amateurs. And for long after the central streets were paved with square setts, those in the northern part of the city remained in their original condition, the result being that it became recognised among the junior population, that the merest difference of opinion could best be proclaimed by a volley of stones. There the stones were at their feet, and what were they there for, if not for use?



"COOK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"
"DR. COOK OF MAY STREET."
From a quaint engraving by Marcus Ward, in the collection of F. J. Bigger, M.R.I.A.

I have frequently been a witness of the dexterity that was reached by the young men and maidens of the districts to which I refer in what was euphemistically termed "cloddin'," though the "clods" were petrified. I suppose no day passed without some practice. So it was that the "cloddin'" habit was acquired, and became as difficult to shake off as is the morphia habit or the alcohol habit; and so it was that the questions in dispute had widened their boundaries, so as to embrace such large issues as the supremacy of the Pope or King William; no one thought of expressing an opinion, except through the medium of granite.

It took the authorities some time to discover that with the stoppage of ammunition the practice would be discouraged. But eventually some scenes of the great campaigns were paved with setts, which were far too heavy to be used effectively, though admittedly a great help when you had your man down on his back, and your hand in his hair; and there was a marked decline in the rioting. It had once been periodic, but it now became sporadic. I do not propose to write of these degenerate days, when belligerents put their pride in one pocket and "nuts" in the other, and some of the streets between the dear old Shankill and the good old Falls occasionally bore the appearance of a derelict shipyard, and every "scrap" meant a distribution of scrap iron. I prefer to let my memory stray back to the stone age, when upon occasions a large area of the town was held by the rioters for weeks together, and all the Queen's forces—cavalry, infantry, and constabulary were insufficient to prevent daily and nightly conflicts between the opposing mobs, when all the authorities who knew anything about the dispersal of mobs were praying for rain, as some historians say Wellington prayed for Blucher, when Waterloo was being fought. Rain was the best ally that the lovers of peace could have; it invariably accomplished what the bayonet charges and cavalry charges were powerless to effect.



JOHN REA, "ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR THE RIOTERS,"
Who impartially defended the prisoners from both camps.
From a portrait in the collection of F. J. Bigger, M.R.I.A.

I do not arrogate to myself the position of historian of Belfast riots. To obtain the rough material to form a narrative of the disturbances of 1886 occupied a Royal Commission, consisting of an English judge, a Scotch Chief Constable, and several other distinguished persons over a month, with a full bar and witnesses by the hundred, and yet there were a good many people—myself among the number—who felt that the reports of this tribunal were about the most profitless that could be imagined. With such an example of failure before me, I shrink from the attempt to apportion the blame for any of the disturbances. Possibly Mercutio's summing-up of the fracas in which he took an active part is the best that could be applied to Belfast—"A plague upon both your houses." It would require a historian to say when the first

"WIGS ON THE GREEN."

riots took place in Belfast. Some time in the early forties, I believe, the town was in the throes of a debate between Daniel O'Connell and the Rev. Dr. Cooke; but I never heard that there was bloodshed upon this occasion. In 1857 or 1858 the military were called out to quell some disturbances alleged to have been the result of street preaching; and I believe the Rev. Dr. Drew vindicated the right of free speech at that time. But I only write now with a vague recollection of my reading of back files of newspapers, and I make no assertion on this point. So far as my memory serves me, the disturbances were confined to the area of the preaching on the Quay, between the Custom House and Queen's Bridge.

The first riots that made any appeal to me took place in the summer of 1864. I recollect quite clearly awaking one night, and being led by someone into a room at the back of the house, the window of which was open. For, I suppose, a quarter of an hour, we stood there listening to the firing that was going on in the distance. I am positive that during that time not more than five seconds elapsed between the reports. Years afterwards I came across a copy of a doggerel ballad, printed in the usual long galley-sheet, purporting to describe a battle that took place between the navvies who were employed in digging out the Dufferin Dock and the Orangemen. The thing was embellished with pictures of heroic riflemen, kneeling on the brink of the excavations and taking good aim at their opponents below. I believe that several men lost their lives at this battle, and the firing that I heard during the night may have been the rearguard action. Some of the mills were closed for more than a week at this time, and also Messrs. Harland & Wolff's yard. Coming home from school one day with a trustworthy escort, when things were liveliest, we met, just opposite the Bank Buildings, I recollect, a marching mob of men, armed with bludgeons, which were undoubtedly far too formidable to be of any utility in the case of close fighting. The weapons must have been over four feet in length; they were roughly squared posts of four-inch deal, whittled away at the grip end, and with a strip of leather roughly nailed on as a sort of sword guard, through which the fingers were passed.

The man who had charge of me pushed me into a shop. I think it was Messrs. Malcomson's—and entered himself, while the porters were hastily putting up the shutters of the shop, and so far as could be seen down the full length of the street, all the shops were being closed. The leaders of the procession were in front, and their weapons were bloodstained, but they marched in quite an orderly way down the street, their passage being interfered with neither by police nor civilians. A few days afterwards the funeral took place of some man who had been shot in the course of a street fight, but whether by a soldier or one of the opposing mob I cannot say. From one of the upper windows of a house in Castle Place I recollect seeing the funeral procession coming round the corner from Donegall Place. As soon as the hearse was opposite the entrance to Hercules Street (now part of Royal Avenue), it was greeted with a volley of stones that was really volcanic, and as the funeral guard at once limbered up and came into action I had the excitement of witnessing as pretty a bit of street fighting as could well be imagined. I have an impression that a body of cavalry, wearing busbies — possibly the Scots Grays—were on duty in Donegall Place, and they galloped forward splendidly and then wheeled into line—all except one man whose horse dashed away with him at full gallop—the man's busby fell off, but he did not draw rein, and he disappeared

V. R.

APPOINTMENT OF SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

COUNTY OF ANTRIM, to wit. WE, the undersigned Justices of the Peace for the County of Antrim, do hereby nominate and appoint Charles Reynolds residing in the Town of Belfast, to act as Special Constable for the Borough of Belfast and during such time to arrest and lodge in the Police Office all disorderly persons, and all parties guilty of any act tending to a Breach of the Peace, or who shall in any way interfere with the Inhabitants of the Town of Belfast, or of the Property of such Inhabitants, and in every way to act to the best of his ability in the preservation of the Public Peace, and in the protection of Property in the said Town of Belfast. And we hereby make the foregoing Appointment pursuant to the provisions of an Act of Parliament made and passed in Session of Parliament, held in the 2nd and 3rd years of King William the Fourth, chapter 108.

Given under our hands at Belfast, this 16 day of August, 1864.

BELFAST SPECIAL CONSTABLES SWORN IN, 1864.
APPOINTMENT OF CHARLES W. REYNOLDS AS A SPECIAL CONSTABLE.
From the original in the possession of Charles W. Reynolds, Belfast.



THE FIGHT AT THE DEPOT OF THE BELFAST TRAMWAYS, AT THE FALLS ROAD, AUGUST, 1886.

"WIGS ON THE GREEN."

round the corner of Bridge Street. Whether he was sent by his officers to the barracks for reinforcements, or carried away by his frightened horse I never knew, but in a short time a regiment of infantry, and some more horsemen came on the scene, and the procession resumed its course. During the whole of this afternoon the shops remained closed in the Donegall Place and Castle Place, where the business became one of the finest in Ireland. Some years later Mr. Gibson started the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Establishment. in Regent Street, London, and made a large fortune. It is interesting to know that his first move was due to the .64 riots.

The town was in a most disturbed state for the Irish Constabulary (not yet "Royal") for the local force—an immense change for the better; but not one that was a guarantee of peace.

The next serious disturbance took place, I think, nearly ten years later, though these years were by no means wholly free from casual rows at the celebration of some of



F. FRANKFORT MOORE

From the Portrait by Mr. H. de T. Glazebrook, exhibited at the Royal Academy, and also at Glasgow, Manchester, and Paris Exhibitions.

principal thoroughfares, for I believe it was in the early part of the same week that a jeweller's shop in North Street was looted by a mob. The proprietor was Mr. William Gibson, and I believe that he thought it prudent to remove from the storm centre of North Street to a more promising locality. He opened his establishment at the corner of several weeks, and the local police force was wholly discredited. It was not until some thousands of special constables were sworn in, and paraded the streets, that the rival mobs allowed business to be proceeded with. The sequel to these riots was the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry, and the result of their report was the substitution of the anniversaries. Upon some occasions five or six hundred police had to be drafted into the town to assist in the preservation of the peace, and towards the end of the belligerent sixties, the stipendiary magistrate ruled that forty shillings and costs, with the alternative of a month in jail, was to be the invariable penalty of making use of party

"WIGS ON THE GREEN."

expressions, In spite of the enhauced value of the luxury, it seemed that numbers of the people thought it cheap at the price, and every day the penalty was enforced in case after case. John Rea defended in many cases, and gave himself the title of Attorney-General to the Orangemen.

I think it was in 1868 that Mr. Wm. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, was prosecuted at the County Down assizes for a breach of the Party Processions Act. The retaliation of his friends did not take the form that was expected. I do not think that there were riots during this year, but there was a General Election, and Mr. Johnston was triumphantly returned to Parliament to fight for the repeal of the Act. He eventually succeeded, and it was found that to legalise such processions saved the police a great deal of trouble. People who had made up their minds to "walk" were previously greatly irritated at attempts made to prevent them; but when they were allowed to do as they pleased, they seldom gave much trouble.

The disturbances of 1874 were very severe while they lasted. How they originated it would be difficult to tell. There was a good deal of free fighting in the neighbourhood of Sandy Row and Durham Street, and the report spread abroad of great slaughter and the removal and secret burial of the bodies of the victims were blood-curdling. I cannot remember if more than one man was killed at this time. I am nearly sure, however, that one of the police was fatally wounded. But I was told quite confidentially by several people that a young woman, wearing a party-coloured ribbon in her hat, was lured into a house, where she was decapitated, and then burned to a cinder!

There were several minor outbreaks during the next few years, and in 1877 it was thought necessary to take strong measures for the preservation of the peace. The number of police imported into the town was enormous. Several of the officers were lodged at the Queen's Hotel, and the drawing-room had the appearance of the headquarters of the commander of an army corps and his staff. I went there to visit some of the D.I.s who had come from the South, and I found the umbrella stand bristling with swords. Half-a-dozen juniors were sitting around Mr. Thynne, who was in command. It was possibly this array of force that prevented disturbances from breaking out anywhere except in the Queen's Hotel. At times there was a little noise in some of the rooms in that building. Several lively boys foregathered to kick up their heels for want of a job of work outside, when Thynne's back was turned. That was a long time ago. Distinction has come to many of those irresponsibles—K.C.B.'s and at least one K.C.M.G. Some held high command in the colonies, and some got their counties at home, and retired after long service.

It was in the year 1886 that the worst riots Belfast has known took place. They began in the usual way—an ordinary Saturday night squabble in one of the streets lying between the two northern thoroughfares. Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill had been introduced in the spring, and to one section of the population its passing was regarded as certain, and its beneficent operation, so far as they were concerned, equally certain. The opposite party, however, looked on it with something more than distrust. Never had the old party feeling been so aroused as it was during the months of May, June, and July. Anyone going through what might be called the volcanic area at this time, and talking, as I did, to people of both parties, must have known that whatever the fate of the Bill might be, there was certain to be an outbreak. The exaggeration indulged in on all sides was astonishing. I had evidence of certain properties in the northern districts being balloted for in view of a rapid transfer of ownership when the Bill should become law, and I actually knew of a gentleman who, looked out of one of his dining-room windows and, seeing a stranger on the lawn with a 50-foot tape measure, sent out to inquire what was his business there. The reply was that the stranger had won the property at the ballot of the night before, and he was making up his mind whether to let it as it stood, or build a row of houses upon the site! On the other side it was asserted that the passing of the Bill would be the signal for a repetition in Belfast of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve in France!

It must have been plain to everyone who had eyes to see and ears to hear, that the whole district was, during the three months, like a blacksmith's forge, glowing and shimmering with heat, and only waiting for a pull of the bellows to send it roaring into flame.

The second reading of the measure was defeated in the month of June, and the news naturally came as a blow to one side and as a blessing to the other. I remember how, when I was going home about three o'clock on the morning of the fateful division in the House of Commons, I was met in Donegall Place by a number of workmen, who were anxious to hear the news, and would not wait in their beds until their usual hour of rising, so great was their suspense. They rushed up to me, with the inquiry, "What about the Bill, sir?" and when I told them, they broke into a cheer. The same scene was repeated when I was passing Howard Street, and again at the Lisburn Road.

"There will be ructions some of these days," I remarked to the constabulary patrol who had watched the scene from the bridge of the Central Railway.

"As sure as we are standing here, sir," said one of the men.

When night came, it brought with it the material for many bonfires. Sandy Row was the centre of the illuminations, and the Shankill was islanded with fire. At half-past two in the morning there was a group around the remnants of a bonfire that had been burning in a waste space at the junction of the Lisburn and Dublin Roads, and a drowsy group lay around it on the grass. I took a note of the scene before I slept, but fifteen years had passed before I was able to introduce a bonfire scene into a novel.

The authorities were very much on the alert during the next few days. There were occasional excursions and alarums on both sides for some time, with the usual stone-throwing among the corner-boys, who forsook their own corners for those of their opponents; then came a skirmish or two, with an appearance at the police court; and then, I believe, it was the report of a fight going on in Durham Street, though it was no more than an ordinary Saturday night quarrel, that acted as the blacksmith's arm upon the bellows, and the banked-up fires burst into flame.

Now, there were really not more than a couple of hundred of the class that may be called professional belligerents in the volcanic area of Belfast—worthless young fellows, who haunt public houses, and loaf about street corners, there may not be even so many in these prosperous times—but half a dozen of this element are quite enough to start a riot. In 1886 the report of a party fight in Durham Street, was followed by a real fight in, I believe, Townsend Street or Northumberland Street, where Home Rulers, passing through anti-Home Rule districts were set upon and beaten, or it may have been the other way about; and then people rushed out of their houses to see what was going on, and remained outside to take part in the performance, without knowing anything of its merits or demerits. In a short time the streets became a surging mass of humanity; and the only attempt at organization was suggested, when someone shouted out to follow him and "we'll larn them."

The psychology of a surging crowd has yet to be analysed. It is closely akin to the instinct of the wolf-tribe, which fight in packs. If a fight takes place between two dogs, all the dogs in the neighbourhood are attracted to the scene of the encounter, and at once join in. Respectable men leave their houses just when they should remain in their shelter, and when the police come charging down the street and the men get a push or two, their blood gets up, and they retaliate.

(*Concluded on page 31.*)

BRAND'S

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"WIGS ON THE GREEN."

Half an hour later the wrecking of a public-house seems the right thing for them to do, and before night they either have their heads broken, or have graduated as rioters.

That is the history in a nutshell of all the Belfast riots. They are not organised; the incidents of the moment bring forth the organisation, and this organisation simply means resistance to the authorities. In 1886 a few public-houses and shops were looted, thousands of panes of glass were broken—there is nothing that repays a riotous mob better than the sound of breaking glass—and all authority was defied. Of course, there must be some interference with people whose aim is the destruction of property; but the destruction of life and property would have been much less in 1886 if the belligerents had been let alone for a few days. As it was, after the constabulary had fired upon a mob, killing and wounding some of them, the presence of the constabulary was regarded as a perpetual menace by all parties, especially the most peacefully disposed. The fight became one between the police and the people, and on this basis it was continued for weeks. The foundries and shipyards were closed, and, if I remember rightly, some of the mills as well, and though the number of houses wrecked was not large, the loss to the town, to say nothing of the bad name it got throughout the United Kingdom, was immense. Every coustabulary officer was wounded, so were scores of men. There was scarcely a newspaper reporter left without the mark of a stone or some other missile, and before the end they had all received the training of a war correspondent.

All this time there were at the disposal of the authorities large forces of military, and they were always on duty; they were worn out doing nothing, one of them told me, and that was nothing more than the truth. No stone was thrown at any of them. The people cheered them, but they were never in action. No matter what direction I went in, I found "the foot and the dragoons in squadrons and platoons," standing at ease, ready to do anything when called on, but in the meantime doing nothing. They constituted a very picturesque element in the midst of a squalid *entourage*, but there was no one to handle them. The cavalry looked very fine coming up at a trot at night, with the light of the lamps gleaming on their steel-work and brass work; but when they arrived at the station to which they were ordered, they dismounted and stood by their horses until further notice. They could, of course, have swept a mob off the street in a few minutes had they been called on to do so in military fashion, but they were not called on to do anything, except to patrol and parade while the police were recuperating.

Only once, I think, was there any systematic attempt made at looting, and this was carried out one night in York Street, after the disturbances had gone on for close upon a month. At eleven o'clock the street seemed to me like a seething river. Nearly all the lamps had been extinguished, and the fighting was going on in the dark. Several shops far up the long street had been broken into, and the contents distributed before any force of police appeared; and for three hours the mob carried out the usual mob tactics of meeting the constabulary charges with a shower of stones, and then clearing off down the side streets, where they could not be followed, returning with fresh missiles when the police formed into line once more, preparatory to another charge. During the hour or so that I remained in the street, I heard numbers of firearms being discharged fitfully, but the police did not fire a shot. They contented themselves charging again and again. So things went on until everybody was tired out, and a smart shower of rain coming opportunely, the six or seven thousand people in the street hurried home to bed. They needed some sleep, for it was understood that looting was to begin early the next day. The next day, however, there was more rain, and shortly afterwards the usual autumn monsoon set in, and so the rioting fizzled out.

It was during this night that a man was seen by a constable belonging to a southern draft trying to conceal a ham under his coat.

"Clear out of this, you, and your violin!" cried the policeman, giving him a push. "Is this any place at all for you to be comin' to with a violin?"

A reporter told me one night that he had heard one of the southern men threatening to arrest a tram driver for refusing to turn his "wagon" into a side street at his bidding.

The reports of the Royal Commission, to which I have already alluded, were properly regarded as so much waste paper by the Government. It was not until Mr. Justice Day, the President, died, that the world found out what an excellent judge he had been—of paintings of the early Dutch school. The disposal of his collection occupied several days at Christie's.

I have not "assisted"—in the French sense—at any riots since those of 1886, and in referring to the incidents of that year I feel as a Crimean veteran might feel, when describing Balaclava. There have been brave riots in Belfast at times, but none to compare with those of 1886; and like the veteran, I resolutely decline to believe that any that have taken place since are worthy of notice. There are prophets who regard the northern area of Belfast as the scene of the Battle of Armageddon. If I were sure of this, I should apply for a post as war correspondent without delay, so as to be fully prepared when the time comes. Meantime, however, I hope to be able to fulfil my engagements in other branches of imaginative literature.

CAKES OF HOME MANUFACTURE.

Regarding the purely material side of Christmas, few will be disposed to deny that among its chief delights, especially for the youthful, and for the vast number of the grown-ups, who cherish an esteem for the good things of life, rich and toothsome cakes and biscuits figure prominently. Fancy what a poor, attenuated sort of festival Christmas would be without the ministrations of the iced and ornamental cake department of such a famous Dublin firm as that of Messrs. W. & R. Jacob & Co., Ltd. Without them the toys of childhood would lose seventy-five per cent. of their zest, and even the visits of Santa Claus would be little welcomed if the delightful products of Jacob's factory were omitted from the season's festive board. Would not the turkey lose much of its flavour if our busy housekeepers had no Jacob's to fall back upon, as it were.

Observing the important influences of the Christmas Cake, we were not surprised to learn of the magnitude of the preparations that were being made over at the great concern, which occupies so large a space in that district of Dublin, which adjoins Bishop and Peter Streets. Here in the firm's tasteful showroom are on view a perfectly astonishing array of the most stunningly attractive variety of cakes, such as would tempt the appetite of the severest of ascetics. One description of cake known as the "Ambrosia" is a work of art as well as a perfect monumental gustatory delight to the small boy, not excluding the adult. It was a gem in marzipan foliage, green leaves surrounding rosebuds in the most natural, and consequently, pleasing manner. Other descriptions of cake, such as the "Sweet Pea," the "Chateau," the "Fireside," and the "Marguerite," with the tasteful and cheery greetings, must make it a matter of regret to Christmas Cake partakers that they should be forced to cut up such ornamental dainties. Passing by a variety of rich fruit and plum cakes, we come upon tasteful selections of tea cakes and mixed biscuits, in such beautiful and realistic caskets, that are bound to form added attractions to the Christmas table. Regarding Jacob's "Confiseries," for afternoon teas, we know of no better class of dainty. In the matter of shortbread this firm is splendidly equipped. They are shown here in a lavish variety of shapes and designs, a fact which impresses us with the idea that these confections are regarded by our most discriminating hostesses as embodying all that is excellent in quality, as well as delicious in taste.



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By GERALDINE DUFF. Illustrated by DAVID WILSON.

The Ice Palace,

In the Land of the Snows.

December 21st, 1911.—Is it old age coming on, I wonder, that makes me so reluctant to leave the Palace this year to take my long and important journey to and fro over the earth?

All day to-day there has been the usual rush that precedes my departure. You, my dear Diary, know that I am the servant of my people—the people who love little children, and at Christmas time I go to and fro over the whole earth carrying with me gifts—tokens of love from those to whom children are dear. All day the pages and the maidens have been busy making up catalogues of names, to whom gifts are to be presented.

Mine is a mission of love, and love is never weary or affected by heat or cold, so that the journey has no terrors for me along these lines. And yet—of late I have returned from my annual visits saddened and depressed, for while I have brought joy to many, I have had experiences that hurt me to recollect. You see, much as I sometimes long to do it, I cannot give a present, no matter how it is desired or needed of my own accord. The presents are brought to me by my people. I am told for whom they are intended; I carry them to them, but there my power ends. Thus it is decreed. It has struck me two or three times lately, during my annual visits to the earth, that frequently those to whom a present would mean, oh, so much, did not get even a trifling one, while I bestowed handsome gifts on many who did not need them, and appreciated them little.

Last year this fact seemed particularly emphasised. I wonder if other bearers of presents have the same experience. There, it is a relief to have written my worries down in my beloved Diary. I could summon my council, of course, and they might help me to redress the evil. But, no—this year I may have a happier experience. Let me see, I go to Ireland first, that land of fairies, where the people are warm-hearted and impulsive, and give liberally with both hands, never looking for any reward. No matter what I see to grieve me elsewhere, certainly there my ideals on Christmas gifts will be realised. I have such a long list of names. Surely no one to whom a present means much will be forgotten. I am glad I am going to Ireland first. It will be a good start.

Belfast, December 22nd.—I'm not home sick, certainly not. I love my work, it is my life. Somehow though I can't get the picture of the palace, over which I am the ruling spirit, as it looked when I left it last night, out of my mind. How it gleamed in the moonlight. Round it pines glittering with hoar frost bent, and whispered to each other as the North Wind passed through. From the palace windows streamed a wonderful light, opalescent and pale and mystical as the moonlight.



"SANTA CLAUS! DON'T COME TO THE LIKES OV UZ."

The palace steps were lined with pages and attendants, dressed alike in suits of silver, glittering with brilliant jewels.

Three maidens, clad in glistening robes of silver, over which their long hair fell like veils of gold, accompanied me to the sledge.

Just as I was about to start, Cupid came hurrying out of the Palace. Such a tiny little fellow he looked. He scrambled up behind me, as the maidens tucked the tiger skins round me, and put his arms about my neck and kissed me. How sweet and warm was the touch of his lips.

"I have not much to do with Christmas presents now somehow," he said, "but I will be busy in other quarters till you come back—but, I'll miss you, old man!" and he kissed me again, and sprang off the sledge.

I have thought since that his remark was strange, but he is a funny little fellow, Cupid, and you can never quite account for him. And now, from among the pines there came the dreamy pipings of a wood nymph's lute. And then the lute's strain was caught up within the palace, as by a perfectly-tuned string orchestra, and exquisite fairy-like music floated upwards, and out into the night.

The attendants gathered the reins, the reindeer darted off down the drive, and out of the gates—the ice-palace and its beautiful occupants were left behind.

It is a fine city, Belfast, and I like that big white building they call the City Hall. It reminds me of my own magnificent palace in the land of the snows. I like the people, too, though somehow they are not quite what you expect if you have only read about Ireland. Belfast is in the North, of course, and it is very different from the South. The people have a blunt brusqueness about them that you require to get used to. There seems to be a lot of money about the city, and I think you might like and love the people if you knew them well. I fancy their hearts are kind—when you reach them. To-morrow I set out on my mission, and I will learn more about them.

Dec. 23rd.—I am just in from my first round, and I am grieved beyond expression. The first thing that saddened me as I hurried, invisible to the eyes of men, through

LEAVES FROM SANTA CLAUS'S DIARY —Continued.

the main streets of the beautiful city, was the sight of two ragged children staring eagerly into the windows of a big toy shop. Their faces were so pinched and wistful-looking, that I stopped my sledge, got down, and stood beside them to hear what they were saying. At first they did not speak at all; they just gazed, dumbly, at the beautiful toys.

At length the girl exclaimed:

"Samuel James, isn't that a lovely doll? How I wish I had her for my very own. I wouldn't mind being hungry all day if I'd her to take care of. I'd pretend I'd spent all the money on getting nice things for her to eat, and on her pretty clothes, an' then I wouldn't mind, maybe," she went on," if I hangs a stockin' up Santa Claus might bring me a dolly—not as lovely as her, perhaps, but a dolly as I could be proud of an' take care of."

"Sauta Claus!" The boy's tones were bitterly sarcastic. "Sauta Claus don't come to the likes ov uz. He just calls on boys and girls as has enough to eat and drink and more toys than they know what to do with already." I turned away. There was some truth in what the child had said. Anyway I could not call on them, and I had four dolls for one little girl, whose nursery is full of toys and dolls already. Similar cases confronted me on every hand. My work is entirely among children, but I keep wondering if it is the same with grown-up people. Are those to whom a trifling present, a card, would mean a great deal, often forgotten, while those who have already much have gifts, many of them duplicates, showered upon them. I am determined to find out if this is the case. To-morrow I will visit some of the mansions of the County people.



December 24.—Another dispiriting, depressing experience to-day. I journeyed to one of those beautiful Irish homes situated in the midst of a wide domain, through which a river wound like a silver ribbon. I passed up the sweeping carriage way and entered the mansion. The Christmas presents were arranged in bewildering array in the billiard room. I inspected them carefully. Was anything that is at all dear to the heart of man or woman missing from this collection?

Now there was the soft frou-frou of a woman's skirt as the mistress of the house came into the room, and turned on the electric light.

"To him that hath shall be given," she murmured, as she glanced at valuable pictures, gleaming silver and gold articles, priceless lace, exquisite china, dazzling jewellery.

"There are a good many duplicates, though," she continued. "What a number of feather boas, and I have several without these. Well, the cook and the housemaid can have one each."

She lifted the pretty feather trifles carelessly.

"Why, one is from Barbara Coates! She can scarcely afford to send such a present, but I suppose she thinks she must, because I always gave her a handsome Christmas gift. Really, one gets pretty much what one gives after all. Give handsome presents, get handsome presents. Give none—well, I am afraid you may expect none."

I had seen enough: I stumbled out.

As I was getting back to the city again, I met a postman going his rounds, whistling a gay tune as he rapped sharply at almost every door.

I got into conversation with him, and told him my experiences. He, alas! only corroborated them.

"I'd like to have nice letters and Christmas cards in them for many whose hearts are just aching for them, but when their friends don't send them, it is impossible for me to bring them to them," he confided to me. He was a kind-hearted fellow, the postman.

"Seems to me," he observed, "there's somethiug wrong with this Christmas present system. Them as gives presents gets 'em. Them as can't afford to give gets none. They should be called Christmas exchanges, not Christmas gifts. But come along with me to-morrow for a little while," he suggested, "and see for yourself." So, to-morrow I will accompany him on one of his rounds.

Dec. 25th.—I spent the forenoon with my good-hearted friend, the postman, calling with him at residences in suburbia. At one villa an eager crowd of young people answered the postman's knock, and stretched out expectant hands for letters and parcels. What a lot they seemed to get. How they laughed and chatted over them!

In the background the overworked general servant was waiting, apparently unobserved, watching with wistful eyes the sorting of the letters and packages.

"There is nothing for you, Bridget," one of the young ladies announced, as she observed her.

The girl turned away sadly, murmuring, "Nothing for me, and I would have given anything if someone had remembered me and sent just a card with bells and snow on it, and a few words to wish me a happy Christmas."

"Come on," the postman whispered to me. "If I stayed as long as this at every house I would never get through."

We were almost at the end of his district, when I was struck by a woman watching him intently from her window. And her eyes were so wistful with longing and loneliness, they held me and made me pause.

"Have you nothing for that house?" I inquired. "That woman looks as if she was expecting a letter."

"No, nothing to-day," my companion replied. "She very seldom gets a letter. Sometimes I take her a bill or a circular, but she don't get a letter except once in a while."

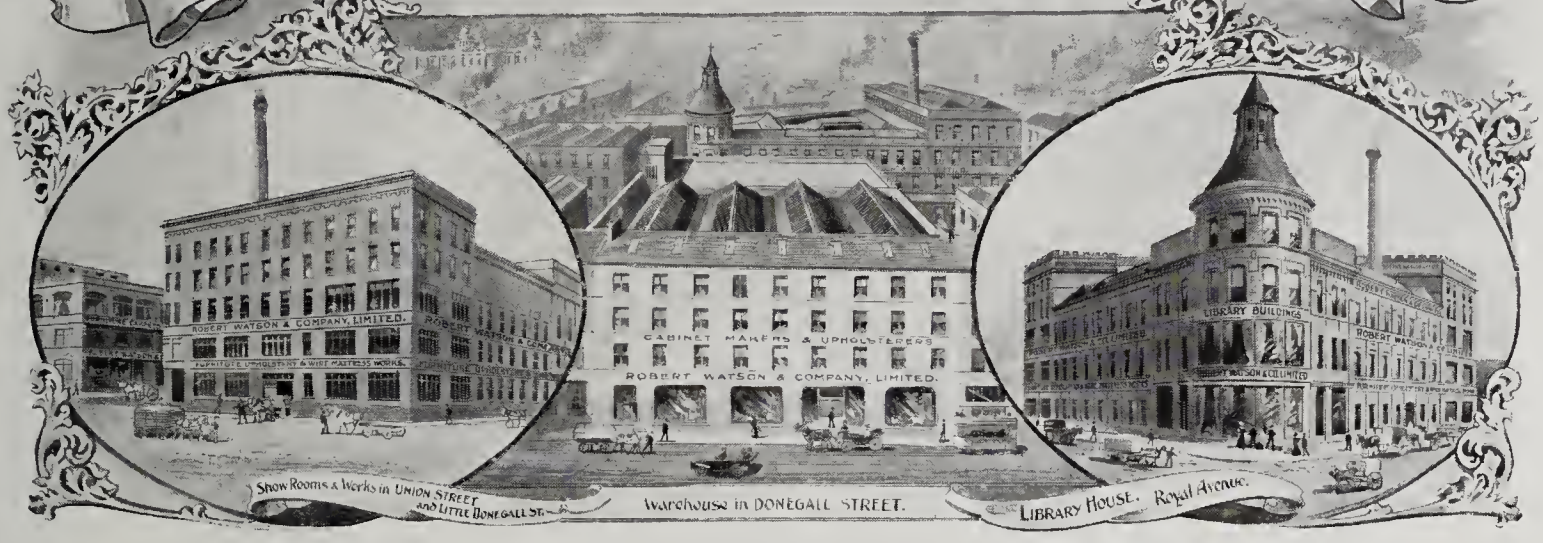
"She interests me, she has a pretty face," I said. "I would like to know a little about her."

"Step in and see her then," the postman advised. "There is a beggar on her door-

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LEAVES FROM SANTA CLAUS'S DIARY—Continued

step. She will open the door to him, and you can slide in unobserved."

I acted on his suggestion. I followed her into the lonely sitting-room, and watched her seat herself by the fire.

"I thought I would have got at anyrate one letter, and maybe a card to-day. I expected Barbara Coates wouldn't have forgotten me quite. I thought for the sake of the old days she would have remembered me at Christmas, but I can't send presents or cards, and I suppose I should not look for anything, only Barbara—I fancied Barbara——"

She broke off shortly, and hid her face in her hands, and tears trickled through her fingers. Barbara Coates! the donor of the feather boa to the woman who was possessed of eight.

I crept out into the street. To-morrow I leave Ireland and cross to England.

Dec. 26th.—Liverpool.—My work is done, and I am not going in search of fresh adventure. Ah! Diary dear, this year's experiences have been worse than ever. It seems to me, however, my hands are tied. I see the evil, but I cannot put a finger out to help it. Yet, stay, when I reach again my palace in the land of snows, I will summon my council, and relate some of my adventures to them, and they who hold the happiness and welfare of mortals so dear, will make an effort, I know, to redress the evil, will try to give pleasure at this season to many who sadly need it, but who heretofore have looked for it in vain.

Dec. 27th.—In the Land of the Snows.—I am back again in the Ice Palace, that happy abode where no cold or weariness ever penetrates. The quick-fingered pages divested me of my crimson fur trimmed coat and hat, on my arrival, and conducted me with much ceremony to the banqueting hall—a spacious apartment, white and glistening as the hoar frost, save for the opalescent light that issues from wonderful lamps of pearl and silver.

The maidens saw at once that something in the great world that lies beyond our palace had made my soul sorrowful. So with the tinkling of a silver bell they summoned the Council. I flung myself down dejectedly on my couch of white velvet, and the council, eleven figures in bright white garments, seated themselves gravely round the dais, where I reclined. Cupid is the chairman of the Council but Cupid does nothing like anyone else, so he perched himself on the top of the sofa.

I related my adventures to them, pointed out my grievance, and when I had finished, at first only silence answered me.

The dimples had disappeared from Cupid's cheeks, and his face was very grave. The feathers of his wings were ruffled, and he tugged at the bandage on his eyes—a trick of his when he is puzzled and dismayed. At last he spoke:

"We have heard your story, and it is certainly one that requires attention. Of late, as I hinted to you on a previous occasion, I have had little to do with Christmas giving, the consequence is, it has degenerated into little better than a Christmas exchange. Those who give handsome presents receive them, those who cannot do this are neglected and forgotten.

"Your council can and will help you though," Cupid continued. "Eleven of its members are eleven spirits, who roam to and fro over the earth, suggesting good and kindly deeds to men and women. I, Cupid, the god of love, am your council's chairman. In the future, for a full month before Christmas we will visit the earth, suggesting to men that it is particularly the lonely and sad who should be remembered at Christmas.

"It is just want of thought," Cupid assured me. "There is so much goodness in men and women, they would not have any lonely and sad round them at Christmas if they knew, but we will remedy this, never fear. We'll just whisper to them it will be quite enough to be sure not to forget the lonely and sad at Christmas—the lonely and sad."

Diary dear, I am relieved. The kind-hearted Irish people anyway I know will heed the message—for they have beautiful eyes, the Irish people, and so they must have beautiful souls.

Next year at any rate much loneliness and sadness will be lessened all over the world, and to remember the lonely and sad is the true Christmas spirit. The account of my journey in next year's diary will be a brighter, happier one, I fancy.

An American Queen of the Irish Court.

(*Concluded from page 12*)

Street Chapel, to the Viceregal Lodge, to celebrate the marriage according to the rubric of the Roman Catholic Church, of which the bride was a member. In this connection, it is interesting to recall that the Marchioness of Wellesley regularly attended Mass in the pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street, then newly opened, and was always attended to and from Divine service by a cavalry escort.

During the winter months banquets and musical parties—they were not then described as State concerts—were of weekly occurrence. The first Drawing-room of the season was held on the 9th March, 1826. "His Excellency," wrote the reporters, "appeared in excellent health and spirits; and the grand and dignified manner of the amiable Marchioness attracted universal attention." It is interesting to be able to relate that the Marchioness wore a rich silk-lama dress, ornamented with pink Japonicas, mixed with silver wheat; her splendid train was of Irish silver tabinet, shamrock pattern, richly trimmed with silver. Her headdress, a wreath of Japonicas and silver wheat, surrounded by a plume, beautifully arranged, not so heavy as usually worn by the fashionable people of the period. The lappets, too, were much wider and longer than were usually worn. The Vicereine's sister, Miss Elizabeth Caton, wore a white tulle dress; with a full trimming of white satin and tulle, ornamented with bouquets of flowers, a train of white satin, and a headdress of feathers.

The Marquis of Wellesley entertained on a lavish scale; the man who had broken all records as a distinguished Governor-General during eight years in India, and possessed the poetic and artistic temperament, did not reckon the cost of maintaining the honour of his King in whatever portion of his dominions he served him. The Castle season extended to the middle of April, and was continued, as far as circumstances would allow, at the Viceregal Lodge.

On the 19th April a command performance was given at the old Theatre Royal, then a practically new, up-to-date building for the period. The Marquis and Marchioness were cheered through the streets, and the house was packed from floor to ceiling by an audience fully representing the classes and masses.

When the Viceregal party entered their box, the house rose, cheering enthusiastically. The Viceroy bowed his acknowledgments, then, taking his bride by the hand, he drew her forward and presented her to the audience. The vehemence of the cheering at this point became so great and prolonged, that the Marchioness, like a great and beloved beauty Dublin always welcomed with similar enthusiasm in our younger days, burst into tears. That was the signal for the achievement of the seemingly impossible—the acclamations became deafening, and were renewed again and again during the intervals between the acts. The enthusiasm was unprecedented, and its significance emphasized by the fact that, on the occasion of a previous visit (in 1822) to that theatre, the Marquis of Wellesley had a miraculous escape from being slain by a ruffian who threw an empty pint bottle at the Viceroy's head.

In less than a month afterwards a great ball was given at the Rotunda. Rich and poor, gentle and simple, were all united in the desire to honour the new Vicereine. Political acerbities and the Viceroy's well-known predisposition in favour of Catholic emancipation (which was granted three years later), made his position somewhat difficult. Nevertheless there is no evidence of this in the long lists of notabilities attending the Castle functions, or other more public displays, whereat the Marquis and Marchioness attended. One who was present at the Rotunda ball relates that the distinguished pair arrived at ten o'clock, the Marchioness leaning upon the arm of the Viceroy. "They were received with acclamations, and all eyes were fixed upon the pair as, with slow and stately steps, they advanced up the saloon, followed by a brilliant suite. A throne, surmounted by a brilliant canopy of scarlet and gold, was erected at the extreme end of the reception room; here they seated themselves, while their suite formed a hollow square around it, to exclude the crowd of spectators from a too near approach.

"The Marquis of Wellesley wore a rich uniform, decorated with orders. The Marchioness was dressed simply in white, but looked every inch a queen. She was dignified, but at the same time easy in her manners. Her figure was exquisitely proportioned; her arms and shoulders were beautifully moulded; her features were classical, her profile delicate and distinguished; her complexion fair and lovely beyond description, and her nose, that difficult feature, was straight and Grecian in form. Certainly no other Court in Europe could have produced a woman of greater elegance or more accomplished manners than the American Queen of the Irish Court."

The summer was spent at Lord Meath's seat, Kilruddery, Bray, Co. Wicklow, and it was probably whilst there that news arrived that the grandfather of the Marchioness, by a singular fate had become the only surviving member of the patriots, who signed the declaration of independence. On the next succeeding 4th July anniversary, at a banquet given at Charleston, Bishop England proposed the toast—"Charles Carroll, of Carrollton—in the land from which his grandfather fled in terror, his [grand] daughter now reigns a Queen."

The period of the Marquis of Wellesley's first term of Viceroyalty ended in the spring of 1828. He resumed office in the autumn of 1833, remaining till the close of the following year. Between these two periods the Marquis had accepted the Lord Stewardship and the Marchioness was appointed first Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Adelaide.

There is indisputable evidence that the union between the Marquis and Marchioness was a particularly happy one. Her amiability suited his temperament, and her fortune was expended in living up to their joint ideals. Like her two titled sisters the Marchioness was childless, and she and her distinguished husband were free to devote themselves to Court duties. Acting as intermediary, she induced the Duke of Wellington to visit his brother, her husband, on 16th May, 1839. These two great Dublin-born men, who had rendered incomparable services to the British Empire were estranged without ever having "fallen out," as the phrase is. When they met they chatted as if there had never been any estrangement.

The Marquis of Wellesley died in September 1842, in his 83rd year, the Marchioness then being in her 45th year. Three years later news arrived of her grandfather's death at the same age as her late husband had attained. The Marchioness was then resident in Hampton Court Palace, through the kindness of the late Queen Victoria, and was attended by the faithful negress, Henrietta Johnson, who had been her servitor and companion from childhood. On the 17th December, 1853, after a few days' illness, the ex-American Queen of the Irish Court died in Hampton Court Palace, aged 56. Her sister, Elizabeth, who accompanied her to Dublin, and some years afterwards married Lord Stafford, died at the convent, Eastbourne, in 1862; and Louisa, the Duchess of Leeds, passed away at St. Leonards-on-Sea in 1874. The black woman, Henrietta Johnson, survived her three patrons until 1905, when, it is believed she had reached the age of 111 or 112 years.

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THE CHRISTMAS CHILD.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

["LADY OF THE HOUSE" COPYRIGHT.]

It was a long time ago since the mother of the children at Fir Tree Hall had left them: an endless age it seemed to Betty, and Fan and Peter and little Pat—though it could not have been so long, as grown-up people count time, since Pat was only six years old. She had died when Pat was born.

Poor, sweet woman! The people round about the mountainous Irish country shook their heads when they thought of her, and said sorrowfully that she could not be happy in the place where she was gone to if she had any idea of the desolation and ruin she had left behind. For Richard Ferguson had taken to drink after his wife's death, and had remained drunk, with a few intervals of miserable consciousness, during the three years he lived after her: and ought to have died, said many a one, before he married Jane Anne Cleaver, one of his own servants.

The other servants cleared out after the marriage. They were not going to sit down under Jane Anne for a mistress, not they. They all knew how she had got the poor master to marry her—by bringing him drink for his destruction, and then carrying him off and keeping him fuddled till the Registrar at Quayside had tied the knot. Sure, said the people, wouldn't he be punished for all his sins if he could only know the unhappiness of the poor children he had left behind him—for he was a fond father as well as a fond husband, and it never would have happened only for the drink.



KATHARINE TYNAN

Author of "Rose of the Garden," "Honey, my Honey," etc.

[*Portrait by F. Hollyer*]

Fir Tree Hall was a big rambling house, which would have required a whole staff of servants to keep it in order. It had been decaying, growing shabbier year by year, but till Richard Ferguson's second marriage it had kept its shabby dignity, as it kept its usual Irish entourage of pensioners of one kind or another. Jane Anne had thought to do a great thing for herself when she married the master and sent the pensioners packing. She had not done so well after all. The place was heavily encumbered. There was very little money and there were the four children. Jane Anne, in the early days of her promotion, had given herself airs, and made enemies of her own class. Now, in her widowhood, she was left alone. The gardens were overgrown, the stableyard empty, the house going to rack and ruin, and Jane Anne's temper as bad as it was possible to imagine, especially after she had gone over to Quayside by train and come back red in the face, with a dull glare in her eyes which the children had learned to dread.

It seemed nobody's business to see how Richard Ferguson's children were dealt with. Fir Tree Hall is in a beautiful but rather desolate and poverty-stricken country, of few gentry, and the drive up to the house extends a full mile from the entrance gates. Jane Anne had been very rude to one or two good people who had called. No one suspected that she ill-treated the children. And, after all, who was going to take charge of four children? Richard Ferguson did not seem to have a relative left in the world. His friends were dead or alienated. When he had spoken, just before his death, with a hand wet with the sweat of death on Peter's shoulder, had said—

THE CHRISTMAS CHILD.—Continued.

"Write . . . Aunt Lucy . . 412 . ." His voice had died off. He had never finished the sentence.

Jane Anne through everything had retained her Northern preference for what I might call a ruthless cleanliness. The greater part of the big house might go to rack and ruin. The part in which she lived must be clean. She closed up the big handsome rooms upstairs. They suffered less shut up than open. She preferred to live in the kitchen, and since she had grown lazy of late and was tending to stoutness, the kitchen premises had to be kept clean by someone else than her. There was no one to do it but the children—with Jane Anne's eyes and tongue over them. There seemed miles of those kitchen premises to the children, to say nothing of the stone staircases. The children spent most of their lives washing and scrubbing, that is to say Betty and Peter did, for the others were too little to be of much use. Betty and Peter must be up in the dark of the winter mornings. The fire had to be made and the kitchen tiles scrubbed over, and everything clean and shining, and the breakfast ready before Jane Anne streeled down in her dirty dressing-gown. Whatever there was good to be eaten she had. The children had what Jane Anne might have flung to a dog, if she had kept anything so useless. They should have been tall, handsome, well-formed children, but they were half-starved; and Betty and Peter were cruelly overworked, and had not enough sleep and lay cold at night and were ill-clad. All four children were cowed. Even Pat who was naturally merry had almost forgotten how to laugh, except when he played with the Christmas Child, whose picture his mother had hung on the nursery wall before Pat was born. At times even Pat wore a frightened look, and would cower down like a beaten dog if Jane Anne's eyes rested upon him.

Hitherto the children had not brought Jane Anne's direct wrath upon them. They were too thoroughly cowed for that; but about a week before Christmas little Pat, sitting to peel potatoes at the table in the kitchen with his stepmother, was suddenly sick. Seeing what his meal had been composed of it was no wonder.

Jane Anne pounced upon him, carried him struggling into the back yard and turned the pump upon him, all the time shaking and objurgating the terrified child till he was almost out of his wits.

She had half-drowned him before Betty appeared on the scene. Betty had been scrubbing a bedroom at the top of the house and had not known what was happening.

She hurled herself full upon her stepmother like a little fury, using what means of attack nature had given her—her nails, her feet—she was wearing hob-nailed boots that it would have broken her mother's heart to see. Unexpectedly Jane Anne fell back before the onslaught. The boots had done great execution on her shins. Betty rejoiced at the queer look of fear that came into the woman's yellow face. Of course she would have to suffer for it later: they would all have to suffer for it—but the gratified hatred in the little heart was sweet for the moment. Poor Betty, who was by nature the gentlest of children! What a heartbreak it would have been to Angela Ferguson.

She had snatched Pat from the amazed Jane Anne before the lady could recover herself, and carried him upstairs. She had torn off his wet clothes, and put him into bed. Her cheeks were flaming, and her eyes shining. Presently she would break down into floods of tears; but not yet.

When she had got Pat into bed she looked about her. He must have something over him besides the wretched thin single blanket which Jane Anne allowed, if he was to be made warm. She got her own blanket—she and Fan slept together, as did Peter and Pat. It was no good: the stuff was worn through.

Ah!—she had an idea. She walked straight into Jane Anne's room. Jane Anne might live in the kitchen, but she had one of the best bedrooms in the house. There was a big gilt bed, with curtains of scarlet damask like a Queen's bed. Jane Anne's cupidity would have been excited if she could have known what the bed was worth. It was heaped with fleecy blankets. Betty made two or three journeys before she was satisfied and small Pat under a mountain of blankets. While she was panting after her exertions Peter and Fan came stealing into the room. They always crept about like a dog that is afraid of a blow.

"Oh! Bet, what have you done?" Fan asked in a whisper.

"One of these days," said Peter in a thick voice, "I shall take a knife and kill her. She'll want to do dreadful things to you. But I won't let her. I shall kill her first. I'm a gentleman, and a gentleman always defends ladies. I will not let her touch my sister."

Poor Peter, in dirty corduroy trousers worn to holes at the knees where he knelt to scrub the stones, in an old coat of his father's, with hob-nailed boots which carried a smell of the fowl-run he had just been cleaning about with them, was a very deplorable-looking gentleman.

But Betty ran to him and took his head into her arms. Peter looked terribly thin. His colour was unwholesome. His eyes were sunken, and there were hollows behind his ears. Feeling his sharp shoulder-blades under her arms, the little sister was stricken with a sudden terror. She might have burst into tears if she had not heard Jane Anne's voice at that moment.

Jane Anne was calling from the top of the kitchen stairs and her voice had a snarl in it. Betty closed the bedroom door, and walked down quietly. Despite her rags and her miserable appearance she looked in her forlorn courage, what she was, the child of gentlefolk.

"What do you want with me?" she asked of the virago, who stood hiding something behind her back.

The woman blanched oddly. Then out came the stick—a stout black-thorn, which was capable of reducing Betty's little half-formed bones to pulp. She had seized the child when Peter was upon her, and had dashed her back against the wall. The woman was oddly limp in his slight hold. Like most bullies she was a coward, and the children's unresisting helplessness had whetted her appetite for cruelty.

"If you touch my sister I will kill you," said Peter.

Jane Anne pushed him back after that pause of stupefaction, and stood looking at him malevolently, holding the door of the kitchen staircase half open, so that she could shut it between her and Peter in case of sudden attack.

"You'll go to a reformatory school," she said. "That's the only place for you, you young murderer. As for you, miss, you may beg the country, or go to the poorhouse. I am going to be married again. It's time I had someone to defend me. Out the two o' ye go this night. I'll thrash the devil out of the others, before they're on the road after ye."

Saying which she shut the kitchen staircase door, bolted it on the inside, and clattered down the stairs.

For a few minutes Peter and Betty stared at each other. Then Betty burst into sobbing. Peter went and put an arm about her and tried to console her. They sat down on the stairs, side by side, holding each other's hands forlornly. While they sat there, they heard a welcome sound—the sound of the old pony's feet on the gravel. Jane Anne was going over to Quayside. She would be absent for the day.

There was a staircase window from which they could see, and they were in time to see Jane Anne depart, whacking with a big stick the old pony which had belonged to the children's mother, and had been put out on the grass for the rest of its days in Richard Ferguson's life-time.

"Do you suppose she's gone for the police for me?" Peter whispered in a sudden terror. "She said the reformatory."

Betty was not at all sure, but she protested loudly against the possibility of such a thing, and Peter was satisfied, or in part satisfied. Anyhow Jane Anne was gone out for the day, and that was enough for immediate happiness.

"She said she was going to be married," said Betty. "It must be that red-faced man you disliked so much, Peter, who came to see her one day and gave you his horse to hold. She said he was a gentleman who kept a public-house in Quayside."

"If he was to come here," said Peter, "I'd as soon be out of it—if it was to be a reformatory school. If only you were all right, Betty, and the others."

"Let us get out of this," said Betty, remembering that she had had no breakfast. All these happenings were over and done with before nine o'clock in the morning. "She may have left us a pinch of tea and some bread, and we'll make toast, and milk the goat and have a feast."

"I believe papa meant me to write to Aunt Lucy," said Peter. "He looked so unhappy while he tried to remember: and then he fell asleep. Let us go and look at Aunt Lucy's picture. I can open a shutter, so we can see."

They went into the shrouded drawing-room, where all the furniture, wrapped up in sheets, stood in a ghostly gloom. With a great effort they got down the big bar of the shutters, and let the light in. Either side the fireplace there hung two water-colour portraits—one of the children's mother, the other of her sister, Aunt Luey.

The children knew nothing at all of Aunt Lucy, and only Betty, who was eleven, had a hazy memory of a beautiful young mother. Both faces were of a delicate oval. They had the ringlets, the softly smiling lips, the swan necks of the Books of Beauty period. Their brown eyes looked at the children with what seemed a pitying tenderness. Only there was a difference. Aunt Luey's nose turned up a little. There was something more wilful in her expression.

"I remember now," said Betty, "Aunt Lucy married someone papa did not approve of. He thought she let herself down. They went to America. I must have heard someone talking about it."

Again she was aware of the pangs of hunger.

"Shut the shutters, Peter," she said, "and let us go. I'm so hungry. No one has had any breakfast. How quiet the children are!"

It was quite a considerable time before they could open the hall door, which was bolted and barred. The door at the head of the kitchen stairs was locked, so there was no getting down that way. They ran round the house to the kitchen door. That, too, was locked and the key gone; the windows had been hasped inside. Jane Anne had said to herself with a wicked smile as she drove off, that there wouldn't be much fight in the children by the time she returned.

Peter and Betty looked at each other in dismay. The worst of it would be when Pat began to demand his food. Pat was too young to be put off long with excuses, and even Jane Anne had had to feed him after a fashion, because he cried so much if he wasn't fed.

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THE CHRISTMAS CHILD.—Continued.

They must find something and milk the goat, and perhaps there might be an egg during the day. While they were discussing ways and means Fan joined them.

"I saw her go off," said Fan. "Pat's awake, and saying such silly things. He says that Baby he has a picture of on the wall came and spoke to him, and told him he was going to have a splendid Christmas. He's such a silly child. He won't believe that he only dreamt it."

The children, even Betty, had no ideas about religion, or very hazy ideas. No one had troubled to teach them after their mother died—and since Betty was only five and a half then, she might be pardoned for being hazy. But she knew dimly that the picture of the Christ-Child which hung by Pat's cot, of which he had made a playfellow during his babyhood, represented Someone who was in heaven, and had great power, and was dreadfully sorry for people who were unhappy, especially for other children.

"I wish He'd send Aunt Lucy," said Betty.

"Oh, and Betty—hadn't you better put back *her* blankets! She'll kill you if she finds out. Pat is lovely and warm now, and so am I, for I lay down beside him, and I'm sure the picture never stirred."

Pat apparently was none the worse for his immersion. He was lying, talking to the picture on the wall, when Betty went upstairs, and he was quite, quite sure—the Christmas Child, as he called Him, had promised them all a lovely Christmas.

"It seems very likely," said poor Betty bitterly. She was afraid to tell Pat that there was nothing to eat. But she suggested his staying in bed and Fan with him. They could play a game. There were still games in the old nursery cupboard. They would keep warm, and they would be less likely to be hungry.

The goat's milk was divided into four portions. The small children had one each, and Betty contrived that Peter should have what remained. She was still feeling scared over the thinness of Peter's shoulder- blades. And his poor knees were sore when they looked through his corduroys. Perhaps she could mend the trousers. There was that work-table of mother's, if she could only find a needle in it that was not rusted. Betty's ideas of mending were very rudimentary but she thought she could manage to put something between Peter's poor knees and the stones he had to scrub.

Peter went out, and collected a few pieces of coal and scraps of wood. They found matches and kindling wood in Jane Anne's bedroom, which had always a fire at night, and they made a fire in Pat's bedroom, but it smoked because the chimney was cold, and refused to be anything but the ghost of a fire.

Perhaps Betty was too faint from want of food to feel keenly or anything but light-headed. She sat mending Peter's trousers, while he was wrapped up luxuriously in one of Jane Anne's woolly blankets, listening dreamily to Pat's recital of all the Christmas Child was going to do for them. Pat was a child of imagination, and he pictured things which Betty wondered he had ever heard of while the hours passed in a dream, and the dusk gathered down upon the house. She had a swimming in her head, and a trembling in her limbs. She could hardly see to finish the cobbling of Peter's corduroys, and she felt oddly faint after Peter had retired into a corner to put them on.

Suddenly there was a sound of wheels, of horses' feet. Jane Anne had returned. Pat forgot his dreams and began to whimper. Fan dived down under the bedclothes. Peter and Betty stared at each other, and Betty had a memory of the reformatory for Peter, and of how she was to be turned out to beg, leaving the little ones to be tortured by Jane Anne.

While they looked at each other there was a tremendous rat-tat at the hall door. Not Jane Anne. Jane Anne would never have dreamt of knocking at the hall door. Was it the police? The thought terrified the two elder children. The little ones had fallen silent. They thought nothing but that Jane Anne, the tyrant, had come back.

Rat-tat-tat! You'd think the door would come down. Peter started up, flinging back the mane of fair hair, which would have been beautiful if it had been cared for. There was a look of resolution on the poor, thin face.

"I am going to open the door, Bet," he said, "even if it is the police."

He started off, Betty following him. It was easy enough to open the door, for the bolts and chains had not been put back, but a storm had come up, and the door came open with a great bang.

There was a carriage on the neglected gravel-sweep. The children hardly noticed it, because of the little lady in furs who stepped into the hall, a big man following her. He had a white beard, and kind, merry eyes, and Betty had a memory of a picture of Santa Claus, which she had seen somewhere, and thought that the gentleman looked like Santa Claus.

"Oh! dear!" said the lady in a heart-broken voice, "this cannot be my little Peter. And Betty—is it Betty? Oh, if I had only known."—

She seemed to be terribly agitated by the sight of them, and the gentleman was looking at them oddly too. The children could not imagine what it was all about, till a rainy streak of sunshine came in the Irish way from the depths of the storm-cloud, and shone full on the lady's face—and Betty knew.

"Oh, you are Aunt Lucy!" she cried.

"I am Aunt Lucy, my darling. Oh, I wish I had known!"

"Did you ever see anything like it, William?" to the gentleman.

"I should just carry them right off, my dear," said the gentleman very decisively, "and let the creature fight it out afterwards if she wants to. They want a wash and brush up and some clothes and feeding as badly as any children I ever hope to see."

There was a shocked sound in his voice as he spoke.

"They want some mothering, the poor lambs," said the lady, with an arm round Betty and one round Peter. "But where are the others, my pets? There are two more, are there not?"

At this moment Betty suddenly slid and would have fallen into a limp heap, if her aunt's arm had not held her up.

When she became quite aware of things again, she was in a carriage rolling along swiftly. The light had not yet quite gone. Betty was supported by her aunt's shoulder; Pat was sitting in a corner wrapped in a blanket; and Peter and Fan were either side of the gentleman.

"Ah, that's right," said Aunt Lucy. "We were taking you to a doctor as quickly as we could; but I expect it was hunger made you faint. Oh, you poor darlings, I never can make up to you."

"I know," said Pat, hugging something to his breast, which turned out to be his picture of the Christ Child—"I know—for He told me—that it was going to be a most splendid Christmas."

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Ardglass and its Haunted Castle, Castle Shane

By FRANCIS JOSEPH BIGGER, M.R.I.A.



FRANCIS JOSEPH BIGGER, M.R.I.A,
Of Belfast, one of the most esteemed living authorities on matters historical and antiquarian in Ireland. An indefatigable worker, unsparing of labour, time, and money; unearthing, recording and conserving memorials of Ireland's past distinction. A keen helper in the Gaelic revival, literary and industrial.
Photo by Lafayette.

THE great strong fortress of the old seaport of Lecale had long stood bare and roofless, with the gaps in its battlements ever growing deeper and wider. Not since the wars of 1641—well nigh three hundred years ago—had a fire warmed its hearth. At that eventful time the MacArtans made a rush to recover their lands again, and stormed the Castle as part of their campaign, and then followed disaster, ruin, and altered land holders, with the old walls lying desolate.

The English Crown had vested Lecale in the lordly FitzGeralds, earls of Kildare and dukes of Leinster, and from them they had come down in the female line, to names not so Irish, who, in turn squandered all their patrimony, and so the lands of Lecale and the old castles of Ardglass must be sold.

Other castles, called King's Castle and Queen's Castle (fancy names from their eminent site), had been utterly destroyed; others again had fallen much to decay, like old ruined aristocracy, or gone into trade to eke out a precarious existence.

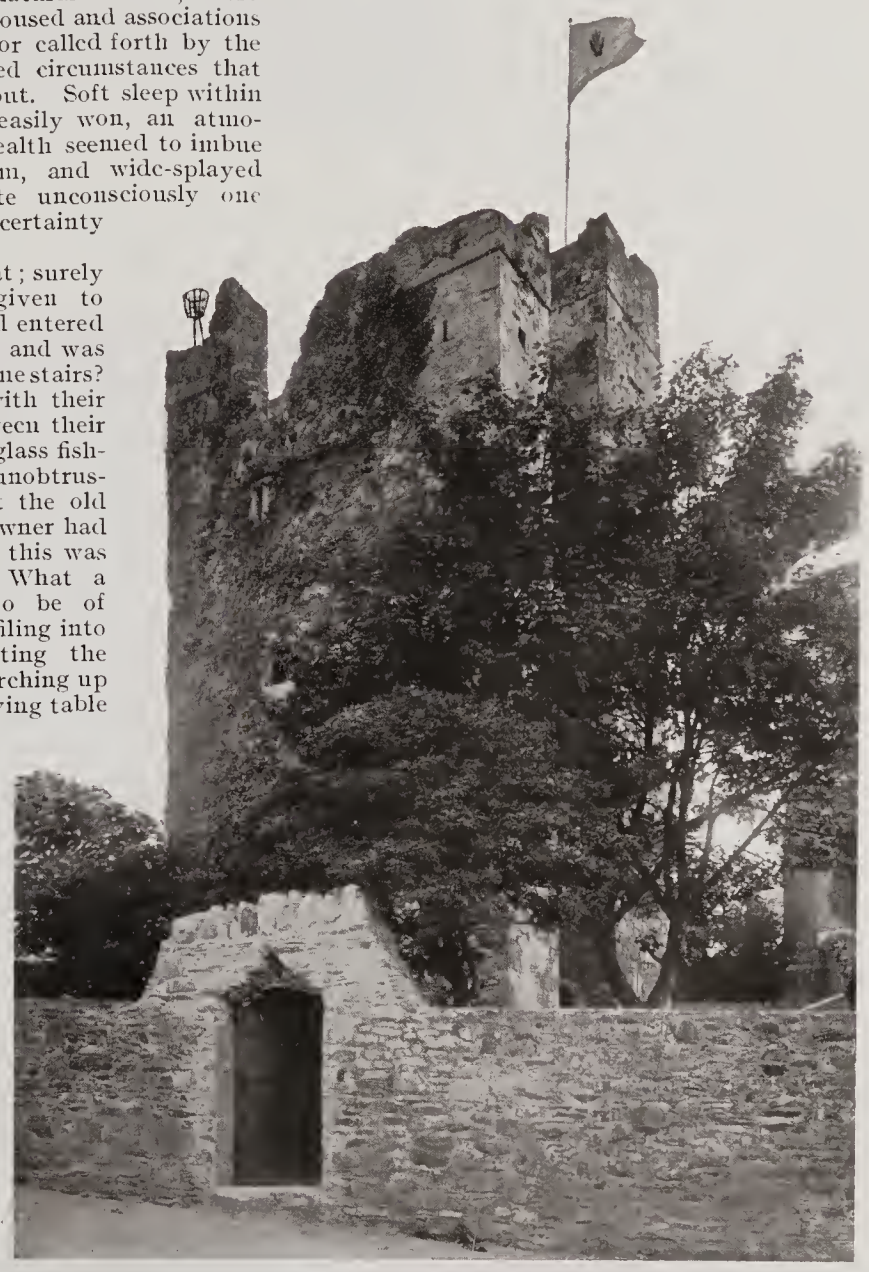
And so it came about that the old walls must go to the hammer. Their ghosts and past history were not reserved by the auctioneers' conditions of sale, and so went to the new purchaser. He speedily roofed and floored the "pallace," as an old record calls it, and made it habitable and fit for plenishing, after the big wood fires had been lighted for some time. Gaily the sparks chased each other up the wide stone chimneys to the topmost tower, as if there never had been a break since Dane or Norman baron or Irish chieftain had warmed his limbs under the cross tree. Crackling logs, from the banks of the Quoile, were meet firing for Down's chief seaport stronghold. With the returning warmth of fire and renewed human occupation new life returned to wall and ivy mantling. Great brown shell snails crawled out of the deep crevices, and monstrous spiders showed themselves, where before they were unnoticed. Plants of wallflower and wall rue, sedum and lichen appeared more widespread, snapdragon and valerian became more observable, and, more than all, on early, bright sunny mornings, in the late autumn, the whole tower became alive with birds, pigeons cooed in the old columbary, jackdaws cawed down the chimneys, starlings crept into every hole in the masonry, casting out small stones and mortar to the evident risk of anyone walking beneath. Tits were there in abundance and linnets, the wagtail fluttered from bow-slit to battlement. Every starling seemed to have several sparrows disputing occupancy with him. Great wheeling gannets and numerous gulls hovered above, not deigning to alight on any hand-mauled rocks, but closely observant all the same, and a coast-guard reported that he had even seen a hawk, but this was not corroborated.

Notice of all this invasion of the feathered world had been previously announced by my old friend the robin, who had hopped in through the open casement of the head or sleeping chamber, and sounded his notes, and then flew away to the high curtain wall between the towers, to see what a pert little chitty-wren was after, up so high.

Of course, even pleasant sleep was not so enjoyable as a saunter up the stone-encircling stair and around the wide parapets, watching such visitors in the morning sunlight on the balmy coast of County Down, with the blue waves beneath, and the broad white lace bordering the surplice of the sea. Life had come back to the old castle; plants and flowers and birds and insects recognised this first, with their truly natural instinct, and so other memories were aroused and associations kindled to life again or called forth by the unusual and unexpected circumstances that had been brought about. Soft sleep within the old chamber was easily won, an atmosphere of peace and health seemed to imbue every stone, and beam, and wide-splayed opening. It was quite unconsciously one passed from physical uncertainty to spiritual reality.

"What noise was that; surely some crowd, more given to tongue than usual, had entered at the open portcullis, and was ascending the steep, stone stairs? Who could they be, with their clanking of metal between their hurried steps?" Ardglass fishermen had ever been unobtrusively courteous about the old castle since its new owner had come to visit them, but this was another experience. What a crowd there seems to be of them; there they are, filing into the guardroom, upsetting the cooking vessels, and lurching up against the big oak serving table and benches, and knocking down the weapons leaning against the walls, and even smiting chest and dresser with their axes. Others pressed up into the banquet hall and paused awhile, as if surprised at the wealth and rough beauty of its contents, then across the heavy rugs they creep, peering into the tiny chapel, whose dim flickering lamp and sacred sign seem to awe them for a time even in their roughness; a hasty glance around is given to see if the jewelled shrine is there or golden candlestick or holy vessel, but they are disappointed—times have changed. They hastily retreat from the oratory, pushing higher up the keep into the sleeping chamber, and now they can be seen in the scanty light, and a truly formidable crowd they are. Not very tall, save for an odd one here and there, but light of hair, long, curling, some beardless with youth, but many face-reddened with seafaring, bearing well-trimmed hair upon their countenances. Long, heavy boots, cross-strapped, and studded with metal, leather tunics, belted, with much glittering chain mail over them, steel skull caps, with spikes and polished bands. All bear a short sword or a battle-axe in their supple, clever, well-shaped hands. Hastily they march around the room, peering everywhere, but I breathe again, for I am unnoticed, and they push on to the battlements; the noise of their shuffling feet can be heard as they crowd across the roof to the beacon tower overlooking the sea. Much animated talk takes place, and a wrangle of argument, clearly over some question of boats or wind or navigation, and then they all fade away as unexpectedly as they had come.

These could only be the spirits of the Fingalls or fair strangers, seeking along the Irish coast for trade and plunder and dark-eyed Irish girls. Perhaps they had come from the Strangfiord, and were going to Ben Edar,



CASTLE SHANE, ARDGLASS, COUNTY DOWN.
From the Harbour Gate. *Photo by A. R. Hogg.*

or perhaps they were early Normans, grandsons of the Fingall or the Norseman, fresh from France, with no Saxon word on their tongue, but the old desire for trade and conquest strong in their breasts. Next time they

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ARDGLASS AND ITS HAUNTED CASTLE, CASTLE SHANE—Continued.

come I must, like Hamlet, speak with them and solve this question, for it is important that I should know who laid the foundation of this old trading castle on the rocky shore, at the foot of the green height.

Little time is given to ponder on this question, for a great blowing of trumpets breaks in upon my ear, and there is much noise at the rude rock-cut jetty beneath the castle walls, where the rocks jut into the harbour. Hastily I jump from my couch and peer out of the narrow window. What a sight meets my eyes. The whole harbour is alive with armed warriors, and more still are coming ashore, jumping into the surf, holding up their arms to keep them dry. Quite a little fleet is there, one more gaily decked out than the others, having on board a warrior well-equipped in a perfect suit of mail and a flowing plume in his helmet, a large broadsword at his side, and a heavy crimson mantle hanging from his shoulders, with attendant knights. It is easy to be seen that he is someone of importance in his own eyes as well as in those of his retainers. What brings him to the green height. He must have espied from the sea the strength and security of the castle—not old then as castles go. The woodwork was still green, the stones freshly carved, and the wooden palisading everywhere intact. His trumpeter blows another blast. I hear the chains being taken off, the bars flung back, and the hinges of the heavy iron-studded castle door grating as several tall forms step forth from the entrance beneath. I had no idea there were so many retainers in the castle; they seem to be quite at home. Why did I not notice them before. The plumed figure in the crimson cloak steps ashore. I see many kneeling on one knee before him, and I hear their salutations. King John of England, indeed — that is a big order. I wonder what he can be after. He does not affect me so seriously nor impress me so much as my first visitors.

I wonder why—perhaps I am getting used to it. I suppose I will have to go down and bid him welcome. If he is going to stop any time he will want to make me a baron, and I would have to turn up at Runnymede, so I won't go, but will hide under the bed. I



Photo by] THE PORTCULLIS WINDOW IN THE BANQUET HALL. *[A. R. Hogg.*



THE GUARD ROOM (KITCHEN) AT CASTLE SHANE.

overhear some of the men-at-arms discussing the situation with the castle garrison, all quite oblivious of my presence. The King was at his castle of Carlingford, when news came to him that de Courci was getting out of hands, so he resolved to journey into Lecale, and take that wicked earl, who was at Dundrum, on the flank. This he could do from Ardglass, harrying de Courci into the Mournes, and cutting him off from Dun-Padraig and Carrig Fergus. But, oh, horror! my hair stood on end; how would he ever get through Ballycinlar—did he know the South Down Militia were there, and that their leader was in threatened revolt, defying all Saxon power? Had no one told him of this? I broke into a cold sweat and almost awakened. The fright that was on me dispelled the apparition, and again refreshing slumber overtook me, but I soon seemed to gain consciousness by the crowded and stifling atmosphere of the place. The whole castle was barricaded and protected, the narrowest window, or loophole being completely covered with guards. What could it mean. One tall form seemed to inspire the place to resistance. I awaited my chance, and peered out of a cross-bow opening, where I could see the other fortresses. All of them were flying the Red Right Hand of the O'Neill, and I heard that the great Earl of Tir Eoghan, Aodh O'Neill himself, was there. His troops of kilted warriors, in saffron shirts and flowing mantles, walked about, lolled on the green stretches, or fished from the rocks, quite oblivious of danger. It was evident that those in the castle had exhausted their ammunition if they were enemies to the Irish, as I supposed they were, but whatever would the O'Neills say when they found out that I, who purported to be their friend, was inside the Castle walls? This was very annoying and perplexing to me, for I always esteemed myself their ally. I must wait and see. I had not long to do so.

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ARDGLASS AND ITS HAUNTED CASTLE, CASTLE SHANE—Continued.

The leader of the garrison, whom I now learned was one Jordan, a descendant of one of the earlier visitors King John had left behind, or sent over to Uladh, entered my chamber. He was ill-clad and had a haggard look, evidently having stood a long siege, but now he was all excitement, and his eyes glittered, whilst outside all was consternation. A large number of horsemen were seen approaching from the direction of the Struell Wells, clearly English by the way they rode, and with some great one in their midst, having one in front with a standard. I seemed to be on the battlements, and so could see all that was taking place. By this time, my friends, the O'Neills, had withdrawn, at which I meanly felt glad, for now I should escape detection by them. A great shout arose from the castle, and everyone, except myself, seemed to rush forth and salute the visitors. The lord deputy, Mountjoy, was there himself, with his long lock of hair flying loose in the wind. I don't know where the food and drink came from —certainly poor Jordan hadn't them, perhaps the lord deputy brought them with him, or the O'Neills left them behind —but I seem to hear nothing save the rattling of horn goblets on the tables, and feel nothing but the smell of every conceivable roasted animal or boiled vegetable, which clearly had a soporiferous effect upon me, because I do not remember how the great man departed. He seemed to fade into the floor, and his troop of horsemen into the walls.



Photo by] THE BANQUET HALL AT CASTLE SHANE. *[R. Welch*

Dusky men sat around the heavy oak table, with stout two-edged knives at their sides. They had rings in their ears, and heavy leg-boots. Jewelled pistols, with long bronze ornamented handles were stuck in their belts. Were they Algerine pirates or traders from the Mediterranean seaboards? I could see a long rake of a galley pulled in close to the steps cut in the rock of the old harbour. She was low in the prow, and high-tiered at the stern, with many openings down the sides for the long oars. Her masts were, indeed, strange, both far forward with long bending spars fastened in the centre, touching the very bow in front and swinging high astern with rich peunants of purple and gold hanging from them, having strange devices. Such a vessel must have had a large crew, perhaps she had poor captives to work the oars. God knows. They had come to trade with those in the old castle, and having parted with their rich southern wines, fine silks and condiments, had stowed away spun lint from Iveagh, hides from Killultagh, or heavy woollens from Tir-Eoghan. Before leaving they were enjoying a heavy meal of salmon and beef, venison and wild duck, washed down by stroug uisceba, and then for a roaring game with dice, for dearly a seaman loves the roll of the dice. There was loud talk at times and strange oaths as one or another would stagger to his feet, grasping his dagger, but better counsels would prevail and the play continue until a furious blowing of horns from the galley forced them to retreat, and I heard them clumsily clambering down the steep stairs, one pushing the other, their heavy boots leaving some of them to descend in a heap with vile language and abuse at the barbarity of such an exit after so much Irish hospitality. The noise of them I could hear from the stair foot to the palisades, and thence through the guards to their galley. With the rhythm of the long swinging strokes of the oars and the heigha-ho of those hauling the ropes, the galley passed out of sight and sound, on the fresh flowing waves of an incoming tide.



Photo by] A BEDCHAMBER AT CASTLE SHANE. *[A R. Hogg*

Then a proud figure paced my apartment. I looked again and again at him; I could not help it. What a proud, kingly figure was his, belted and brooched, with just a little decoration on his tunic. His wide-flowing purple mantle he had thrown ou a couch. I could not tell whether his leather tunic or his ample kilt was the truer saffron. His hair was worn like an Irish chieftain, long and curling. His heavy ring caught my eye, and on it was cut the Red Right Hand, and I knew that he was the O'Neill—Shane the Proud. He held his hand to his chin, as if in deep thought, as he paced to and fro, and I heard him say: "This old harbour of my people is again our own. I must strengthen and fortify it better than ever it was, so that never again will a Saxon churl get foothold here. I will build it up for the prosperity of Ulster. I will preserve its trade for Ireland, and make its people Gael of the Gael in tongue and trade, a people that Ulster can ever depend upon. Dungannon or Benburb does not please me better than this green height by the sea. When I was going to visit England's queen in London I should have sailed from my port of Ardglass, instead of their lousy Sassenach Dublin." Whether it was the nasty adjective Shane used or not I cannot say, perhaps it was his pipers skirling high up on the battlements, but I turned over uneasily, and again passed into oblivion.

Of time I have no count. I found myself standing in terror at the chamber door shouting aloud to those beneath, who seemed to be so busy with their own troubles that they quite disregarded me. Flames were shooting up around the castle, and some of the floors seemed to have caught fire. I heard gun-shots going off in all directions—a huge rabble of a crowd, it seemed to me, had surrounded the castle. I could tell by their shouts of "O'Neill abu," "MacArtan abu," and their speech, that they were the old Irish, and they seemed bent on recovering the place. There was talk of driving the English finally across the sea this time, for Owen Roe was coming, and he was the greatest warrior since Shane O'Neill. They took the castle, but not before it was burnt out, and the walls left just as I had acquired them, bare and roofless, but smoking. I could see the stars and the new

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ARDGLASS AND ITS HAUNTED CASTLE, CASTLE SHANE.

moon rising over the south ward, and hear the sea birds screaming over the harbour, and the waves rising white on the rocks. Then ladders were brought, every tower was searched, every chamber peered into, and any fallen rubbish turned over by a whole company of red and yellow yeomen from Down and Inch, in search of "that damned rebel, Lord Edward." I could see his brother, lord Lecale, and his stepfather, William Ogilvie, fuming and protesting at the indignity placed upon them, the lords and owners of Ardglass.

After they were all gone Lord Edward appeared to me in shirt and trews, stockings and buckled shoes, with a green handkerchief around his throat, and a gleaming dagger in his hand. He smiled and chatted freely. We talked of Neilson, Hope, and M'Cracken, and I invited him to stay at Castle Shane, and he agreed to do so. I told him that Aodh O'Neill was about somewhere, and Shane the Proud was not far away, that all the others had left—gone, like the Norsemen over the sea, and he looked pleased, and I felt satisfied.

It was after that the little robin came in through the open window, and sang his trinity of notes, and I awakened.

. . . . .

Not hastening, however, to rise, a semi-conscious state comes over me, with full vitality clearly waning.

I see women with wide-hooped skirts and Victorian bonnets—all quite "respectable," I have no doubt; an atmosphere of squiredom and ascendancy pervades the place. Jerry-made doors are fastened on the old entrances, and enclosing walls are built, with labels regarding "trespassers" put up, as if the Irish ever trespassed. Agents, sub-agents, bum-bailiffs and common bailiffs are round about, but I cannot distinguish, in the Celtic twilight, one from the other. They all appear to be of the one creed and class, and bear the same smug, obsequious appearance. Later on they may develop into traders and acquire houses, or even become magistrates, and hob-nob with inspectors of infinite variety; but this is all nebulous and far away, indefinite, only assuming an air of reality when a hearty salute is given me by an old salt, who has sailed the seas, and fished them too—"Your honour is heartily welcome in the ould walls, makin' them live again. May you be long spared. God be praised. I was born and brought up in Ardglass and hope" (crossing himself) "to die in it, and I never was across the door of Castle Shane or even allowed to look over the walls at it until yer honour came—God knows the times are changed."

Then I felt a motion like that of the sea, and I was out in deep water in the "Satyr," with her big brown sail bellying above me, straining to the wind. I saw the long, mile long, net being cast out, with its dotted line of buoys supporting it. I heard the sing-song of the men, as the smack swung to anchor on the net, and I felt at peace with the whole world, with never a disturbing thought; deep sleep was sure to be mine at last, rocked by gentle waves on the Irish sea. When morning dawned, I saw strenuous figures hauling in the nets filled with glistening fish. A peach-coloured sunrise brightened the water; gannets plashed into its smooth surface. The fishermen grew lively in talk and joke and song, as their eyes brightened with the dawning day and the heavy night harvest. With hold filled high, and the brown sail swelling with the morning breeze, land was soon sighted and the harbour made. Many other crafts were around, some surged past, rushing in before us, others stood side by side, whilst some lagged behind. Great puffing drifters seemed to fill the port; they looked to have come from afar, bringing men with strange voices, crushing and crowding the smaller fishing boats, but pleasing a few people who tried to trade with them, heedless of the fisherfolk of the place, taking counsel with garrison men. The people had, however begun to feel their strength, and were not so anxious for advice from across the sea. Good heart was coming into old Lecale, and a better era was dawning: this could easily be felt.

The effort to work out such problems failed me in my languor, then I heard laughing and chatting, and all the sounds of a great company of many people. They were clearly friendly visitors — their tones were various. The high voices of the rich mingled with the guttural of the poor. Many had come from a distance; others were like the old seafarer, who had never been allowed to look in before. I tried to make all welcome. Fires were kindled, and the beacon lit on Tur na Teine, and the Red Right Hand of O'Neill was flown from the Columba Tower—what more could be done, surely each and all got a cead mile failte? Unknown but friendly hands had decked out the little oratory with fine linen and fresh flowers. Holy pictures and bright candles illuminated the cell, and quiet sanctity fell upon it, and many a knee was bowed in it, and many a prayer in the old Gaelic tongue was said before Muire agus Mac, and the deep purple curtain was often raised. Old women in wonder asked me, was I really Mister Bigger; could they shake me by the hand; could they have it to say they drank a cup of tea in Castle Shane? Tears were in their eyes and in those of their children as they said a blessing and passed on.

Then a great jollification took place—it seemed to come about almost spontaneously. There was piping, dancing, and singing of many songs by fisher boys and village boys and girls. Then there was reciting and story-telling and much mirth carried long into the night. Candles were in every sconce. The workers and ordinary folk gathered in, and I was much comforted by the presence of those whose lives were free and less trammelled by a mushroom etiquette, that stands for little good, spiritually or socially.

Sturdy boys and well set-up young men salute me bashfully, but with friendly looks. They glanced from me to the portrait of Shane O'Neill, and did honour to him also.

The whole place was a wonder and delight to them. Their hearts were stirred. Time and again they would come and shake me by the hand, and look me in the eyes steadily, and pass on saying nothing. All this was hard to bear, so gladness came over me



GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL ("A.E.").
Drawn by J. B. Yeats.

Born at Lurgan, Co. Armagh, in 1867, is at once poet, painter, dramatist, mystic, and agricultural economist. Since 1894, when he published his first book of poems "Homeward" under the now famous signature of "A. E.", he has been a leader of Irish thought, a prime factor in the Celtic Renaissance. Mr. Russell is the most paradoxical of all geniuses, for he is at once visionary and materialist, the seer who pins his spiritual obsessions to earth in poem and picture, and the agricultural economist who concerns himself with the best methods of rearing calves and making butter. As editor of "The Irish Homestead" he has effectively harnessed the Niagara of his imagination to drive the prosaic machinery of the soil.

Concluded on page 50.

May be safely Given from Birth **MELLIN'S FOOD** Makes Baby Healthy and Mother Happy

FINOLA'S SONG.

A STORY OF DUBLIN LIFE.

By CLARA MULHOLLAND.

("LADY OF THE HOUSE" COPYRIGHT.)

HE was old and grey and feeble. His face was pale and his hands trembled as he shut the blistered door of the poor lodging house behind him, and toiled wearily up the steep and narrow stair.

"This will, I fear, be my last search for Bob Carew," he muttered, breathing heavily. "My strength is failing. This coming to Ireland, after so many years of exile, has been time lost! A bitter disappointment! I—I——and Finola, my dainty little girl! When I am no more——"

A sob choked him, and tottering across the landing, he pushed open the door of his room.

A girl, golden-haired and fragile, sat under a jet of gas darning a pair of socks.

"Father!" she cried, springing up as he entered, "how ill you look! Dearest, you have wandered about too long. This search for your old friend will kill you."

"Aye, aye." He looked at her, with a deep sigh, and sank down upon the side of his bed.

How slight and lissom she was. How small and lovely, with her sweet, pale face, clear brown eyes, and cloud of wavy, fair hair.

"Born for better things," he murmured. "But, alas! Finola, asthore! it's little I can do for you. I've searched—asked—in vain. I'll never find Bob. He'll never know I came—never forgive. I'll die——"

"Oh, hush, dear!" Her little blue-veined hands caressed his cheeks. Her lips were pressed tenderly against his forehead.

"Don't fret about that. Robert Carew has forgiven you long ago. Your fault—if fault it was—was but a small one, after all. Mother always said so."

"Aye. She was an angel, my first Finola. I took her from the land of her birth, from a happy home in the South of Ireland, to the rush and turmoil and struggle for life in New York, with what at first seemed good prospects. It was, alas! a failure! Hard work and grinding poverty were too much for her. She went to heaven. Had I left her to Bob, not stolen her love from him, she would——"

"She loved you best, dad, and became your wife. Robert Carew has nothing to forgive. Forget him."

"I can't—and—I must find him. I want more than his forgiveness. I want help. We are at the end of our resources. I——"

"Oh! if I were a boy! But, there, dad," placing a cup of cocoa before him. "I have kept this hot for ages. I was beginning to fear you were lost."

"A useless old man," he groaned. "A worthless——"

"No, no. The dearest, best—come, now—that's better," as he drank off the cocoa. "Lie down and I'll cover you up. And, see, I'll turn down the gas, and with a tiny gleam from the fire you'll soon sleep. You've had a tiring afternoon, no wonder you feel depressed."

He lay back with a sigh of something like contentment. He was very weary and glad to rest.

"Sit there, darling," he said, softly. "Close by."

Finola sank upon a low stool by his side, and laid one little hand on his.

"Sing to me, child, that song I love so much."

The girl looked at him sadly, her brown eyes full of tears. Then in a sweet, clear voice she began to sing:—

"Kind hearts are here, yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy. God has none.
And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
But yet He stoops to give it. More complete
Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet. Only Heaven
Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says—
'Forgiven.'"*

Her song finished, the girl bent forward. Then, smiling, well pleased, she rose up. The old man was asleep.

"Now for my walk. He'll sleep peacefully for hours. Poor dear!" she murmured, draping a piece of black lace round her head, and fastening it under her chin, with a fine old Tara brooch that had belonged to her beautiful mother. "He never guesses how I keep things going. Never imagines that only for my song—the song he loves—we'd have starved long ago... But so it is. So it will be, alas! till the end of the chapter. An hour every evening in the damp, often muddy streets—singing—that's my fate. Had I been a boy I might have



CLARA MULHOLLAND.

Author of "Through Mists and Shadows," "Terence O'Neil's Heiress," "The Little House under the Hill," "In a Roundabout Way," etc., etc.

Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

* Adelaide Procter.

FINOLA'S SONG.—Continued.

worked . Being a girl—without friends or talents, I can only — sing. Well, thank God I can do that! And I hope and pray that I may take a few shillings to-night. The dad is not well. He is failing, I fear I must take him to a good doctor, and give him more nourishment. The poor dear dreams of great things from Robert Carew. And—oh! if they would only come true! No more want. No more dread of the future. No more agonising over what the years may mean to him and me. Christmas is near—a time of peace, hope, and joy. The people of Dublin are good, kind-hearted, generous. The memory of the Infant in the poor stable may move some of them to be kind to a helpless girl. My song may touch them to-night."

The golden head in its sombre veil bent low. The small hands were tightly clasped, and the sweet lips moved tremulously. Then, Finola opened the door, closed it softly behind her, and sped down the stairs with flying feet.

Looking neither to the right nor to the left, the girl made her way through the town. She passed the beautiful O'Connell monument, went across the bridge, and along Dawson Street into Merrion Square. Here, in front of a handsome, well-kept house, she paused, and glanced round her, with anxious, inquiring eyes.

The tramcars were gliding swiftly past. Cabs, motors, and bicycles scudding along with alarming speed, and in dangerous proximity. But, notwithstanding, here she determined to take her stand.

"People go to and fro constantly about here," she thought. "There are dinner parties in many of these houses, and as the guests arrive they will hear, and, perhaps, listen to my song."

She straightened her slim, small figure, and threw back her shapely head. Her brave young face was very white. But her sweet brown eyes shone with hope and excitement.

In the midst of the noise and din Finola's song was scarcely heard. She sang with difficulty, and even to her own ears her voice sounded weak and thin.

Few noticed the slender girl, and those who did laughed or jeered in a way that made her heart throb painfully, and brought a rush of crimson to her cheeks.

"Stand off the pavement," said a policeman. "Sure you mustn't get in the people's way. Off wid you, now!" And trembling before his fierce glance, Finola stepped back on to the road. For a moment the lights and the passers-by whirled before her eyes. Her voice quivered—a lump rose in her throat.

"Oh, the hopelessness of it," swept through her mind. "Nothing taken yet. I must make one more effort to attract attention and—pity." And as the man of law and order moved away, she resumed her place upon the pavement, and began her song once more.

Presently three young men, wearing light coats over their evening dress, stopped before her, and coolly stared her up and down.

"By Jove!" cried one, "a prima donna! From the other side of the herring-pond, I bet. That face and figure would make her fortune at——"

Finola shrank back, her colour deepening.

"Shy and coy! Ha, ha!" laughed another.

"But come on, O'Brien. Don't stand frivolling here. Mrs. Blake likes punctuality." And he drew him away.

"I'm sorry my friends were rude," the third man said gently, looking at her with sympathy and compassion. "They are only foolish, and meant no harm." And taking half-a-sovereign from his pocket, he slipped it shyly into her hand.

Finola raised her eyes full of gratitude to his. She had seen the glint of gold in the lamp-light, and was speechless with joy and astonishment.

As the young man met her gaze, and looked into the lovely, yet tragic face, he felt a sudden thrill of admiration and respect, for the unknown singer. She was a lady. Poor, alas! But pure, sweet, good—exquisite in every way. He had never seen anyone to compare with her in beauty or grace, and carried away by a sudden feeling of enthusiasm and chivalry, he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

Finola started, and, crimson to her eyes, snatched away her hand.

"Forgive me," he said, softly, "I meant only the deepest, most profound respect."

"Dermot," called a voice sharply, "come along, the hall door is open."

"Coming," he replied. And with one long look into the girl's lovely, blushing face, he bowed low, and strode quickly away.

Quivering with indignation, yet half-conscious of a strangely pleasant feeling of exhilaration and excitement, Finola watched the young man as he bounded up the steps of a big house close by, and disappeared into its brilliantly-lighted hall. Then the door shut, and she felt all at once weary and alone.

After this the girl could sing no more. Something strange and choking seemed to clutch at her throat. Her voice refused to come. She was unnerved and shaken. Tears filled her eyes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"I can do no more," she murmured. "And, oh! thanks to him, I do not go home empty-handed."

A gang of rough boys came running, leaping and shouting out of a side street. They crowded the pavement, and pushing and jostling everyone they met, swept noisily round the square.

To avoid these wild fellows, Finola stepped backwards, tripped upon the kerbstone, and fell heavily into the road. At that moment a motor car swung round the square. A cry arose. The chauffeur applied the brake; but it was too late. Finola felt suddenly numb. Silver specks danced before her eyes. Then, the big, snorting monster was upon her, and everything was blotted out. She lay unconscious on the ground.

From the car a woman, exquisitely dressed, with diamonds in her hair, sprang forth, and, pale as marble, threw herself beside the prostrate girl.

"Go in quickly and tell my brother to come to me," she told the chauffeur. "If he has not arrived fetch another doctor, quick."

Very soon the young man who had been so overwhelmingly kind to the little singer, such a short time before, came hurrying into the street.

"My dear Kathleen," he began, "how late——!" then catching sight of the unconscious Finola, gave a cry of horror. "Good Heavens! What has happened?"

"She was knocked down," his sister replied, greatly agitated. "The poor child. Oh! Dermot look. Tell me she is not—dead. The car did not go over her——"

"No! Thank God for that!" He bent down and looked closely into the white face. "She is not dead—stunned. How much injured 'tis hard to say. But she lives."

"Get her into the car quickly!" cried Mrs. L'Estrange, in a choking voice, "and take her to the nearest hospital. St. Vincent's is not far. They will admit her at once."

"Fetch a little brandy," said Dermot to the butler, who had followed him from the house. "When she takes that it is possible she may not require to go to the hospital. As far as I can see now, she is more frightened than hurt."

When the glass touched her lips the girl gave a gasp, and swallowed a good part of the brandy it contained.

"That's right," said Dermot, watching her closely, "she'll soon recover consciousness. Kathleen, don't weep, dear."

As he spoke Finola sighed heavily, and opened her eyes. Meeting the young doctor's anxious gaze, she blushed, and struggled to get up. But weak and faint, all her efforts were in vain, and with a moan of anguish she sank back upon the ground.

"Home," she whispered, hoarsely. "For God's sake help me to go home. He-my father must not know of this!"

"Where is your home?" asked Dermot, "and who is your father?"

"I live in 2, Great Frederick Street. My father is Lucius O'Leary."

"O'Leary?" Dermot started, gave the girl a searching, inquiring glance, and seemed about to question her still farther. But seeing how white and ill she looked, he paused, and turning to his sister, said quickly:

"May I have the car, Kathleen? If so, I'll take the girl home. Make my excuses to Mrs. Blake. She'll understand and forgive."

"To be sure—and Dermot," as he and his patient were inside the comfortable motor, "see that they put her to bed—at once."

He smiled, and waved his hand, and the big car glided away.

The good-natured landlady in Frederick Street was aghast when she heard of Finola's accident.

"Sure it's a wonder any of us is alive at all, with thim screechin', tearin' things goin' in and out everywhere," she cried. "God be with the days when Dublin was the quiet city wid no trams, only cabs, and maybe a few carriages, cars, an' even donkey carts—but none——"

"Where is Miss O'Leary's room?" asked Dermot, sternly. "Show me the way and I'll carry her upstairs."

"Musha! Musha! An' the poor old father? Och, sir he'll be beside himself with griet. This way, sir. An' sure who's goin' to tell him? She's the apple of his eye, an', indeed, no wonder. She's lovable, an' no mistake, is pretty Miss Finola."

Dermot laid the girl gently on her bed in the tiny back room. She did not speak or open her eyes, but just lay where he placed her very white and still.

"Undress her," he said, "and whilst you are doing so, I'll see and talk to her father. Where is his room?"

"Just under this, sir. Tap and go in. It's readin' or writin' he'll be."

"When Miss O'Leary is in bed, come and fetch me. I'm a doctor, and wish to see her before I go."

"Sure it's glad I am you're that same. It takes a weight off my shoulders anyhow."

Dermot made no reply to this, and he went quickly down the stairs.

He found the girl's father half asleep in his chair, a greasy novel upside down in his hand.

"Mr. O'Leary," he said in an apologetic voice. "I knocked twice, then ventured to come in. Your daughter, Miss Finola, is in bed——"

"Of course—she is—I——"

He rose up, his wrinkled face flushed. His eyes shone.

"Robert—you have come? You, forgive? Thank God. But, oh! how strange. I am old, feeble, bent—and you—Robert Carew—you are young, just what you were when I last saw you—years and years ago."

Dermot laid his hand upon the old man's shoulder, and looked with kindly eyes into the mystified wonderful countenance.

"Robert Carew is my father, Mr. O'Leary. Often and often I have heard him speak of you. But he spent so many years in Australia, building up a big fortune, that he lost sight of his friends. He'll be glad, more than glad to see you again."

"My God!" the old man sank back panting in his seat. "And—and he forgives—me."

"Forgives—to be sure. That is, if there ever was anything to forgive. 'All is fair in love or war.' Mr. O'Leary, I've heard the story. My father has had a happy, prosperous life. He never regrets the past. His wife, my dear mother, is a good and noble woman. They have many children. Some married. Some not. Their home in beautiful Killiney

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FINOLA'S SONG.—Concluded.

is the most delightful place imaginable. I am their seventh son—so—I am a doctor, for which I thank God, since I am able to help your daughter."

"My daughter?" the old man raised his tear-stained face in alarm. "Do you mean?"

"Miss Finola? Yes. She is not very well. But don't be uneasy, she'll soon be herself. Ah!" as a tap came to the door, and Mrs. Flanagan put in her head. "I'm coming, and now, au revoir, Mr. O'Leary. I'll be back with good news very soon. And before long you'll see your old friend, Robert Carew come in, with out-stretched hands, to greet you. Then, if all goes well, as I feel sure it will, you and Miss Finola will make our Christmas a happier one than usual, in my father's much-loved home," and pressing the old man's hand warmly in both his own, he hurried away.

. . . . . .

A year later, a bright and frosty Christmas Eve, Finola O'Leary sat alone in the morning-room at Rathmaroon, Robert Carew's beautiful mansion in Killiney. The girl had quite recovered from the long illness caused by the shock of the motor accident, and looked a radiant vision of health and loveliness, as from the big oriel window she watched her father and Robert Carew walking up and down the gravelled path, arm in arm, their heads very close together.

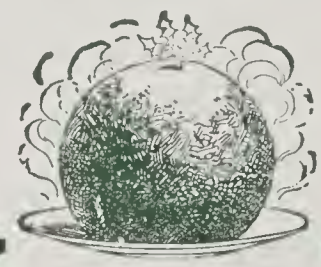
"Such friends," she smiled. "It is wonderful to see them and hear them talk. Old times—old times! the never-tiring theme. The dad is supremely happy—has everything now he wants. Never, was there a man so generous or good as Robert Carew. Never—except"—blushing deeply—"his son Dermot—he——"

A firm, quick step came down the hall, the door opened, and a strong, manly voice cried exultantly:

"Alone—oh! Finola—at last." And he caught the girl's hands, and drew her into his arms. "Am I to be happy or the reverse this Christmastide, sweetheart? I have given you time to think. Darling, you will. Your sweet eyes say—yes. You will be my wife?"

"Yes, Dermot, yes. I required but a little time to think. For," her colour deepening under his adoring gaze—"although I did not know it. I loved you from the first."

[THE END.]



Recipe for

XMAS PLUM PUDDING:

Take three-quarters of a pound of flour, one ounce of

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

two ounces of bread crumbs, one and a half pounds of suet, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, ten ounces of sugar, two ounces of almonds, one pound of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste. Mix the ingredients well together, and add six eggs, well beaten, and three-quarters of a pint of milk; divide in two, and boil eight hours

THE CHRISTMAS RHYMERS.

By FLORENCE DAVIDSON, *Author of "The Countryside."*

A County Down Christmas is a cheerful memory for any child to have. The many little things which make up its delightful whole may vary in all particulars, and yet the result be much as oneself remembers it. But in this time of motors and musical comedies, does the crown and culmination of the festivities, the diversion which this or any other season does *not* bring to every other county, remain unchanged? Do the Christmas Rhymers still hold their pride of place?

The proper night for the Rhymers, strictly speaking, would be Christmas Night itself. But who would be so particular to a date with all the houses of the countryside waiting to be entertained and their largesses to be reaped? In spite of which licence, there would be several companies competing for all available patronage, and any evening in December there might come a trampling of feet up the avenue after dark, which meant the advance guard of the Purple Wanderers or the Lone Stars coming to book their engagement, after which all rival parties might apply in vain. The actual night of the performance was very thrilling if you were still small enough to be tucked away behind grown people on the back of the high kitchen settle, and from that vantage point able to enjoy the most blood-and-thunder episodes of the show at an hour when bed was generally your portion. The little play, which the Rhymers present without scenery and with very mild attempts at costume, is fragmentary and traditional. The actors are "lumps" of boys dressed in paper hats and feathers, coats turned inside out, sometimes corked faces, rags or ribbons swathed about their legs, and cardboard shields and swords. With this get-up they represent, mainly, the militant Saints of Christendom, and are by no means the familiar Sams and Johnnies of everyday life. Each actor makes his "entrance" by stepping out of line and introducing himself with a "Here am I, St. George of England," or "St. Denis of France," as the case may be, and a highly-coloured account of his own valour and prowesses. A challenge and a hand-to-hand combat immediately follow.

Singularly placed among all the Saints is one redoubtable personage—"Here come I, Oliver Cromwell, with my long copper nose"—who always carries some bit of rusty metal for a sword, so that the action can be appropriately suited to the word in this announcement. Perhaps he is really introduced in relation to a more congenial character:

"Here come I, Beelzebub,
And over my shoulder I carry a club,
And in my hand a frying-pan,
And I think myself a jolly old man."

I do not know if there is any record of its origin; but from the fact that St. George overcomes every other champion, St. Patrick not excepted, it seems possible that this quaint bit of mumming is one of the few traces that the English settlers in the Ards have left in the county. The fight with St. Patrick is a hotly-contested one, and on its fatal conclusion the conquering St. George is for the first time overcome with remorse, and invokes the ambulance—"A doctor! a doctor! Ten pounds for a doctor!" And a doctor arrives (from Constantinople, if I remember right), who is no more modest over his own record than the fighters have been:

"I can cure the palsy and the gout,
The plague within and the ague without,
The-roo, the-roo, the rithaboroo"—

and so on with a long rigmarole that is either an incantation or prescription in his native tongue.

The doctor, at any rate, proves himself capable of restoring and healing St. Patrick, and the two saints grip hands as vigorously as they have been crossing swords. At the end of the play comes Wee Divil Doubt, a boy much smaller than the others, armed with a broom. He advances upon the audience, sweeping as he comes, with the words:

"Here come I, Wee Divil Doubt,
If you don't give me money I'll sweep you all out.
Money I want, and money I crave;
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all to your grave!"

Money is given to this unabashed blackmailer for himself and his company, and generally oranges and cakes as well.

The strictly traditional performance is now at an end, and the songs which follow are the choice of audience and performers, though old favourites are more the rule than the exception. They had never (as I remember them) any connection with the little play or with Christmas Carols, but some of them may have been as old as either.

There used to be a very sentimental ballad of a sailor who bade a fond farewell and went to sea, while a sympathetic robin sang upon the maiden's window-sill the refrain, lustily chorussed by all present: "He will ne-ver re-turn, he will ne-ver re-turn, to his own love who loved him so true-ue-ly."

There was an outburst of local loyalty and pride, which declared:

"Oh, Killyleagh's a neat wee town,
It lies between two hills,
And there's the river rushing down
That turns sweet Martin's mills!"

There was a comic masterpiece which describes the adventures and disillusionments of a farmer in search of a wife, to the rousing chorus of:

"The fox and the hare,
The badger and the bear,
The birds in the greenwood tree,
The pretty little rabbits
With their 'gaging little habits:
They've all got a mate but me!"

Something, in fact, for every taste

And so the last song is sung, the last cake eaten, and the boots of Patrick and George and Andrew, of Cromwell and Divil Doubt and Beelzebub and the Doctor, clatter out over the stone flags into the darkness, and for a year, at least, the Rhymers will rhyme no more.

HEATHER'S BOX CALF OR GLACE KID **BOOTS** FOR LADIES, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11, to 16/- | **62, George's St., DUBLIN.**

A Chat about Kingstown and Old Dunleary.

"I'd dance like a fairy,
To see Old Dunleary,
And think twice ere I'd leave it
To be a dragoon."—

—Mickey Free's "Lament."

In my younger days the outstanding attraction associated with a visit to Kingstown was the opportunity to enjoy a donkey ride to "the Battery," at the end of the East Pier, and back again to the Georgian Memorial. I cannot recall why the youngsters of to-day have been deprived of a pleasure still available at most British watering-places for the rising generation of Britishers, and many of their elders. In this respect the English people display a stronger conservatism than we do, though, at heart, it is safe to affirm that the Celtic race is the more conservative of the two.

At the period of which I write there were no ocean greyhounds steaming across the north Atlantic. The last words in symmetrically built, rapid travelling, luxuriously appointed, steam-propelled vessels were the paddle-wheeled mail steamers of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company, the first Company to establish steam navigation between Great Britain and Ireland. In Dublin society officers of the mercantile marine have never attained the honour or distinction their hazardous and noble calling merits, but in Kingstown society the captains of the old mail boats were esteemed as highly as the commander of the old-time guardship.

It is interesting to remember that one saw the last of the wooden walls of England in Irish waters—the "Royal George." As she used to lie in Kingstown harbour her high stern accommodating window-lighted cabins, and the horizontal bands of white paint disclosing the gun ports along each side, were far more reminiscent of Trafalgar and Britain's place as a sea-power than the dreadnoughts of to-day. Modern cruisers replaced the "Royal George," and brought a great deal of business to the town, but that has all been lost since the "Belleisle" was withdrawn from the port by an economical (?)government. Some very nice navy serges used to be worn by Kingstown folk in these days, and many a man enjoyed smoking genuine sailors' plug. I don't think there was anything illicit in this traffic which, I understand, was due to ecoromies practised by members of the guardship's company in the conservation of clothing and tobacco consumption. A market for their surplus allowances could always be found amongst shore acquaintances, or with the publicans of the town. Anyone who has had the opportunity of testing the good quality of genuine navy serge, or the impervious character of "officers' cloth," will admit that there is little chance of securing similar stuffs in commercial houses on anything like the moderate terms current in naval circles.

With the withdrawal of the guardship from Kingstown Harbour, the afternoon Sunday promenade along the East Pier became an attenuated function. Like its inland counterpart, the Morehampton Road Sabbath parade, it is but the faint shadow of a brilliant past, when a couple of thousand of well-dressed, good-humoured citizens passed and repassed, bowing, saluting, or halting to exchange friendly gossip. And, mind you, this had been a century old social custom, which originated in the days of the old Irish Parliament, when Sackville Street was known as "the Mall," and every house therein was the mansion of some person of importance. Originally inaugurated on "the Mall," it appears to have extended further afield until it became, as it were, dissipated in thin air.

In the days of the old Irish Parliament Kingstown had not received the designation by which we know it. The old name is fairly familiar to everybody in Ireland, as Dunleary, and dates back to St Patrick's period, but there is little of romantic interest to record respecting the immediate neighbourhood. The original shore line from Blackrock to Sandycove was a succession of cliffs, and thence to Dalkey a wide expanse of upland, dotted with granite boulders and unprofitably gay with patches of furze. Pathways across this open space indicated the prevailing peregrinations of a sparse population of fisherfolk, who plied their calling as far south as the Saltee Islands in quest of fish for the Dublin market.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century some Trinity College students made a practice of journeying out to Dunleary to breakfast at the only inn in the place. A breakfast of seagull and other eggs, served up in a washhand basin, and a large dish of fried flounders, would not be a tempting inducement to attract much custom in these days. At this time Blackrock was the fashionable resort during the summer months. Dunleary was a mere fisherman's hamlet and its inhabitants were commonly spoken of as Dunleary Ducks. Nevertheless efforts were being made to attract health seekers to the little village. I have seen a quaint old broadsheet of the period carefully preserved in Trinity College Library and headed—"Petition to the Ladies of Dublin from Dunlary (*sic*); written by an Old Wash-Woman." The matter is crude as the method of presentation but it affords some little insight into the circumstances of the time.

"Ye females of Dublin make haste and repair
In Coach or on Car to Dunlary wash fair:
Pass by the black rocks, you'll quickly be there.

"No bullies or fops ere' come with rude laughter
To make madam run squeeking out of the water,
But still have kept due distance, and will hereafter.

"Our fair is thus long, from June to September,
And pretty Miss Molly I'd have you remember
May strip here as safely as in her own chamber."

Sea-bathing is quite a Victorian phrase. In the 18th century it was quite a common thing, during the summer months, to read in the papers of some gentleman who was WASHING himself in the sea at some specified point along the coast being drowned. Cross-Channel summer visitors invariably expressed surprise at the immense number of Dubliners who took advantage of every suitable tide to bathe along the coast from Irishtown to Blackrock. Valentine, Lord Cloncurry, who lived on the coast line at Maretimo, near the Black Rock, crystallized the visitors' surprise into a phrase when he declared, that Dublin was "the cardrivingest, tea drinkingest, sea-bathingest place on earth."

The opening up of the railway line to Kingstown, the construction of the Royal Harbour, enclosing 700 acres of water, the promotion of old Dunleary to a mail-packet station, or its relegation to an inner harbour for coal boats, and the presence of a naval guardship, attracted private capitalists to Kingstown, and rapidly raised it to the rank of the Premier Township in Ireland. In recent years the local Council have displayed a spirit of enterprise which gives promise of a bright future for one of the very best health resorts on our eastern coastline. Under peasant proprietorship the productiveness of the Provinces must be greatly increased, and a contented and prosperous rural community must, inevitably, make for improved business in the Metropolis of the country. With good trade in Dublin, Kingstown cannot fail to continue progressing until merged by growth of population and increased housing accommodation in the good city of Dublin. That seems a far cry but it is certain to come to pass, and it is satisfactory to think that its accomplishment cannot in any way detract from the littoral beauty or the charming hinterland elevations peculiar to the Kingstown of our day.

THE RIGHT SHOP FOR FOOTWEAR.

A veritable host of ills besets the individual, who persists in a chill, moist climate such as ours in the wearing of unsatisfactory footwear. A moisture-laden boot, entailing as it does the danger and misery of cold, clammy feet, is the active agent of disease. Better run bare-footed, like the wildest of street gamins, than cultivate the habit of wearing such footwear. While on this subject we bring to mind the well-known Dublin boot and shoe firm of Messrs. Stephens and Bourke, 26, Stephen's Green, and 79, Rathmines Road. At the hands of this firm one secures a warm foot, encased in a neat, elegant, and durable boot. During the cold, wet season now upon us, such a treasure in footwear is much to be desired. This concern is now showing some special lines for Christmas presents. Their Jaeger wool, plush lined boots for motoring, has secured a fine reputation. A splendid line of children's and ladies' fancy slippers and gentlemen's patent pumps are now being offered here. We would call special attention to Messrs. Stephen's & Bourke's satin quilted slippers, to be had in all colours, as well as a splendid selection of ballet dancing shoes in canvas and glacé kid. Our readers in the north will be glad to know that this firm have an establishment at 28 Corn Market, Belfast (late George M'Afee).

ANNE LYNCH'S DELICIOUS TEAS.

Tea as a beverage is, if possible, more popular than ever. Long entrenched in feminine favour it has made considerable inroads of recent years into masculine esteem. It is all the more important, therefore, that a good brand of this article be procured. In this connection the claims of Anne Lynch's teas merit especial notice. "Once used always used" is the proverbial observation in respect to the high-class teas supplied by this firm. A 5-lb. parcel of this delicious tea (2/- per lb.) sent post free, makes, as may well be supposed, a pleasing and useful Christmas gift. Address Cafe Cairo, 59 Grafton Street, and Anne Lynch & Co., 6 Westland Row, Dublin. During December Anne Lynch & Co. present each customer for Tea at 2/- per lb. and upwards with a beautifully decorated caddy.

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NEW SEASON'S STOCK JUST ARRIVED.

SOME THOUGHTS FOR MOTHER.

"The proper care of children," says a modern writer on national questions, "is of greater consequence to the nation than any other of its occupations." So important has the field of inquiry relative to infant life become, that not only individuals of eminence but public bodies of many kinds are busily collecting, collating, and issuing a mass of information relative thereto. Uninteresting as these official and other statistics may appear, tiresome and far fetched as some of the proposals based thereon may seem, there could, indeed, scarcely be a question so important, either to parents or to the State, as that of the child and its development.

The problem of child-rearing has been brought to the very forefront of all serious discussion of social and economical reforms. Sir William Broadbent made the town of Huddersfield famous by his public-spirited work in this direction. The medical officer of health for a London Borough had a total of more than 200 saved infants' lives to his credit in one year, through the provision of improved facilities for purchasing sterilized milk. Many local governing bodies issue official medical advice to parents. The list could, in fact, be continued indefinitely, and all this attention and research is doubtless to the good. But the overwhelmingly important thing, back to which the whole question must be finally brought, is the responsibility of the parents, especially of the mother.

One or two facts may be taken with interest and advantage from the mass of detail available. What, for instance, could be more striking to the imagination, than this item of information from the "stodgy" pages of Local Government Board Report?—"While the general death-rate has declined considerably during the last fifty years, the infantile death-rate has shown no equivalent decline!" It is still true as it was at least twenty years ago, that one-seventh of all babies born die during the first twelve months. And, with few exceptions, quite needlessly.

Despite the advance of medicine, which saves so many infant lives in cases of other complaints, the number of deaths of babies every year from epidemic diarrhoea is steadily increasing. During the second three months of life more children die from this trouble than from any other cause, and

It is Due Primarily to Improper Feeding.

Obviously, an infant's natural food is its mother's milk. Breast feeding provides perfect nourishment, always at the right temperature, and absolutely pure. So clearly is this recognised, that the mother who can easily suckle her child should let nothing stand in the way of her doing so. At the same time there are many thousands of mothers who are unable to suckle children, and these must be taken sympathetically into account. A common expedient in such cases is to give the child diluted milk from the cow—an unsatisfactory expedient, simply because the same process of dilution which reduces, though it does not eliminate, the indigestible curd, also reduces still further the quantity of fat and milk sugar already deficient in cow's milk.

Here science steps in and offers the mother a perfect substitute for the natural milk. Since Mellin's Food was introduced, it has won the world-wide gratitude of scores of thousands of mothers, whose children have been restored, invigorated, and built up by its administration. So carefully proportioned are the flesh-forming, bone-building, health-bringing constituents of Mellin's Food, so suitable is "Mellin's" to babies, even from birth, so well proved are its nutritive and digestive qualities, and so general is its use, that it may reasonably be claimed to be a definite factor in the improvement of the race.

There is another important point about Mellin's Food which should not be overlooked. It SATISFIES, and is a veritable boon where baby is fretful. Mothers can easily test this for themselves, by sending to Sample Department, Mellin's Food, Limited, Peckham, London, S.E., for a Free Sample, with which will be sent a most useful handbook called "The Care of Infants."

SERVANTS' INSURANCE.

Not exactly a subject "For Christmastide," the critical reader may declare. Unfortunately very much so this year when mistresses and maids are highly-perturbed just now over Mr. Lloyd-George's Insurance Act. Under the Workmen's Compensation Act, which was introduced in 1906, employers were made responsible for the results of accidents to employees, arising out of their employment. This liability can, however, be insured against by payment of a small annual premium to an insurance company, the Royal Exchange Assurance (5, College Green), accepting an annual premium of 2/6 for each domestic servant. Insurance is becoming an increasing requisite in the everyday life of the nation, one of the latest form being the liability of managers of schools for accident to children attending same. The Royal Exchange issues a covering policy for a premium of 5/-. What with Motor Car, Burglary, Plate Glass, Fidelity, Third Party, and Personal Accident Insurance, not to speak of the traditional forms of sea, fire, and life assurance, there is scarcely any limit to the range of activities covered by the operations of old and leading insurance companies like the "Royal Exchange."

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CHRISTMAS, 1913.

The Lady of the House

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR.

CONDUCTED BY CRAWFORD HARTNELL.

PRICE ONE SHILLING
PER POST. 1S. 4D.



THE OLD PADDLE-STEAMER "ULSTER" LEAVING KINGSTOWN IN A GALE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

From a drawing by R. B. Beechey. In the possession of the Editor.



THE BAY OF DUBLIN WITH VIEW OF NORTH WALL HOUSE, 1795.

By Joseph Tudor.

Reproduced by kind permission of the National Gallery of Ireland.

DUBLIN IN THE DAYS OF SAIL, 1813.

We have known a man who, in the days of his boyhood, used occasionally clamber over the balustrade of old Carlisle Bridge (now replaced by O'Connell Bridge) and thence, by way of the bowsprit, to the deck of the sailing ship that had reached the highest berthage on the river. His delight was to climb from one vessel to another, without coming ashore, until he reached the end of the South Wall, where the Dodder joins the Liffey. Such a feat was possible fifty years ago, though steam navigation had been introduced nearly fifty years earlier.

There were, however, periods in the old sailing days, prior to 1816, when the Dublin quays were practically denuded of shipping. Ships that had made the port in favourable weather discharged their cargoes and put to sea with a westerly wind filling their sails. Out in the Bay they needed careful navigation to avoid colliding with wind-bound craft that were unable to get up the river until the breeze had shifted. For steam tugs were then unknown.

Nowadays we are inconvenienced by labour disputes and trusts forcing up the prices of essentials. In the period of which we write the prolonged prevalence of a westerly wind produced somewhat similar results. Coal might be selling as low as 24s. per ton in the days of our grandfathers, and earlier, yet the price soared as high as £4 per ton within a few weeks, through shortage in the city, though colliers lay in the Bay with enough coal on board to bring prices down to normal.



THE BUSY QUAYS OF DUBLIN IN THE DAYS OF SAIL,

When the shipping came right up to old Carlisle Bridge, at the foot of Sackville Street. The Dublin Corn Exchange is shown to the right and the Custom House upon the left side.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN.

Showing one of the earlier steamboats, 1828. *From the picture by S. F. Brocas.*

By kind permission of the National Gallery of Ireland.

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DUBLIN IN THE DAYS OF SAIL, 1813—Continued.

Acts of the Irish Parliament were framed to protect the citizens from undue extortion in the coal market. Captains of coal ships were obliged to open hatches at the quay-side within three days of arrival in the river, and were limited to a stay of fifteen days in the port. They were also obliged to affix the current price to the mast and to sell by the bag *or less at the fixed rate* per ton. Through the action of the city fathers coal yards were established for the service of the poor, and we have read in the old Dublin papers of a Lord Mayor seizing coal drays and, finding the bags short in weight, distributing the contents amongst the indigent. Householders in these days bought their coal at the ship's side and then procured the services of a "runner," who arranged with the carters, to convey the coal to the purchaser's home. Usually, the cost of delivery from ship to destination was as high as half-a-crown per ton within the city boundary.

It is interesting to note that the captains of the various sailing colliers held a conference each night in some convenient coffee house and arranged between themselves what the price of the coal should be for the following day. The figure was altogether dependent upon the number of vessels in port and the weather. If the number of colliers in the river was large and the wind favourable for incoming ships, the prices had a downward tendency; if but few vessels had arrived, the supplies scanty, and the wind unfavourable, prices increased.

For upwards of twenty years prior to 1813 the Grand Canal had been opened and accommodated a great number of boats, largely designed for bringing loads of sixty tons of turf to the city each trip. Even the best of the Georgian mansions of these days used turf as well as bog-wood and coal for firing. Some of these fine old houses still possess the three cellars used for storing these different classes of fuel separately.

At this time the cross-channel mail packet station was at the Pigeon House, now the site of the electricity works of the Dublin City Council. Like the colliers, the sailing packets were frequently wind-bound, and some travellers of the period needed good purses on their journeys. One has left on record that he was held up at Liverpool for a week by a westerly wind. Finding the hotel rather expensive he transferred to a boarding-house at the end of the first week. There he remained five days longer before setting sail for Dublin. No sooner had they cleared the Mersey than a shift of wind sent them into Holyhead for another week. That trip, from London to Dublin, absorbed three weeks. Contrasts of this kind between the old and new days go a long way to explain the speeding-up process of our time and the leisurely ways of our grandparents.

A long car accommodating thirty passengers plied between the Pigeon House and the Royal Mail Coach Hotel, Dawson Street, for the convenience of cross-channel travellers. Hotels, as we know them, were practically non-existent in the days of the Irish Parliament. A few inns met the needs of those who were not enabled to enjoy the open-handed hospitality of the Irish gentry and middle class, but as soon as the aristocracy disposed of their town mansions and migrated to London for the season many of their Dublin houses were converted into hotels. The accommodation in the Royal Mail Coach was considered to be first-class, and the tariff, strange to say, was as high as to-day though food was very much cheaper, rents lower, and labour less costly.

In addition to the colliers frequenting Dublin port, a large number of fishing boats



THE HARBOUR OF DUBLIN FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE TO THE CITY.

Published by J. Fisher, 1792.

By kind permission of the National Gallery of Ireland.

Continued on page 59.



BELFAST CHANNEL FROM BELOW MESSRS. HARLAND & WOLFF'S SHIPBUILDING YARDS ON THE COUNTY OF DOWN SHORE.

"Lady of the House" Copyright.

"Pulsating with the dynamic energy of the Belfastman." Could any phrase be more fitting as a description of Belfast and its life of to-day? The happy summing up is our first impression as we enter Ireland's Commercial Capital. And seek how we may to rid ourselves of its forcefulness, no matter how hypercritically we may seek to find reasons for so doing, it remains more fixed than ever when we may be thousands of miles away from it. Belfast is the most incomprehensible city or town in the United Kingdom. It is almost absolutely a town of the present and of the future. But why is it so unusual among other centres of industry? Dublin has an instant and immediate charm. Glasgow is plain to appreciate. Liverpool shows you its best and its worst without ceremony. But Belfast is the enigma.

The coat of arms of Belfast is a bell over a sailing ship, but such is an anachronism, and much more fitting as a sign-manual would be a steam whistle with some futurist fitting symbol which would express the ceaseless pulsating whirr—rr of its life and atmosphere. It is the first impression which greets the visitor as he enters its port for the first time. It is his last memory when he quits the city to pass into other parts of Ireland. "The dynamic energy of the Belfastman."

The approach to Belfast on a bright morning is picturesque. Standing on the upper deck of the steamer you have on your left a low sloping shore, prettily wooded in places, and elsewhere stippled with comfortable villas. On the right a bank of abrupt hills rise from the water's edge, and these, on a soft hazy day, represent quite effectively a range of beautiful blue mountains. In the clear light of this morning, however, their sides are a brilliant green, across which long lines of white steam are drawn as with a ruler. These filmy lines marking the track of the incoming and outgoing trains are in themselves the initial impressions of "the City of Steam," for so we may figuratively and literally dub the city. Ahead, far up on the high horizon, clean cut against the sky, tall chimneys stand like lances, from every one of which a pennon of smoke flaps in the eddying breeze. Then as you are entering the harbour proper you will notice a large board with the words "Dead Slow" authoritatively displayed. This refers to the speed of your steamer, which must be here reduced, and not to the city you are about to visit, as a supercilious young military officer once cynically pretended. The reason of the slowing is apparent when you see that to make their port approach the top notch of perfection the Harbour Commissioners have commandeered the services of a flotilla of Dutch dredgers to deepen the channel which is to be once again the nursery-ground of another world's record liner, the White Star boat, "Britannic," whose huge bulk even now on the slips makes us feel to the full that after all there is very much in the happy phrase anent the dynamic energy of the Belfastman and his achievements.

"Belfast made the Lagan, and the Lagan made Belfast." There in a sentence is a creed synonymous with the city's motto, "*Pro tanto quid retribuamus*," which might be liberally interpreted in the line of the Psalmist David: "For so much as we have given us let us return as much." The pioneer steamer, "Greenock," only demanded



BELFAST CHANNEL FROM BELOW MESSRS. WORKMAN, CLARKE & CO.'S SHIPBUILDING YARDS ON THE COUNTY OF ANTRIM SHORE.

"Lady of the House" Copyright.

BELFAST IN THE DAYS OF STEAM, 1913—Continued.

four feet of water in which to float with ease, but to-day the great liner calls for a bed nearly twelve times that depth. Not much more than a century ago it would have been possible for a tall man to walk across the river Lagan without getting his neck covered. But the development of ships and shipbuilding made the neeessity of a deeper waterway cogent. The river coursed in a tortuous way, as all relatively unimportant shallow rivers do, until it occurred to the shipbuilders of the mid-Victorian age that they could not be content with what nature had intended for them. So "the dynamic energy of the Belfastman" exercised itself in cutting a straight channel through the four miles of intervening sandbanks and sloblands right out to sea. It is through this channel—the Victoria Channel, formally opened by Queen Victoria in August, 1849—that we now approach the city. To be sure, it has been deepened again and again during the interim since then. Steam in its application by powerful dredgers and hopper barges has made such deepening possible in a wonderful manner. When in August, 1910, the Harbour Authorities had before them the dimensions of the mighty liner, "Olympic," then in her cradle, they acted with the promptness of people whose everyday life is to achieve big things. So prompt were their business capabilities that within a fortnight they had settled a contract involving more than £40,000, in preparation for the launch of this great marine monster and her sister liner, the "Titanic."

Two months is not a long period in which to undertake great works, yet a week before the launch, Mr. Redfern Kelly, M.I.C.E., the Harbour Board Engineer, was able to report that not alone had been accomplished the dredging of the river to float the greatest ship in the world, but that there had also been completed the removal of a large scoop of the river bank to provide a turning basin for vessels of such dimensions. Nor has this been all their work, for compatible with modern and future possibilities about the same time saw the construction of the largest dry dock in the world at a cost of £350,000. Jupiter in mythology made the lightning and thunder his servants, but there is a parallel in modern life in the way "the pulsating dynamic energy of the Belfastman"—thrice happy phrase!—has made steam with its handmaiden, electricity, his slave in the most mighty of works.



THE LARGEST GANTRIES IN THE WORLD

Containing the nucleus of the White Star Liner "Britannic," which will, when completed, be the largest ship in the world. The vessel to the left of the Gantries is the White Star Liner, "Ceramic." May, 1913.

"Lady of the House" Copyright.



THE JAPANESE WARSHIP, "KONGO."

The largest Battleship afloat entering the largest Graving Dock in the World at Belfast, August, 1913.

"Lady of the House" Copyright.

We have mentioned Belfast's great dry dock. Imagine yourself on its edge, as I was one afternoon last summer, to see it a vast lake forty feet deep and so spacious in extent that an entire Henley Regatta, with its rowing crews, house boats, launches, and all other craft, might be floated on its surface without any jostling. Then return, as I did, only three hours afterwards, to find that in place of all the immense volume of water there reclined instead on a dry bottom—so dry that you could clamber under the keel itself—the Japanese warship "Kongo," the largest war vessel in the world. Where had the water gone? There was no visible indication save a curl of steam over the ornate pumping station. No, nothing save this feathery wisp to suggest that during the three hours the powerful steam pumps had sucked up and thrown back into the ocean many million tons of water. It is possible, in fact, with only two of the three great engines—each of 1,000 horse power—to completely empty the dock in ninety



THE ENTRANCE TO BELFAST CHANNEL AS SEEN FROM MID-STREAM.
"Lady of the House" Copyright.

BELFAST IN THE DAYS OF STEAM, 1913.—Continued.

minutes. In fact, this provision is such that should a battleship be disabled not a moment may be lost out of action. And besides these completed works, the recent deepening for the "Britannic" will mean another £50,000.

There are other things to make you wonder at how the dynamic energy of the Belfastman has accomplished what we may well term "the apotheosis of steam." We are in its midst, and let me try if I can visualise its impressiveness to you. On our left as we steam along is a line of great ships in various stages of completion as they lie at the fitting-out wharfs. We see hundreds of men everywhere—all engaged at one or other of the myriad strokes which help towards perfection. Against the huge expanse represented by the broadside of one of these mighty steamers is attached a small craft not so large as a Liverpool tug. Painted in unobtrusive grey this little craft seems so insignificant that we might be pardoned for assuming that she had merely come to a halt in her present position haphazard until a job offered in the towing upstream to some inland village of a lighter conveying coal or porter. No mistake could be easier—nor more fallacious, for this little craft, the "Jackal," represents in her size, perhaps, more compressed efficiency than any vessel twice her size afloat. In early days employed as a small gunboat on the Mediterranean, her purpose is now to serve the arts of Peace rather than of War. So stowed away in every square foot of her interior are steam engines of the highest calibre working dynamos of the hugest potential energy which by electric cables supply power to be adopted in the adjoining big liner for the cutting of massive steel plates, the clamping of ponderous rivets, or even the tiny delicate work involved in cutting a bureau key-hole with a fret saw.

Ahead of us are the towering skeleton gantries, leading landmarks in connection with the "most magnificent shipbuilding yard in the world." "What do they mean?" is the inquiry by those who have never seen anything of the kind before, but the inquirer is not left long in doubt. Meanwhile, just an instant ere they come closer into our field of vision. We see in a *coup d'oeil* the extent of the shipbuilding industry from the aspect shown by its compactness of localisation. Whereas on the Clyde there are probably twenty different shipbuilding concerns, in Belfast there are only two firms—the Harland & Wolff firm, and that of Workman, Clark & Co. Yet within much less than two miles square there are—irrespective of the ships in the water receiving completion or in for repair—no fewer than twenty-one ships now on the slips simultaneously in course of construction. We see the battery of sterns all directed towards the river from either bank. In one slip, perhaps, the giant keel is only being laid; in the next the skeleton ribs are rising high into the air; in a third the plates are being riveted and the air shakes to the clattering of the pneumatic tools, while a fourth holds an 8,000 ton passenger steamer seemingly completed, only awaiting the pulling of the electric trigger to launch her into the ocean.



THE PUMPING STATION AND A PORTION OF THE LARGEST DOCK IN THE WORLD.
Where the Japanese Warship, "Kongo," the largest war vessel afloat, was docked.
"Lady of the House" Copyright.

BELFAST IN THE DAYS OF STEAM, 1913.—Continued.

And now as we steam alongside the slip which gave the "Olympic" to the world, and occupied by the White Star liner, "Britannic," which will be launched early in Spring and will again constitute "the world's record;" we see the purpose of these lofty contraptions known as gantries. Higher than any cathedral steeple above us, and mounted on a railway traversing these networks of spans and girders are cranes travelling to and fro, depositing masses of bulky iron plates here and there as carefully as you or I would pick up a match. Two of these aerial gantries, each serving a couple of ships on adjacent slips, tower high above us, silently performing the work of 250 men, amid the discordant din of the beating of hammers. With them a load of twenty or even thirty tons is mere child's play, just as it is to the floating crane which can swing its load of 200 tons easily and silently into position. To be sure, at first glance, it is not quite perceptible how they derive their power for there is no noise of machinery and no evidence of escaping steam. But we must once again attribute it to the apotheosis of steam, for though driven by electricity this force is in its primary stage derived, as we know, by the powerful steam engines in the Electrie Power Station.



BELFAST CHANNEL IN THE EARLY DAYS OF STEAM.
Queen Victoria landing in the Harbour of Belfast, August, 1849.

A glanee at an old map will show how Queen's Island, whieh was originally part of the Antrim shore, got its name as an island by the division here of the river into two channels--the straight direct Victoria Channel, now the only marine avenue, and the eireuitous natural course of the river bed. But that was seventy years ago, and the filling in of the old eircuitous river bed to make Queen's Road has welded the whilom Queen's "Island" permanently to the mainland to be a portion of County Down. Yet the name Queen's Road—anachronism though it may be!—is destined to be the appellation of the *locale* for many a year to come.

Queen's Road is the main thoroughfare in no mean city. To pass along it at noon on Saturday or 5.30 any evening is to see and recognise again our now old familiar phrase—"the pulsating dynamic energy of the Belfastman"—in its full. Corrugated iron buildings seem limitless on either side, serving as guiding banks to control this streaming populace which moves along homeward as if every second lost on the way was of huge consequence. There are 16,000 of them. Which means that every weekly pay night they draw as much as £26,000—and it must be remembered, too, that while other industrial centres have their slack and busy years, in Belfast shipbuilding, even at times of general eommercial depression, there is never any standstill.

On the right is a break in the corrugated iron giving place to the pleasing red brick gable of the big Electrie Power Station—a substantial building that is almost palatial in its interior. Here our old friend Steam changes his guise just a little that he may more easily aceommodate himself to modern requirement. For the nonce he presses into service his lieutenant, Electricity. So on a huge switchboard, extending full length almost of one side of the building are a multiplicity of buttons, knobs, handles, transformers and moderators that control the supply of power to the most distant corners of the works. It is amazing how electricity is brought into use from operations so diverse as heating the gluepot of an apprentiee joiner to eutting a massive armour-plate two feet thick.

There is an intense faseination in watching the ruthless power and deliberate exactitude of the great punching and shearing and drilling machines, which treat steel plates as if they were made of eheese. Observe that huge drilling machine with its battery of drills, all cutting at the same time and in feverish haste, every one tearing the metal out as though eager to be first through the plate. There in front of us is a hydraulic machine. In its quiescent state it seems almost too unwieldy for any nicety. Yet a switch is moved, *hey presto*!—slowly, surely, and with nigh mathematic precision a great flat plate is being bent into the required segment of a circle for the shell of a new boiler. It takes pains with its work, and does not hurry it, dealing with tho heaviest plate as easily as the lightest, and, like all other machines, it cannot make a mistake. It is also worth while to watch one of the powerful cranes move over to a powerful boiler of great weight. The steel hawser is made fast, the crane lifts its mighty load carefully as though afraid to let it fall; passes along with it to where the truck is waiting to receive it, and lays it gently on the carriage, which is hauled by a locomotive on the railway down the Queen's Road to the great crane at the fitting-out wharf, and there the boiler joins its ship.

On a dark winter afternoon, when the building is in full glare of electric light the sight is incomparably impressive. It affects the senses in more ways than one, for with the penetrating noise of innumerable pneumatie riveters and caulkers which are rattling like a battery of machine guns, you can hardly hear yourself speak.

We might visit any of the other departments, but everywhere we note how the work exemplifies the practieal apotheosis of steam. Without steam—and electrieity is only its medium so far—how utterly absurd would it be to perform any single one of the many operations neeessary in shipbuilding. Yes, as impossible as for a donkey to write a dissertation on logarithms!

"The pulsating dynamie energy of a Belfastman"—is it not expressed in what we have seen at Queen's Island? It is, as the Greeks diseovered, "men that make a eity, not tho walls." What of the men who made Queen's Island? Their names are expressed and will live through the æons of time in the title—"Harland & Wolff." A strange partnership this, of the ever vigilant, impulsive Harland, and the rather phlegmatie German who took life as a philosophy to be enjoyed rather than merely endured. When Edward Harland eame to the yard of Messrs. Thomas Hickson & Co., in the late forties, it was a small eoncern—so mean that it could not be termed "works." But the young foreman had an enthusiastic loyalty for the creed of honest eraft and progress.

Later on, when Hickson feeling a desire to

(*Continued on page* 58).

The Stage Irishman.

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, Author of "The Red Hand of Ulster," "Spanish Gold," etc.

"LADY OF THE HOUSE" COPYRIGHT.

I am told that when Mr. Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island," was first produced in Dublin there was for a few minutes some doubt about the reception the play was to receive. The matter hung in the balance while the egregious Tim Haffigan was engaged in conversation with Broadbent, wishing that unfortunate gentleman "the top of the morning," calling him "the broth of a boy," drinking his whiskey and borrowing his money. That section of the Dublin audience which did not know Mr. Bernard Shaw suspected him of posing Haffigan as a typical Irishman and was quite prepared to give audible, perhaps forcible, expression to its dislike of this further insult to the Irish people. Fortunately Mr. Larry Doyle appeared in time and explained that Tim Haffigan was nothing more or less than our old friend the stage Irishman set up that Mr. Shaw's mordant wit might once for all convince the world of his absurdity and unreality, might drive him for ever from the boards of any but third-rate theatres.

I confess to a certain sympathy with the feelings of that audience. As a general rule popular demonstrations about plays, books, pictures and all other matters of art are the most ridiculous things that it is possible to imagine. We are committed in politics to the theory that the crowd is always right, and the bigger the crowd the more certain it is that it cannot be wrong. This is the principle which underlies our theory of democracy, and it has come to have a certain religious sanction from the repetition of the phrase *Vox populi, vox Dei*, which has now penetrated even to the columns of our provincial newspapers. The principle may conceivably be sound—in political matters. At all events, sound or not, we have all accepted it and there is no use arguing about it. But we are not yet compelled to believe that the judgment of the crowd is invariably and necessarily right in matters of art. My own impression is that it is pretty nearly always wrong. Therefore when we hear of a row in a theatre or an Urban District Council shouting itself hoarse in its rage about a book, or a ruri-diaconal meeting of rev. gentlemen passing an unanimous vote of condemnation on an author we feel a hope rise in us that the dramatist or author as the case may be has done something which is worth doing, and our sympathies are all with him; until it turns out that the crowd which has been howling has accidently got on the right side, and this, of course, is the rarest thing possible. In the case of Tim Haffigan in "John Bull's Other Island," I should have been on the side of the crowd if Mr. Shaw had really meant that inebriate to represent the typical Irishman. I might even, had I been there, have howled until a policeman put me out; not indeed at the insult to the Irish people—such insults leave me rather indifferent—but at the amazing artistic blunder which Shaw would have made.

THE FATHER OF THE BEST TYPE OF "STAGE IRISHMAN."



DION BOUCICAULT.

Dionysius Lardner Boucicault, actor-dramatist, was born in Dublin in December, 1822, and died in America in September, 1890. A prolific playwright, he was the creator of romantic Irish melodrama. His admirable play "The Colleen Bawn," first produced in New York in March, 1860, with the author as Myles na Coppaleen, proved the delight of two continents for fully forty years. By it and "The Shaughraun" (1875) will he be best remembered. Abstemious as an Arab, he worked hard, made several fortunes and yet died poor. Only one play of his first saw the light in Ireland, "Arrah na Pogue," produced at the old Theatre Royal, Dublin, with great success, in November, 1864.

For Tim Haffigan—a perfect or almost perfect specimen of the stage Irishman—is as unlike as possible to the real Irishman. We do not talk his language. I was born in Ireland and have lived in Ireland more years than I care to count, but nobody has ever yet wished "more power to my elbow." Nor has any friendly soul ever audibly hoped that my shadow would never grow less. Nor has any one, from the small circle of my admirers—we all have an admirer or two,—ever called me "broth of a boy." If any one did I should feel sure that he was an earnest Englishman, trying, as the English sometimes do, to make a joke. Haffigan says all these things, one after the other, in the course of a single short speech. The stage Irishman always says them. But Haffigan's language is not the worst part of him. He drinks to excess with a certain cheerful bonhomie, carelessly, recklessly, and if he had stayed on the stage until he was a little more tipsy than he actually was he would, no doubt, have sung merrily a bacchanalian song. Real Irishmen do not behave in this way; I do not mean to say that we never get drunk. We do, some of us much oftener than we should; but we don't do it after the fashion of Haffigan and the stage Irishman. We drink ourselves drunk with a serious deliberation. There is no merriment about the business, and when we are drunk we stagger home silently. If we speak at all it is on the most solemn of all possible subjects and in the most solemn possible way.

But it is really waste of time to pursue points of difference between the stage Irishman and the genuine animal as he exists in real life. No one, I suppose, not even the Englishman who creates him, imagines that we are the least like that creature of the imagination who infests second-rate novels and third-rate plays. It is more interesting to ask whence the stage Irishman comes, and why we all object to him in the violent way we do. Perhaps as the answer to the second question is rather the shorter of the two we may tackle it first.

We are not the only people in the world who are caricatured. There exists the stage Englishman of the continental comic paper, a lanky man with drooping whiskers and immensely prominent teeth. But I do not

THE STAGE IRISHMAN.—Continued.

recollect ever meeting an Englishman who was seriously annoyed at these presentments. There is the stage Frenchman who appears in English dramas, a Don Juan with a round stomach and a waxed moustache. The French may possibly object to him, but if they do they keep their feelings to themselves. There is certainly a stage Scot; but the real Scot appears actually to enjoy him. There is a comedian—the very famous Harry Lauder—who, I understand — I have never actually seen him — presents caricatures of Scottish life. Yet no one in Scotland, apparently, wants to hoot him off the stage, and we never hear of the Scottish inhabitants of Liverpool or New York trying to get municipal authorities to prevent Harry Lauder giving his performances. Yet if Ireland — which heaven forbid—were to give birth to an Irish Harry Lauder who caricatured us the world would ring with our denunciations of his impiety. Why is this?

I am afraid the fact is that a good many of us are, certainly until quite lately were, a little doubtful about the great glory of being Irish. The Englishman, even the English Liberal, however he may try to disguise the fact, is in his secret heart rather proud of being English. He believes that an Englishman is the noblest work of God; an extraordinary belief, of course, and to us quite unintelligible, but there it is. In the same way a Scot—whose manners are less chastened and who, therefore, takes less trouble about concealing his feelings—believes wholeheartedly that the Scots are the greatest people on earth. If anybody laughs at the English or laughs at the Scotch they don't get angry, for they always assume that the laugher cannot really mean it.

We seldom succeed in rising to that sublime height of conceit. The reason that we object as we do to the stage Irishman is not that we have too good an opinion of ourselves, but that the opinion we have of ourselves is not nearly good enough. The Irishman who has risen superior to this national virtue or vice of extreme humility does not get angry with the stage Irishman. He adopts Mr. Bernard Shaw's attitude, and when the Englishman says to him, "Ha, ha! you're Tim Haffigan," he simply replies, "Ha! ha! ha! you're Broadbent." We're not Tim Haffigans, and we know it. The Englishman isn't Broadbent, and he knows it, but we have the ultimate advantage over him if we could only see it. In his puzzle-headed way he keeps on thinking that if we aren't Haffigans we ought to be. We know he isn't Broadbent and never was. He knows himself more or less; but he has not nearly intelligence enough to know us. We know him and ourselves too. I wish very much that we could get this into our heads, firmly. If we did we should stop being angry with stage Irishmen, and we shouldn't make ridiculous rows in theatres and the correspondence columns of daily papers about "insults to the Irish race," and things of that kind. When anybody laughed at us we should laugh back rather louder.

Now the stage Irishman has had a long and vigorous existence. People have believed in his reality. Broadbent, for instance, believed in the reality of Haffigan, thought he was a typical Irishman. Therefore I think that there must be, or must have been Irishmen whose qualities it was possible

Continued on page 15.

"GODFATHER EXPLAINS."

The Beefsteak Club,
London, 21st September, 1880.

Dear Sir,

I have received a copy of your journal and wish it all the success it appears to deserve. It seems to address the moderates in the social and political world. I did not know there were any in Ireland. She has been studiously kept for the last eighty years in a condition calculated to destroy the moderating middle class of people—those who are generally disinclined to extreme views on either side, and, therefore maintain the equilibrium of society

The two sections in Ireland are seated back to back on the National Jaunting Car, incapable of seeing the same prospect, while England, who drives, turns her back on both, looks neither way—but to her object—and can't understand the quarrel that is going on behind, which threatens to upset the vehicle.

Your journal represents THE SHAUGHRAUN that hangs on behind the car, or canters by the wheel, and tumbles for the amusement of all, and for that "little penny."

Let us hope that the passengers on both sides of the car will agree, for once, and reward your performance.

Yours,
With the regard of a Godfather,

Dion Boucicault.

To Crawford Hartnell,
"THE SHAUGHRAUN,"
Dublin

DION BOUCICAULT ON "THE IRISH QUESTION."

The above shrewd and amusing letter, which so neatly epitomizes the state of affairs in Ireland, was addressed to the Editor of this magazine by the late Dion Boucicault, who thus gave his witty benediction to a little paper which our Editor established some thirty-three years ago. This paper was named THE SHAUGHRAUN, *after Boucicault's own play of that name, hence the caption, "Godfather Explains."*

THE STAGE IRISHMAN.—Continued.

to exaggerate and caricature in such a way as to produce the stage Irishman as we know him and as Shaw satirised him. If you look back over old numbers of *Punch*—and, indeed, you may find the same thing occasionally in current numbers—you will see Irishmen represented as baboon-like creatures, with bulging brows, long upper lips and enormously developed lower jaws. We know the face, but it is exceedingly rare among us now. Once, I am told by old people, it was common. It was seized on by the English artists and became in their hands the type of all our faces. It is, when it appears, still regarded as characteristically Irish. But it no longer is so in reality. It survives only as an artistic tradition, and has ceased to correspond to reality. It once did correspond to and caricature a reality. Now it is entirely divorced from all truth. The case of the stage Irishman is, I imagine, the same. His language, his characteristics, his weakness, his amiability, such as it is, must have been derived from some actually existing original. Where is that original?

I have looked in vain for traces of these characteristics in our ancient literature. Neither the Irishman of the pre-Norman days nor the Irishman of the Elizabethan times, so far as I know, corresponded in any way to the comic Irishman of the stage legend. I am not going to attempt any analysis of the character of the Irish of the heroic ages. I simply offer the bare statement that I find in them no trace of that moral, physical, and intellectual irresponsibility which we associate with the stage Irishman.

The Jacobite Irishman has succeeded in decking himself in such a garment of poetry, is altogether a person of such lofty, impassioned, romantic melancholy that it would be something like actual blasphemy to discover in him any tendency towards rollicking. The creators of Kathaleen ni Houlahan, the men who dreamed of the days when "the King's son shall come again" to her, will not stay on the same canvas with Frank Webber and Micky Free. They could, no doubt,

> "Laugh and boast with the best
> When the idle hours flit by,
> And the beaded wine cups clink"

But we are warned—if indeed we need the warning—not to take such laughter as an evidence of merriment.

> "Fool! did you never hear
> Of the sunshine which broke through rain?
> Sunshine which comes with storm?
> Laughter that rang of pain?"

There is no note that should lead us to discern the prototype of the stage Irishman in those "tricks of a broken heart" which we associate with the galvanized gaiety of the Wild Geese.

It is in the 18th century that we discover the beginnings of the stage Irishman tradition. For the great 18th century Irishmen—I mean for such of them as appear on the pages of history—I have a profound respect. The great majority of the people did not, of course, count in those days. Affairs, great affairs, were in the hands of a small governing class which possessed powers and characteristics for which I have much admiration. They were cool-headed men, singularly unenthusiastic, very keen on the practical business of getting wealthy themselves and making their friends comfortable. They could hate heartily, could hit hard, and had less regard for the romantic and poetical side of life than even a Manchester political economist. I do not pretend to think that they would have been pleasant people to live with; for they were naturally bullies, and a bully—even if you are prepared to bully him, which is the only way to deal with him—is an unrestful person to have in your neighbourhood. But these 18th century governing Irishmen, whatever their qualities and defects may have been, were not of the stage Irish type. Nor is what we seek to be found among the remnants of the older Jacobite aristocracy, the descendants of the Gaelic families who lay passive under the weight of the Penal Laws. These people move like shadows through the pages of Lady Morgan's novels, and are in every way as unlike as possible to the stage Irishman.

But towards the close of the 18th century there was evolved from the class of the smaller landed gentry a type of man quite unlike the members of the governing families, the Undertakers, equally unlike the subdued and inert Gaelic aristocracy. These were men with names like Jones and titles like "Squire" prefixed to them, which distinguished them sharply on the one hand from the O'Briens and the O'Flahertys, and on the other from the Beresfords and the Ponsonbys. We catch a glimpse of such a man in Sir Lucius O'Trigger, the fire-eating Irish duellist of Sheridan's "Rivals." He is the first stage Irishman, only partially developed, of course, for he was the earliest of his race, but corresponding to a reality. There were, outside the family circle of the governing classes, holding aloof in the pride of a fancied superiority from the older families whom their fathers had despoiled, many men like Sir Lucius O'Trigger. We meet them in the pages of "Barrington's Personal Reminiscences," and Barrington himself belonged to their brotherhood. They drank, fought, ran into debt, blundered delightfully, and were keen as any men living on the point of honour. They had a cheerful disregard of law and occasionally, like Fighting Fitzgerald, they came to untimely ends.

The first forty years of the 19th century saw the rapid development of the type of which the stage Irishman is a caricature. There were historical reasons for this. With the loss of their own Parliament the Irish gentry lost such sense of their responsibility as they had before. The means of communication with England were still very poor, and the minor gentry at all events were forced to spend most of their time in their own homes. The war prices of agricultural produce during the early part of the period brought a lot of money into Ireland, and the farmers, the men who actually grew the grain, were not in a position to claim their share of the booty. The Irish gentry had a short period of great prosperity and lived up to their incomes. They built themselves houses much too large for their requirements. But they bought few books or pictures, and they did not apparently care for good furniture. Their money went on horses and claret, the two things which they did thoroughly understand. When peace came, and the prices for agricultural products began to drop, the recklessness of the Irish gentry became more and more apparent. Having once lived up to their incomes they now lived far beyond them. They gambled, drank, laughed, fought and swaggered. They created the type of the stage Irishman and that—with the exception of a few first-rate drinking songs—is their contribution to literature. It is not a very great one, nor very noble. But it is something. After all—until Bernard Shaw slew him—the stage Irishman existed and added something to the gaiety of nations.

Charles Lever was the true literary godfather to the type. It was he who popularised it. I do not mean that Lever flooded the world with Tim Hafligans. I have a great admiration for Lever and have read him with pleasure ever since I was a boy. I regard him as a writer with too high an artistic instinct to fill his books with monstrosities. I use the phrase "artistic instinct" advisedly, for I am far from accusing Lever of being consciously an artist. He was, I fancy, like Scott and the other really great ones among the novelists. He would first have laughed heartily and then become extremely bored if you had talked to him about his art. The strong writer, and it is only the strong who ultimately survive, is no more conscious of his art than a healthy man is of his digestion. He writes artistically as the other digests thoroughly without knowing or caring anything about the process, and the principles on which it is conducted. But Lever did not invent the rollicking Irishman of his novels. He copied him from existing people. He touched his models up, of course, put a dab of rouge on a cheek which seemed too pale, curled a forelock which hung unbecomingly straight across the forehead, and crammed all the adventurous gaiety of a lifetime into a few brief years. In other words, he heightened the effect; but he was true to an actually existing type. Charles O'Malley never existed, quite. Nor did Frank Webber or Fred Power. But there were plenty of people rather like Charles O'Malley. There were Trinity students who played tricks only less perfectly outrageous than Frank Webber's, and it was from these that Lever drew his heroes.

And Lever is responsible also for another development of the stage Irishman. If he did not actually create, he popularised the comic Irish peasant, and it is in the person of the Irish peasant rather than the Irish gentleman that the makers of stage Irishmen have found their richest mine. Micky Free stands side by side with Lever's Handy Andy* as the lineal ancestor of Tim Hafligan and his like. Alas, that the descendants of so fine a stock

Concluded on page 60.

* Samuel Lover's *Handy Andy* was originally produced solely for English consumption. The novel was written for and ran its first course in 1849 through the pages of a London periodical, *The Home Circle*, which was edited by Pierce Egan, the author of *Tom and Jerry, or Life in London*.—Editor.

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A MASTER OF MIRTH.

EDWIN HAMILTON: An Appreciation.

Not very long ago I was electrified by hearing Mr. William Dover, of the Quinlan Opera Company, sing a ballad, opening with the lines,

I remember meeting you
In September, sixty-two.

While the singer held his audience by an admirable interpretation of the humour of the song, I was carried back to 1877 and memories of the pleasure derived from reading, again and again, Edwin Hamilton's inimitable collection of *Dublin Doggerels*, wherein the ballad first met my eye. Edwin Hamilton could, I believe, have become famous throughout the English-speaking world if he had not preferred to remain a stay-at-homo Irishman. Though he justly won many distinctions, he has never received the full measure of recognition from his countrymen that his brilliant abilities merit.



MR. EDWIN HAMILTON, M.A., J.P.

This portrait was secured in the days when "Turco the Terrible" was enjoying its phenomenal run at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin.

What a host of joyous recollections the name of Edwin Hamilton evokes in the mind of the elderly Dubliner! It stands for all that was brightest and best in those light-hearted times of thirty years ago, before the days of the land war, the sympathetic strike, or the militant suffragist, when the whole community seemed like a troop of schoolboys let loose on a holiday. Edwin Hamilton's literary grace was the outward and visible manifestation of the spirit of his times. A master of persiflage, it may bo truly said of him that he touched nothing he did not adorn. To-day we have a superfluity of poets but none with Mr. Hamilton's faculty of combining delicate Gilbertian humour with smooth-flowing verse. His most famous pantomime, *Turco the Terrible*, produced at the Dublin Gaiety Theatre for the Christmas of 1873, had most of the qualities of a fine opera-bouffe, and set a standard which became the despair of future writers of our local holiday annuals.

Born in Dublin on April 14th, 1849, Edwin Hamilton is the son of the late Rev. Hugh Hamilton. At Trinity College he carried off high honours, winning in 1872 the Vice-Chancellor's Prize for verse with his drama of *Ariadne*. Like Sir William Schwenck Gilbert, whom he considerably resembled in lyrical faculty and humorous outlook, so much so, indeed, that he might be dubbed the Irish Bab Balladist, he was called to the Bar, but, equally like him, elected to follow a literary, rather than a legal career. In May, 1870, A. M. Sullivan had started that excellent but short-lived comic weekly, *Zozimus*, with John F. O'Hea, "Spex," as cartoonist, and a little over a year later, Edwin Hamilton, while still an undergraduate, made his debut in journalism by contributing to its columns a humorous poem called "To go or not to go," the first of those "Dublin Doggerels" which, a few years later, were published in collected form. Subsequently he edited and contributed liberally to those capital comic journals *Zoz*, *Pat*, *The Shaughraun*,* and *Ireland's Eye*, all memorable now for the neatness of their wit and the excellence of their coloured cartoons, with the exception of *The Shaughraun*, which was not illustrated.

In addition to his many other high qualities, Edwin Hamilton can claim to have been a successful reformer in his native city. Under the chastisement of his wise and merry wit one city eyesore after another disappeared. How he pasquinaded, and poured volleys of light-hearted ridicule into, old Westland Row, which was, perhaps, the dirtiest and most disreputable looking terminus in Christendom, although the Company, having then no opposition, was plethorically wealthy. In the end the tumbledown old station was laid in the dust by the artillery of his wit, and the new one, such as it was, arose in its stead. Dreadful old Carlisle Bridge, narrow, steep, and dangerous, was similarly laughed out of existence; and the first serious move to cleanse the Liffey and mitigate its odours was made when Nelson's statue communicated with Dublin's humorist poet, and the humorist, in confidence, told the public that:—

"As Nelson's statue could not speak,
He wrote to me a letter;
He said he liked his station well,
Yet still it might be better.
The river Liffey's rather near,
The source of all his woes;
And he swears that he must drop his sword
That he may hold his nose."

Talk of men moving mountains and the days of miracles being over—why, Edwin Hamilton actually moved the Corporation of Dublin!

Despite his prolific contributions to the Press, Edwin Hamilton never lost touch with the stage. He wrote in 1876, to the music of Signor Cellini, an amusing comic opera entitled, *Rhampsinitus*, which was produced at the old Dublin Royal early in May of that year on the occasion of Michael Gunn's first benefit. His book of humorous verse, *The Moderate Man*, issued in London in 1888, had the additional attraction of being illustrated by his friend and ally, Harry Furniss. Several of the poems, particularly the one which gave the book its title, were for long popular with Dublin reciters. On the opening of the present Theatre Royal, on December 13, 1897, Mrs. Mouillet delivered an inaugural address by Mr. Hamilton, in which graceful reference was made to old R. M. Levey, the evergreen musical conductor, who then presided over the orchestra. A year previously the graceful and witty writer had penned the sprightly reminiscent lines spoken by Mrs. Gunn on the 25th anniversary of the opening of the Gaiety. In this occurred the prophetic couplet:

Time comes, eventually, soon or late,
When friends, however true, must separate.

That sad time came to Edwin Hamilton a few years later, when he removed to the North to become a County Down resident. Dublin is still looking for the man to occupy his vacant throne. Of mystic and misty poets we have an abundance, "for home and export," but none capable of being invested with the old cap and bells.

As a happy example of Edwin Hamilton's amusing verse, "The Tourist Interviewed," is here presented. This typical specimen of his work was written nearly twenty golden years ago for publication in THE LADY OF THE HOUSE:—

The Tourist Interviewed.

"Pronunciatio est botheratio."—*Early Italian Proverb.*

By EDWIN HAMILTON.

Interviewer—You've traversed Ireland, sir, from East to West,
And gone, if I mistake not, North and South.
What bit of scenery has pleased you best?
Tourist— The Bay of Dublin, from the Hill of Howth.

Interviewer—Refreshment stations pretty good? You know
It's always wise diplomacy to feed a
Man extra well when he has far to go.
Tourist— There is nothing to complain of at Drogheda.

*To *The Shaughraun* Edwin Hamilton contributed a capital series of "Songs of the Silent System" over the *nom de plume* "Harvey Duff," the name of the villain in Boucicault's play.

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THE TOURIST INTERVIEWED

Continued.

Interviewer—About hotels, what were the servants like?
The ruddy chambermaid is always "Biddy,"
The boots is "Patsy," and the hostler "Mike."
Tourist— I didn't notice that at Malahide.

Interviewer—I hope our vehicle, the outside car,
Was not so inartistic as to jog you,
If not yet rubber-tired, as good ones are?
Tourist— Just once; from Terenure to Templeogue.

Interviewer—The weather next. Our enemies declare
That in this Emerald Isle it's always rainy.
Was that your diagnosis everywhere?
Tourist— It poured without cessation at Strabane.

Interviewer—Good health is paramount, you must admit.
One can't enjoy a trip when feeling seedy.
I hope you didn't feel relaxed a bit?
Tourist— One afternoon, at Newtown Mount Kennedy.

Interviewer—Our peasantry are strong, though now and then
More tall than broad, perhaps a trifle lathy,
But mostly able-bodied, active men?
Tourist— I saw some splendid specimens at Athy.

Interviewer—On market days our little towns are bright;
The countryfolk are humorous and jolly,
Though shrewd enough to drive a bargain right?
Tourist— That struck me very much at Borrisoleigh.

Interviewer—Of architecture, we can boast a few
Fine buildings, calculated well to charm a
True critic's taste—cathedrals old and new.
Tourist— I don't know which I most admired at Armagh.

Interviewer—The grazing industry. Perhaps you thought
Our Irish cattle-farmer was a rancher,
And yet no better fences can be bought?
Tourist— I saw enormous pastures in Cavan-shire.

Interviewer—I'm not familiar with the Mayo coast,
But I've been told, you seldom see so fine a
Display of cliffs. What route impressed you most?
Tourist— The steamer-trip from Sligo to Ballina.

Interviewer—When frost sets in, the skating here is fine;
Ice smoother than Canadian ever rinked on.
Have you been lucky in the skating line?
Tourist— Once, on the Grand Canal at Portarlington.

Interviewer—Compare the Scotch and Irish. Should you say
That Sawney's more intelligent than Paddy,
Or is it, as we boast, the other way?
Tourist— They're pretty much the same at Donaghadee.

Interviewer—About our Christmas customs. Did they show
A difference from yours, a new idea,
Or simply holly, ivy, mistletoe?
Tourist Oh, just the same old game, at Lisnaskea.

Interviewer—Your gift of mastering the Irish tongue
Is quite unique. But can you put your finger
On any name which puzzled you when young?
Tourist— I had some doubts at first about Mullingar."

But still, your local names are hard to teach,
And hard to learn (excuse me if I swagger),
Because your complicated Celtic speech—
As your own proverb has it—"Bangs Banagher."

The End.

When are Faces Like Books?

"Father blundered into the library last night just as Frank kissed me," said Grace.

"Oh, how awful!" said Mamie; "and what happened?"

"He pretended to look for a book," answered Grace. "I asked him very sweetly what he wanted. He said: 'I want "A Study in Scarlet," but I didn't know we had three copies.'"

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3,133 Cash Prizes in all — £1,575

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Political Prophesy in Ireland.

WHAT THE UNION WAS TO DO IN DUBLIN, AND WHAT HOME RULE IS TO DO IN BELFAST.

"Sir," said Henry Grattan, "you cannot argue with a political prophet: you can only disbelieve him." Grattan's reply to Castlereagh.



DUBLIN AFTER THE UNION. UNION STREET, LATE COLLEGE GREEN,

Showing Daly's famous Club House, moss-grown and ivy-clad, and cow-sheds built within the portico of the Old Parliament House.

"You will have grass growing in College Green after the Union," cried an anti-Unionist. "We'll ALL LIVE IN CLOVER THEN," *retorted a flippant follower of Pitt*

From a prophetic cartoon, published in Dublin, and dated May, 1799, now in the National Gallery of Ireland.



BELFAST AFTER HOME RULE. DONEGALL PLACE IN RUINS.

The kine graze along erstwhile busy Donegall Place. Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver's palatial warehouse falls into ruin, and the stately City Hall, like the cranium of H. J. Byron's cabin boy, is "cracked and won't shut to again."

From the Picture Post Card published by Messrs. W. & G. Baird, Ltd., Belfast.

The Story of the "Wearing of the Green."

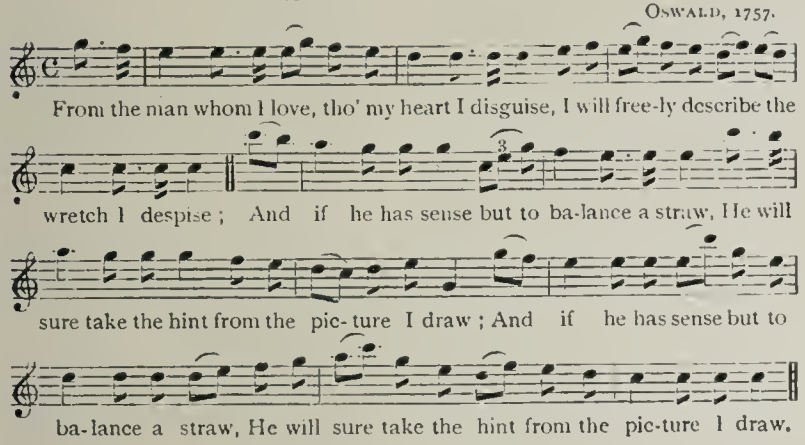
The Song that Ulster gave to Ireland.

By W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD, Mus.D., Author of "The History of Irish Music"; Editor of "Moore's Irish Melodies," etc.

Ulster bards and poets have given us many beautiful ballads, and Ulster minstrels can claim some of our finest folk tunes. Yet, it may come as a surprise to some readers to learn that Ireland is indebted to Ulster for "The Wearing of the Green." At the same time it must not

IN THE REPRISAL.

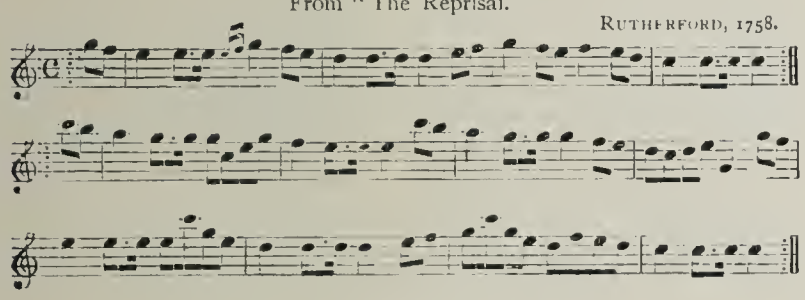
OSWALD, 1757.



BALANCE A STRAW.

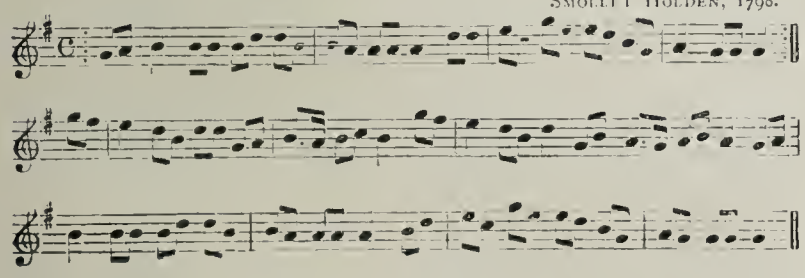
From "The Reprisal."

RUTHERFORD, 1758.



THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

SMOLLET HOLDEN, 1798.



be forgotten that Dr. Drennan, of Belfast, was the author of "When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood," which Tom Moore described in almost extravagant eulogy, and in which for the first time occurs the designation of "the emerald isle," as applied to Ireland. Ample evidence of the Ulster provenance of the old ballad of "The Wearing of the Green" will be found in the lines:

"Sure I'll go down to Belfast town,
And see that seaport gay,
And tell my aged parents
In this country I can't stay."

Several ballads are extant, all dealing with the same subject, and two of them possess considerable literary merit. However, Dion Boucicault "tinkered" one of them, and it is this version, beginning:—

"Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round,"

that has been current in Ireland for well nigh fifty years. William Elliot Hudson, writing in December, 1840, tells us that the old song was the solace of the Irish peasantry in the sad period which followed 1798, and the names of Napper Tandy and of Buonaparte are introdueed, pointing to the period 1798-1803, when the ballad was in vogue. An "improved" version of the '98 ballad commencing *Farewell for I must leave thee, my own, my native shore*, was published in Hayes's Ballads of Ireland, in 1859. Boucicault's tinkered version was introdueed into his *Arrah na Pogue*—first performed in the Dublin Theatre Royal on November 7th, 1864—which had a run of fifty-seven nights. The song was regarded as treasonable during the Fenian movement, and I myself saw several young men arrested for whistling the air!

As to the melody, it is unquestionably Irish, although Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, misled by a statement in Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, considered that it was of Scotch origin. True it is that the air appears in Oswald's *Airs for the Spring*, but that work did not appear till after the year 1757, and Oswald did not claim it; on the contrary, in his *Tutor for the Guitar* he heads it "In the Reprisal," that is, a song from the play of *The Reprisal*, the first verse of which he prints. This song, commencing "From the man that I love," generally known as "Balance a Straw," was introduced into Smollett's play, "The Reprisal," which was produced by Garrick at Drury Lane, in November, 1757, and it was sung by Miss Macklin, the daughter of the great Irish aetor-dramatist. The song was written by some Irish versifier in December, 1752, in praise of Maddox, the performer on the slack wire, who was a great favourite in Dublin, and who was drowned in the Irish Sea, with Theophilus Cibber and others in November, 1758. Macklin gave the song and tune to his daughter, and when introduced into *The Reprisal* it acquired a great vogue. About the year 1790, the Irish air—which was made a marching tune by the Volunteers—was set to a Masonic song commencing "When the Sun from the East first salutes mortal eyes," and was published in Dublin by Smollet Holden in 1798 in his *Masonic Songs*. The air was again used by Madame Vestris for a song entitled "The Captain with his Whiskers took a sly glance at me," about the year 1830—a song which was wonderfully popular, and so continued till 1870.



W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD, Mus.D.,
Author of "The History of Irish Music"; Editor of "Moore's Irish Melodies."

No doubt, Boucicault's setting gave the song an increased popularity; but the intrinsic beauty of the air has helped to give perennial freshness to it. Although banned during the Fenian movement, and again during the Land League agitation, it was a particular favourite with Queen Victoria, and also with King Edward VII.

Herewith I subjoin three settings of the air, viz., Oswald's, in 1757; Rutherford's, in 1758; and Smollet Holden's, of 1798.

In the original version of the "Wearing of the Green," Ireland was spoken of as the "most distressful country," a description which Lord Beaconsfield adopted as his own and ironically applied to this country.

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A LADY DRESSMAKER.

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.

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THE LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.

Wife of Algernon William Fulke, 2nd Baron Greville of Clonhugh, Mullingar, Co. Westmeath. Lady Greville is a daughter of the 4th Duke of Montrose, mother of the present Lord Greville and an accomplished writer of short stories. This is the first occasion upon which Lady Violet Greville's literary work has appeared in "The Lady of the House."

Rosabel Munster, one of the prettiest girls in Society, found herself at the completion of an exceptionally successful season at the summit of her desires, engaged to a wealthy and handsome young Guardsman, Capt. Alan Maudsley, V.C. Yet a cloud, almost a scowl covered her delicate featnres as she stood beside her fiancé. He whose bravery in the field was unchallenged, who quailed at neither savage nor assegai, watched his bethrothed with dismay. In silence he laid his hand gently upon her arm.

"Rosabel, speak to me, what is it ails you, are you unhappy?"

A lover's first doubt is a tortnring anxiety.

She twitched her arm away fretfully. "One can't always be grinning like a clown," she said. "I have a headache to-day."

"It's not only the headache," he spoke sadly; "you seem changed; is anything worrying you?"

"No, silly," she laughed, constrainedly, "women have their moods."

"I know," he said simply, "but I want to share your moods, 'for better for worse,' you know that's what marriage means."

"Fancy telling a husband everything; how old-fashioned you are, Alan!"

"Perhaps I am. I get it from my mother, she nsed to talk to me about things, big things you know, when I was only a little kid."

"Better not ask too many questions," said Rosabel decisively, "women enjoy their secrets as well as men."

"You have secrets—can't you trust me?"

"I've no secrets, only a headache."

"Then I'd better go—but remember if anything should troubleyou," he continued affectionately, "bring your worries (very little ones, of course) to me, I am ready to share the burden."

"Are you?" Rosabel looked keenly at her lover. Truth spoke from his clear honest eyes, the eyes of a well-groomed healthy man.

"Secrets, Alan," she said, slowly, "were never made to be told."

"Not guilty secrets, perhaps, but two loving hearts can have nothing to hide—and you do love me, Rosabel," he added.

"Of eourse, but let me tell you that while

A LADY DRESSMAKER—Continued.

you have been soldiering, fighting savages and wild beasts, we women have been emancipating ourselves, fighting for our privileges —there is little we do not know and understand nowadays—"

"So long as you keep from the knowledge of evil, you may do what you like. I should not care, darling, for you to explore the dark corners of things men are obliged to know."

"Ignorance is not innocence," said Rosabel, cheerfully airing the old woman's platitude.

"Nice women must be innocent," decided Alan.

"Humph!" Rosabel looked at him with a smile of contemptuous pity. "You are old-fashioned."

"Your headache is really better now you know," remarked Alan with a touch of astuteness, "and perhaps you will tell me the secret."

Rosabel threw herself upon a low couch.

"I hate cross-examinations," she said firmly, "it's a mean way men have of tormenting us."

"I don't want to torment, I want to help."

"How do you know you can help?"

"Because I want to, and where there's a will there's a way."

"Your philosophy is very primitive."

"Primitive, but effective."

"Well! If you really want to know—it's a most unromantic worry—money."

"Ah!" Alan took a long breath. He had feared he knew not what, a spark of unreasonable jealousy sprang up in his heart.

"Strange—isn't it?" she laughed harshly.

Alan devoured her beauty with his eyes. They ranged over the lovely face, the waves of auburn hair, the brilliant complexion, the soft contours of her admirably rounded figure, the filmy clinging garments of pale primrose, each carefully embroidered accessory, the whole perfection of the thing. Yes—he would not doubt it, such perfection cost money, the exquisite appearance was the result of study. She was an expensive article of luxury.

She, with her quick woman's instinct, noticed his appraisement of her charm, and the inference he drew.

"I don't look shabby do I?" she asked sweetly.

"You look yourself—perfection."

"Expensive perfection?"

"Perhaps, but your people are rich."

"My aunt, who adopted me, is not rich."

"Then how?" He looked stupidly round the room at the artistic decorations, the flowers, the china, the sumptuous cushions, all the evidences of wealth and taste scattered about.

"I had better tell you the whole truth, now I've begun."

"Yes, tell me the truth," his brain was impressed, he wanted vaguely to be clear.

"I was brought up in every luxury. I loved it from my earliest days. My father was supposed to be a millionaire, he grudged me nothing and indulged all my whims—then he died—penniless, and I was left alone—"

"Poor child. Oh! poor child!"

"Yes, poor child in every sense of the word. My aunt knew all, she told me my beauty was an asset, and assured me I must marry well—"

"You're marrying me," said Alan hopefully.

"She arranged an atmosphere—I could not exist in poverty, nothing was to be changed—but pretty things are expensive—we are getting deeper into debt every day—and now—this is the last straw." She drew a letter from the blotter on the table and handed it to him. "Read this."

Alan read. It proved to be a milliner's bill, of large proportions, but the document accompanying it, interested him more deeply. Bills were bills, but this was a cry of the soul. The letter was that of a lady writing to her friend, begging her pathetically to save her from ruin. "Rosabel, dear," the words rang warningly in his ears, "do pay—the bailiffs are at the door—I shall be sold up, if you do not pay, and my little sister and I will starve. I have struggled so hard, pity and help."

"Who is this lady, Rosabel?"

"She calls herself Madame Aline, but she is an old school friend of mine, a general's daughter. The cleverest milliner in the world, but an awful beggar."

"Beggar! Don't you owe her the money?"

"Of course; don't rub it in; but she needn't drive me so—it's mean—when I spent my last penny on those furs you admired so much."

"Rosabel," he said sternly, "a man who does not pay his bills, is not an honest man."

"But I'm a woman. I shall pay, of course, some day—and—oh!—you don't understand."

"I understand." He rose quietly, his face a little paler and more set. "I will go and see this lady and settle your bill."

"Will you?" Rosabel jumped up gaily. "How good of you! I was afraid you wouldn't. I'm so relieved."

"For yourself, or for her?"

"For myself, of course—it's horrid to be dunned."

"But worse to starve."

"Oh, that's only her way of speaking,—so exaggerated—she has a splendid business. I'm not her only customer. Are you going now?"

"Yes, I don't want to lose a minute."

"You are funny, Alan—come back to dinner."

"I will," he said calmly, but for the first time since their engagement he left the house without kissing his betrothed. She, so happy in her new found relief, never noticed it.

Alan meanwhile in uneasy thoughtfulness drove to the dressmaker's. His life had been neither tragedy, nor joyous adventure, but just the ordinary masculine pleasure and mild achievement. He knew little or nothing of women. He divided them roughly into two classes, those who were nice and those who weren't. A lady dressmaker, a woman who talked of struggle and starvation, who pleaded with another woman, for pity and help, what kind of type was that? And Rosabel—so hard, so unsympathetic, he turned his thoughts quickly away, the subject grew distasteful.

Madame Aline lived in a small house at Notting Hill. A queer place to fashion the lovely clothes that astonished and bewildered society. Alan was shown by a quiet little maid into a spacious room, a room all white and bare, giving a sense of peace and purity. Soft green curtains hung by the windows, and some large mirrors decked the walls. A table, chairs littered with brilliant bits of silk or brocade, and a plain carpet; the whole made a quiet, restful impression.

From the inner room appeared a slight young figure dressed in black. Her eyes were large and sad, her aspect quiet and refined. A frail creature, she seemed to engage in battle with the world for her own living.

"I am come," Alan said awkwardly, as she stood silently before him, "to pay Miss Munster's bill." He unfolded the lengthy document.

"Is it something on account?" the girl asked.

"No, I wish to settle everything,—I am Rosabel's betrothed, we are to be married next month."

A soft shade of rose tinted Aline's face.

"I am glad," she said softly.

"Rosabel tells me you are old school friends."

"Yes—her father and mine died about the same time."

"And left you both in poverty?"

"Yes—my father was a general—"

"And you had the courage to do—this thing?"

"Why not? I had taste and clever fingers—I was lucky."

"You must work very hard."

"I like work—it is the struggle that is so killing."

"You mean—the bad debts?"

"Yes—and other things."

"Don't women pay well?"

"Not many," Aline smiled, "you see they forget—they are so busy."

"Busy!" Alan could hear the sewing machine in the next room tick, tick, ticking, as they talked, like a spirit of unrest beating its wings to the tune of the universal law of work.

Aline meanwhile, receipted, stamped, and folded up the bill in a quiet, business-like way, and Alan received it, and paid the money. There was nothing more to do but to take his leave. He hesitated, walked a few steps towards the door, then turning, said in a voice of deep feeling:—"Madame Aline, I respect you." She stared, and tears came slowly to her eyes. Customers did not often treat her thus. Irate husbands and cross lovers came and stormed, and wrangled and tried to beat her down at the bidding of their women folk, but respect, consideration, the mere recollection of the fact that she was a lady, these failed her sorely.

"I will see that your bills are paid regularly for the future, Madame Aline," he said kindly, "at least you shall have no anxiety on that score."

She thanked him, and he stepped almost furtively from the room.

Since that day a change came over Alan's dream of love. He became less tender,

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(ESTABLISHED 1796.)

A LADY DRESSMAKER—Continued.

more critical, he grew harder to Rosabel's caprices, less indulgent to her whims and fancies. He ceased to admire her pretty petulance, her spoilt child's ways, her wasteful luxury and disregard for other's feelings. In spite of himself his thoughts wandered to that other girl, also a lady, working, struggling, patient, uncomplaining. The contrast between tho two school friends grew poignant. Life was indeed unjust in its arrangements.

After a week of rich superfluous dinners and noisy, wine-saturated supper parties, of shrill cacklings, and unconvincing gaiety, satiety overcame his soul. The sense of shame oppressed him. Sham love, sham joys, sham appetites, the image of the pale girl in black rose before him, grave, dignified, sincere. He wondered if she had ever any pleasure offered her, did anyone give her flowers, share a happy meal with her, bribe her to smile with bonbons? No, no, she was not that sort. Like a bird in a cage, she sat there all day stitching, stitching, working, contriving winning schemes to make other women beautiful. Was ever such unselfishness? He could bear it no longer. He must see her again.

Ono afternoon he knocked at the door of the little house. Once more he was ushered into the cool, white room, once more she stood beforo him, quiet, alert, questioning. He stammered. What impudence, he thought, to dare to come like this! She waited.

"Won't you come for a walk!" he broke out stupidly.

"A walk?" She looked surprised. "I have no time for walks."



THE OLD CATHEDRAL QUARTER OF DUBLIN.
From the River at Essex Quay.
From a Drawing by H. Brocas. In the possession of the Editor.

"You look pale, it would be good for you, just a stroll under tho green trees, by the pond— "

"It would be lovely," she said, "but I have my work—"

"Always work—do you never wish for recreations?"

"I have my little sister. I play with her, that is my recreation."

Continued on page 52.

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H. C. WATSON, Proprietor.

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(Adjoining the spacious ground of the National Universities).



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The Transferable Christmas Box.

The Gay Story of an Italian Opera Company on an Irish Tour.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE,
Author of "I Forbid the Banns," "Adventures of Nell Gwynn," "Sir Roger's Heir," etc., etc.

"LADY OF THE HOUSE" COPYRIGHT.

A good many years have passed since the Imperial Italian Opera Company made their famous tour through Ireland, starting at Belfast, where they played to empty houses for a week, and going on to Dublin, where they played to full ones for a month; winding up triumphantly with a fortnight in Cork. It was in Dublin that I became acquainted with a member of the Company named Giuseppe, and it was during the Irish tour that this artist distinguished himself in a transaction, or a series of transactions, the details of which I have often thought were worth recording, illustrating as they do the ingenuity of an artistic mind, and proving how closely allied is art to artfulness.

Antonio Giuseppe certainly was attached to the Opera Company, but it would be difficult to define with any degree of exactness his duties in connection with that Institution. He had got not a single note in his voice, and yet—nay, on this account—he had passed, I heard, during a season at Homburg as a distinguished tenor—for Signor Giuseppe was careful to see that his portmanteau was inscribed in white letters of considerable size, "Signor Antonio Giuseppe, Imperial Opera Company." He gave himself as many airs as a professional—nay, as an amateur tenor, and he was thus assigned the most select apartment in the hotel during his sojourn, and a large folding screen was placed between his seat at the *table d'hôte* and the window. There was, indeed, every excuse for taking Signor Giuseppe for a distinguished operatic tenor. He spoke all European languages with equal impurity, he went about in a waistcoat that resembled, in combination of colours, the drop scene of a theatre; he wore a blue velvet tie, made up in a knot to display a carbuncle pin about the size of a tram-car light, and his generosity in wristband was equalled only by his prodigality of cigarette paper. These characteristics, coupled with the fact that he had never been known to indulge in the luxury of a bath, gave rise to the rumour that he was the greatest tenor in Europe; consequently he was looked upon with envy by the men with incomes of a thousand pounds a day, who are accustomed to resort for some months out of the year to Homburg; while Countesses of various nationalities sent him daily missives expressive of their admiration for his talents, and entreating the favour of his autograph in their birthday books. Poor Signor Giuseppe was greatly perplexed by the arrival of a birthday book at his apartment every morning; but as soon as its import was explained to him, he never failed to respond to the request of the fair owners of the volumes. His caligraphy did not extend beyond the limits of his autograph, and his birthday seemed to be with him a movable feast, for in no two of the books did his name appear on the pages assigned to the same month. As a matter of fact, it is almost impossible for a man who has never been acquainted with his father or mother to know with any degree of accuracy the exact day on which he was born, so that Signor Giuseppe, who was discovered by a priest in a shed at the quay at Leghorn on St. Joseph's day, was not to blame for his ignorance in respect of his nativity.

Of course, when Mr. Fitzgauntlet, the enterprising impresario of the Imperial Opera, turned up at Homburg in the course of a week or two, it became known that whatever position Signor Giuseppe might occupy in the State Opera Company, it was not that of *primo tenore*, for the most exacting impresario has never been known to include among the duties of a *primo tenore* the unpacking of a portmanteau and the arrangements of its contents around the dressing-room of the impresario. The folding screen was removed from behind Signor Giuseppe on the day following the arrival of Mr. Fitzgauntlet at Homburg, and from being *fêted* as Giuseppe the tenor, he was scorned as Giuseppe the valet.

But in regarding Signor Giuseppe as nothing beyond the valet to the impresario the sojourners at the hotel were as greatly in error as in accepting him as the tenor. To be sure Signor Giuseppe now and again discharged the duties that usually devolve upon the valet, but the scope of his duties extended far beyond these limits. It was his task to arrange the *claque* for a new *prima donna*, and to purchase the bouquets to be showered upon the stage when the impresario was anxious to impress upon the public the admirable qualities possessed by a *débutante* whose services he had secured for a trifle. It was also Giuseppe's privilege to receive the bouquets left at the stage door by the young gentlemen—or the old gentlemen—who had become struck with the graceful figure of the *première danseuse* or, perhaps, *cinquantième danseuse*, and the emoluments arising from this portion of his duties were said to be equal to a liberal income, exclusive of what he made by the disposal of the bouquets to the florist from whom they had been originally purchased. This invaluable official also made a little money for himself by his ingenuity in obtaining the photographs and autographs of the chief artists of the Company, which he distributed for sale every evening in the stalls; but not quite so profitable was that part of his business which consisted in inventing stories to account for the absence of the impresario when tradesmen called at the theatre with their bills; still, the thoughtfulness and ingenuity of Signor Giuseppe were quite equal to the strain put upon them in this direction, and Mr. Fitzgauntlet had no reason to be otherwise than satisfied. When it is understood that Giuseppe transacted nearly all their business for the chief artists in the Company, engaged their apartments, and looked after their luggage when on tour in the provinces, it will readily be believed that he had, as a rule, more money at his banker's than any official connected with the Opera.

The confidence which had always been placed in Signor Giuseppe's integrity by the artists of the Company was upon one occasion rudely shaken, and the story of how this disaster occurred is about to be related. Signor Giuseppe did a little business in wine and cigars, principally of British manufacture, and he had, with his accustomed dexterity, hitherto escaped a criminal prosecution under the Sale of Drugs Act for the consequences of his success in disposing of his commodities in this line of business. He also did a little in a medical way, a certain bottle containing a bright crimson liquid with a horrible taste being extremely popular among the members of the extensive chorus of the Opera. When a "cyclus" of modern German Opera was contemplated by Mr. Fitzgauntlet, Giuseppe increased his medical stock, feeling sure that the result of the performances would occasion a run upon his drugs; but the negotiations fell through, and it was only by the force of his perseverance and persuasiveness he contrived to get rid of his surplus to the gentlemen who played the brass instruments in the orchestra. It was not, however, on account of his transactions in the medical way that he almost forfeited the respect in which he was held by the artists, but because of the part he played with regard to the disposal of a certain box of cigars. After the production at Dublin of the Opera *Le Diamant Noir*, Signor Boccalione, the great basso, went to Giuseppe, saying:—

"Giuseppe, I want your advice: you know I have made the success of the Opera, but I do not read music very quickly, and Monsieur Lejeune has had a good deal of trouble with me. I should like to make him some little return; what would you suggest?"

Giuseppe was lost in thought. He wondered, could he suggest the propriety of the basso's offering the *maestro di piano* a case of Burgundy—Giuseppe had just received three cases of the finest Burgundy that had ever been made in the Minories.

"A present to the value of how much?" he asked of Signor Boccalione.

"Oh," said the basso airily, and with a gesture of indifference, "about sixty francs. Monsieur Lejeune had not really so much trouble with me, and I have already treated him to a feast of oysters at the Burlington,—no one else in the Company would think of acknowledging his services further, but with me it is different—I cannot live without being generous."

MELLIN'S FOOD

For the Baby who must be hand-reared—the ideal substitute for mother's milk—may be given with safety from birth—free from starch.

THE TRANSFERABLE CHRISTMAS BOX—Continued.

Giuseppe mused.

"If the Signor would only go so far as seventy francs, I could get him a box of the choicest cigars," he said after a pause; and then he went on to explain that the cigars were in the possession of a friend of his own, whom he had passed into the Opera one night, and who consequently owed him some compliment, so that the box, which in the ordinary way of business was really worth eighty francs, might be obtained for seventy. The generosity of the basso, however, was not without its limits; it would sustain the tension put upon it by the expenditure of sixty francs, but it was not sufficiently strong to face the outlay suggested by Giuseppe.

"Sixty francs!" he cried; "sixty francs is a small fortune, and I myself smoke excellent cigars at thirty. I will give no more than sixty."

Giuseppe did not think the box could be purchased for the money, but he said he would try to induce his friend to be liberal. The next day he came to Signor Boccalione with the box containing the hundred cigars of the choicest brand—the quality of the cigars will be fully appreciated when it is understood that the hundred cost Giuseppe originally close upon thirteen shillings.

"Per Bacco!" cried the basso, "Monsieur Lejeune should be a happy man—he had hardly any trouble with me, now that I come to reflect; and besides, he had those oysters! Oh, I am the only man in the Company who would be so foolish as to think of a present—and such a present—for him. But it is Christmas time, and I am naturally generous."

"Oh, Signor!" said Giuseppe, "such a present! The perfume, Signor, wonderful! delicious! celestial!" He then explained how he had persuaded his friend, by soft words and promises, to part with the box for sixty francs, and Signor Boccalione listened and laughed; then, on a sheet of pink notepaper, the basso wrote a dedication, occupying twelve lines, of the box of cigars to the use of the supremely illustrious *maestro di piano*, Lejeune, in token of the invaluable assistance he had afforded to the most humble and grateful of his friends and servants, Alessandro Boccalione.

When Giuseppe promised to send the box to the maestro on the following day he meant to keep his word, and he did keep it. On the same evening he was met by Maestro Lejeune coming out of the Shelbourne. The maestro looked very pale in the face.

"Giuseppe, my friend," he said with a smile, "you were very good to me upon our last tour, looking after my luggage with commendable zeal; I have often thought of making you some little return. You will find a box of cigars—one hundred all but one—on my dressing table; you may have them for your own use."

Giuseppe was profuse in his thanks, and, on going to the dressing-room of the maestro, obtained possession once more of the box of cigars he had sold to the basso. On the mat was the half-smoked sample which Monsieur Lejeune had attempted to get through.

Not more than a week had passed after this transaction when Signor Giuseppe was sent for by Madame Speranza, the celebrated soprano.

"Giuseppe," said the lady, "as you have had twenty-seven of my photographs within the past month, I think you may be able to help me out of a difficulty in which I find myself."

Giuseppe thought it rather ungenerous for a soprano earning—or at least getting paid—two hundred pounds a week, to make any reference to such a paltry matter as photographs; he, however, said nothing on this subject, but only expressed his willingness to serve the lady. She then explained to him what he knew already, namely, that she had had a serious difference with Herr Groschen, the conductor, as to the *tempo* of a certain air in *Le Diamant Noir*, and that the conductor and she had not been on speaking terms for more than a fortnight.

"But now," said Madame Speranza in conclusion, "now that I have made the Opera so brilliant a success, I should like to make my peace with the poor old man, who must be miserable in consequence of my treatment of him,—especially as I got the best of the dispute. I mean to write to him this evening, and send him a Christmas present before we leave Dublin—something small, you know—not extravagant."

"What would Madame think of the appropriateness of a box of cigars?" asked Giuseppe, after an interval of thought. "I heard Herr Groschen say that he had just smoked the last of a box, and meant to purchase another when he had the money," he added.

"How much would a box of cigars cost?" asked the *prima donna*.

"Madame can have cigars at all prices—even as low as sixty-five francs," replied her confidential adviser.

"Mon Dieu! what extravagant creatures men are!" cried the lady. "Sixty-five francs' worth of cigars would probably not last him more than a few months. Never mind; I do not want a cheap box,—my soul is a generous one, and it is the season of Noel; procure me a box at sixty-five francs, and we will say nothing more about the photographs."

Signor Giuseppe said he would try what could be done. A man whom he had once obliged had a sister married to one of the most intelligent cigar merchants in the city of Dublin; but he did not think he had any cigars under seventy francs.

"Not a sou more than sixty-six will I pay," cried the soprano with emphasis. Giuseppe gave a shrug and said he would see what could be done.

What he saw could be done was to expend the sum of twopence English in the purchase of a cigar, to put in the centre of the package from which the maestro had taken his sample, and to bring the box sealed to Madame Speranza, whom he congratulated on being able to present her late enemy with a box of cigars of a quality not to be surpassed in the island of Cuba. The lady put her face down to the box and made a little grimace—it might reasonably have been a large one—and Giuseppe left her apartment with three guineas English in his pocket.

Two days afterwards he encountered Herr Groschen.

"Giuseppe," said the conductor, "you may remember that when you so cleverly contrived to have my luggage with the fifteen pounds of tobacco amongst it passed at the Custom House I said I would make

Continued on page 29.

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The Dublin Tenements.

By Susan L. Mitchell.

These were the homes of those who pushed aside
The broken children of a sweeter race ;
These are the cast-off garments of their pride
Because of whom a thousand heroes died ;
Alien and sinister, these hold their place.

The light has died upon the pavements gray,
From shattered window and from blackened door
Where, in a sunny heartless yesterday,
Silken and jewelled beauty was at play,
Stare out the hopeless faces of the poor.



SUSAN L. MITCHELL

Oh, dark inheritors, who hither came,
The flotsam of that splendid brazen sea,
For taint on this your heirship ours the blame,
The shame that clouds your beauty is our shame,
On us and on our children it shall be.

You punish us with gifts. We brought defeat,
And stained with folly any grace we gave.
Our bauble gift that frothed upon the street
In artful silks and laces, you repeat
In foam of lovely childhood, wave on wave

That surges all about the grimy walls,
That frolics round the doorways' evil gloom ;
If heaven can smile above these ruined halls,
The light that crowns this shining wave recalls
The heaven that gave to Eden flowers their bloom.

Ah, must the story of our time record
The buds we mired and trampled in the sod ?
The walls that shrined the glory of the Lord,
The fairest nursery we could afford
For these bright blossoms of the Tree of God.

The Transferable Christmas Box.

Continued from page 26.

you a present. Forgive me for my negligence all this time, and accept a box of choice cigars, which you will find on my table. May you be happy, Giuseppe—you are a worthy fellow."

It is needless to say that Signor Giuseppe recovered his box. On the hearth-rug lay a half-smoked specimen, and by its side the portion of Madame Speranza's letter to the conductor which he had used to light the one cigar out of the hundred.

Before another week had passed, the same box had been sold to the tenor, to present to Mr. Fitzgauntlet, who, on receiving it, put his nose down to the package, and threw the lot into a corner among the waste-papers, and went on with his writing. The box was rescued by Giuseppe, and presented by him to the husband of Madame Galatini Purissi, the contralto, in exchange for three dozen copies of the fair *artiste's* portrait. It was at Cork that Purissi sent the box to the flautist in the orchestra, who played the obbligato to some of the contralto's arias, and as this gentleman did not smoke, he made it over once more to Signor Giuseppe. As the box had by this time been in the hands of every one in the Company likely to possess a box of cigars, Giuseppe thought it would show a grasping spirit on his part were he to attempt to dispose of it again ; so he merely made up the ninety-nine cigars in packages of three, which he sold to thirty-three members of the chorus at a shilling a head.

It so happened, however, that Herr Groschen, Signor Boccalione and Signor Purissi met in a tobacconist's shop in Cork about a week after the final distribution of the cigars, and their conversation turned upon the comparative ease with which bad cigars could be procured. Herr Groschen boasted how he had repaid his obligation to Giuseppe with a box of cigars, which he was certain satisfied the poor devil.

"Corpi di Bacco !" cried the basso. "I bought a box from Giuseppe to present to Maestro Lejeune."

"And I," said the husband of the contralto, "bought another from him. Can it have been the same box ?"

Suspicion being thus aroused, Boccalione sought out Monsieur Lejeune, who confessed that he had given the box to Giuseppe ; and Signor Purissi learned from the flautist that his gift had been disposed of in the same direction. The story went round the Company, and poor Giuseppe was pounced upon by his indignant and demonstrative countrymen, and an explanation demanded of him on the subject of his repeated disposal of the same box. Giuseppe was quite as demonstrative as the most earnest of his interrogators in declaring that he had not disposed of the same box. His friend had obliged him with several boxes, and he had himself been greatly put about to oblige the ungrateful people who now turned upon him. He swore by the tomb of his parents that the obligations that he had already discharged towards the ingrates would never be repeated ; they might in future go elsewhere (Signor Giuseppe made a suggestion as to the exact locality) for their cigars ; but for his part he washed his hands clean of them and their cigars. For three-quarters of an hour the basso-profundo, the soprano, and the husband of the contralto gesticulated before Giuseppe in the portico of the Cork Opera House, until a crowd collected, the impression being general that an animated scene from a new Opera was being rehearsed by the artists of the State Opera. A policeman who arrived on the scene could not be persuaded to take this view of the matter, and with all that politeness which characterises the Royal Irish Constabulary, requested the distinguished members of the Opera Company either to move on or to go within the precincts of the building. The basso attempted to explain to the policeman in very choice Italian what Giuseppe had done, but he was so demonstrative the officer thought he was threatening the police force generally, and took his name and address with a view to issuing a summons for this offence. In the meantime Giuseppe got into a "jingle," as the covered cars of Cork are called, and drove off, craning his neck round the side of the vehicle to make a parting allusion to the maternity of the husband of the contralto, to which the soprano promptly replied by a suggestion which, if true, would tend to remove the mystery surrounding the origin of Giuseppe. A week afterwards, of course, all were once again on the most friendly terms ; but Giuseppe now and again feels that his want of ingenuousness in the cigar-box transaction well-nigh jeopardised the reputation for integrity he had previously enjoyed among the principals of the Imperial Opera Company. He has been much more careful ever since, and flatters himself that not even the *tenore robusto*, who is the most suspicious of men, can discover the points on which he gets the better of him. As a practical financier Signor Antonio Giuseppe thinks of himself as a success ; and there can hardly be a doubt that he is fully justified in taking such a view of his career.

ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFTS

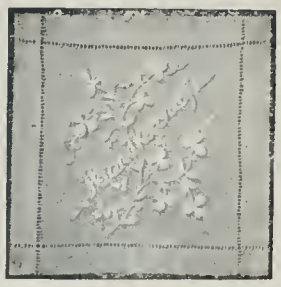
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LAURA BELL: The Life Romance of an Irish Adventuress.

By ALFRED ESMORE.

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I.—Early Days.

Nigh thirty biographers are known to have given the world volumes on the career of that "famous infamous" fair Hibernian, Lola Montez, but not one has so far given us the career of a County Antrim lady whose rôle in real life was as romantic as could be penned by any imaginative novelist. This is my excuse for reproducing the now forgotten story of Laura Bell, who became in a way one of the leaders of English society in the seventies of the last century.

A certain writer remarked as an apology for Lola Montez —"a woman who, in the full light of the nineteenth century, renewed all the scandals that disgraced the middle ages, and, with an audacity that is almost unparalleled, seated herself upon the steps of a throne, is worthy of mention, if even to show to what extent vice can triumph, and to what a fall it can eventually come."

Laura Bell resembled Lola Montez in one phase, but she was discerning enough to make her triumph secure and lasting. She was an excellent exemplar of Becky Sharp's philosophy of how easy it is to be virtuous on five thousand a year. She even took to preaching in her later life, and died in 1894 only—though the correlations of these circumstances in her case are not to be taken as an example of cause and effect. Who then was the famous Laura Bell? For her birthplace we seek Glenconway, a hamlet not far from Glenavy in County Antrim. Just half-a-dozen or so straggling houses blinking out in the noonday sun across Lough Neagh's placid depths at green Ram's Island. Though the precise year of her birth remains unsolved to-day—for she lied like a diplomatist—it is putting it within close confines to say that it was in the thirties of the last century. Her parents were of "the traditional humble but honest" type, the father acting as recruiting sergeant for the East India Company. Then by way of extra emolument "Lieutenant" Bell undertook the duties of bailiff on the wide estates of the Marquis of Hertford—the lord of the manor.



LAURA BELL.

They were a trio of winsome maids, the Bells of Glenconway, each having tacked on to her Christian name Seymour—the family name of the Hertford lineage — in respect to their father's employer. But we are concerned neither with the eldest, who married a yeoman farmer of Maralin and settled down sedately; nor with the youngest, a pretty curled rustic beauty, who followed somewhat in the footsteps of her noted sister—albeit with less prudent forethought. It is the second daughter, Eliza —or Laura, as she always called herself—the comely damsel of Glenavy, the fascinating belle of Belfast, the captivating lady who, after having swayed the minds of an Irish Viceregal Court, and after having brought all London to pay tribute to her beauty, lived to be the hostess of archbishops and the confidante of no less a worthy than England's grave and eminent Prime Minister, the late William Ewart Gladstone.

A dame's school at Glenavy sufficed to provide her complete scholastic education. And then one morning the rumbling gig of an honest neighbouring farmer drew up in front of the old



GLENAVY



SHANE'S CASTLE, LOUGH NEAGH



OLD HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

LAURA BELL.—Continued.

Plough Inn, in Cornmarket, Belfast, to let down a little sunburnt maid whose belongings were tied up in a striped counterpane.

II.—A Belfast Shop Girl.

As a 'prentice hand in a woollen draper's shop—we call them euphemistically, *magasins*, or stores, nowadays—in the old High Street the young Glenavy girl soon began to exercise the shafts Nature endows a daughter of Eve with. Bright, witty, lively, robustious was this slight figure of a girl. Add to these qualifications an innate desire to be ever acting and posing. Her precocity was astounding. She angled for higher game than mere drapers and hobbledehoy swains of her own age. Before she was sixteen she was entangled in an *affaire* with a Captain of the Foot. Soon he tired of her, but the lively Laura did not despair.

Her blandishments attracted John Moore, the eccentric host of the Donegall Arms, and my lady might have been the buxom hostess of that swagger hostelry had she so desired. But she had a shoal of other fish in her net. Her name and bright eyes were the toast everywhere, especially at masculine dinner parties. Was it not to Laura with the slim ankles that the young tradesmen held aloft their portions of "stiff Comber" in the "Bambridge," in Widow M'Allister's of Graham's Entry, and the score of inns in High Street, Waring Street, and North Street. Laura Bell and her amours kept the busybodies of then sleepy Belfast in censorious gossip—until well, until even some of her censors fell in turn under her glances.

She went so far as to hook no less a personage than a grave Covenanting divine. And of all her beaux, so she confessed in later years, that attachment with the young minister was the only real passion which lasted more than a month. He reproached her for her levity, and they parted—never to meet again. Her change in lovers never troubled her more than a week. It was off with the parson, on with the peer. The handsome young cousin of the Marquis of Donegall smirked at her as he passed along the Mall—now busy Bedford Street. She smiled back, and within three days she was coquetting with the young nobleman over perfumed handkerchiefs.

About the same time, too, she kept dangling in the offing a giddy Decemberly ex-Sovereign (the Chief Magistrate of Belfast), to whom she was almost plight.

There was nothing of the nervo-neurotic, suicide-when-the-game-is-played-out temperament about this handsome creature of light heart and lively disposition. The fascinating demoiselle had long enough given herself to posing off the stage. Now she craved for more admiration behind the footlights. So "Laura Seymour" was billed for two nights at the old Belfast Theatre, as the opening to a probably long and lucrative season. Alas! it was momentarily brief indeed. The opening night arrived, when the theatre was a hive of excitement. Even Quaker youths so far forgot their distaste for the drama as to mingle with the very goodly number of the light-hearted debutante's admirers who not alone lounged and chatted in the tawdry old auditorium but swarmed behind to the rendezvous of all the town's gay bucks—the Green Room. What of the new "star's" performance? It was vastly disappointing. Conscious of her utter inability to remember even her lines, and flouted by the actresses of the stock company, she struggled through the evening. It was a failure that would have made other women shudder, but this gay butterfly turned it away with a snap of her fingers, a sparkle of brilliant eyes and a light joke.

Yet there was a limit to her affectation. Her "friends" of the stock company stood in a little knot, whispering and plotting an abominable practical joke that would bring about her complete downfall. It was enough to unnerve any person, and when the good-natured forgiving audience clamoured for their favourite they saw a pale, fainting, incoherent figure. Half an hour after her entrance there was a convenient exit, and "Laura Seymour" took it to make a rush from the theatre and the stage for ever. Old Belfast, not easily moved, was startled at the suddenness of it all.

III.—Her Life in Dublin.

The whilom Glenavy girl had a knowledge of grasping affairs at their flood. Six months afterwards, the fascinating soft-voiced, svelte-figured lady of the chestnut locks, in her barouche with prancing white steeds, was one of Dublin's most familiar sights. Strange as it may appear, she was already the centre of a select circle where beauty held court, attracting all the gay young sparks who made Dublin at that time as lively in some ways as Vienna itself. Nor was it youth alone that came to the feet of the fascinating Laura, for older *bon viveurs* were alike attracted thither to pay their *devoirs*. Everywhere in the gay Irish metropolis one heard the name of a high dignitary coupled with that of the erstwhile Belfast shopgirl, and Dublin Castle, so it was hinted, held no secrets she did not know. Be it written, however, "her ladyship"—for during her stay in Dublin she masqueraded as Lady Hamilton the Younger—comported herself with great style and was very popular with the street crowds who never failed to greet her with cheers and sallies of witticism, the latter, oftener than not, at the expense of her distinguished friends.

Eighteen hundred and forty-nine was a notable year in Dublin, when Queen Victoria came to pay her first visit to Ireland. Yet of all the gay functions none was so brilliant as the great review in Phœnix Park, held in the August of that year. It was an opportunity too good for Laura Bell to miss. So mounted on a spirited mare and attended by a young officer on leave—a scion of a noble house, he afterwards had reason to repent his imprudence — the fascinating beauty, received everywhere by good-natured cheers from the crowds, pushed her way through the assemblage to take up a position so prominent as to attract the notice of the Queen. It may have been her beauty—though Irish beauty in profusion crowded the Fifteen Acres that day—but it was more probable that it was her dashing demeanour which caught the gaze of Queen Victoria who particularly inquired from her Viceroy as to the antecedents of the debonair Laura, who cut so brave a figure amidst those brilliant surroundings.

IV.—Her Strange Marriage.

Though the Glenconway Lola Montez posed in Dublin as Lady Hamilton the Younger, when she reached London—for that was her next move—she styled herself for a time Laura Jane Seymour. Her reason for doing so will be understood when it is known how her mendacity led her to pass herself off as a direct descendant of "the wicked Marquis of Hertford"*—the "Lord Steyne" of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* and the "Monmouth" of Lord Beaconsfield's *Coningsby*. In London she renewed and augmented the acquaintances picked up in Dublin. Her beautiful form and face, her limpid Irish brogue into which she could at times infuse a pathos which melted the hearts of her listeners, and her pretty assumed artless ways—these comprised the stock-in-trade by which she added fresh admirers to her already extensive court.

Establishing herself in Wilton Crescent, next door to Canon Bennett, of Frome, the famous Incumbent of St. Paul's, she was determined to "fill the public eye." Once, so it is said, she actually made her appearance at a Buckingham Palace reception. Be that as it may, however, when in the summer of 1850, Jung Bahadhur, the Nepaulese Ambassador, visited London, the Irish enchantress attracted his attention, and would have become an Oriental princess, but for a flighty indiscretion.

She had actually set out as a member of the Nepaulese potentate's suite, and had reached Paris with him, when as a result of meeting an old flame she was discarded there by the dusky Othello. In Paris she would have conquered as easily as she had in Belfast, Dublin and London; but the English capital still tempted, with its great possibilities, so thither she returned. Again she was a queen holding court in Wilton Place—until the ceaseless round of gaiety commenced to cloy with her. Her position may be guessed when we know that the late Clement Scott in his gossipy papers, *The Wheel of Life*, writes of Laura Bell as "the most beautiful and extensively photographed young woman in London." And yet she hungered after a new sensation, that of settling down to domesticity.

Notwithstanding many gilded temptations, Laura was not such a fool as to rush blindly into the matrimonial noose. She desired a competence that would maintain her position in the front rank of English society. Moreover, she took care to get it. Casting her gaze around the chain of her admirers, there were two brothers named Thistlewayte who attracted—and, strange to relate, were equally attracted by—her as eligible *partis*.

We may pause a moment to dip back a little into the history of these Thistlewaytes. A cursory glance into English political

* Francis Charles Seymour Conway, 3rd Marquess and Earl of Hertford, K.G., 1777-1842.

LAURA BELL.—Continued.

history will recall the stir caused by Lord Palmerston's agitation for the better defence of the coasts of the United Kingdom. One of the features of the scheme was the construction of extensive forts for the defence of Portsmouth. To carry this out necessitated the purchase of large areas of land from Squire Thistlewayte, who, in addition to his property at Portsmouth, had also valuable possessions in London. The new defence scheme proved a good thing for Squire Thistlewayte, who, however, did not live long to enjoy the additional riches he had obtained. He died in 1852, leaving three sons. Long prior to his decease he had disinherited his eldest son, leaving a small income to the second son—an officer in a line regiment. So the greater bulk of the property devolved on the youngest son of the three—an officer in the Scots Guards, who, in addition to the vast Portsmouth revenues, likewise inherited the London estates.

In *Vanity Fair* the good-looking, heartless, ambitious, and utterly unscrupulous shrew, Beeky Sharp, was wooed simultaneously by both father and son. It was similar in the case of Laura Bell, but with a difference. In her case, the suitors were the two brothers—the younger Thistlewaytes.

With the youngest son she was not even platonically in love. He was rich, and her admiration for him was apparently solely of a commercial nature. The second son was poor—he had less than £300 a year—but she married him at St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on January 21st, 1842, describing herself as "Laura Eliza Jane Seymour-Bell, minor"—yet heartlessly abandoned him less than six months after—to fly to his wealthier Guardsman brother. Surely she stands for the incarnation of inconstancy.

V.—Queen of Lough Neagh.

Most people would rather forget the life of Laura Bell during the year or so that succeeded these strange nuptials. She developed just about this time a fancy to revisit the haunts of her childhood. In the bosom of Lough Neagh lies Ram's Island, green, and containing within its circumscribed confines the ruins of one of the ancient round towers which have occasioned so much discussion as to their original use. Formerly the habitation of a fisherman, Ben M'Areavy, this island was sold for £10 to the lord of the adjoining shore, Lord O'Neill of Shane's Castle, whose pastime consisted in yachting on Lough Neagh. Under his ownership a neat lodge was erected on Ram's Island and game of various kinds introduced. It was a resort that any Nature lover or sportsman would glory in.



Hertford

FRANCIS CHARLES SEYMOUR CONWAY,
3rd MARQUESS OF HERTFORD.
1777-1842. *The Model of Thackeray's "Lord Steyne" in "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," and Lord Beaconsfield's "Monmouth" in "Coningsby."*

Now, strangely enough, a member of the neighbouring family—the Pakenhams, of Langford Lodge—had also married a Thistlewayte, and by a curious coincidence also, her initials were identical with those of our heroine, Mrs. Laura Thistlewayte. With this understood, then, what more natural could happen than that Lord O'Neill, one morning receiving a scented note from a "Mrs. Laura Thistlewayte," should be deceived as to the real identity of the sender. His fair correspondent graciously craved permission to enjoy a brief holiday occupancy of Ram's Island. His lordship, with the characteristic hospitality of his much-respected family, warmly welcomed the intending visitor, and moreover, placed his yacht at her disposal.

Ten days later, Laura Bell set her dainty *bottined* feet in Glenavy again, but this time as the aristocratic Mrs. Thistlewayte, of Grosvenor Square, and with an entourage that would have been in keeping with the style of a Chicago millionaire on his travels. They were lively days indeed for Ram's Island and the normally quiet district.

The party consisted of as choice an assemblage of the brightest spirits as might be collected in a week's tour of London. Patrons of the turf, supporters of the prize-ring, devotees of the gaming-table, languid lovely beauties of burlesque, who claimed renown from their disregard of conventional life.

She appeared in pastoral *tableaux vivants*, danced the tarantella to perfection, woke up the echoes of Glenavy's groves as her tandem bowled along, organised rustic sports, and paid visits to old acquaintances—including the late Mr. James Charters, of Glendona. She delighted everyone, and the farmers of the neighbourhood forgot even their markets to assemble and



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QUEEN VICTORIA'S REVIEW,
PHŒNIX PARK.

THE SCOTS' GUARDS AT THE ALMA

LAURA BELL—Continued.

see what high times those "wonderful gentry from London" were enjoying. For the nonce the reality of Ram's Island challenged the romance of the paradise of *Rasselas*.

Fast enough, however, Lord O'Neill was discovering the identity of his pseudo-aristocratic guest, and when she had shown signs to outstay her welcome, along came a peremptory message which left the lively coterie with no other resource than to flit back to London, leaving Ram's Island to resume once more its natural quietude.

VI.—Her Conversion.

While the light-hearted Laura Thistlewayte, to give her due title as a matron, was carelessly passing a butterfly existence at Ram's Island, grave events were transpiring that were certain to have some sway on her future. War, grim hideous war, had been declared between Britain and Russia. For three months the realities of an impending fierce and deadly struggle, which might last for years, had been proceeding. In England all was hub-bub and bustle of preparations. It was an anxious time. On the troopship, *Gibraltar*,—which, by the way, was in later years relegated to Belfast Lough under her new name, *Grampian*, as a training-ship—embarked the Scots Fusilier Guards. They were just in time, this crack regiment, to enter into the thick of the merciless campaign. Weakened by cholera, impeded by lack of waggons, and tortured by famine and thirst alike, they had shown no mood to fight when they reached Bulganak. But they were Scottish soldiers, these Guards—men who would fight, and fight on, irrespective of all physical obstacles in the shape of disease and hunger. The day of their arrival witnessed the first British blood shed in the Crimean War.

Next day was to see a deed of valour which still lives as a golden page in history. Then, September 20th, 1854, two young officers of the Scots Guards—one carrying the Queen's colours, the other the regimental colours—were specially conspicuous by their bravery in that mad infuriated rush known as the Battle of Alma. For his share of the pluck young Lindsay, afterwards Lord Wantage, received the Victoria Cross. What of his equally daring companion? When morning dawned it was found that he—young Thistlewayte, the brother-in-law and close companion of Laura Bell—had died the hero he had proved himself the day previously. When his corpse was found stretched out on the bloody escarpment it was seen that locked in his death's embrace were his dearest treasures—the colours of his Sovereign and a miniature of the wretched woman he loved.

The grief of the heartless beauty was evanescent. With the younger Thistlewayte dead, his wealthy estates devolved on her legal husband. Albeit, criminal and foolish as she was in some respects, she was much too shrewd to let slip the chances of gaining a haven of safety—if not of happiness—particularly now when its shores were strewn with gold. Post haste she made an excuse for returning to her legal husband—there to adopt his ways by assuming the *cloak of religion*.

"Any woman could afford to be virtuous if she had plenty of money in the funds." It certainly was true in the case of Laura Bell (or Thistlewayte). She was, we have already seen, one of the most mendacious descendants of old Mother Eve it is possible to recall. Her early catalogue of sins was lengthy, but how she tacked on the extras of hypocrisy, unfaithfulness and lying in becoming the wife of a wealthy, generous and afterwards sincerely religious man is a problem which wants a Jones, a Pinero, or a George Bernard Shaw to explain.

Now she was a sedate British matron. She had renounced all the follies of her ways prior to 1858—for in that year London and society in general actually gasped at her announcement to all and sundry that she was "a preacher of Evangelical truth." Laura Bell, who was as well known in the fastest circles in London as was the "Coal Hole," where a certain "lion comique" was wont to sing that not particularly refined ditty entitled "John Hall!" Laura Bell, who was one of the gayest of the gay set in *le monde où l'on s'amuse*, bourgeoning forth as a saintly preacher!

Here, however, Mrs. Thistlewayte's enthusiastic love of deceit came in again. She would play no vulgar, make-believe creed, that might suit the crowd, so she attached herself to the clique known as the Welbeck Street Section. And—lest her inborn talent for lying might go to rust—she described herself as "the daughter of Captain Bell of the 4th Dragoon Guards."

VII.—Her Social Excommunication.

Though a pseudo-saintly woman, she was a grandiloquent spinner of fairy tales. Her passion for fiction was limitless. The lie anent her paternity she supplemented by another concerning her maternity. Her mother, so she alleged, had been a lovely maiden rescued, just in the nick of time, by Captain Bell from a Spanish convent. To show her gratitude the lovely Spanish maiden rewarded her brave knight, the Captain, for his heroism by marrying him.

It was these fairy tales regarding her antecedents that *almost* brought about her social downfall. I emphasise the word almost, for it certainly would have required something extraordinary to humble her. Her ministrations were received by the Welbeck Street community at large with some show of sincerity, but to a few of the esoteric minds there was the problem of doubt. "Can a leopard change his (in this case *her*) spots"—and so quickly. Attending Welbeck Street Mission were some members of the Roden and Darnley families, who were just a trifle anxious to unearth Mrs. Thistlewayte's romantic story. Doubtless their relations had known the Glenavy enchantress in the old days—to their cost. Whispers began to be circulated until they took form in the late Lord Congleton and Admiral Fishbourne being deputed to visit Ireland and discover for themselves the real truth of her origin.

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In their search for the antecedents of the now pious Laura these two deputies arrived at Belfast. No matter in how many versions Mrs. Thistlewayte prevaricated she always maintained that the late Mr. John Larmour—the owner of Glenavy Mills—stood as sponsor at her baptism. It was to this gentleman, therefore, that Lord Congleton came. To be sure, he did not betray his mission, choosing in his diplomacy to remain *incog.*, and desiring only to inspect the old church on the banks of Lough Neagh.

Lanky Shane, the village sexton—whom I have heard relate the incident—was sent for, and requested to escort the gentleman into the church. However, while an inspection of the interior ecclesiastical architecture may have been Lord Congleton's ostensible object, once inside his quest was to see the church register and trace the romantic lady's birth entry. This was speedily accomplished, and dismissing the sexton with a liberal gratuity, the stranger departed as mysteriously as he had arrived. In fact, it was not until a month hence that Mr. Larmour learnt the identity of his visitor to be Lord Congleton. The result of these investigations at Glenavy set to rest the assertions of Mrs. Thistlewayte. It was correct that Mr. John Larmour had acted as her sponsor, but here surely was a Gordian knot in real earnest. If her mother had been, as she alleged, a daughter of the Marquis of Hertford, thon that nobleman must have been extraordinarily precocious. *He would have been exactly twelve years old when his alleged daughter* (Laura Bell's mother) *was born*!

The disclosures quickly spread around London, and once again this wonderful woman was prostrated from her pinnacle. But not for long. It is not easy to quench irrepressible buoyancy. Excommunicated though she was, she soon had her revenge. She lived to shine in even greater social splendour.

VIII.—Once Again Ascendant.

In this strange career one fact must be salient to the observer. No matter how dire the downfall to which her audacious adventures brought her, she was always sure to leave behind her an unburnt bridge which would be reliable for her retreat. Those retreats, too, seemed even more creditable to her natural cleverness than the escapades that had reduced her to such difficulties, since they invariably led to her bettering her worldly position. The worthy Welbeck Street community had thrust her out from their circle when Lord Congleton reported the result of his discoveries in the North of Ireland concerning her parentage.

But Mrs. Thistlewayte by this time had made her position so secure that she could do very well without the friendship of the Welbeck Street Brethren. It was true that while connected with this congregation her personal charms had gained her some loyal friends. One of these was the first Earl of Dudley—then Lord Ward, a widower—whom she (together with Mr. Thistlewayte) had often visited at the Marquis of Breadalbane's estate, Black Mountain Lodge, in Argyleshire.

HEATHER'S FOR BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL BOOTS.
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OLD BAAL'S BRIDGE OVER THE SHANNON AT LIMERICK.

In view of the recent controversy regarding the proposed erection of a Gallery of Modern Art on a Bridge spanning the River Liffey, the above picture is specially interesting, for it presents one of the two Irish Bridges whereon buildings were erected. The other river structure so used was Clarke's Bridge at Cork. The original picture of the Limerick bridge, by Brocas, is in the National Gallery of Ireland, and permission has been granted for the presentation of this interesting replica in these pages. The Southern Mail Coach is shown arriving.



THE "OTHER SIDE" OF C

THE DAYS OF CRINOLIN

Looking from the old Parliament House (now the Bank of Ireland) towards Church Lane, approaching on the right-h traffic of Dublin. The omnibuses, which were compared to a miser's thoughts, inasmuch as they always "ran to the Bank, Hansom Cab" is shown emerging from Church Lane; it was t

From the painting by George S



LEGE GREEN IN THE SIXTIES.

AND OF THE CITY OMNIBUS.

l side is seen one of Anthony Wilson's old "Favourite" omnibuses, once the only vehicle available for much of the suburban ere superseded by the Dublin horse tramway cars, which began to ply for the first time on the 1st *February*, 1872. *"Dublin's only roperty of the late Dr. Austin Meldon, "Dublin's bulkiest physician."*

ford, in the possession of the Editor.



ROTUNDA OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, DUBLIN; NOW THE CITY HALL.

By Patrick K. Byrne, R.H.A.

This apartment is of particular interest. It is the Rotunda of the Exchange, Dublin, built by the munificence of the Parliament of Ireland, and opened in 1779, *the year marked by the granting of a free trade to Ireland. This apartment and the Circular Hall of the Four Courts suggested the form of the Circular Chamber erected for the House of Commons in Dublin after the destruction of the original Octagonal Chamber by fire in* 1792. *In* 1852 *the Dublin Royal Exchange became the property of the Dublin Corporation.*

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LAURA BELL.

Concluded from page 34.

Another friend of hers was the late Lord Kinnaird, the eminent banker. His introduction to the fascinating Laura owed itself more to accident than design probably. As the executor of the statesman Duke of Newcastle, his attention to her personality came about in the discovery among the papers of the late nobleman of many really touching and apparently devotional epistles penned by her. It is a curious tribute to her irresistible powers of fascination that this banker, an astute business man of mature age, should become a victim just as easily as scores of careless, swaggering young gallants who had succumbed to the charms of the Glenavy adventuress. Of such was her personal magnetism.

Lord Kinnaird showed himself so confident in the sincere piety of the repentant Mrs. Thistlewayte that he must needs commit to her care the young Duke of Newcastle. And to such good purpose, too, that for five years or thereabouts, the young nobleman was wont to spend many Wednesday and Saturday evenings at the Thistlewayte mansion in Grosvenor Square discussing, often until early morning, knotty points of theology with his charming hostess.

We have reached the epoch when Mrs. Thistlewayte and the Welbeck Street community parted. She was not downcast for long by reason of her ostracism. Besides London was beginning to pall on her. So shifting her venue Northwards, and actually casting to the winds all her formed conventionalities, she blossomed forth as a public preacher at Edinburgh, entreating alike the rich and poor to repent while there was yet time.

The stories of her ministrations and conversions were soon noised abroad and, just as a charlatan can always entangle some unwary one in the net, she played—and landed—the old Duchess of Gordon, Dowager of the late Duke, and *chatelaine* of Huntley Castle. With the Duchess as her *fidus Achates* she now found herself in a position able to scorn those who had previously plotted against her.

IX.—Her Great Triumph.

The chameleonic career of this remarkable woman makes singular reading, for now, with the Dowager Duchess of Gordon as her friend, she returned to London to shine—think of it?—as a "Leader of Thought" in that society that spells itself without a big S. She was no mere satellite now, for during the period that intervened between 1872 and 1884 Mrs. Thistlewayte's Dinners to Statesmen at her Grosvenor Square mansion were classed among the smartest of the smart functions of the time. It is true that her husband, Mr. Thistlewayte, was usually absent from these feasts of reason and communion of souls, but then he "was so busy plucking brands from the burning"—as his wife never failed to explain.

It was a severe contrast to compare the staid decorum of the early eighties and the old days when the general carelessness and flightiness of behaviour of the guests was only surpassed by the loveliness of the hostess. And while the rakish admirers of the bad old days were still welcomed sedately to Grosvenor Square it was not to dine and toast the fair belle, but to hear their once "racketty, robustious" favourite exhort them to forsake the wickedness of the world. They form a truly remarkable list those who about this time stretched their limbs under Mrs. Thistlewayte's mahogany. Sir William Harcourt, Kinglake (the famous historian), Charles Villiers, Lord Rosebery, John Delane (the noted editor of *The Times*), Abraham Hayward, the cosmopolitan Madame Novikoff, Lord Torrington, Sir Alexander Cockburn, and even the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone—these were only a few of the notabilities whom that erstwhile vivacious Belfast shopgirl lived to entertain.

X.—The End of All.

Now comes the final chapter; the curtain falls on a romance that challenges fiction. Mrs. Thistlewayte's beauty had for some years been on the wane. Her husband, who had predeceased her, had left her a sufficiency, but money seemed to slip through her fingers. She was obliged to relinquish her Grosvenor Square house, and then, after several vicissitudes, she died at Hampstead, much reduced in circumstances—but mendacious to the extreme end, since by her own directions the name engraved on her coffin-plate was "Laura Jane Seymour." At her decease, in 1894—and she was something over sixty years in age—she left Lord William Hay Pelham Clinton as her sole legatee. She kept a diary conscientiously since 1850, together with a waggon-load of letters from many eminent personages. Where are they now? What a flood of memories they must contain relating to Victorian life. What a treasure to some enterprising up-to-date publisher of piquant personal reminiscences.

JAMS FOR CHRISTMAS.

The fact that man was primarily a frugiverous, or fruit-eating being, affords ample evidence that at a very early period in his career he must have turned his attention to the cultivation of jams and fruit jellies. Though our industrial history is not very clear as to the processes adopted by antiquity for the preservation of fruits in the form of jam, yet the earliest of human documents go to show that this latter class of delicious food is almost coeval with Eden. Nowadays, however, we know that jams and fruit jellies consist respectively of their whole substance, or of their fluid portions only, preserved in a solution of sugar. The process of boiling serves to dissolve the sugar in the juices that flow from the fruit, to sterilise the whole mixture, and to cause the juice to develop the all-necessary setting properties, which are due to the presence of the little known pectin bodies always to be found in ripe fruit. It is a healthy process, and serves to show that jam should more largely figure in our general diet. At such modern and well equipped jam factories as those of Messrs. Wm. Vint & Sons, Ltd., of Belfast, attention to these indispensable details is closely followed. Stated to be the best makers in Ireland their raspberry and strawberry jams, marmalade and bramly jelly are appreciated by the judicious housekeeper. On the eve of the festive season of Christmas this announcement will be held, we trust, as timely and appropriate.

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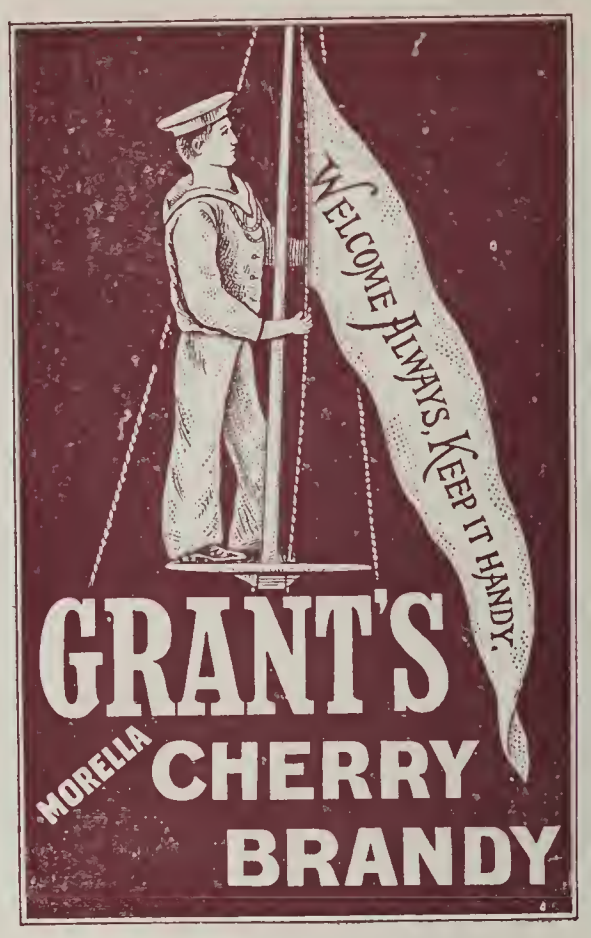
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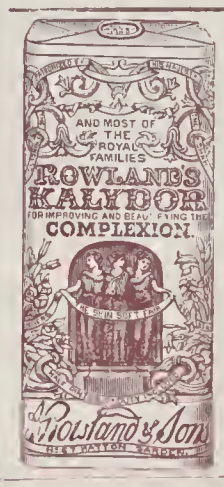
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EVENING:
A Co. Down Playlet in One Act.

By RUTHERFORD MAYNE. *Author of "The Turn of the Road," "The Drone," etc.*

"LADY OF THE HOUSE" COPYRIGHT.

Characters:
Hans Mullen, an old farmer.
Mary, his wife.
John, their son.
A servant man.

Scene: The kitchen of Hans Mullen in the County of Down.

Time: The present day.

The curtain rises to discover old Hans Mullen seated at the fireside dozing, and listening to his wife reading extracts from a weekly paper. He is a man of what was in his youth great strength, and his frame though stooped with age still shows signs of his former fine stature. His wife is seated near the window to catch the light of twilight of a summer evening upon the paper she is reading. She is a meek and gentle old woman with kindly ways.

Mary—'Tis hard to read any more, Hans. The day is done.

Hans—H'm. Have ye no a candle?

Mary—John has gone for some to Coburn's.

Hans—So John has gone to Coburn's. It's not candles alone he'll be seeking there.

Mary—You're speaking of Nancy Coburn?

Hans—Aye. It's a wife he'll be making of her some day. Eh, woman?

Mary—And what better could you wish him than Nancy? (She looks keenly at him.) You're getting an ould man, Hans.

Hans—(Defiantly)—I'm no that ould yet.

Mary—You were seventy last Wednesday.

Hans—Who tould ye?

Mary—Isn't it in the big Bible down on the parlour. I was looking at it yesterday forenoon. And as for John, his age is thirty.

Hans—And what ago might you be, Mary?

Mary—I'd be nearing sixty or thereabouts.

Hans—Wasn't I only six years senior to ye when I took ye to wife? That leaves ye sixty-three. You're getting none too young yourself, Mary.

Mary—I'll no deny it, Hans. (She pauses and looks over at him timidly.) It's time you were thinking of—(She stops and hesitates, as if afraid to speak her thoughts.)

Hans—(Quickly)—I was thinking of what?

Mary—Thinking of what's coming.

Hans—And what is coming?

Mary—The night is coming, Hans.

Hans—(Sharply)—Eh?

Mary—Tho long night is coming for both of us, Hans.

Hans—(With a show of temper)—Time enow to be thinking of night when dark comes.

Mary—'Tis time to think of candles before the night is down, Hans.

Hans—Be done, woman, talking that way. I'm a hale, hearty and sound man yet,



RUTHERFORD MAYNE,
Author of "The Turn of the Road"; "The Drone"; "The Troth"; "Red Turf"; "If," etc., etc.

let alone my three score years and ten. And if it's thinking of John ye are, let me tell you, I'll be master and more of this place till I feel the strength gone from me, and that's not for this day nor to-morrow neither.

Mary—The strength is going from you, Hans. (She goes over to him and gently puts her arms about him.) Ah, you were great and strong once, Hans, my great strong man, but old age is coming on you and on me, too, and 'tis time we were setting about preparing for them that's to come after us. (Very tenderly.) Isn't it time we were for seeing about it, Hans?

Hans—(Testily)—I know. I know, lass. But let old Hans have his day out in peace. I'll be master of Ballinamore for ten year yet, I will. (The door opens and John Mullen comes in. He is a big powerful man like what old Hans must have been in his prime. He sits down quietly near the fireplace, opposite to his father.)

Mary—Did ye get the candles at Coburn's?

John—Aye, I did, mother. I have them in my pocket.

Hans—You're early home.

John—I am. I got my business over before dayligone.

Mary—And how is the old man and his wife?

John—They're well.

Hans—(With a grim smile)—And Nancy, how is she?

John—(Quietly)—She is well.

Mary—That's good. (There is a short awkward silence.)

John—(Suddenly)—She's going to be my wife.

Hans—Eh? She's going to be your wife?

John—Yes.

Hans—And why did ye no ask my leave?

John—(Somewhat taken aback)—I thought you would not object, father. I always heard you speak well of her, and I—well, I thought—I'm now turned thirty—(he hesitates and then goes on diffidently)—and seeing I do all the work on this farm—well, I I thought I was my own master and could choose my own wife.

Hans—Who, think you, is master in this place?

Mary—Hush, hush. Be no talking that way.

Hans—(Without heeding her, and with rising anger)—Who is the master in this place?

John—(With a flash of temper)—I. I am, or, if not, I should be. Who is it has kept this place going for the last ten year? Answer me that. Who is it has saved the hay and the corn and set the purtas and dug them out to bings and fed the beefers in stalls in winter, and bargained for them in the fairs? (More gently)—It's time, father, you gave me some look in the mastership of this place.

Hans—(Doggedly)—I will be master of this place till it please God to receive me.

Mary—Will you have sense, Hans, and you threescore and ten this day.

Hans—I may be that in age, but not in body. No; I'm fit to take my part with any man, hard or smooth. (Suddenly)—This

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EVENING—Continued.

is some of ould Coburn's work, I warrant ye. He wouldn't give ye Nancy to wife, forbye he knew you were the owner of the place. Isn't that it. Eh ?

John—I thought it no harm of him to be saying it.

Mary—And why should the girl not be coming to her own house ?

Hans—(Determinedly)—It is my house. (There is a sound of someone approaching rapidly outside, then a quick, hurried knock at the door.)

Hans—Come in. (The door opens and the servant man appears.) What look ye ?

Servant Man—(Excitedly and without heeding Hans, addressing himself to John)—Will ye come quick, sir, for the love of God.

John—What's up ?

Servant Man—The big poll angus is down in the park drain, and I tried to get him out myself, but I'm no fit. And he's drownding fast.

Mary—Go quick and get a rope. Off with you fast. (He goes out hurriedly.) What's keeping you, John ?

John—(Sitting motionless)—'Tis not my beast.

Mary—John !

John—I'm less than a servant man in this house. Let the beast drown. It's none of mine.

Mary—Are you mad, John Mullens ? Go down at once and help the beast out.

Hans—(Dazed)—Why 'tis twenty pounds if that poll angus is lost.

John—Aye, but not to me. (There is a despairing shout in the distance.)

Hans—Are ye going ?

John—No. 'Tis you and your threescore years and ten can pull him out.

Mary—Ah, John, John ; dinna speak that way to your father.

Hans—(Excitedly)—Here, give me my stick, or I'll be stumbling in the half light. Give me my stick. Where is it ? Get it for me, quick.

Mary—(After a fruitless search)—I canna find it.

Hans—(With a touch of despair in his voice)—Ye—yo canna find it ? (He gets up to walk and suddenly finds his strength has failed him unaccountably)—Ah, God help me, I'm a done ould man. I'm a done ould man. (He sinks back helplessly into his chair as Mary runs over to help him. John stands looking at them a moment, and then as another cry rings out, disappears into the dusk outside).

Hans—God help me, Mary. I have no strength. I have no strength.

Mary—Be easy, Hans, be easy. John has gone out. He's a powerful man is John. He'll save it, sure.

Hans—(Resignedly)—He is. He is. But so I was once. So I was once.

Mary—It's long since by, Hans. You know it now, to-night.

Hans (Sadly)—Aye. I'll own to it, Mary. I'll own to it.

Mary—And after all, isn't it right that the young and strong should be coming into their own ? They can't be toiling on for ever for the aged, and getting no recompense for it. (She goes over to the door and peers out into the darkness.)

Hans—Do ye hear or see any sign of them ?

Mary—It's getting dark. I canna.

Hans—Aye. It's getting dark, Mary. Will ye light a candle ?

Mary—John has the candles with him.

Hans—(As if he had not heard her)—Will ye light a candle, Mary ?

Mary—There is no candle. (A loud, triumphant shout from the distance). He has him out, sure.

Hans—(Slowly)—He is a powerful man, surely. (After a pause)—Mary, Mary, when he comes in—when he comes in (he fumbles in his pockets and brings out a bunch of old-fashioned heavy keys)—Mary, when he comes in, you can give him these keys of the barn and the loft and offices, and tell him when the sun rises to-morrow he's master of this place. And will you tell him, Mary, to be merciful to the crabbed and the ould and the weak that was once strong like himself. The dark is coming down fast, Mary. Give me a light to my bed.

Mary—(Standing watching from the doorway while the old man rises from his chair and tries to feel his way through the darkness which has now invaded the room)—Whist, stay whore you 'are for one moment. Here is John with a light.

****By special permission of Mr. Rutherford Mayne and the Proprietors of "The Christmas Lady of the House," Mr. Rutherford Mayne's playlet, "Evening," will be presented by the Iona Players at the Iona Hall, Dublin, on New Year's Night. The second item in the evening bill will be "She Stoops to Conquer",—an ambitious programme which will tax even the high capacity of the Iona Players.*

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"Pop," said Willie, "what is a diplomat?"

"A diplomat, my son," answered the wise father, "is a man who remembers a woman's birthday but forgets her age."

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A Happy Christmas at Erris.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

AUTHOR OF "ROSE OF THE GARDEN," "HONEY, MY HONEY," ETC.

Bridget Finn's Miss Sophie had been a very small child when she had left Erris, but she had memories of the wild times. She could remember a long stately room, rather bare and faded, lit thinly by wax candles in silver branches, a fire of wood, which someone replenished now and again from a log basket beside the hearth, herself a small child in the corner of a sofa, a shawl lightly laid over her, beyond which one sleepy eye looked now and again: and two people talking.

The two people were her mother and Bridget Finn, her nurse. The wind was high outside, and when hail pattered against the window her mother started and cried out: "Was that shot, Bridget?" And being assured it was not, was yet not comforted: for Sophie could remember her sighing as deep as the wind itself, while she said over and over again: "I wish the master was safely home, Bridget. I wish the master was safely home!"

This had really happened, and not only in a dream, Sophie thought; but could not be quite sure.

Then someone came in, a tall man wearing a long overcoat and muffled up about the neck, bringing a smell of the night and the rain with him, and Mamma had jumped up and said: "Oh, dearest, is it you? Are you not very late?" And the new-comer had replied cheerfully that he was in very good time, and she ought not to be so nervous, for there was not one of the people who would touch a hair of his head.

Sophie could not tell if this had happened once or often. She knew now, from Bridget Finn, who was still with her, that her mother had never been the same woman since one day when, coming home from church, she had accepted a seat in Mrs. Des Veaux's brougham because it was raining, leaving the two men to follow on foot; and, coming down the long lonely boreen from the church, with the graves to either side of it, the brougham had been shot at and Mrs. Des Veaux's head had just slid downwards on to Mrs. MacDermot's shoulder, and there had been blood everywhere. . . .

It was something Bridget did not expatiate upon, because of the scared look in Sophie's eyes, which was like that her mother had kept to the day of her death. No wonder poor Mrs. MacDermot had been frightened almost out of her life and reason, and that her anxiety about her husband made her life one long fear until the time came when there was no further need for fear.

Perhaps Bridget filled up the gaps in Sophie's memory, for she had been very young when those things happened. There had been a night when they sat and waited,—for Mamma would have her vigils shared by Bridget Finn, and Bridget Finn would not leave "her precious child" in the nursery at the end of the long corridor in the east wing of the house—and about the time when Papa might be expected there had come a tremendous knocking at the door. Sophie had wakened up completely and cast the shawl away from her, and was standing staring at the white terror of her mother's face.

"'Tis the master 'll have forgotten his latch-kay," said Bridget, and, taking no notice of Sophie in her white night-gown and bare feet, she had hurried to the door. Sophie had run after her, feeling vaguely afraid of her mother's face. She had reached the door into the hall just at the moment when Bridget got the bolts down and the hall-door came open with a crash, driven by the force of the storm. It was always stormy that winter. Only the wind and the rain came in; and Bridget began sobbing and sighing as she struggled with the heavy door against the wind, saying over and over to herself: "The poor mistress. Och, the poor mistress! That I should live to see this day!"

After that Sophie's memories were confused and vague, a grey mist into which came the sound of weeping and something strangely ominous,—a coffin-shape perhaps,—or perhaps only the black clothes in which Sophie and Mamma appeared suddenly.

Later, Sophie knew that no one had killed Papa. It was mere blind chance, or fate, or whatever you will, that had made the chestnut step into a rabbit-hole, bringing down heavily the finest rider and the handsomest and heartiest gentleman in the county. Someone had said that in Sophie's hearing, and it was one of the things which remained with her when so much else was forgotten.

She was very glad that no one had killed Papa. It made life easier for her afterwards to remember that the people who crowded to the funeral seemed so sorry for Papa. She had walked with Mamma and Bridget Finn the little way that separated Erris from the Abbey. Mamma had never gone to Cratlow Church since that day when Mrs. Des Veaux had been shot sitting beside her, but had gone to the Franciscan Priory, a little place, huddled in the corner of the Abbey graveyard, where a few old Franciscan monks officiated in what had once been a side-chapel of the great Friary that had been built by William Marischal, prince of church-builders.

Sophie remembered that there was weeping among the women when the coffin was lowered into the earth just below the gable of what had once been the Abbey. She had been too young to understand anything about the funeral or its meaning; but she remembered that Bridget talked about the great respect which had been shown to her father, and how glad they ought to be that it wasn't like others of the gentry that had to see the kind and friendly faces turned to bitterness, and to hear the voices that had praised them shouting curses as they passed.

The MacDermots never had to suffer that, although, as Bridget said, as good as them had to suffer for the bad. But Sophie was never scared by the anger of the people as others were. She hardly understood, indeed, what had happened, when one day her mother and she and Bridget left Erris and the blue peaks and the shining waters and the distant sea behind. She was told later on that nearly all they had,—her mother's settlement, the provision for her, had been swallowed up by the Revolution.

They stayed in Dublin one night, and the next day they went to see an old lady whom Mrs. MacDermot called Cousin Fan, at a big house which seemed full of old ladies,—victims of the Land War someone said in Sophie's hearing. Cousin Fan had a shaking head, and her hands were like old kid gloves as Sophie touched them, and when she kissed Sophie her lips on the child's smooth cheek had the same suggestion.

"It is well for you," said Cousin Fan, her head shaking a great deal. "It is well for you, Honor MacDermot, that has the world

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A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AT ERRIS—Continued.

before you, and not to be shut up here with a lot of cranky old things who are always talking about their great days,—to me, who couldn't get a bouquet from Lambe's shop in Grafton Street, but what there was a love letter inside it. And as for the handkerchiefs and gloves and ribbons the gentlemen stole on me,—they were usually military men,—my Mamma was ruined buying me new."

Of Sophie she took very little notice, except to say that she was sallow, which epithet Sophie vaguely took to be uncomplimentary.

Midway of the conversation she said something about a Conor MacDermot, of whom Sophie had not heard before. Mrs. MacDermot knew nothing of Conor MacDermot. She believed there had been no word of him for years. Whereupon Cousin Fan, whose name was Miss Burke, had said with decision that Conor had disgraced his name by going to America and into business,—retail business, too, instead of staying at home and doing nothing but following the hounds and looking for a bit of blood in horse-flesh, and maybe riding the bit of blood when it had been discovered, like all the genteel young men of the county.

Sophie had carried away a somewhat dreary memory of Aunt Fan and the old ladies with whom she disputed over trifles. After that time there was a new world,—which she was told was Brussels,—where they had rooms overlooking a canal, within hearing of a church clock, which she came to know in time as St. Gudule's. The *appartement* was rather dark and had gilt furniture in the sitting-room, and a large bed in an alcove in the bedroom where Mamma slept, with a little bed for Sophie by the side of it.

Mamma went out very little, except to St. Gudule's round the corner, to which she went a great deal. She never thought of going to see the shops, so bright and gay and full of all manner of beautiful things, especially lace, which Bridget used to stand and look at till Sophie was tired. Bridget had picked a tiny bit of Mrs. MacDermot's old lace to pieces to discover the stitches, and was always at a frame now, making lace while the light served and she had a bit of leisure from looking after the mistress and Miss Sophie.

Presently Sophie was growing big and going to school to the Sacré Coeur, where the Reverend Mother was Madame Cécile, Papa's first cousin. Sophie was quite happy at the Sacré Coeur, though she did not want to be a nun when she was old enough to choose, as Madame Cécile had suggested in her hearing.

"She must stay in the safe shelter of the Sacré Coeur," Madame Cécile had said to Mrs. MacDermot,—they had been talking in low tones together, while Sophie sat on a tabouret and followed the adventures of Petite Coquette, who was so vain of her looks that she had to go literally through fire and water before she became a reasonable being. Sophie had not heard a word of what they said till she came into the discussion, while Mamma wept and Madame Cécile held both her hands.

"She need never go out into the world," said Madame Cécile. "Poor little one,—where would she fly? Friendless,—homeless, the last of the MacDermots of Erris. . . ."

"I suppose Conor MacDermot married and would have a family," Mrs. MacDermot said wistfully. "I know the MacDermots all thought it a dreadful thing his going away like that and beginning as a counter hand in a shop in New York. Dermot was fond of him when they were boys together. He said Conor meant to make his fortune and come back and buy up all the MacDermot country that had slipped away from us. Conor thought money was only to be made in business nowadays. I wonder if he is alive or dead."

"His children would be *impayables*," said Madame Cécile, who talked French better than English. "Perhaps Conor never made his fortune after all. Perhaps he died unmarried."

There were only two years from that time till Sophie was motherless. During the long illness which preceded Mrs. MacDermot's death,—a slow wasting-away which had nothing dreadful about it,—she talked a great deal of Erris and the happy days. "The poor people," she would say: "they were misled, and they had wrongs, grievous wrongs, though not from us or others like us. Dermot always said they would never hurt a hair of his head. And they never did, the poor, kind people. They were sorry for us when we had to go."

What might have become a dim and faded memory to Sophie had been kept alive and bright by her mother and Bridget Finn.

"You might be findin' fault wid th' ould country whin you're in it," said Bridget Finn. "But wance you're out of it 'tis lovelier it does be growin' in your memory till it's as fine as Heaven, and all lyin' down there in the say, covered with a cloud of gold that's fine as the wings of the angels."

"She'll be travellin' to Ireland the minit she laves us," she whispered to Sophie that sad night when Mrs. MacDermot lay dying. "It's the way she'll be goin' to Heaven to take a look at Erris before she goes. There's many a sowl does be flyin' over Ireland that same way. The country puts the comether on us, someaway."

Sophie was twelve years old when her mother died. Soon after she became a boarder at the Sacré Coeur, while Bridget, in a humbler *appartement* near the gate of the Convent, made her lace and lived alone on the proceeds of it and the little legacy Mrs. MacDermot had been able to leave her. The provision for Sophie was very small: there were some things more or less valuable—a pearl necklace, diamond ornaments for the hair and the corsage, a few oil-paintings, some lovely old lace, all laid away for Sophie in the strong room of the Bank in Dublin with which Mrs. MacDermot had her small banking transactions.

"You'll have them yet at Erris, honey," said Bridget Finn, who was beginning to show signs of age and had two fixed ideas,—one a hatred of the life abroad: the other a determination to go home before she died.

Madame Cécile had offered to take Bridget into the Convent as a lay-sister and had been met with a stern refusal.

"An' who will look after the child when she's done with the schoolin', Miss Cecilia? I ask you that. Amn't I only sittin' here waitin' till we can travel home together."

Madame Cécile said nothing. She had been a pig-tailed, short-frocked, little girl visiting at Erris when Bridget Finn came there first in old Madam's time. So she held her peace.

Bridget lived on at the Convent gates and made lace endlessly till she was almost blind; and the time came when Sophie's

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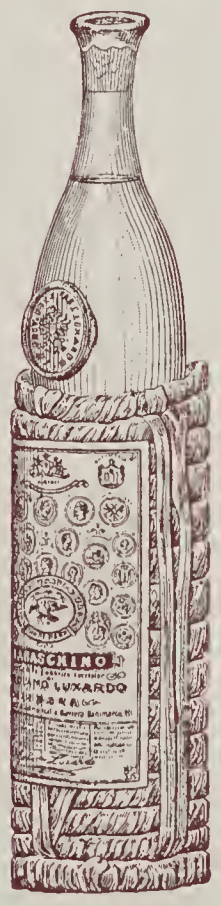
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A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AT ERRIS—Continued.

schooling was at an end, and she was free to choose her future life.

Sophie was by this time a tall girl, with fine, smooth, colourless skin, a mass of silky fair hair which was wound in innumerable plaits and coils round her small head, and brown eyes of such an exceedingly gentleness that they would have made an otherwise plain face beautiful. She had an air of innocence, and she walked with a soft, gliding motion that matched the music of her voice. Madame Cécile was in despair, —after all the prayers,—because Sophie had not developed a vocation. Still, she said to herself, that the child would come back. She would find Erris only a heap of ruins. No one in Ireland wanted big places like Erris. No one had wanted Erris. It had remained empty ever since the MacDermots had left it; empty and more derelict every year.

Bridget and Sophie went back to Ireland together. They found a beautiful autumn—sunny and quiet, with the mists lying golden and silver over the hills and the blue of amethysts in the hollows and under the honey-coloured trees. Late October and the wind blew like May. People were saying that so beautiful an Indian Summer had not been known for many years.

To Sophie, coming back, it was a passionate pilgrimage. She had never known such air, touching her cheek with soft caresses like the kiss of an invisible mother. She had never seen such atmosphere, clearer than crystal, through which all objects shone new-made as though seen through the most pellucid water.

"It is what I've heard said," said Bridget Finn, watching her Miss Sophie's enraptured face, "that she's the grandest place in the world to come back to and the worst at all for troublin' you when you're away from her."

They put up at a new flaring public-house, which called itself a hotel, a mile the other side of Erris. The people that kept it were Dublin people, for whom the name of MacDermot had no special association. The rooms were clean, and Bridget saw to it that her young mistress had something she could eat; although Sophie was in that state of rapture at coming back that it was very doubtful if she knew what she was eating or could have told good cooking from bad.

They stayed on an indefinite while at Murphy's Hotel. The autumn continued bright and beautiful. They had found their way at once to Erris, beautiful amidst its woods, the great house, falling to decay, wrapped up in scarlet creepers and ivy like the cloak of a king. Sophie went there every day, whether it was wet or dry. She had a feeling that the house called to her out of its loneliness.

Bridget found abundance to do at Murphy's. She had struck up a certain condescending friendship with Mrs. Murphy, whom she pronounced a harmless poor streel of a crathur, and was very busy keeping things as they ought to be for her Miss Sophie, and lending a hand generally to keep the place from "goin' to bits with streelishness." She had confided to Sophie, soon after they came, that what wid them that was dead and them that was gone out of it, if she didn't keep her hands full "the ould heart of her 'ud be bruk."

The lace-making wasn't much help, for when Bridget sat to her frame she had a deal of time for thinking. So Sophie took up the lace-making. She had a portable frame she could carry easily, and where could she find a nicer place to work than on the terrace outside the long range of shuttered drawing-room windows at Erris. The days continued beautifully bright and sunny. For companion Sophie had Conn, tho Irish terrier at Murphy's, who bore traces of his Hundred Fights. He had attached himself closely to Sophie and never wanted to leave her skirts.

So Sophie sat all day on the sunny terrace and worked at her frame and dreamed a deal and was happy. Mrs. Murphy thought it was quare the young lady shouldn't be afeared of the ghosts in that lonesome ould place,—but Sophie was not at all afraid of the ghosts. If MacDermot ghosts could have come to her she would hardly have been afraid. On the sunny terrace, with the ruined garden spread out below her, she felt strangely, peacefully, delightfully at home. She loved the gentle, quiet days, and she slept sweetly of nights. Watching her face, Bridget began to say to herself that the child would be happy nowhere else in the world. They'd better begin to look about them for a bit of a cottage, where they could stay for a bit, anyhow, so that Miss Sophie could have her fill after the long heart-hunger for Erris. "If it was to turn wet for a month," said Bridget shrewdly, "maybe she'd be off the ould house. I wouldn't like her to be gettin' too dramy an' tuk up with it. 'Twouldn't be good for Miss Sophie, so it wouldn't."

There was not a sign of the long-deferred rain. Day after day the gentleness, the blue air, the pale sun.

"'Twill be too damp for you in that ould garden, Miss Sophie, jewel," Bridget would say.

But Sophie took no harm from the damp. She was thriving amid the dreams. There was a flame-like look about her slenderness, her height, her hair, that the sun had found out and darkened to a deeper, crisper gold. There was a quiet joy in her light step, the little snatches of song she broke into at her lace-making, the quiet romps with Conn, who was really now her own dog, a gift from Mrs. Murphy, who marvelled what the young lady could see in "an ould dog like that an' a divil for fightin'."

Sophie had never attempted any exploration of the house. To be sure the shut doors still held. The windows on the ground floor were all shuttered. No one ever came except herself. Other people might have been afraid of the great empty mouldering rooms beyond the shutters. Not Sophie. She bade the place farewell every afternoon as though it lived and she loved it. She greeted it joyfully in the morning when she returned to it. And always the sun shone. People began to say it was quare sort of weather an' it comin' up to Christmas, and to shake their heads and say it was payin' for it they'd be wid snow an' frost the rest of the winter.

One morning,—there were a few ominous clouds in the sky which Sophie had not noticed,—looking up suddenly she became aware that there was someone in the garden besides herself. Conn had barked sharply: then had begun walking around her, bristling with indignation.

The intruder was a young man. He was coming towards her. He was lifting his hat. Conn had left off being hostile and was wagging his tail.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man. "I did not know anyone came here. I thought at first you were the Spirit of the Garden."

He patted Conn's head. He was a tall, clean-shaven young man, with good honest grey eyes. His clothes had not quite an English cut. He wore a soft hat at the slightest bit of an angle. He spoke the speech of a gentleman, with the slightest of American accents.

"For the matter of that," said Sophie, smiling up at him, "the place is empty. Anyone can come in who likes. It is a darling old place,—is it not?"

"You won't mind my walking round it," he said. "I've got the key and I'm going to see inside and out. It's in the market, you know. I thought of buying it."

"Oh!" said Sophie, never remembering that she would be a good deal better off if Erris was sold. She looked at him with conflicting emotions passing over her face. "I did not think anyone would ever buy it. I thought I could get a cottage somewhere near and come and go as I would."

"The old house might tumble about your ears one day. And,—I should not prevent your coming and going. I am glad to find that someone cares for it, even if it is a ruin."

She looked at him in amazement.

"Why should you care?" she asked.

"As a matter of fact, the place belonged to my father's people. I am a MacDermot. My father went to America. He has made money in business. Some of the family were vexed with him that he went into business. He made good all the time. He always wanted to come back and buy the place; but he died a year ago. I felt I had to come and do it then. I used to dream about it. Oddly enough in my dream there was someone in the garden."

A queer look in the honest eyes,—something of a mist of dreams seemed to bring out a momentary likeness to Sophie.

"You are a MacDermot," she repeated. "You are Conor MacDermot's son."

"You know the family history?" he said eagerly. "It has been lonely coming back, —not one of the name left."

"I am Sophie MacDermot," she said. "We are far-away cousins. I own Erris,—such as it is. . . ."

"Ah," said he. "It was you I dreamt of in the garden. My old man used to say I was a throwback. I would never have dared to tell him about the dream, though he had his dreams too. MacDermots' can do without me. It is established on a profit-sharing scheme. I have a whole world to see over here, and so many things to do. Shall we do business together, my dear cousin?"

. . . .

Soon after that the weather broke and Sophie could no longer sit in the garden at

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A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AT ERRIS—Continued.

Erris. But somehow she did not mind the rain. And in any case the Dryads and Hamadryads were being dispossessed at Erris, where an army of labourers, very glad of the employment, were getting the gardens from under the overgrowth of more than twenty years. Already the house was in the hands of workmen, although the transfer of the property had not been completed, was, indeed, somewhat slow in the completion. Yet the army of workmen had been let loose upon it. All that could be done, before spring and the March winds came to dry up things after the winter rains, was being rapidly accomplished.

There was no one to think it strange that the cousins should be always together, looking on at the operations of the workmen. They had glided into an easy intimacy, those two last of the MacDermots, as though they had been brought up together. Nothing could be done in connection with the house unless Sophie approved. Sophie must select the papers and paint: she must advise on the furniture: they were going to hunt up old furniture: there would be the carpets to find and the chintzes. The plans seemed to stretch a long way ahead, to take it for granted that the cousins would be within beck and call of each other for an indefinite period to come.

Then came Christmas, and the workmen had returned to Dublin for a few days of holiday. The rain had gone over and Christmas Day was a fine sunny day, with a promise of frost. All the windows now were open at Erris. The stately rooms were littered with workmen's ladders and pails and the like. Something eerie had flown out by the open windows. Something kindly and happy had taken its place, as though the house knew that its children were coming back, that no longer was it to be left to its slow dying alone.

The cousins sat in a deep window-seat of the long drawing-room overlooking the terrace. There was a book of wall-papers between them, which they were turning over idly.

"By next Christmas," said Conor MacDermot, "We shall be in. It will be a Happy Christmas at Erris once again."

Sophie patted Conn's head, pulling his long ears. If she had noticed the "we she passed over it. They had been doing so much together that perhaps it was not strange.

"I received two letters this morning," she said. "One was the last paper for my signing. As soon as I sign, the place is finally yours. The second was from Madame Cécile reminding me that if the world is too rough for me the Convent is always gentle."

He reached out and took her hands.

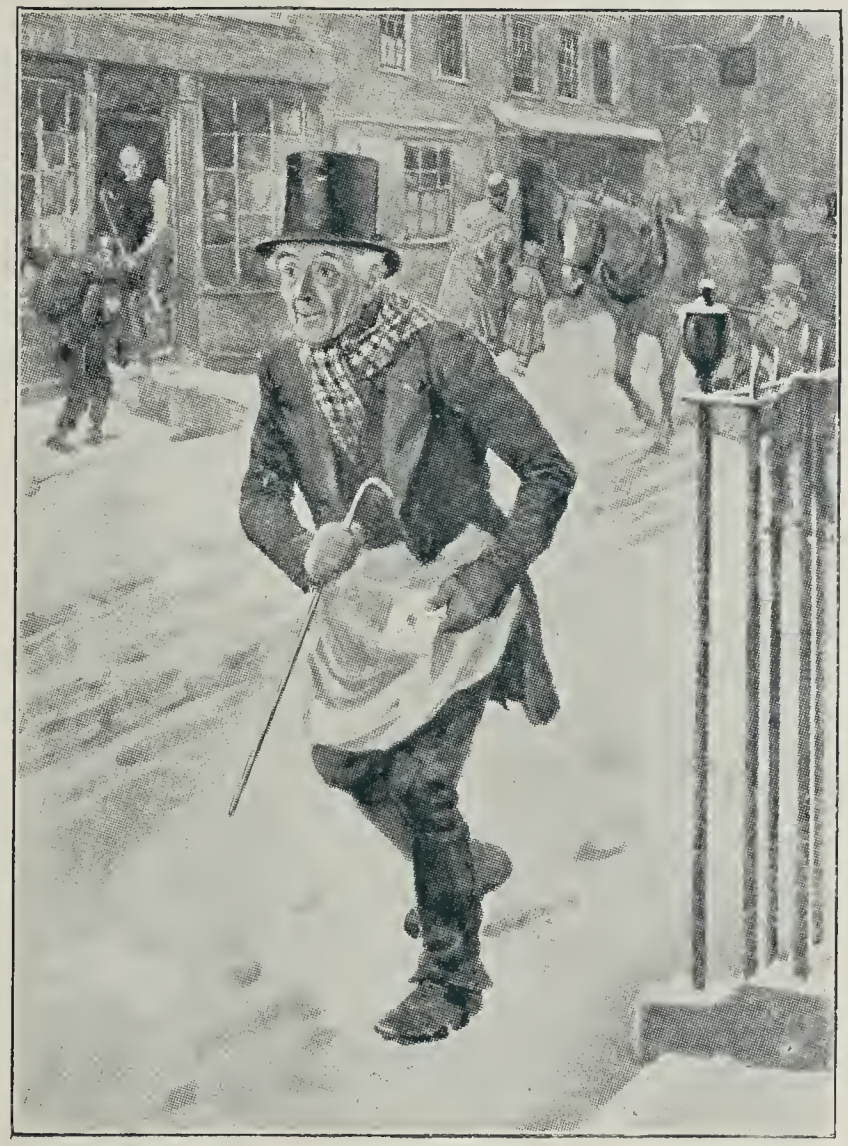
"The world will not be too rough for you, with me by your side," he said. "Tell Madame Cécile that you are not going back,—that the MacDermots,—the two last of the name, have come back to rebuild Erris for the MacDermots. Tell her that I cannot do without my wife. Tell her . . ."

"Why, after all," she said, "is there any use in my signing, if everything is going to be yours and mine together? Oh, my beloved,"—she gave herself up to his caresses —"so, this was what waited for me under the golden mists! I felt there was something to which I came home. How warm it is! Life was so lonely. There was only Bridget between me and a world I was afraid of."

She looked into his face. Despite the gentleness of the eyes the face was strong and true. She felt herself gathered into a happy security.

"Long before another Christmas," he said, "we shall belong to each other. When we come back from our honeymoon Erris will be approaching completion. Next year, my dearest heart, we shall keep Happy Christmas at Erris together. God willing, it will be a Happy Christmas for all those poor dwellers on the barren hills and in the wet valleys. Their happiness will be our thanksgiving for our home-coming at Christmas."

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A LADY DRESSMAKER:

Continued from page 23.

Civilly, but firmly baffled, Alan retired. His desire to see her, to make her smile only increased. Soon her image, elusive, strange, alluring, possessed him to the exclusion of all else. She came between him and Rosabel. He saw her eyes always in the fold of his betrothed's gown, in the artistic drapery, the quaint little touches of genius that distinguished them from ordinary clothes. She invented, designed and executed; while the other woman took the credit. He began to hate Rosabel's finery. She noticed it and jibed at him. Recrimination followed, he taunted her with selfishness and want of sympathy, she retorted with accusations of cruelty and indifference. One day they quarrelled violently. Alan went home miserable, smoked and meditated all night. Next day he returned to Rosabel, apologised for his temper and gave her a diamond bracelet. She accepted it, telling him he had a vile temper which he must try to cure.

Weeks elapsed, the marriage drew near, but the hearts of the pair drifted farther apart. Alan, restless and unhappy, endeavoured to control his feelings. Rosabel with the charming insouciance that characterises some women attributed these symptoms to the pangs and impatience of love.

Once, and once only did Alan behold the lady of his dreams. Entering a cheap restaurant in Soho one evening with a Bohemian friend who had praised the coffee to him, he saw the slight figure of Aline seated at a corner table. He walked up to her without hesitation.

"Mme. Aline—how are you, do you often dine here?"

"No," the girl flushed slightly. "I was near on some business, and came in for coffee."

"Have you been well," he thought her cheeks looked thinner, "since I saw you?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"No more worries — no more unpaid bills?"

"Nothing but ordinary business worries—I have not forgotten your kindness—"

"It was not kindness," he answered, hotly, "it was justice."

She did not answer, evidently she did not wish to prolong the conversation. Alan went back to his friend. When he looked up again she had vanished through a side-door.

"Pretty girl that, you spoke to," said his friend carelessly, "an actress out of work, I suppose; she looks as if a good dinner would do her no harm. Why didn't you ask her to join us?"

"She is a lady, the daughter of a general," snapped Alan hastily.

"Oh! not an actress—odd—very," said his friend as they went out together, and soon departed.

Alan was living two lives now. The one, that of the conventional engaged man dancing attendance on his future bride, with all the usual accessories of present giving, compliments and kisses. The other, the real life, as he grew to name it, of the spirit. Inwardly he raged with ennui, hungry with longing, filled with desire to see the woman to whom he had given his soul. Plain, honest, unsophisticated man, he never knew he had a soul till now, when this thing tormented, impelled, dominated his being. Then the end came suddenly. After a bitter quarrel in which the lovers bared their hearts with the brutality and directness of primitive passion, Rosabel tore off her engagement ring and threw it at his feet. "You are free," she said sharply.

"And so are you," he answered, "to go to your new lover, Lord Tribheard."

"I don't know what you mean," she cried; "he is nothing to me."

"But he will be soon," he answered, with a sneer. It had come to this, the sham love had fallen from him and he knew it at last. He was free, from the slavery, the bitter farce of his engagement. Since the day Rosabel told him casually of her debt to Aline, a debt she treated lightly, but which meant life or death to another, he had ceased to respect her, he doubted even if he had ever really loved her. And now—was he worthy to think of the other, the pure pale girl, in the white room, the room that spoke of peace and loveliness. Her life was sad, his had been happy and careless, but set deep down in his heart, he had sighed for something more perfect.

Again he stood in the white room, again she spoke in her clear tired voice; but now it was in answer to his impassioned pleading. He told her all. His blindness, his folly, the quarrel with Rosabel. She listened kindly. He implored her to let him bring some brightness into her life.

"I have no time or will for pleasure," she said.

"It is not pleasure I ask you to share with me, but the realities of your life. I am tired of shams. I want to live really. Teach me to live."

"To live means to suffer," she said gently.

"Then let me learn to suffer with you."

The slim, gentle girl with her courage and truth awed him.

Costly chiffons and tawdry vanities which made other women worldly only raised and purified her soul, and impregnated it with a keen sense of duty. He stooped, and with a reverence he had never shown for the soft, white, manicured hands of his betrothed, he pressed his lips to the work-stained, needle-pricked fingers of the dressmaker.

"Aline," he whispered, "teach me, as my wife."

TOM SMITH'S CRACKERS.

Even more interesting and attractive than ever is Tom Smith's latest catalogue of Christmas Crackers and other novelties, especially suited to the festive season. Amongst the attractions now offered to an appreciative public by this favourite caterer for Christmastide joys and merriment are his 6d. boxes of "Toy Crackers for Children"; "Assorted Crackers," containing a variety of pretty jewellery, pins, charms, rings, brooches, etc., with love mottoes; shilling boxes of Crackers, whose contents comprise monkeys, toy dogs, masks, hats, caps, and riddles; "Japanese Crackers," containing Jap toys and curios; "Musical Toy" Crackers; pretty crimson crêpe Crackers, containing the amusing "Game of Goose," etc. Other novelties are "Grandmamma's Xmas Box," "The Little Picture-makers," with picture puzzles, etc.; "Lucky Charms," with novel and appropriate mottoes; "Ragtime Crackers," with niggers, masks, noses, musical and other toys; "Motor-Cycle Crackers," with hooters, horns, goggles, etc.; "Crusoe Crackers," with Man Friday, monkey, dog, gun, canoe, parrot; "Water-plane," "Winter Sports," "Rajah's Jewel-box," "The House that Jack Built," "Masks and Faces" (with movable eyes), "Fun on a Liner," "Oriental Belles," "Carnival," "Curios" (Bric-a-Brac) and a lot of other cracker varieties. The "Presentation Watch" contains, with 12 crackers, a watch, keeping excellent time, while "Votes for Women" Crackers hold with other souvenirs suffraggette verses instead of love mottoes. The "New 2/6 Box" gives special value, comprising as it does 3 dozen crackers, each dozen a different kind, containing toys, jewels, etc. The "Artistic Crackers for Table Decoration" are dainty and exquisite, while the charming cracker novelties, to stand upon the table, and Christmas Bells, etc., containing jewels, are sure to be welcomed by all.



Recipe for

XMAS PLUM PUDDING:

Take three-quarters of a pound of flour, one ounce of

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BAKING POWDER

two ounces of bread crumbs, one and a half pounds of suet, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, ten ounces of sugar, two ounces of almonds, one pound of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste. Mix the ingredients well together, and add six eggs, well beaten, and three-quarters of a pint of milk; divide in two, and boil eight hours

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"DAVIE":
A Homespun Theologian of "The Ards."

By LYNN DOYLE. *Author of "Ballygullion," "Love and Land," etc*

Even in the present time, after so much attention has been drawn to the Scottish peasantry by writers of the Barrie school, the English, and indeed, the Scottish tourist will discover with surprise in the N.E. corner of Ireland, among the nooks of Antrim and Down, a race who preserve in their integrity the manners and customs of the Lowland Scottish country people and who speak in its native purity the genuine Doric.

Yet the Scotsman set down in the district known as "The Ards," about ten miles from Belfast, might rub his eyes in bewilderment to find himself in his native land, so close is the resemblance of speech and manner between this colony of Scots, separated by centuries from the parent stock, and the present inhabitants of North Britain.

Not indeed from my own personal knowledge—for he was of an older date—but through the mouth of a friend, to whom he was well known, I shall attempt with some diffidence to portray a typical character of the humbler class, whose eccentricities presented some original features, and whose fame has not yet entirely faded in his native district.

His name was David, but he was generally known as Rab's Davie, and for many years he followed the profession of an itinerant cobbler: that is to say, he went from house to house making and repairing boots for the members of each family, remaining as long in one house as there was employment for him.

He was of a reserved but not churlish disposition, and, while by no means ignorant, had got little book education.

It was sufficient to advance any proposition to fix Davie firmly in the contrary opinion: and although this invincible obstinacy frequently landed him in an untenable position, the hardiest of opponents was chary of pressing a debater with such a command of personal repartee and plausible sophistry, while his habit of attributing all quotations to the Bible (his sole library), was perplexing and irritating to many a rival who, feeling dimly that Davie was not right as to the source of his information, was not sufficiently versed in the sacred volume definitely to assert his error.

And as in a country Presbyterian district such as I speak of, the Bible was above all criticism, Davie's "Is it no' in the Scriptures, man?" generally settled the discussion.

Davie, although or perhaps because he was married, was a confirmed despiser of women; and I think my mother was the only woman whom he ever really respected. Towards her he always softened his dictatorial and dogmatic manner. I remember in my youthful days one occasion when Davie was sojourning in our house engaged on the herculean task of making winter boots for a family of seven.

My mother had been in the town of N—— that day and, with some want of judgment, had bought several of us penny whistles. Fascinated as most children are by the occupations of a manual labourer, we were generally to be found clustering around Davie; and this evening we added to our customary inquisition into the industry of boot-making, the strident clamour of our newly acquired toys.

Davie bore it for some time; but at last, his patience exhausted, he turned to my mother:

"It will be yersel', Mrs. S——, that bought the whieps for the laddies?" he enquired.

"It was, indeed, Davie," said my mother.

"An what micht ye pay for them?" enquired Davie blandly.

"Oh, just a penny each," my mother answered.

"Weel, ma'am," grunted Davie, "A'm thinkin' if ye'd bocht them penny baps apiece they'd 'a been quieter on it."

My mother took the hint; and he finished his work undisturbed by our music.

But he was not generally so delicate in his reproofs.

It was rumoured in the country that he ill-treated his wife; and in truth I think she had a sad enough life with him sometimes. For long enough no one would undertake the ungrateful task of remonstrating with him; but at last his minister, who was no favourite of Davie's, and who had recently taken to himself a third helpmate, volunteered to reprove the culprit.

"They're saying in the country, Davie," said he, "that you don't treat your wife very well."

"A weel," responded Davie with the light of battle in his eye, "she's livin' yet, Mr. J——; an' you're at the third yin a'ready." The subject languished after this. I think it was the subtle suggestion contained in "a'ready" that decided the matter in Davie's favour without further encounter.

Some of his similitudes were quaint and lively.

I think his description of a very tall young man in the parish, whom he alluded to as being "as lang as the Moral Law," was a very happy effort.

Many years ago, the Committee appointed to enquire into the management of congregations, and known as a Visitation Presbytery, called in due course on our congregation.

It fell to Davie, as an elder in the congregation, to answer some of the questions as to the conduct of the minister towards his flock: his answers are sufficient to indicate his attitude towards the pastor.

The first question was, "Is your minister temperate in his habits?"

"A'm no' sayin'," Davie answered, "that he isna' a temperate man; but he's no' a total abstainer."

The second ran, "Is your minister regular in his visitations among his congregation?"

"Weel," said Davie, "he *did* gie oot wan Sabbath that he was comin' round oor way; but that's a' we ever heerd o't."

His answer to the third question, "Is your minister hospitable in his habits?" was tinged with some bitterness.

"I fondly hope and trust he is," he replied; "but as for me I hae never been in his hoose."

In his last answer he was not so guarded. The question was, "Is your minister diligent in his preparation for the services of the sanctuary"?

"A'll no deny," replied Davie, "that he may use some diligence; but there's some o' us thinkin' it's wi' sma' result."

But Davie's character was too familiar to the inquisitors to permit his strictures having much effect on their opinion of the clergyman, who was indeed a worthy and earnest man.

In the fulfilment of his duties as elder, Davie thought it necessary to read and expound the Scriptures to the weak and ailing members of the congregation: and his remarks on the sacred text speedily became famous in the country, albeit not always in consonance with the views of orthodox commentators.

There was in the neighbourhood an old man, who, in failing health for many years, at last became bed-ridden; and Davie was in the habit of visiting and reading to him.

On one occasion the Rev. Mr. J—— arrived during these ministrations, and Davie, feeling that the etiquette of the occasion demanded the sacrifice, offered the Bible to his pastor, though with manifest reluctance.

"Don't mind me, Davie," said Mr. J——, "I'll just sit and listen."

"Weel, if ye'll no' think it presumin', A'll finish the chapter. We're at the prodigal son," said Davie.

For some time, perhaps, on account of the minister's presence, Davie refrained from comment; but when he came to the passage, "And he arose and came to his father," he closed the book impressively.

"Noo'," said he; "A' want ye to keep your 'ee on this lad. Watch him; for he's a playboy. Consider the craft o' the carle; *comin' back when his money was done.*"

The reverend hearer's respect for his gravity did not permit him to wait for the rest of the discourse.

But Davie's most enduring fame was attained in his great debate with the schoolmaster on the motion of the earth.

About eighteen years ago, a small library was formed in the district; and in connection with it occasional lectures and debates were held in the reading-room. In the country

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"DAVIE"—Continued.

the concern was known as the "Society." The minister generally presided over the meetings.

The first lecture was delivered by our local schoolmaster, a man at no time averse to displaying his rather superficial knowledge. The subject was "The Sun and Stars," and the lecturer prefaced his remarks with the announcement that he would be happy to answer any questions by those who failed to understand him.

He proceeded to develop his subject by describing the motions of the earth and the greater heavenly bodies, and amongst other astronomical facts, enunciated the proposition that the earth revolved around the sun.

"Hold on there!" said Davie, who occupied a seat at the back. "A'm surprised, Mr. J ——, tae see ye sittin' silent as chairman of this meetin', when impeeous an' athestical doctrine is bein' uttered before ye. But A'll no' let thon man," levelling an accusing finger at the schoolmaster, "tell me that the earth moves round the sun while A've een to read the Good Book. Doesna' the Bible say that Joshua commanded the sun an' moon to stan' still? An' what for should he tell them to stan' still if they were no' movin'."

"I can prove what I say, Davie," cried the schoolmaster.

"Can ye that?" returned the undaunted champion of orthodoxy. "I'd just like tae hear your proofs, my man."

"Well," said his opponent, "you'll acknowledge that the earth is a round globe."

"That's just what A'll no," replied Davie; "for I dinna believe it."

"But it is true," said the schoolmaster; "and, moreover, the earth is continually turning round on its axis."

"I hear ye," answered Davie; "but man, ye hae little wit. For if the earth turns on its axle, why should a man tak' a ship for Australia. Micht he no' just as weel speel up a tree an' wait till it came round?"

"If you know better than I do," cried the exasperated schoolmaster, "maybe you'll tell us what shape the earth is."

"It'll just be flat," replied Davie, "wi' maybe a bit wall roun' it tae keep folk frae slippin' off."

"And what will there be on the other side of your wall?" enquired the schoolmaster.

"There'll be a wheen auld done moons an' stars," answered Davie; "for everybody kens we hae a new moon every month, an' they must throw the auld anes somewhere."

Seeing that Davie's imagination was capable of providing him with a new solar system, if necessary, his opponent tried a new tack.

"If the earth is flat," he said, "how is it that when a ship is coming to land a man on the shore can see the top of her masts before he can see the hull?"

"I dinna believe a word o't," said Davie hastily.

"Well," returned the schoolmaster, "we'll ask Tom D —— there, who has been to sea for years. Is it true, Tom?"

"It is that," replied the sailor.

"Aha," cried his now exulting adversary. "What have you to say to that, Davie,—with your flat earth?"

"What'll I say to't," returned the undaunted Davie. "What need I say to't? Doesna' every wean here ken that there's neuks and knowes* in the sea forbye in the land?"

The more illiterate or bigoted portion of the audience was not competent to impugn Davie's premises, and till this day it is a tradition how Davie worsted the schoolmaster about the shape of the earth.

The spread of education is rapidly extinguishing such characters as Davie; but although the balance is doubtless in favour of progress, one sadly misses among the younger people in the rural districts the originality of humour and quaintness of expression that marked their more primitive forefathers. We are better informed and more polished in the country parts nowadays; but we have no Davies among us.

* Valleys and hills.

MACFARLANE, LANG & CO.'S CAKES.

Nothing in the line of Christmas dainties could well be more tempting than the iced and ornamented cakes of Macfarlane, Lang and Co. Even the pictured semblance of their delicious "Ailsa," "Canadian Ice," or "Walnut" cakes, to name but a few in their catalogue, is enough (to use a homely phrase) "to make one's mouth water;" and to little people especially they must make a strong appeal indeed. Two of Messrs. Macfarlane, Lang and Co.'s greatest specialties for this Christmas are their "Assorted Shortbread" and "Chocolate Victoria Assortment," both of which are certain to commend themselves to the public by their variety, daintiness, and high excellence.



Macfarlane, Lang and Co. have also introduced several seasonable novelties in the line of decorated and fanciful enamelled tins of biscuits. Our illustration shows a most attractive novelty representing a leather golf bag, with complement of clubs, and filled with fancy mixed biscuits of the best and richest kind, which is sure to be especially appreciated by all patrons of the golf green.

THE COURT LAUNDRY.

The Court Laundry, 58*a* Harcourt Street, by its excellent management and the profit-sharing system which stimulates its workers to the highest efficiency, has long established for itself a first-class reputation amongst Dublin laundries. Situated as it is, adjoining the spacious grounds of the National University, it enjoys an open and clear atmosphere seldom to be found in a city environment—in fact, it may be said to combine the advantages of both city and country. At the Manchester Laundry Exhibition of 1913, the Court Laundry was the only Irish laundry successful, winning a silver medal for fancy ironing work, and a diploma for the making up of shirts and collars. There are regular van collections and deliveries each week in and around Dublin, embracing the wide district from Balbriggan on the North to Lucan and Leixlip on the West, and Bray and its vicinity on the South.

ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS CARDS.

As a distributive token of Christmas good wishes the Christmas Card is nowadays the most prominent factor of the glad season. In this connection we may add that few Dublin concerns can equal Messrs. Waller's establishment in Suffolk Street in the variety and charm of these tender missions of good will to absent friends. To intending purchasers who cannot find it convenient to visit this well-equipped concern we would state that sample books of the firm's personal Christmas Cards are sent on receipt of one shilling. Messrs. Waller also stock a varied collection of gifts for the library, the card-table or the boudoir.

ARTISTS IN IRISH GOLD AND SILVER WORK.

We Irish people owe no small debt of gratitude to those eminent Dublin jewellers, Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins, of Lower O'Connell Street, Dublin. Rescuers of Ireland's long-buried treasures in gold and silver ornaments, this firm has presented us with replicas of such Celtic gems of the past as the Ardagh Chalice, the Tara Brooch, the Brian Boru Harp Brooch, and other glorious relics of bygone Hibernian skill. What more appropriate Irish Christmas present than one of these reproduced examples of the exquisite work of ancient Irish artificers. Modern taste in bracelets, rings, Waltham watches, tea and coffee services are also to be seen at these tastefully-equipped premises.

ATORA SUET.

Now that the all-important proposition of the Christmas plum-pudding is directly in front of us, Hugon's famous "Atora Beef-suet" is sure to be warmly welcomed both by housewife and cook. "Chopping the suet," as most ladies know, is a sticky and by no means always agreeable task; Atora suet, therefore, shredded ready for use, is a great saver of both time and trouble. It is also of unimpeachable quality, being highly recommended for mincemeats, pastries, etc. It can be had too in solid blocks suitable for frying, basting, etc., and costs only 10½d. the 1 lb. package.

When the Queen travelled to Balmoral on Thursday, 14th August, the following was the Luncheon Menu:—

Dejeuner

Consomme Ecossaise
Œuf Mollet aux Epinards
Mignonette d'Agneau
Turbigo
Viandes Froides
Salade
Peches Imperatrice
FAROLA
PUDDING

"Was not that a dainty dish to set before the Queen!"

MELLIN'S FOOD

If Baby does not thrive—is fretful—ailing—troublesome—put him on Mellin's, the perfect substitute for healthy mother's milk. Send for free sample to Mellin's Food, Ltd., Peckham, London, S.E.

CONTRACTORS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.



JACKSON'S

Camphorated Wax Floor Polish

Lasts longer and looks better than any other make.

3d., 6d., 1 - Tins.

Varnish Stains for Floors

All the advantages of Parquet
— at a fraction of the Cost. —

6d., 1/-, 2/-, 3/6, 6/-, 10/- Jars.

Lavender Cream

For Choice or Ordinary FURNITURE.

A lasting lustrous Polish. Will not finger-mark or get sticky. In beautiful Doulton Vases.

6d., 1s., 2s.

"Paris" Hat Dyes.

No Gloss. 30 Shades.

Bottles, with Brush, **6d.** complete.

Sold by all the principal Stores, Ironmongers, Druggists, and Colour Dealers.

Works: Malt St., London, S.E.

Estd. 1853

Tint cards and pattern boards of the goods may be had from any dealer.

The Red Right Hand of Ulster.

"THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD HATH THE PRE-EMINENCE."

By Francis Joseph Bigger, M.R.I.A.

Of all the symbols of Ireland that adopted by Ulster and the O'Neills is the most ancient and most widely distributed amongst the nations of the world. The Dextera Dei, the Right Hand of God, was set up by Saul at Carmel in token of the victory over Agag and



THE SEAL OF HUGH O'NEILL, PRINCE OF ULSTER.
Circa A.D. 1333

the Amalekites. It was brought out of Egypt by the Israelites. Jews and Mahommedans have it over their doors still at Tunis: it is over the great gate at the Alhambra, and is used by many people, including the Jews, when taking an oath. The uplifted right hand is the sign of victory: it was borne on the Roman standards as the symbol of power and triumph. It is the sign of benediction and the hand of glory. It is found in the sixth century mosaics in the Church of San Vitale at Ravenna—it is seen over the door of Ferrara Cathedral with a wheel cross behind it. It surmounts the great Crucifix at Romsey Abbey and is depicted on the twelfth century seal of St. Andrew's Cathedral at Wells. It is constantly referred to in the Scriptures. "The Right Hand of God bringeth mighty things to pass." In Christian times it is always used as the symbol of the first person of the Blessed Trinity, and so it appears on the High Crosses at Kells in Meath and at Clonmacnoise and Monasterboice. The Red Right Hand is the well-known symbol of the



THE RED RIGHT HAND OF ULSTER AND THE O'NEILLS

O'Neills, the *lambh dearg*; it is shown on a remarkably fine seal of Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, whose death is recorded in the Four Masters under the year 1364, "the best man of the Irish of his time, having gained the palm for humanity, hospitality, valour and renown"—surely a noble epitaph for an Irish King. Sir Bernard Burke describes this seal as "an exquisite specimen of art, the finest work of the kind connected with Ireland . . . . it is to be observed, too, that the hand as in other early seals of the family of O'Neill is a dexter hand." This only follows the whole tradition of the symbol, "The Right Hand of God," the hand of power and might and blessing, and so forms a fitting device for the Northern province, proud of her position, proud of her past as well as of the lordly O'Neills whose war cry was *lambh dearg abu—lambh dearg Eirinn*. There is a stupid misunderstanding abroad about the left hand, which has no real symbolic meaning except a *sinister* one. This arises from a legend of an O'Neill chieftain cutting off his hand and flinging it ashore, from a boat, in order that he might claim the land as having first touched it. The Right Hand was in constant use centuries before this legend was concocted, and the Dextera Dei had a world-wide symbolic use anterior even to the recorded ancestry of the princely O'Neills. At the present time the Red Hand has come into a fuller use than ever before. It is used by all parties on varying occasions, so it is well that it should be at least correctly used and its meaning fully understood.

Belfast in the Days of Steam.

Continued from page 10.

retire expressed his intention, young Harland found his chance to take over the business as well as an adjoining small yard. That was in 1858, and then three years later he found a most congenial partner in Gustavus Wilhelm Wolff, a young German who, after being educated in Liverpool, had served his apprenticeship with Messrs. Whitworth, of Manchester. With this combination thereafter began the extraordinary progress by which an insignificant undertaking has been expanded into the most magnificent shipbuilding yard on the face of the earth, from the shipways of which in recent years "the largest ship in the world" has again and again been launched.

To Sir Edward Harland's business capacity and inventive genius this result is largely due—a tribute which none would more willingly pay than the present head of the firm, Baron Pirrie, K.P., who was admitted a partner in 1874.

Harland was very original in his methods, and to him is credited the idea of the saloon amidships—which totally revolutionised ship accommodation. Work with him was almost a passion, and work in his mind meant thoroughness in everything. He carried in his right-hand vest pocket a small ivory pencil, and in order to prevent it turning in his fingers he stuck on it a blob of sealing wax, upon which his first finger rested as he scribbled or sketched. In the same pocket he always carried a lump of chalk. Harland could not live without that chalk. In the old days he used to spend his Sundays inspecting the great ships on the stocks in the yard. When his eagle eye detected a blemish, out came the chalk and the flaw was marked with a cross, round which was a circle. On Monday morning Harland's cross and circle revealed the defect to the men in charge of the work. It may be imagined that the terror of the cross and circle was a keen incentive to thoroughness on the part of the whole staff. Everyone knew that a piece of careless or slipshod work might be pounced upon by the vigilant eye of "the Head."

Accuracy with him was the be-all of life. He carried a small ivory foot-rule in his pocket, and it was always flying out to test the dimensions of anything, from a collar to a sock. He designed his own clothes, collars, shirts, socks, and boots.

He was equally particular about his boots. He had a plaster cast of his foot made, and the boots were made to fit this pattern as closely as possible. He tolerated no error, however small. It was this appalling lust of detail that made Harland & Wolff.

Is it to be wondered that close association with this man made Baron Pirrie so well fitted to take his place as head of the big concern? As boy and man he has studied every detail of the mighty business of which he is now head. And in this connection it may be mentioned that although the Belfast firm has built all the ships of the big White Star line, covering the five oceans, yet never has there been a written contract as to price between them. Such is reputation.

We started out to discuss the association of steam and Belfast's prosperity, and though I have dealt so far merely on its influence in the evolution of the shipbuilding still the potent connection of steam with other Belfast industries, such as its linen and its tobacco, could be worked out on parallel lines. It may strike the observer as incongruous that Belfast should have attained pre-eminence in so many and diverse lines of business. What can there be in common between two such disconnected industries as linen and shipbuilding? There is, however, just this close interdependence that, while in the yards the labour employed is almost entirely that of men, in the spinning mills it is practically entirely female, and thus the industries are excellently complimentary. It is strange to think that Belfast really had its fame first as a cotton centre. So great was its prosperity that just a little over a century ago there were 14,000 cotton operatives in Belfast alone, while within a radius of ten miles there were quite as many more. A very probable theory for the change is that the cotton industry had waned through the manufacturers cutting prices—and still more by the American war putting a stoppage on the import of raw cotton.

It is invidious to draw comparisons between Dublin and Belfast, and can serve no important purpose. There are many inferences to be drawn as to the different state of affairs in each city. Both have their good qualities, but practice is always better than preaching. Why did Dublin not take advantage of the introduction of steam? Is it that her people are more prone to theories than action.

"NORTHERN IRON."

The only food Baby should have is that which forms flesh—makes muscle, bone, brain.

MELLIN'S FOOD

is the only perfect substitute for breast milk—starch free, wholly digestible, highly nutritive.

Dublin in the Days of Sail, 1813

Continued from page 6.

plied between the East coast fishing grounds and the metropolis. Some thousands of families derived a livelihood from this traffic, for the Dubliners of the century between 1750 and 1850 were extremely fond of shell-fish. The greatest quantity of lobsters came from the Isle of Man, which was then a safe sanctuary for Irish folk who wished to avoid arrest and incarceration for debt. But the best lobsters were procured from Lambay, Howth and Skerries, and further supplies were conveyed from the Saltee Islands by Bullock, Dunlcary and Howth fishermen. There were oyster beds at Clontarf, and it was customary to "lift" the succulent bivalve at Arklow and let it fatten at Sutton and Howth for the neighbouring city market. A hundred years ago it was possible to purchase perfectly sound oysters direct from the fishing boats at the Southern quays for twopence per dozen or even less.

A short article of this description necessarily omits many details of interest, but the present generation of Dubliners have no conception of the mondicancy which pervaded the city immediately the Irish Parliament was finally dissolved. Importunate beggars worried apprehensive travellers taking ship for Great Britain and *moidhered* fresh arrivals from the other side who were not yet recovered from the discomforts of their voyage. Every respectable street in the city was patrolled, on an average, by eight sturdy beggars, and shopping in Grafton Street lost much of its present-day pleasure owing to the pertinacity of those who made a living by mendicancy. No effective police force had yet been organised, and the Poor Law system was not established until more than thirty years later. The streets were still lighted by small oil lamps; only twenty-six were erected to illumine the wide circumference of Stephen's Green, and the theatres, like private dwellings, were lit with candles. Nevertheless, wo have heard on old man affirm years ago that his grandmother considered tho new gas lamps, which she saw introduced in 1825, inferior in lighting power to the oil lamps which they superseded. Whether the old lady's judgment was correct or otherwise, we are satisfied that the incandescent gas burner of our time competes very successfully with electricity for domestic lighting. The problem is, Will our successors in 2013 consider our conveniences as crude and slow as we regard those at the disposal of our predecessors in 1813?

FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

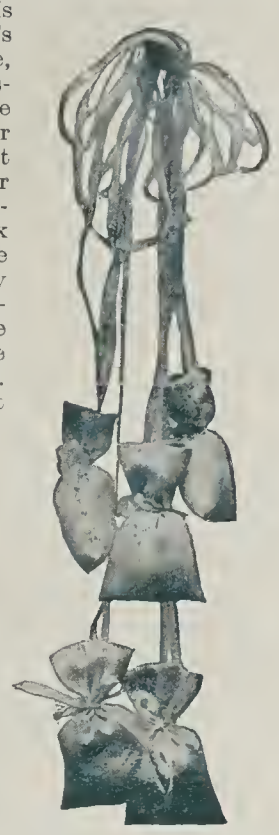
PRETTY TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Youngsters at Christmas time turn to the toyshop with all the zest and devotion of the Moslem towards Mecca. In this connection we may mention that splendid toy emporium of Mr. J. L. Dixon, 14 Suffolk Street, Dublin, which all discriminating children in the Irish capital look on with approval at this period of the year. There is to be seen in lavish array the most modern of mechanical toys. These embrace model steam engines, electric motors, the latest triumphs in aviation toys, etc. By all means gratify the youngsters by taking them to Dixon's, at 14 Suffolk Street.

FAMOUS VIOLET PERFUMES.

From the Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex, nnumerable patrons secure these beautiful perfume preparations, known as the Allen Brown Specialities. Of these wo devote mention to the Perfume Hampers of the firm. These will be found to form ideal Christmas gifts. Then there is the Allen-Brown's Motor Toilet Case, which may be described as "just the thing" for our motorist friends at Christmas. Under distinguished patronage these Sussex Violet Nurseries are much apprcciated by those whose refinement and culture unite in welcoming the beautiful and artistic. Regarding the neat





catalogue issued by this firm, with its lists of Violet Soaps, Violet Bath Preparations Violet Toilet Specialities, Violet Sachets, etc., we would advise our readers who are anxious and critical in the bestowal of suitable Christmas gifts to address Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown, F.R.H.S., Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex, and thus secure their price list.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS IN UMBRELLAS AND WALKING STICKS.

Utility and ornamont unite in making the umbrella a suitable and appropriato Christmas gift. In a humid climate such as ours particularly is this the case. Regarding an ideal place to obtain these articles it would bo difficult to find a better concern than one of Francis Smyth & Son's establishments, viz., 75 Grafton Streot, 4 Lr. Sackville Street, and 12 Parliament Street, Dublin. Being both manufacturers and retailers, this firm enjoys advantages over mere importers. Just now a complete stock of the very best umbrellas for ladies and gentlemen are here to be seen. Ladies' coloured umbrellas, fast colours, are among the articles which are now finding favour from the fair sex. At Messrs. Smyth & Son's one can be now ideally suited. Children's umbrellas in ample stock are here a speciality. In the matter of walking sticks and Irish Blackthorns, we would direct the attention of prospective purchasers to the splendid selection stocked by this firm, characterised by moderation in price.

THE IDEAL SOAP FOR TOILET AND BATH.

Regarded everywhere as a perfect beautitying and pacifying toilet accessory, the much-praised "Albion" Milk and Sulphur Soap combines lavatory and hygienic properties in quite a remarkable degree. Its numerous feminine patrons, the majority of whom move in the most exclusive circles, are united in their commendatory testimonials as to its complexional merits. To this we may add the more strictly scientific analysis as to its purity, which is subscribed to by eminent chemists and famous physicians. Fortified by this dual testimony, there surely is no room for scepticism regarding the claims of the "Albion" Milk and Sulphur Soap, to be ideally suited for the toilet and the bath. Free from artificial colouring and immune from any impurities calculated to injure the delicate skin, this Soap can be freely introduced into every home. Made up in toilet tablets, bath bowls, etc., this refreshing hygienic toilet luxury may be obtained from all chemists, grocers and similar establishments.

HEATHER'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

Winter is, above all other seasons, the time when we should most look to the soundness of our own and our children's footwear, and what Christmas gift could be more seasonable or acceptable than a pair of Heather Brothers' up-to-date, soft, pliable boots or shoes, in box calf, glace kid, or chrome leather, all most fashionable at the moment. They have special departments each for gentlemen, ladies, boys, girls and children, in all of which tho greatest variety may be selected from, at most moderate prices, and with the assurance of having up-to-date and reliable goods only. Their Evening Shoes Department for ladies is sure to meet with a large share of public patronage at Christmas.

A Substantial Breakfast.

For breakfast, the pot of freshly mixed Colman's Mustard is as essential as the bacon and the eggs. Pungent but never fiery, Colman's Mustard acts as an incentive to appetite from the moment you put it on your plate: while its warmth aids digestion.

Made dishes such as rissoles are less digestible than plain meat, fish or poultry. All the more reason for eating Colman's Mustard with them.

Colman's D.S.F. Mustard

WALLER & CO., 20 SUFFOLK STREET, DUBLIN,

ESTABLISHED 1796)

Have always in Stock a large supply of DAY BOOKS, LEDGERS, JOURNALS, STOCK BOOKS, MINUTE BOOKS, &c., &c., In all Sizes and at all Prices.

Stationers and Printers by Royal Warrant to the late Queen Victoria.

THE STAGE IRISHMAN.

Continued from page 15.

should have so degenerated! Lever and Lover did not, indeed, originate the comic Irishman of the lower orders. He derives more or less from Maria Edgeworth. He existed, and, I think, still exists, though rarely, in real life. His existence witnesses to the influence which the late 18th century and the early 19th century gentry had over their dependants. They, the gentry, developed certain qualities, irresponsibility, gaiety, recklessness, courage, wit. Their servants and dependants took to imitating them. They very soon surpassed them in certain respects. Micky Free is an extraordinarily quick-witted person with a very strong literary sense. He is, intellectually, greatly his master's superior. Handy Andy's history is mainly a record of blunders; but they are the blunders of a man whose mind has worked too much rather than too little; the results of a high natural intelligence and a very deficient education. Both Micky Free and Handy Andy provoke our mirth, and we laugh at them, not merely with them. But there is this difference between them and their degenerate descendants, the stage Irishman of yesterday. We feel all along that Micky and Andy are perfectly ready to join in our mirth. We never mock or flout them. We take part with them in a delicious game which they play for their own amusement and ours. The later stage Irishman, the unworthy descendant of these great and famous men, is mocked at and despised by those who are amused at him. The others, whom his buffooneries fail to move to smiles, turn from him in mere disgust. Nevertheless Micky Free and Handy Andy were his ancestors, and Lever and Lover were the godparents who brought him into that elect church of the world's typical men. And the comic Irishman of stage tradition did derive from a reality. His prototype once actually existed in the flesh.

Now he exists no longer, and the stage Irishman has ceased to correspond to any reality. He must go. The sharp sword of Bernard Shaw has pierced his heart. We cannot regret his departure; but it is still permissible, I hope, to sigh over the disappearance of the original, whom Lever and Lover knew. Shaw has killed the spectre, tattered, disreputable, contemptible, which haunted the stage. It was a greater than Shaw who killed the original. The disappearance of the reckless, rollicking Irishman, peasant or gentleman, dates from the Famine and the passing of the Encumbered Estates Courts Act. Not even in the breasts of the men of our nation could gaiety survive hunger, fever and death. The advent of a race of speculative land buyers who purchased at ridiculous prices the estates of bankrupt proprietors and set to work straightway to secure fifty per cent. or so on their outlay brought home to the Irish gentry as nothing else could the mournful truth that an inevitable nemesis waits on recklessness. A great sadness laid hold on Ireland. Out of the sadness has come a seriousness of purpose, which is, no doubt, a most excellent thing and will go in the end to the building up of a New Jerusalem on Irish soil.

I have no doubt that this increasing seriousness of ours is partly accountable for our intense hatred of the stage Irishman. His prototype laughed and made laughter. He remains a pitiful figure of worn-out fun, the wrinkles showing plainly through the paint and enamel of his poor made-up face. We hate him, no doubt, because he is a sham, but I am afraid we hate him also somewhat because he wants to laugh, poor fellow. We ought to pity him; but the very idea of laughter is so abhorrent to our new mood of deadly earnestness that we hate him worse than ever for his grin.

And it must not be supposed that by getting rid of laughter we escape the irritating insults of the stage Irishman. We may succeed in convincing all the world that nothing is further from our natures than irresponsible gaiety; but if we do we shall merely prepare the way for the production of a new type of stage Irishman. I already seem to see him coming. Lover and Lever gave the impulse to the creation of the old type. The genius of a greater man than either of them has sketched for us the features of a new stage Irishman. I admire the work of the late Mr. Synge as much as any man can. But the very greatness of Synge's genius, the splendid strength of his writing, has its dangers. Synge seems to me to have obsessed our dramatists and hardly one of them seems able to see Ireland except through Synge's eyes. The result is that the types which Synge evolved from direct observation are becoming conventionalised, stereotyped. They are reproduced again and again, under the influence of Synge without reference any longer to the people and things which actually exist. This is exactly what happened after Lover and Lever gave Handy Andy and Micky Free to the world. Men who were attracted to the types drew and redrew these characters without reference to living Irishmen. The reality departed from the figures. They became puppets, dolls, stage conventions. If we go on submitting ourselves to the overpowering fascination of Synge's genius the reality will depart from our figures too. We shall produce another convention, a new stage Irishman, and I think he will be a more disagreeable person than the old one. It is, of course, a choice between the devil and the deep sea, but if I have to make it, I should prefer, I think, to be regarded by the world at large as the fellow-countryman of poor Tim Haffigan rather than counted kin to those fate-ridden peasants of our more recent drama. Tim Haffigan's oaths are innocuous inanities. Theirs are cold-drawn blasphemies. Tim Haffigan was an incompetent failure, but he preserved a certain spurious merriment to the last. These new Irishmen wander down into the darkness of the bottomless pit with helplessly sorrowful faces. But I see no necessity for the existence of a stage Irishman of either kind. There are still nearly four millions of us in this island, some fat, some lean, some competent, some, no doubt, helpless; some sane, some, I regret to say, morbid. We have choice enough. Why should we insist upon a formula? Why try to confine life within the limits of a creed?

BRAND'S
ESSENCE OF BEEF
AND OF
CHICKEN
For Invalids.

THE BEST RESTORATIVE IN INFLUENZA AND ALL OTHER EXHAUSTING AILMENTS.

BRAND & CO., LTD.,
MAYFAIR WORKS, VAUXHALL, LONDON, S.W.

W. HOLMES. Exquisite Evening Gowns, Very Latest in Tailor-Made Gowns, Outdoor and Sporting Dresses, Blouses, and Shirts. Irish Fleece Travelling and Motor Coats. Feather Neck Wear.
DUBLIN, Ltd.,
69, 70, 71 South Gt. George's Street.

CHRISTMAS, 1914. 425

The Lad of the Mouse

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR

CONDUCTED BY CRAWFORD HARTNELL.

PRICE ONE SHILLING
PER POST, 1S. 4D.



SOME INVASIONS OF IRELAND.

THE LANDING OF THE FRENCH AT CARRICKFERGUS, FEBRUARY, 1760.

To this, Thourot's Invasion, was due the formation of the first Volunteer Corps established in Ireland. Thourot was an Irish Jacobite, settled in France, and his real name is said to have been O'Farrell.

From the picture in the possession of F. J. Bigger, M.R.I.A., Belfast.

SOME INVASIONS OF IRELAND



H.M.S. Brilliant. Marshal Bellisle (Thourot's Flagship). H.M.S. Æolus. La Blonde. H.M.S. Pallas La Terpsichore.

FINAL DEFEAT OF THOUROT'S FRENCH FLEET AFTER THE LANDING AT CARRICKFERGUS, 1760

The British Squadron, under Captain Elliot, encountered the French vessels off the Isle of Man on 28th February, 1760, and defeated them after a spirited engagement. From a Rare Print "Painted by Richard Wright, from the Real Ships," and dated 14th March, 1762. In the Collection of F. J. Bigger, M.R.I.A., Belfast.



DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH SQUADRON, OFF TORY ISLAND, CO. DONEGAL, BY SIR JOHN BORLASE WARREN, OCTOBER 12TH, 1798

The French Squadron consisted of the Hoche, a vessel of seventy-four-guns, eight frigates and a schooner, containing 3,600 men. Wolfe Tone arrived in Ireland on the Hoche: he was arrested after the sea fight, tried by courtmartial and died mysteriously in prison. From a rare print in the collection of Mr. James Collins of Dublin.



THE HOCHE IN TOW OF THE DORIS AT LOUGH SWILLY, OCTOBER, 1798

From an old print in the possession of the Editor.

SOME INVASIONS OF IRELAND



THE LANDING OF WILLIAM III. AT CARRICKFERGUS

An attempt by a modern Ulster Artist to realize the coming to Ireland of the "Boy who beat his Father-in-law." From the picture in the possession of F. J. Bigger, M.R.I.A., Belfast.



NAPOLEON'S GREAT SAFETY RAFT, CONSTRUCTED AT BREST IN AUGUST, 1798

For the Invasion of Great Britain and Ireland.

The raft consisted of nine old ships lashed together, covered with a platform on which was placed a battery; 500 cannon were to be mounted, and 20,000 men carried. A steam engine was to propel the raft, "with wheels to go in the water." From the Model presented to the French Directory.



THE FRENCH AT CASTLEBAR ON 27TH AUGUST, 1798, AFTER LANDING AT KILLALA

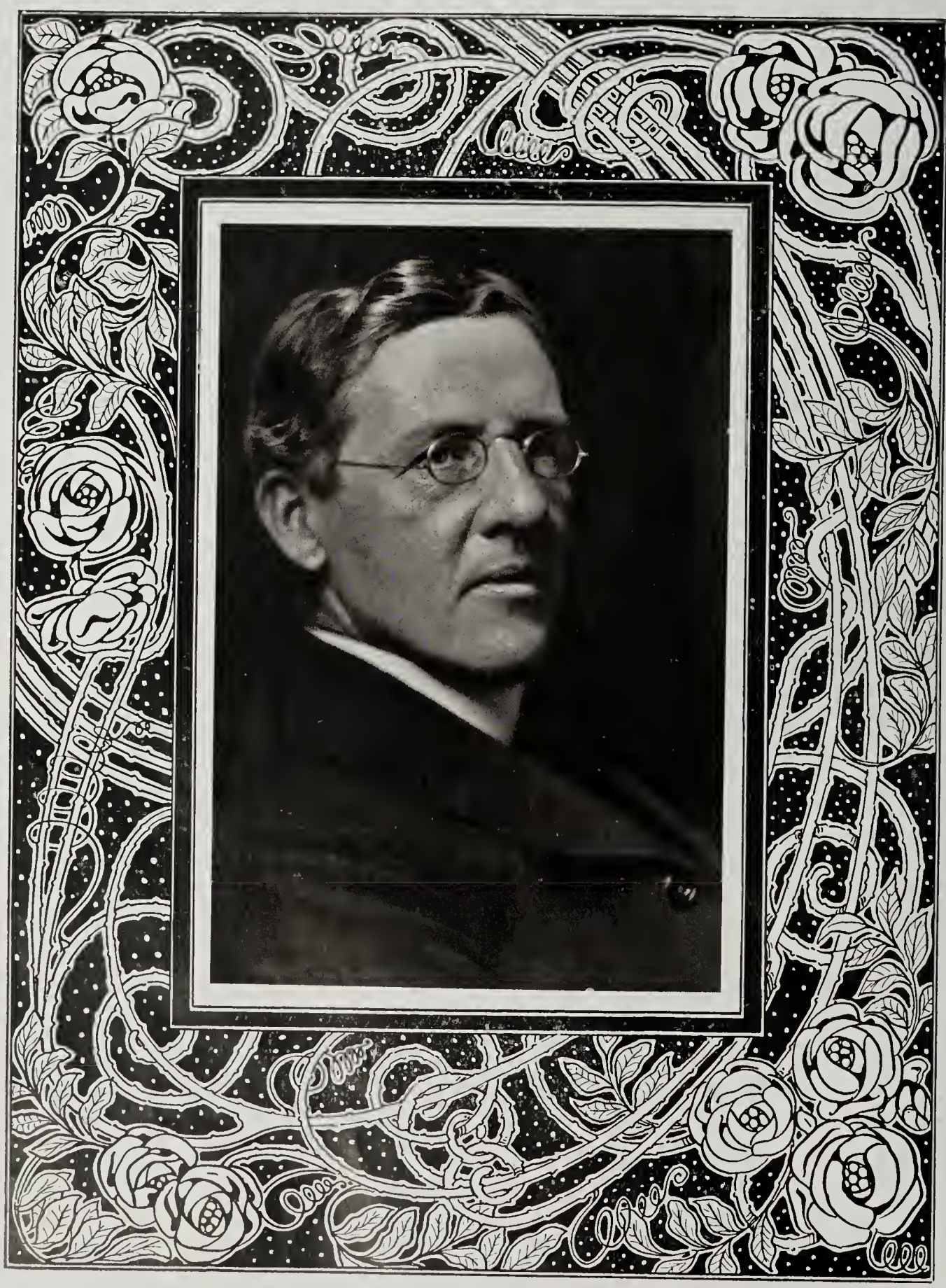
From this engagement the raw militia regiments fled before the French and their Irish friends, and some way christened the affair "The Castlebar Races." From the drawing by F. Dodd, in the possession of Messrs. A. and F. Pears.

DUBLIN REVISITED

By **George A. Birmingham**, Author of "The Red Hand of Ulster," "Spanish Gold," etc.

"LADY OF THE HOUSE" COPYRIGHT.

CITIES are, I think, much more interesting than the country ever is. This is not to say that it is pleasanter to live in the city than in the country. Some people are afflicted with a kind of yearning for pavements and are never really happy when they are away from the noise of trams and the flare of shop windows. I am not one of these. A prolonged sojourn in a town of any size makes me irritable. I want to get away again to some place where I can be myself—though this is a poor enough thing to be—and not a mere member of a crowd. But, though I like the country better, the city is more interesting, provokes me more to thought and excites me to embark on voyages of discovery into the meaning of things. Man began his career on earth in the country. Not even the highest of higher critics will deny that Eden was a rural district. He will arrive at last at a city, the New Jerusalem. I suppose that all his cities are tentative efforts to realise that civic perfection and it is this which makes them interesting. The future is always more exciting than the past.



"GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM."
(REV. CANON J. O. HANNAY, A.M.)

Of all cities which I have seen Dublin is the most interesting to me. I do not know why this should be so. I am not a native of Dublin, bound to it by ties of birth or citizenship. I have never lived there for more than a month or so at a time, of late years very seldom for as much as a week at a stretch. Nor can Dublin be ranked as one of the world's great capitals. I should be very sorry to describe it as provincial, but it falls somewhat short of being a metropolis. Yet, I do not know why, Dublin has a special fascination for me, no doubt for many others besides me. It is, surely, one of the most illusive of cities. It is not easy to get at the heart of any city. Yet very often one finds a word or a phrase which seems to give an insight into the meaning of the life of a city. New York, for instance, impresses me with a sense of

A GRIM RELIC OF OLD DUBLIN



THE FOUR COURTS OF JUSTICE, DUBLIN

Showing an execution in progress at one of the City Bridges, across the river Liffey, in 1798. *At the time the death sentence was carried out at one or other of the numerous bridges. From the picture by William Sadler, now in the National Gallery of Ireland.*

429

430

Dedicated to Irish Valour by R. Cator

Christmas in Mayo.

By Katharine Tynan.

I.

The sod of turf is lighted,
The little table spread,
Lest any heavenly Travellers
Should pass unwarmed, unfed.
Last year the song and laughter
Rang to the smoky rafter,
Now Pat is with the Rangers,
And Con—among the dead.

II.

The two old people lonesome,
Dream of the good days gone,
When Pat was safe and little,
And Con was all their own.
Dear, starry Child in Manger,
Be good to one poor Ranger
And two old lonesome people
And Con that sleeps his lone.



"MY BR

The fight at Pieters Hill, where the 1st Connaug
1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and the 2nd Royal Ir
Afric

By kind permission of]



PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE: IRISH GUARDS MAKING SU

To die with a prayer on the lips, and faith in the justice of the cause for which life is being laid down, is an ideal death for a soldier. Even in t
beauty in such an act of piety as that which is recorded of some of the Irish Guards in connection with a recent action on the Continent. A
dropped upon their knees for a few moments in prayer. Then, with the light of battle in their eyes and a shout of confidence upon their lips, th
of them" pressed the attack and succeeded in taking the position. Something of the spirit of the Crusaders must have inspir

Woodville and Katharine Tynan.



E IRISH."
angers, the 1st and 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the usiliers made their historic stand during the South Var.

[*Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Ltd.*

Christmas in Mayo.

By Katharine Tynan.

III.

So good they were and steady,
The boys that went away.
So mad they were for fighting
That none would bid them stay.
The bogs are queer and lonely
And but the peewit only
Cries to his lost companion
The whole sad winter day.

IV.

'Tis very sad at Christmas
When nobody comes home
To two old lonesome people
Dumb in the firelit gloam.
Dear Babe, Thy guard of honour
Bid watch o'er Patrick Connor
And Con that's quietly sleeping.
Bring all poor travellers home.



ICATION BEFORE A DESPERATE BAYONET-CHARGE.

orm and stress of battle the *mens conscia recti* is not merely a matter of sentiment, but of principle and practical value. But there is also a solemn oment of imminent danger, when they had to take a position which could only be captured by risking almost certain death, the brave fellows ashed, with bayonets fixed, across country exposed to the machine-guns of the Germans. The casualties were very many, but "all that was left heroic an action, and this fine inspiring action of "the brave Irish" will not be forgotten while mankind honour the brave.

DUBLIN REVISITED.—Continued from page 6.

relentlessness. The noise of its life is liko that of a steam drill screeching through iron girders. In Chicago one catches an atmosphere of unresting endeavour, and the civic motto of tho place is well chosen : "I will." Belfast, where I breathe more freely than elsewhere, because I inhale my native air, is Chicago negatived, unmovable, "I won't" instead of "I will." Edinburgh to me seems cold, a passionless calm place where thought is more than emotion, where the atmosphere is rarefied. There is a larger proportion of bookshops in Edinburgh than in any other city I have ever seen, fewer shops whose windows display women's clothes. I imagine Edinburgh deeply interested in philosophy, a little indifferent to blouses. Lisbon is a city where children are greatly loved and cared for. There is a feeling of the nursery in it. It seems as if Lisbon thought more of its babes than of its men and women, realised that all life is childish and that child life is the most real and important thing. But Dublin—

It has been my bad luck to be out of Ireland for a whole year and that, what with Volunteers and Home Rule Bills and War, civil or military, one of the most exciting years in Ireland's recent history. It has been my good luck to return to Ireland again and to have the chance of seeing Dublin afresh after an interval.

I am struck by the prevailing friendliness. It seems to me that class distinctions mean less in Dublin than they do elsewhere. There is a hymn which I have heard sung in England. One of the verses runs like this :—

The rich man in his castle,
Tho poor man at his gate,
God made them high and lowly
And ordered their estate.

It was written, that hymn, by an Irishwoman, but I never heard it sung in Ireland. I cannot imagine it sung in a Dublin church with any appearance of solemnity. We do not look at life in that way. The English do. They may like that view of things or they may hate it. They are happier, I think, when they like it ; better men, perhaps, when they hate it. But neither by liking nor hating do they get away from it. They accept the fact that God ordered their estate, such as it is. They may think He did wisely or they may think He did wrong ; but it is the solemn fact that He did. Dublin does not think so. There are, no doubt, in Dublin men who have the appearance of being rich and a good many who are undoubtedly poor. But there is no recognition of an impassable gulf between the two. God makes us all men and women. The hawker who calls with a basket full of fish is friendly and spends a pleasant twenty minutes discussing the effect of the Vartry water upon children's teeth. In England he would be conscious that some superior divinity had ordered his estate and mine. He would touch his hat, name his price, deposit a herring, take his penny—in England it would be twopence—and go. He might as well be a penny-in-the-slot machine for all the interest he takes in me and suffers me to take in him. The tram conductor—when you get him away from the congestion of Nelson's Pillar, somewhere at the end of a long line—does not merely punch a ticket. He gives you his views, sound and sensible views, on the misleading nature of the posters issued by evening papers. An English tram conductor, angrily conscious that God had ordered his estate, would maintain his attitude of tram conductor if you and he were marooned together on a desert island without hope or prospect of getting away for years. I remember travelling from London back to Ireland once in company with a well-known Member of Parliament. We went by the mail train and the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company's boat. "This," he said to me, "always seems the friendliest journey there is." I know exactly what he meant. Even on the Euston platform one is in some sort of touch with Dublin. The mail steamer is a little bit of Dublin.

Dublin—the fact strikes me afresh every time I visit it—is singularly infested with beggars. In New York there are no beggars. In London it is only after dark and in lonely streets that anybody begs. They say that begging is an illegal practice and that the police in London, New York, Paris and elsewhere put a stop to it by arresting the beggars. But that, of course, is not the real reason of the decay of mendicancy everywhere except Dublin and Oporto. There are police enough in Dublin to arrest every beggar in the city in the inside of a week. Man for man the police are far more than a match, physically, for the beggars, who are indeed mostly women and children. Begging must be just as much against the law in Dublin as anywhere else. If it were a matter of police and law there would be no beggars in Dublin. But the fact is that neither the law nor the police are nearly so important as they look. Dublin has found that out and Dublin does not want its beggars arrested. The law may say what it likes and the police may grow to any height, but if a city likes boggars it will have them ; and Dublin does. It is part of the prevailing friendliness of the place.

I do not think that the prevalence of beggars in Dublin can be quoted as a proof that Dublin is more generous than other cities. It is, indeed, generous. An appeal for the families of drowned fishermen or for fever-stricken inhabitants of a Connemara village will be invariably met with a good response. If it is hinted that soldiers going to the front want cigarettes Dublin is as ready to supply them as any city in the Empire. But I am not sure that Dublin enjoys giving to beggars. It likes the beggars to be numerous and persistent—otherwise they would not swarm about the streets—but I doubt whether Dublin supports these mendicants generously. It would surprise me to learn that any Dublin beggar has ever accumulated a fortune or even made what could be regarded as a comfortable living. It would be pleasant to think that the hearts of Dublin people are softer and their purses more easily accessible to the claims of the undeserving poor, than are the hearts and purses of the citizens of London. But there is no real evidence that this is so. We must not therefore misinterpret the abundant mendicancy of Dublin. It is a proof of tolerant good nature, not of peculiar generosity ; of what I have called the pervading friendliness of Dublin life.

It is not possible to do business in Dublin without being struck by the fact that even commercial life is deeply affected by this same spirit of friendliness. Dublin—there is no use denying the fact—has not a high reputation in the business world. Talk to a Belfast business man about Dublin and hear his opinion. If he is a very kindly Belfast man he will say that Dublin is incurably slack. If he is a Belfast man of stern character—many Belfast men are—he will say things about Dublin which no one would like to print. The Belfast man and the business man elsewhere has his facts at his back and could quote them. They seem to support his case against Dublin, but in reality he misinterprets them. What is the matter with Dublin as a business city, is not slackness but friendliness, that tolerant "live and let live" spirit which oils the wheels of affairs so that they run very smoothly even if they do not run very fast.

There is a story told by Miss Somerville and Miss Ross about a man who started a fish shop in a small south of Ireland town. He went out of the business almost at once because people kept bothering the life out of him for fish. His philosophy was not that of the commercial-minded business man. He wanted, not to make a fortune, but to live quietly. He would have been willing to supply fish in moderate quantities to a few people once a week or so. He saw no sense in becoming a slave to a clamorous population which demanded fish in unreasonable quantities. It seems to me that Dublin shares his feeling. Business is business of course, an unpleasant necessity for many people, but it is foolish to run to extremes. It is far better to keep your temper and not fuss.

There are a certain number of people who want to take houses in Dublin every year. I was one of the number last year. Dublin is abundantly supplied with house agents, and every one of them is an agreeable and friendly man. They have long printed lists of possible habitations in which the number of rooms, acres of land, rental and other details are plainly set forth. The aspiring tenant sets out to view a few houses. He goes at some expense of time and money to Howth, searches out a house which sounds as if it ought to be the kind of thing he wants. He is met at the door by a smiling parlour-maid who tells him that it was, she believes, to be let once, but was taken on a long lease six months ago. Still hopeful the searcher goes to Rathfarnham and finds another house. It is indubitably to be let. There are bills to that effect in the windows ; but there is no possible way of getting inside it. The key is, presumably, somewhere, or perhaps there is no key. The stranger from England or Belfast goes back to the house agent after five or six of these experiments in a furious temper and complains that his time has been wasted, and time he regards, foolishly, as a thing of some importance. The house agent is still perfectly agreeable and friendly. "Do you tell me that now?" he says, when he hears that the house at Howth has been let. "Maybe then I'd better scratch it off the

Continued on page 12

MELLIN'S FOOD

and fresh cow's milk, mixed as directed, contain in correct proportions everything essential to baby's proper nourishment.



THE PORTICO AND ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE FAÇADE OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

FROM WESTMORELAND STREET. BY P. BYRNE, R.H.A.

A few years ago the CHRISTMAS LADY OF THE HOUSE *contained a view of the former entrance to the House of Lords in Ireland by Samuel Woolley. The point of view in Woolley's picture was the vista seen from Trinity College. The picture now presented is taken from the opposite point of view and is of a very interesting character. The original is in the National Gallery of Ireland. In 1785 this Portico, designed by James Gandon, was erected on the eastern front of the House facing College Street, Dublin. At the same time additional apartments were added for the House of Lords: these included a spacious committee room, a library 33 feet square, a fine hall, a circular vestibule, and an office for the Ulster King-of-Arms. The above picture shows the old entrance, now closed, to the House of Lords in Ireland.*

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DUBLIN REVISITED.—Continued from page 10.

list." But he does not scratch it off. After all it may be vacant again some day and if it is it will save trouble to have it on the list. Faced with the fact that the house at Rathfarnham is inaccessible he expresses astonishment. "Well now," he says, "aren't some people the very devil? You'll hardly believe it but it was only yesterday the owner of that house was asking me was there any chance of getting it let. But how is a gentleman to be expected to take a house if he can't see the inside of it? Tell me that." The stranger of course cannot tell him that. He is asking the same question himself. But his bad temper is oozing away. He is beginning to realise that business in Dublin is a matter of give and take. A house agent must not be pinned down to the printed statements of his house lists. It is unfriendly to treat him in that way. And as for time and the loss of it—Man has an immortal soul. All eternity lies before him. What a supremely silly thing it is to fuss about a day or two!

They tell us that it takes time to settle down comfortably in very high altitudes. First the traveller from lowland regions bleeds at the ears and suffers other forms of inconvenience. When he gets accustomed to the thinness of the air he is happy and vigorous. It is the same with Dublin. At first the stranger gets into exhausting passions every day. Gradually he establishes himself and comes to feel that he has hit on the easiest and least troublesome way of living. There ought to be a statue of Epictetus somewhere in Dublin. It is his philosophy which rules. He enumerates, I recollect, certain troubles of the kind which makes fools angry and he exhorts his disciples to bear them. "For so much peace is bought. This is the price of tranquillity." Such is the Dublin spirit. Its people make no fetish of efficiency. Man does not live in order to get things done. He is forced to get things done, more or less, in order to live. If he can succeed in living comfortably and peaceably without getting much done or troubling greatly in the doing, then he has mastered destiny and achieved the highest wisdom. Dublin is far advanced towards this beatitude.

I have written of the prevailing friendliness of Dublin life. The friendliness is something more than mere vague good humour. It is the result of a deep philosophy, of a wide and tolerant outlook upon life. Very few things, perhaps nothing at all, are really important enough to worry about. If Chicago says "I will," and Belfast says "I won't," and New York screeches relentlessly, and London surges in tumultuous confusion, Dublin looks round quietly and asks, "Does it matter?"

I came back to Dublin from England while the war fever was raging. If there were such a thing as a clinical thermometer which registered emotional temperature, England's would have been marked at 105 degrees. The thing might have been tucked in anywhere, under the nation's tongue at Westminster, its arm at the War Office, or pressed against those parts of the body politic which its clubs or villages represent. The reading would have been the same. To make a joke about a boy scout in England in those days was a dangerous thing. To hint, even to think, that war had any side except the high heroic was blank treachery. Dublin's temperature was up, too, but to nothing like the same height. To me it seemed that Dublin was almost normal. It endured indeed an orgy of oratory, the kind of oratory which would have set the great heart of the English people beating with dangerous violence. But Dublin has long ago established a toleration of oratory. For a century and a half it has enjoyed the services of some of the world's most eloquent orators. It can now take huge doses of fine speaking without experiencing the smallest effects of any kind, just as the habitual arsenic eater can swallow quantities of his drug which would poison ordinary men. The Dublin newspapers were doing their best to raise the general temperature. But Dublin is too sane a city to let itself be excited by leaded headlines.

It is not, of course, to be denied that Dublin was interested in the war. Some people, I am told, were as feverish as any one in England. There were those, a few, who would have drafted every Irishman of military age into some regiment of some army. There were those, also a few, who declaimed against service in the Imperial Forces as a betrayal of Ireland. But Dublin took both sets of enthusiasts very calmly. I remember meeting a very charming lady shortly after I reached Dublin. I had the privilege of talking to her for twenty minutes. At the end of that time I suddenly awoke to the fact that we had not, either of us, once mentioned the war. In England it would just then have been impossible to talk to any one, man or woman, for two minutes on any subject except the war. I hinted at my astonishment. "But," she said, "there's no news of the war. The papers haven't told us a thing for nearly a fortnight. What is there to say?" As if that would have stopped any one in England! If there had been no news—and as a rule there was none—news would have been invented. If imagination failed we should have fallen back on old news. Somehow we should have talked about the war.

This is not apathy, the dull indifference of a people of low vitality. Dublin's view of the war was highly intelligent. Problems of ethics and strategy were appreciated and discussed accurately, calmly, but generally with a subconscious, half-realised appreciation of the fact that there is a humorous aspect of the Kaiser and that all news, from whatever source it comes is thoroughly untrustworthy. It was Mr. Balfour, I think, who gave currency to the phrase "philosophic doubt." Dublin owes him a debt of gratitude.

"The official report says that the Allies are gaining ground all along the line. They may be, of course. We hope they are. The Germans say that the Allies are everywhere repulsed. That is quite possible, too. After all it isn't the business of officials to tell the truth. We've known officials for years. A good many of us are officials and of course we understand."

"Bernhardi—you've read Bernhardi, of course—Well he lays it on pretty thick, doesn't he? You'd think the man was a brute to read his book. But then he was more or less a politician and we know what politicians are. Quite decent fellows really, in spite of what they say. In fact, lots of us are politicians and we wouldn't like to be pinned down to the things we put our names to. It may be the same with poor old Bernhardi. I daresay he lost his head a bit. Can't blame him for that."

"Belgian atrocities? There do seem to have been some pretty nasty things done; but then you can't be sure. Any one reading the papers for the last twenty years would think Ireland was thick with atrocities all the time. And there may have been some. I don't defend moonlighting, you know, and of course if the Cathedral of Rheims really was—but then, you never know."

So Dublin—the solid sensible part of Dublin—thinks about the war. Compared to what exists in England there is a singular lack of red hot indignation or flamboyant patriotism. Some silly young women, in Folkestone chiefly but also elsewhere, took to going about with little baskets of white feathers and presenting them to young men who looked as if they ought to have enlisted but had not. Sometimes they presented them to the wrong men, to young fellows who wanted to enlist but had lame legs or bad hearts. Then there was furious indignation. I cannot imagine any girls in Dublin making fools of themselves in that particular way. But if they did no one would mind in the least. Instead of being solemnly scolded in newspapers, they would be pleasantly chaffed. Perhaps, if they were reasonably attractive, kissed. That, at all events, would be what they would be generally supposed to want.

Ireland is—I quote the popularly accepted opinion—the most religious country in the world, and Dublin is the capital of Ireland. Yet Dublin is, broadly speaking, a city of sceptics. There is no real contradiction between the two statements. I am far from suggesting that there is any considerable number of people in Dublin who express out loud doubts about the chief articles of the Christian creed. I am sure that the proportion of Dublin people who go to church regularly is unusually large. But Dublin's attitude towards most things is that of a detached, slightly amused spectator. Dublin is very rarely stirred to enthusiasm about anything. I suggested once, in the pages of THE LADY OF THE HOUSE that Dublin's philosophic view of life, its tolerant friendliness is due to the fact that it is full of officials. An official cannot be a fanatic. He must not take sides or feel anything very strongly. The perfect official, if such a thing existed, would believe nothing firmly except that most men are fools. Dublin's officials have profoundly modified the Dublin spirit. But I do not think that the whole credit for the sceptical sanity of Dublin can be given to the official class. Trinity College has had its influence. Many people in Dublin affect to regard Trinity as an alien institution, but it has succeeded in inspiring Dublin with something of its own spirit. Trinity lives upon Butler's Analogy. There are, I believe, a few men with Trinity degrees who have not studied Butler; but they have not therefore escaped his spirit. Trinity is soaked in him. The very architecture of the central quadrangle—the older part of it—is an expression in stone of Butler's

Concluded on page 14

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Where, for one reason or another, breast milk cannot be given, Fresh Cow's Milk should be modified with Mellin's Food. In this way a food is provided which is not only perfect in nutrition, but starch-free and perfectly digestible even by the youngest baby.

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DUBLIN REVISITED—Concluded from page 12.

Analogy. Nowhere else in the world has that great book, the most splendid expression of pure common sense, been so highly honoured as in Trinity. "Probability," says Butler, "is the guide of life." Precisely. Trinity lives. Dublin, with the Trinity influence continually modifying it, also lives, with probability for guide. But certainty is the source of all enthusiasm, all fanaticism, all passion. No man raves or wants to slay his fellow-man for the sake of a greater or less degree of probability. Nothing less than a certainty will make him either a persecutor or a martyr. Friendliness, detachment, sanity, these are the rewards of a life guided by probability, the fruits of the Butler spirit.

Dublin reached the zenith of her career as a city at the end of the 18th century. It is to that period or thereabouts that her most beautiful buildings belong. Since then the world has progressed, so they say, or gone mad. A caricature by Max Beerbohm was exhibited in London last year which showed "The grave misgivings of the 19th century and the wicked amusement of the 18th in watching the progress (or whatever it is) of the 20th." The 18th century in the picture was represented by a beau, appropriately dressed, in the act of taking a pinch of snuff. Every line of his lean face expressed a cynical appreciation of the extreme folly of the 20th century, who was rushing along with his motor goggles pushed back on his forehead. I am far from suggesting that Dublin is as cynical as this old gentleman. It is much too kindly to be cynical. Nor is Dublin's amusement at the world's progress in the least wicked. But Dublin watches this progress (or whatever it is) with a certain detachment. The motor cyclist, bent double and heralded on his way by a series of rapid explosions, speeds by. Dublin looks at him and wonders where he wants to get to; doubts whether it is worth while getting there at all; is almost certain—Dublin is never quite certain—that there is no use getting there so quickly.

OUR SUPPLEMENT—THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS IN COLLEGE GREEN

THE FIRST ACCURATE REPRODUCTION OF WHEATLEY'S GREAT PICTURE EVER PUBLISHED



KEY TO THE ENGRAVING OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS IN COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN

By F. W. WHEATLEY, R.A. (The Companion Picture to the Irish Parliament in 1780.)

This Great National Picture has now been reproduced IN ITS ENTIRETY FOR THE FIRST TIME, and is issued as one of the Supplements to the 1914 "CHRISTMAS LADY OF THE HOUSE."

Wheatley made a preliminary sketch or study for the picture and this study is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. The well-known engraving of the picture was made from the preliminary study and not from the picture itself, and all subsequent reproductions are made from the engraving and not from the original picture. The above illustration is the Key to the engraving, and a close examination of this illustration, with the fine colour plate now presented, will at once show the differences.

"THE CHRISTMAS LADY OF THE HOUSE" can claim the high distinction of having been the medium of introducing, for the first time to the people of Ireland, Wheatley's two great national masterpieces—the authentic pictures of "The Irish Parliament" and the "Irish Volunteers in College Green."

An interesting article on "The Irish Volunteers: Their Pictorial Records and History" appears on pages 37-38 of this issue.

1. Duke of Leinster, Colonel of the 1st Regt. of Dublin Volunteers.
2. Sir Edward Newenham, Colonel of the 2nd Regt. of Dublin Volunteers
3. Right Hon. Luke Gardiner (Afterwards Viscount Mountjoy) Colonel of the Co. Dublin Light Horse.
4. —— Capt. of the Castleknock Light Horse.
5. Sir John Allen Johnston, Capt. of the Rathdowne Light Horse.
6. John FitzGibbon, (Afterwards Earl of Clare).
7. Right Hon. David La Touche.
8. —— Tisdal.
9. John Armit, Accomptant-General.
10. —— Crosbie.
11. Captain Schomberg, R.N., Commanding the Royal Yacht.
12. Princess Daschkaw, Lady of Honour to Catherine II. of Russia.
13. William Porter, Bookseller.
14.
15.
16. ——, Ensign carrying the Colours presented to the Duke of Leinster, Inscribed "The 12th October, 1779."
17. William Long, Coachmaker.
18. Richard Moncrieff, Bookseller.
19. James Napper Tandy, Ironmonger.
20. John Charleton, Merchant.
21.
22. Jasper Joly.
23. —— Johnston (Afterwards Porter at Carton).
24.
25.
26. Counsellor Pethard, Captain of the Lawyers' Corps.
27.
28.
29.
30. Counsellor Caldbeck, Captain of the Goldsmiths' Company.
31.
32.
33.

MELLIN'S FOOD

WITH COW'S MILK CAN BE ASSIMILATED BY THE YOUNGEST INFANT AND IS PERFECT IN DIETETIC VALUE.

Ireland's Greatest Military Hero

WHEN WAS HE BORN AND WHERE?

The birthplace and birth date of Arthur, 1st Duke of Wellington, have both been subjects for much controversy. The one disputed point is settled by the document here reproduced, and the other is elucidated and advanced towards a final fixing.

"Wild controversy then, which long had slept, Into the Press from (country quarters) leapt"—DRYDEN.

HOW pertinaciously we adhere to local tradition, and how jealous do we become as to the absolute correctness of such, when a record of our own neighbourhood or a particular house in which we are interested is assailed either by the slightest doubt, or some dauntless counter assertion, declaring the seat of an historic event to be situated elsewhere than the place to which we have hitherto heard it assigned.

The Freeman's Journal, our veteran Dublin "daily," in reporting a will case, heard before the Master of the Rolls some few years ago, headed its column with a sub-title, "The Duke of Wellington's Birthplace," part of the lands disposed under bequest in this will being situated at Dangan, in County Meath, where the Wellesley family owned a residence before they became Earls of Mornington.

The somewhat free statement thus embodied in a Press heading called forth, as was to be expected, much reviewing of the long-disputed question, as to where, really, the Iron Duke first saw daylight.

A correspondent of *The Freeman*, declared the Conquering Hero and Tory statesman to have appeared terrestrially in a house in Grafton Street, immediately opposite the Provost's, on May 1st, 1769, adding to this statement, with regard to the birthplace, that "This house was subsequently dismantled, as Lord Mornington acquired what became Mornington House in Merrion Street in 1771, which was bought in 1790 by Nicholas, Lord Cloncurry, for £8,000, and sold after the Union for £2,500." This house, in Grafton Street, formerly the "Gas Office" and now the premises of the Northern Banking Company, was the birthplace of the Marquis Wellesley, eldest son of Lord Mornington and eldest brother to Arthur, 1st Duke of Wellington, and was not the natal place of "the Iron Duke" himself.



THE FIRST DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON
LEAVING THE DUBLIN TOWN HOUSE OF THE EARL OF LONGFORD, DUBLIN

The Hon. Arthur Wesley, or Wellesley, the victor of Waterloo, the centenary of which will be celebrated next year, was born at Dublin, on Sunday, 30th April, 1769. He sat in the Parliament of Ireland (1790-1797) as M.P. for the family Borough of Trim, Co. Meath. On 10th April, 1806, he was married to Lady Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of the Earl of Longford, in the Drawing-room of the Earl of Longford's Town House in Dublin.

For Lord Mornington did live for a short while in Grafton Street, in the house of his deceased father, Richard, first Baron Mornington, which was subsequently purchased by the Royal Dublin Society when they required larger premises than their original habitation, now the Commercial Buildings, in Dame Street, and before they possessed their spacious home in Hawkins Street, on the subsequent site of the old Theatre Royal.

The tenure of Garret, first Earl of Mornington, father of the first Duke of Wellington, of his paternal town residence was cut short by his sale of the property to the Royal Dublin Society, consequent upon which he moved his family to Antrim House, in Merrion *Square*, not Street, North, where they passed a short time, a year at most, ere entering into possession of the newly erected family mansion in Merrion Street, ever since universally quoted as the birthplace of the Great Duke, and now occupied as offices by the Department of the Irish Land Commission. Antrim House, Merrion Square, is situated at the extreme eastern corner of the north side, and has long been divided into two residential houses for members of the professional class. It has been familiar to the present generation of citizens by its most recent holders, one, Sir Thomas Myles, an ex-president of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and the other Mr. Henry Jellett, F.R.C.P.I., Master of the Rotunda Hospital.

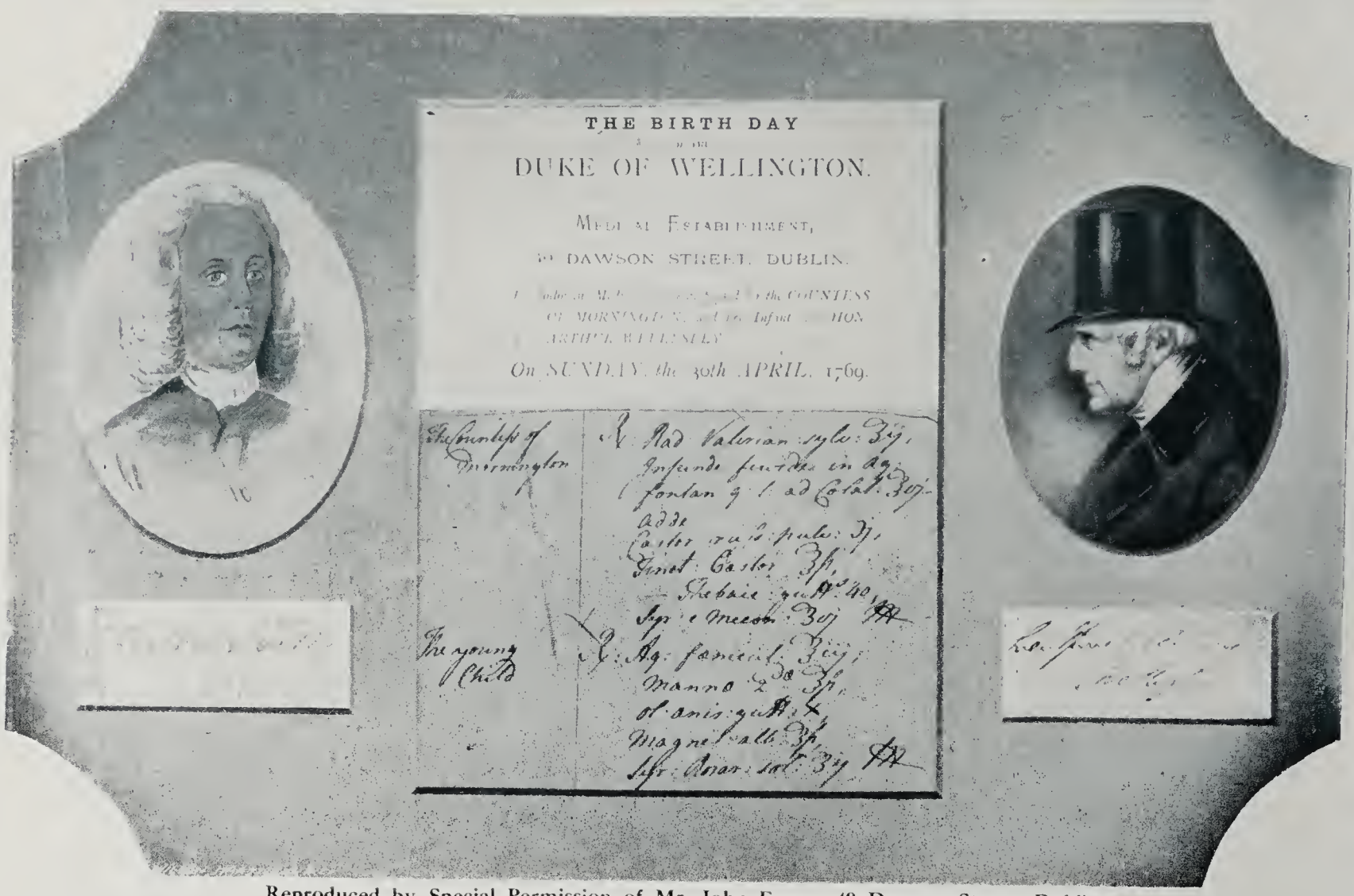
The only authority whom I have ever heard quoted in support of the Dangan Castle theory was the officiating high priestess of the cradle, and, as she is likely to have been one of the Gamp family, her testimony is uncertain; she is sure to have been illiterate, not likely to have possessed a pocket calendar, confused in memory probably, and likely to have assisted at the debut of more than one of Lord Mornington's sons, inattentive as to the respective dates, and oblivious of them. Indeed, this subordinate authority has rendered confusion

worse confounded and further complicated the question by a marked contradiction as to the Birthday as well as Birthplace, stating that Arthur Wellesley or Wesley (with an apostrophe, as the name was formerly spelt) had been born in the month of March, 1769. The old Countess of Mornington, who lived into her 90th year, and died on September 10th, 1831, always maintained that her fourth, most illustrious son, whom she called "My Ugly Boy!" and declared to be "only food for powder," was born on May Day—perhaps a favoured day in the year with her—a strange hallucination! since the register of St. Peter's Church, Aungier Street, records the date of his *baptism* to have been a day previous, viz., April 30th, 1769.

and restore peace to all Europe, has demonstrated that he too, hero as he was to become, commenced his personal struggle with human existence under an attack of that infantile evil, flatulent indigestion.

We have been privileged to obtain a photographic negative of the parish register of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, which sets the birth date at rest. Considerations of space render it impossible to here present a reproduction of the birth entry, but it is clearly recorded as 30th April, and the signature of Archdeacon Isaac Mann certifies the record.

Now that Captain Gleig's minute and comprehensive work has been reprinted in full, and submitted to a successive generation, we know more truly what the Wellington's career, military and political, to the Dictionary of National Biography, which all who are interested may "run and read" at the National Library. Personally, I like to read Benjamin Robert Haydon's account of His Grace, written during the 1830's at Walmer Castle when the Duke was warden of the Cinque Ports, and sat to the artist for a portrait there; it is the greatest man in Europe naively depicted with minute accuracy, in his old age and *enfamille*, forming a bright section of a highly-wrought literary mosaic, that autobiography which Lord Rosebery has pronounced to be one of the most valuable works in the English language, and which certainly *is* as thoroughly A Book of Life, in its way, as either Gil Blas or Roderick Random. Perhaps in this age of published



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Nor could the leading obstetric surgeon of that day, Sir Fielding Oulde, then master of the Rotunda Hospital, and successor to its beneficent founder, Dr. Bartholomew Mosse, be mistaken in dating the prescription with which we illustrate, as medical men required, then as now, to be very accurate in the details of each case to which they were called, and no doubt posted each day the necessary pocket note book and more exhaustive case book as our physicians do to-day.

We are indebted to Messrs. Evans, of Dawson Street, for permission to publish the accompanying reproduction of Sir Fielding Oulde's prescription for Lady Mornington with its innocent little Appendix, a mild compound of fennel water, aniseed, manna, and syrup of roses. Vanitas, Vanitatum! Sir Fielding's illustrious brother practitioner, Arbuthnot, in the description of his crazy *beau*, compared the Mere Man to a forked raddish, and our worthy surgeon in this little assistance to "the Young Child," who was destined to combat the Corsican Usurper

nineteenth century commander and young Queen Victoria's trusted minister really was, both as to character and physically. 5 feet 9 inches in height, we are informed, of a slight, trim, and perfectly proportionate figure: unostentatious even to severity, his working clothes, if one may be permitted the term, a close-fitting grey frock, soft white neckcloth, gaiters, a small cocked hat within an oilskin case, a good watch, and a light hanger.

We owe much to Madame de Remusat for the plain unvarnished tale she has told us about Napoleon—his temper, his treatment of his "little Creole," and alas! of the poor Duc D'Enghien, his admiration of Mdlle. G., and other items of ginger hot in the mouth; but, oh, that those sheets of MSS. hastily committed by her to the flames in fright, on hearing of the return from Elba, could be restored for the enlightenment of modern mankind!

Colonel E. M. Lloyd of the Royal Engineers has contributed a well condensed epitome of letters, reminiscences, etc., some accidental proof may come to light yet as to the birthplace; and one would like to hear more small talk anent the great man's Duchess! that Catherine Pakenham, Lord Longford's daughter, who was not permitted to accept the Viceroy's young *aide-de-camp*, but who secretly plighted her troth to him all the same, and afterwards wrote to him in India, releasing him from his engagement, because she had fallen a victim to the fell scourge small-pox: that they did not get on well together in wedded life we know! *et pourquoi?* Neither did mild, musical Lord Mornington find peace, domestically, with Lord Duncannon's aquiline daughter who produced the most illustrious of his gifted sons very exactly in her own mould as is evident by their portraits.

Wherever, whether in Grafton Street, Merrion Square North, Merrion Street or Dangan, the Duke Commander was born, he was an Irishman, and of purely Irish parentage!

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THE MAROAN PONY

By E. Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS
Authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." &c., &c.

IT had taken ten minutes to work the car over the bridge at Poundlick, so intricate was the crowd of people and carts, so blind and deaf to any concerns save their own. A crowd that offered sometimes the resistance of the feather-bed, sometimes that of the dead wall, an intractable mass, competent to reduce the traffic of Piccadilly to chaos, and the august Piccadilly police to the point of rushing to the nearest lunatic asylum, and saying, "Let us in! We are mad!"



E. Œ. SOMERVILLE,
Master of the West Carbery Hounds, Drishane, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.
Photo, Lafayette.

The town of Poundlick is built at so accommodating a tilt that it is possible to stand on the bridge at its foot and observe the life of its single street, displayed like a poster on the hillside; even to compare the degrees of custom enjoyed by its public-houses, and to estimate the number of cur dogs to the square yard of pavement. I speak of an ordinary day. But this hot twentieth of September was far from being ordinary.

The Poundlick Races are, I believe, an ancient and annual function, but, being fifteen miles from anywhere, I had hitherto been content to gauge their attractions by their aftermath of cases in the Petty Sessions Court next following the fixture. There is, however, no creature more the sport of circumstance than a married man with a recent motor; my attendance and that of the car at the Poundlick Races had been arranged to the last sandwich before I had time to collect objections (and this method, after all, saves some wear and tear).

The races are held on the banks of the Arrigadheel River, within hail of the town, and are reached—as everything in Ireland is reached—by a short cut. The Committee had indeed "knocked" walls, and breached banks, but had not further interfered with the course of nature. We, that is to say, my wife, her cousin, Captain Andrew Larpent, R.E., and I, were gathered into the jovial crowd that straggled, and hustled, and discoursed, over the marshy meadows of the river, and ploughed through the brown mud in the gaps without a check in pace or conversation, and filed at length on to the course across a tributary of the river, paying a penny each for the facilities offered by a narrow and bounding plank and the muddy elbow of a young man who stood in mid-stream; an amenity accepted with suitable yells by the ladies (of whom at least ninety per cent remarked "Oh, God!" in transit).

The fact that there are but four sound and level fields within a ten mile radius of Poundlick had simplified the labours of the Committee in the selection of a course. Rocky hills rose steeply on two sides of the favoured spot, the Arrigadheel laid down the law as to its other boundaries, and within these limitations an oval course had been laid out by the simple expedient of breaking gaps in the banks. The single jump-race on the programme was arranged for by filling the gaps with bundles of furze, and there was also a water-jump, more or less forced upon the committee by the intervention of



"MARTIN ROSS."
From a Photo by Lady Coghill.

THE MAROAN PONY—Continued.

a ditch perlaining to one of the fences. A section of the ditch had been widened and dammed, and the shallow trough of pea-soup that resulted had been raised from the rank of a puddle by a thin decoration of cut furze bushes.

The races had not begun, but many horses were galloping about and over the course, whether engaged in unofficial competitions or in putting a final bloom on their training, I am unable to say. We wandered deviously among groups of country-people, anchored in conversation, or moving, still in conversation, as irresistibly as a bogslide. Whether we barged into them, or they into us, was a matter of as complete indifference to them as it would have been to a drove of their own bony cattle.

"These are the sort of people I love!" said Philippa, her eyes ranging over the tented field, and its throngs, and its little red and green flags flapping in the sunshine; "Real Primitives, like a chorus in 'Acis and Galatea'——"

She straightened her hat with a gasp, as a couple of weighty female primitives went through us and passed on. (In all circumstances and fashions, Philippa wears a large hat, and thereby adds enormously to the difficulties of life). Among the stalls of apples and biscuits, and adjacent to the drink tent, a roulette table occurred, at which the public were invited to stake on various items of the arms of the United Kingdom. The public had accepted the invitation in considerable numbers, and I did not fail to point out to Philippa the sophisticated ease with which Acis flung his penny upon "Harp," while Galatea, planking two-pence upon the Prince of Wales plumes, declared that the last races she was at she got the price of her ticket on "Feather."

We passed on, awaking elusive hopes in the bosoms of two neglected bookmakers, who had at intervals bellowed listlessly to the elements, and now eagerly offered me Rambling Katty at two to one.

"Boys, hurry! There's a man dead, north!" shrieked a boy, leaping from the top of a bank, "Come north till we see him!"

A rush of boys went over us; the roulette table was deserted in a flash, and its proprietor and the bookmakers exchanged glances expressive of the despicable frivolity of the rusties of Poundlick.

"We ought to try to find Doctor Fraser!" said Philippa, hurrying in the wake of the stampede.

"I did not know that Dr. Fraser and Miss Longmuir were to be among the attractions," I said to Andrew, realising, not for the first time, that I am but an infant crying in the night where matters of the higher diplomacy are toward.

Andrew made no reply, as is the simple method of some men when they do not propose to give themselves away, and we proceeded in the direction of the catastrophe.

The dead man was even less dead than I had expected. He was leaning against a fence, explaining to Dr. Catherine Fraser that he felt all the noise of all the wars of all the worlds within in his head.

Dr. Fraser, who was holding his wrist, while her friend, Miss Longmuir, kept the small boys at bay, replied that she would like a more precise description.

The sufferer, whose colour was returning, varied the metaphor, and said that the sound was for all the world like the quacking of ducks.

"You'd better go home and keep quiet," said Dr. Fraser, accepting the symptom with professional gravity.

I asked my next neighbour how the accident had occurred.

"Danny Lyons, here, was practising this young mare of Herlihy's for Lyney Garrett, that's to ride her in the first race," said my neighbour, a serious man with bushy black whiskers, like an old-fashioned French waiter, "and sure she's as loose as a hare, and when she seen the flag before her on the fence, she went into the sky, and Danny dhruv in the spur to keep the balance, and with that then the sterrup broke."

"It's little blag-yarding she'd have if it was Lyney was riding her!" said someone else.

"Ah, Lyney's a tough dog," said my neighbour. "In the Ring of Ireland there isn't a nicer rider."

"There might be men as good as him in Poundlick!" said an ugly little black-muzzled fellow, suddenly and offensively. "And horses, too! as good as any *he'll* throw his leg over!"

Dr. Fraser's patient stood up abruptly. "Oh, oh, oh!" said the man with the bushy whiskers, placing himself in front of the invalid. "Let you be said by the lady, Danny, and go home! Have behaviour, now, Peter Lynch!"

The matter hung for a moment; a bell began to ring in the middle of the course, and the onlookers flung the situation from them like a squeezed lemon, and swept *en masse* towards the summons, bearing with them the invalid.

"Off the stage I have never seen people clear out so fast," remarked Andrew. "Now that we've seen Doctor Fraser's Lightning Cure, I suppose we may as well go, too."

His eyes, by a singular coincidence, met those of Miss Longmuir, which were very pretty eyes—dark and soft.

"I must go and hunt up our pony," she said, with a very business-like air; "we've entered her for the third race, you know—"

She put back her hair as it blew across her forehead, and the gold in it glinted in the sun.

"How sporting of you!" we heard Andrew say, as they walked away together.

My wife and Dr. Fraser and I turned as one man and went in the opposite direction.

We steered for an island of furze and grey boulders that had been flung into the valley, like a vedette, from the fortified hillside, and was placed, considerately, at the apex of the oval course. Half a dozen men were already grouped upon the boulders, like cormorants. We clambered to a higher *étage*, and there spread forth ourselves and our belongings upon the warm slabs. The sun was hot, yet not too hot, the smell of trodden turf was pleasant in the air, the river sparkled and gurgled beside us: the chimneys of Poundlick sent up languid spires of blue smoke: its yellow and pink and white houses became poetic in the September haze. The first delicate pangs of hunger were stealing upon us, and I felt reasonably certain that nothing necessary to our welfare had been forgotten. I lit a cigarette and pulled my cap over my eyes, and listened to a lark, spiring like the smoke, into the blue, while my wife clattered in the luncheon basket. It was a moment of entire well-being, over-shadowed only by the prospect of having to take an interest in the racing.

I said as much to Doctor Fraser, who was dismembering a cold chicken with almost awful surgical dexterity.

"You must wake up for our race," she said; "I'll call you in time."

"Must I? I hope you're going to ride."

"Heaven forfend!" replied Doctor Fraser, "nothing more spirited than a weight-carrying bicycle! I'm not in the least horsey. Meg was dying to ride, but as we bought the pony from the great Lyney, and he had won any number of races on her, he was distinctly indicated."

"Quite right, too," I said, with dowager-like propriety, "and I should wish it to be clearly understood that if, at the last moment, your friend, Mr. Lyney, should be too drunk to ride, I will *not* take his place."

"He doesn't drink," said Dr. Fraser, who has an unsympathetic way of keeping to the point. "He's been a great friend of mine ever since I mended a broken finger for him."

There was a stir among the cormorants on the lower tier of boulders, a shot was fired at the far end of the course, everyone began to shout, and an irregularly shaped mass was detached from the crowd, and resolved itself into a group of seven horses, pounding towards us at a lumbering canter. One of the riders had a green jacket, the others were in shirt sleeves, with coloured scarves over their shoulders: all were bare-headed. As they neared the first jump I found myself on my feet on my boulder, with two unknown men hanging on to me to steady themselves.

"That's no throuble to them!" shouted one of my *attachés*, as each horse in turn galloped over or through the barrier of furze in the gap.

"Which is Lyney Garrett?" I asked.

"That's him on the chestnut mare—the jock that have the dhress on him." He pointed to the wearer of the green jacket.

"Ah, ha! Lyney's the boy! Look at him now, how he'll stoop and leave the horse to go for herself! He'll easy the horse, and he'll easy himself!"

"That Rambling Katty he's riding is a nice loose mare—she has a good fly in her!" said another.

"Lyney's built for it! If there's any sort of a spring in a horse at all, he'll make him do it!"

"He'd make a dunkey plough!" flung in another enthusiast.

As they neared the flags at the turn of the oval—and an uncommonly sharp turn it was—the pace improved, each man trying to get the inside station. I could already see, written in the countenance of a large

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THE MAROAN PONY—Continued.

young grey horse, his determination to pursue an undeviating course of his own.

"Now, Lyney! spare him in the angle!" shouted my neighbour, hanging on to my sleeve and rocking perilously.

Lyney, a square-shouldered young man, pale and long-jawed, bored determinedly on to the first flag, hit it with his right knee, wrenched Rambling Katty round the second flag, and got away for the water jump three lengths ahead of anyone else.

"Look at that for ye; how he goes round the corner on one leg!" roared his supporter. "He'd not stop for the Lord Leftenant!"

The remaining riders fought their way round the flags with strange tangents and interlacing curves. All, that is to say, save the grey horse, who held on unswervingly and made straight for the river. The spectators, seated on the low bank at its edge, left their seats with singular unanimity; the majority fled; a little boy turned a somersault backwards into the water, but three or four hardier spirits tore off their coats, swung them like flails in front of the grey, and threw their caps in his face, with a wealth of objurgation that I have rarely heard equalled.

"The speed was in him and he couldn't turn," explained one of my neighbours, at the top of his voice, as the grey, yielding to public opinion, returned to the course and resumed the race.

"That horse is no good," said a dapper young priest, who had joined our crowd on the rock, "Look at his great flat feet! You'd bake a cake on each of them!"

"Well that's the case, indeed, Father," replied a grizzled old farmer, "but he's a fine cool horse, and a great farming horse for ever. Begance! He'd plough the rocks!"

"Well, he'll get a nice view of the race, anyway," said the young priest; "he has it all before him!"

"They don't seem to be getting any delay with the water-jump," said someone else, regretfully.

"Ah, what's in it but the full of a few tin cans!" said my adherent.

"Well, for all, it knocked a good lep out o' Rambling Katty; she went mountains over it!"

"Look south! Look south! They're coming on again, and only five o' them in it——"

The cheering was hotter this time, and it was entirely characteristic that it was the riders who were shouted for and not the horses.

"They'll win now this turn there's three o' them very thick, that's a nice tidy race," said the old farmer.

"Good boy, Kenny! Go on, Kenny!" bellowed someone on a lower ledge.

"Who's second, coming up to the flag now?" panted Philippa, who was hanging on to the collar of my coat and trying to see over my shoulder.

"That's dimmy Kenny," responded the man below, turning a black-muzzled face up towards us, his light eyes gleaming between their black lashes in the sunshine, like aquamarines. I recognised Peter Lynch, whom we had met earlier in the day.

"It's young Kenny, out of the shop," explained the old farmer to me; "he rides very nate."

No one was found to endorse this opinion. The horses came on, sweating and blowing, the riders, by this time very red in the face, already taking to their whips. By some intricate process of jostling, young Kenny got the inside place at the first flag.

"Now is he nate! What was I saying!" exulted the old farmer.

"Lynoy! Lyney!" roared the faithful gallery, as the leaders hustled round the second flag and went away up the course.

"Up, Kenny!" replied the raucous tenor of Peter Lynch in solitary defiance.

Last of all, the grey horse who would plough the rocks came on indomitably, and made, as before, a bee-line for the river. Here, however, he was confronted by a demonstration hurriedly arranged by his friends, who advanced upon him waving tall furze bushes, with which they proceeded to beat him in the face. The grey horse changed his mind with such celerity that he burst his girths; someone caught him by the head, while his rider hung precariously upon his neck, someone else, dragged off the saddle, replanted his jockey upon his broad bare back, and speeded him on his way by bringing the saddle down upon his hind quarters with an all-embracing thump.

"It's only the age he wants," said a partizan, "if they'd keep him up to the practice he'd be a sweeper yet!"

Tumult at the end of the course and a pistol shot here announced that the race was over.

"Lyney have it!" shouted some men, standing on the fence by the water jump.

"What happened Kenny?" bawled Peter Lynch.

"He was passing the flag and he got clung in the pole, and the next man knocked him down out of the pole," shouted back the Field Telegraph.



"Here!" he said to the owner, "take your old skin!"

THE MAROAN PONY—Continued.

"Oh pity!" said the old farmer.

"He didn't get fair play," vociferated Peter Lynch, glaring up at the adherents of Lyney with a very green light in his eye.

The young priest made a slight and repressive gesture with his hand.

"That'll do now, Peter," he said, and turned to the old farmer. "Well, Rambling Katty's a hardy bit of stuff," he went on, brushing the rock-lichen from his black coat.

"She is that, Father," responded my late adherent, who, to my considerable relief, had now ceased to adhere, "and nothing in her but a fistful of bran!"

"She's the dryest horse that came in," said the young priest, descending actively from the rock.

With the knowledge that the Committee would allow an hour at least for the effects of a race to pass off before launching another, we climbed to the summit of the island and began upon the luncheon basket, and, as vultures drop from the blue empyrean, so did Andrew and Miss Longmuir arrive from nowhere and settle upon the sandwiches.

"Oh, I can't eat our own game, can I?" said the latter with a slight shudder, as I placed the chicken before her. "No—really—not even for your sake!" She regarded me very pleasingly, but I notice that it is only since my hair began to turn grey over my ears that these things are openly said to me.

"I had to feed four dozen of the brutes before we started this morning, and I shall have to do it all over again when we get home!"

"I don't know how you stand it. I should let 'em starve!" said Andrew, his eyes travelling from her white forehead to her brown hands. "*I* don't consider Chicken Farming is work for ladies"

"You can come and help the ladies if you like!" said Miss Longmuir, glancing at him, as she drove her white teeth into a sandwich.

"Do you mean that?" said Andrew, in a low voice.

"She's blown him to pieces before he's left the covert!" I said to myself, and immediately withdrew into blameless conversation with my wife and Doctor Fraser.

We had gone pretty well down through the luncheon basket, and had arrived at a second and even more balmy—being well-fed—period of peace, before it occurred to Miss Longmuir to look at her watch and to spoil the best cigarette of the day with agitations concerning the non-appearance of her pony. I suggested that she and Captain Larpent should go in search of it, and for a brief interval the disturbing element was eliminated. It returned, with added agitation, in a quarter of an hour.

"Cathie! I can't find Nancy anywhere! We've been all round the course," cried Miss Longmuir from below, "and John Sullivan is nowhere to be found either, and I can't get near Lyney, he's riding in the Trotting Race."

"You'll find the pony is somewhere about all right," I said, with the optimism of combined indolence and indifference

"That seems probable," said Andrew, "but the point is she's somewhere where we're not."

"The point is she ought to be here!" said Miss Longmuir, with a very bright colour in her cheeks as she looked up at us.

"Heavens! They're very angry!" I murmured to Doctor Fraser.

"Well, what do you want us to do?" enquired Doctor Fraser, lethargically.

"You might take some faint shadow of interest in the fact that Nancy is lost," replied Miss Longmuir.

"I think we'd better organise a search-party," said Philippa (who does not smoke).

We rose stiffly, descended from our sun-warmed boulders, and took up the White Man's Burden.

A sweeping movement was inaugurated, whose objects were to find the pony, or her attendant, John Sullivan, or Lyney.

"Should you know the pony if you saw her?" I said confidentially to Doctor Fraser, as she and I set forth together.

"We've not had it very long," she replied dubiously; "luckily it's an easy colour; John Sullivan calls it maroan—a sort of mixture of roan and maroon."

We advanced from field to field, driving like twin darning needles through the groups of people, but neither John Sullivan nor the Maroan pony transpire!.

"Come on, come on! The Stepping Match is starting!" shouted someone.

Doctor Fraser and I were caught in the tightening mesh of the crowd, as in the intricacies of a trammel net; an irregular thumping of hoofs, and a row of bare and bobbing heads, passing above the heads of the crowd, indicated that the Trotting Race was under way. Lyney's dour face and green jacket were in the lead, and, as before, had he been Diana of the Ephesians he could not have been more passionately called upon. As it was obviously useless for us to do so at this juncture, we climbed on to a bank near the winning post, and watched the race. Lyney was riding a long-backed yellow animal with a face as cross as his own, and a step as fast as the tick of a watch.

"Any other man than Lyney wouldn't carry that old pony round," said one man.

"She has a score o' years surely, but she is as wicked as a bee," said another.

"Lyney's very knacky; he couldn't be bate," said the first man.

"Well, well, look at Jimmy Kenny and his father, and the two of them riding!" went on the commentator. "Faith I'd give the father the sway. Jimmy's riding uneven. When the nag is rising he's falling."

"Sure he has his two elbows into his ears! Go on, Lyney, boy!"

The horses pounded past, splashing through the shallow flood of the water-jump, and trampling over such furze bushes as had withstood the vicissitudes of the steeple-chase. They passed from our view, and Doctor Fraser and I agreed that we should be justified in staying where we were till the finish. Three times they passed us, enveloped in a travelling roar of encouragements, and with each passing the supporters of Lyney and Kenny bayed and howled more emulously. The competitors, now, to all practical intent, reduced to the Kennys, *père et fils*, and Lyney, again disappeared on their last round, and the volleys of incitement became a dropping fire of criticism.

"Kenny's mare is the one, the others is too crippled."

"She'll not bate Lyney! Divil blast the bate she have in her! She's too drooped and too narra'!"

"What horse is first?"

"I d'know; only one I think."

"Look at young Kenny coming up on the father now!"

"Ah there's more in the owld fella, never fear him!"

"Come on, Lyney!—Come on, Kenny!—Lyney!—Lyney!—"

Lyney won. The bee-like wickedness of the yellow mare apparently served her as well as youth, and despite the fact that she was but little over fourteen hands and was carrying twelve stone, she finished a dozen lengths in front. The interest of the race was at once transferred to the struggle for second place between the Kennys.

"Come on, Tom! Come on, Jimmy! Begor' the father have it!" yelled the crowd, as Kenny *père*, flourishing his whip over his grey head, finished half a length in front of his son.

"Them two tight wheels at the corner, 'twas there he squeezed the advantage on the son!"

"No, but the father had a drop taken, 'twas that gave him the heart!"

Doctor Fraser and I got off our fence and steered for Lyney.

He was in the act of throwing the reins on the pony's neck and himself off her back as we arrived.

"Here!" he said to the owner. "Take your old skin!" He tossed his whip on to the ground. "And your old whip too."

The owner took the "old skin" by her drooping and dripping head, and picked up the whip, in reverential submission, and the ring of admirers evidently accepted this mood of the hero as entirely befitting his dignity. Dr. Fraser advanced through them with the effortless impressiveness of a big woman, and made her enquiries about the pony. Lyney dropped the hero manner.

"I don't at all doubt but John Sullivan 's gone up to Lynch's for her, Doctor, you needn't be uneasy at all," he said, with a respect that must have greatly enhanced our position in the eyes of the crowd—"I told him he shouldn't bring her too soon for fear she'd sour on us. We have an hour yet."

Soothed by this assurance we moved on, and even, in this moment of unexpected leisure, dallied with the roulette table. I had, in fact, lost ninepence, when the remainder of the search party bore down upon us at speed.

"The pony is *not* here!" said Miss Longmuir, regarding our outspread coppers with an eye of burning indignation, "and Sullivan's brother doesn't know where he is—says he went up to the town two hours ago. *I'm* going up to look for him, but of course if you'd rather stay and play roulette——" Her voice shook; I need hardly say that we went.

On our arrival at the town of Poundlick we found it to be exclusively inhabited by grandmothers. Lynch's publichouse was garrisoned by a very competent member of the force, who emerged from the kitchen with

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THE MAROAN PONY—Continued.

an infant in her arms and another attached to her clothing. She knew nothing of the pony, she knew nothing of John Sullivan. There was certainly a young lad that came in, and he having drink taken, and wherever he got it, it wasn't in this house, and what did he do but to commence jumping the counter, you'd think he'd jump the house. She paused. and I murmured to Doctor Fraser that she was like a Holbein, and Doctor Fraser replied that she did not believe one word she said, which was rather my own idea, only more so. It appeared that her son Peter had, an hour ago, expelled the young lad from the house (lest its fair fame should be sullied), and as for Peter, the dear knew where he was. She didn't see him since.

Miss Longmuir and Andrew here left the shop, very purposefully: we pursued, and saw them open the gate of Lynch's yard and stride in. The yard was a small one, littered with cases of bottles, and congested by the outside cars and carts of race-goers; such level spaces as it possessed had been dug out of the side of the hill. Slatternly stables and out-houses were perched on the different levels. Through a low-browed doorway might be seen the horses of race-goers, standing, "ready dight," like the steeds of Branksome Hall, with heads hanging in resigned depression, before empty racks and mangers. But of the Maroan Pony there was no sign.

Fierce as terriers on a rat hunt, Miss Longmuir and Andrew dashed in and out of the dark sheds and out-houses, till there remained unexplored but one hovel, whose open door revealed only semi-darkness, edged with fern-litter. None the less, the leading terrier determined to make good the ground. A sharp yelp told of a find, and Miss Longmuir emerged holding aloft a new check horse-sheet, with the initials M.L. large upon it.

"They must have taken her down to the race-course after all," I began

"Thoughtless of them to take her without her saddle or bridle," said Andrew bitingly. "Here they are behind the door!"

The silence that followed this discovery was broken by Philippa.

"I hear someone snoring!" she said in a conspirator's whisper. "Do come away. I'm sure it's a drunken man."

"Quite so," said Andrew, who had been pursuing his researches, "allow me to introduce Mr. John Sullivan!"

In the dark corner behind the door lay a stout youth, comfortably extended, with his flushed face half hidden in the dry and tawny bracken, and his open mouth framing long and quiet snores. He was obviously at peace with all the world.

Some heartless assaults on the part of Captain Larpent had no appreciable result, so inveterate was the peace, so potent the means by which it had been invoked. The ladies had retired during the interview, and, as we rejoined them in the yard, we all became aware of muffled and thunderous sounds near at hand; they were suggestive of a ponderous and chaotic clog-dance, and proceeded from an out-house, built against the bank that formed the upper side of the yard, with its gable askew to the other buildings.

"'Lots of things is coor'us,' as Anthony said when I told him about Jonah in the whale," remarked Philippa, who, throughout, had not taken the affair as seriously as it deserved. "I suppose the party that John Sullivan was at is going on up there."

Miss Longmuir darted round the gable of the house; a wild and summoning cry followed, the call of the terrier who has run his rat to ground.

We found her at the foot of a flight of irregular stone steps (in telling the story I have formed the habit of saying that there were ten of them), that led to a doorway in a loft. In the doorway, with a cabbage leaf in her mouth, was the Maroan Pony, looking down at us with an expression of mild surprise.

We all said unanimously, and with equal futility, "How—on—earth?"

After which, Andrew, who dislikes miracles, arranged that she had, of course, got into the loft from the back, where the ground was high. Unfortunately the theory did not work; an inspection of the loft revealed nothing but four walls, a large store of dried bracken, and a donkey-pannier filled with cabbages.

"These mountainy ponies climb like monkeys," said Philippa, with her inevitable effort to shelter the discomfited, as Andrew returned with the ruins of his theory.

Miss Longmuir, snatching out her watch, said she did not care how she got there, the point was to get her down as quickly as possible. "If people would only *do* something and not talk!" she added, under her breath.

"If she walked up she can walk down," said Andrew firmly.

He mounted the steps and took the pony by the halter. The pony immediately backed thunderously out of sight, taking Andrew with her. Miss Longmuir flew up the steps, to his assistance, and unseen sarabands pummelled the floor of the loft.

"Go up and help them, you great lazy thing!" said Philippa to me.

"There's no room for anyone else," I protested.

Here the combatants re-appeared in the doorway, gradually, with endearments on one side, and suspicious snorting on the other. The steps were broad and not too intimidating; the pony advanced almost to the sill, repented in haste, and in her retreat flung Andrew against the pannier of cabbages. A donkey's pannier is made to resist shocks; in this case it apparently gave more than it took. Andrew said nothing, but he dragged the basket over the sill and hurled it down the steps with considerable emotion. I joined the party in the loft, and Philippa collected the cabbages, and laid them in rows upon the steps, as if it were a harvest festival, in the hope of luring the pony to the descent. The lure was rejected with indignation, and I proceeded to offer a few plain truths. That the floor would come down before the mare did. That it would take six men, and planks, and cart loads of straw, to get her out. Finally, that her race was due to start in twenty minutes.

"We're done," said Miss Longmuir, tragically addressing Philippa and Doctor Fraser from the top of the steps, as if they were a stage mob "These brutes have beaten us! Don't you remember that Lyney's father said 'Let ye keep out from them lads in Poundlick'? And after all our trouble, and the training, and everything——." She turned abruptly away from the door.

Doctor Fraser stood still, with her hand to her forehead, as though she were trying to remember something. Then she too came up into the loft. The pony had now backed into the pile of bracken; Andrew, whose back teeth were evidently set tight, was tugging at her halter, and she was responding by throwing her nose in the air and showing the whites of her eyes.

"Meg," said Doctor Fraser, at the doorway, "I've remembered something that I was once told."

She peered into the darkness of the loft. "May I try?" she said, advancing quietly to the pony's head.

"By all means," said Andrew, as chillingly as was possible for a man who was very red in the face and was draped with cobwebs.

Looking back now to the affair, I cannot remember that Doctor Fraser did anything in the least remarkable. She took hold of the halter with one hand and patted the pony's neck high up, near the ears, with the other. She also spoke to it, the sort of things anyone might say. For the life of me I could not see that she did more than anyone else had done, but Nancy lowered her head and put her ears forward.

Doctor Fraser gave the halter a gentle pull and said, "Come on, old girl!" and the pony started forward with a little run.

At the doorway she stopped. We held our breaths. Doctor Fraser patted her again and placidly descended the first step; the Maroan Pony placed a trembling foot upon the threshold, steadied herself, poked her nose forward, and dropped her fore feet on to the second step.

"She'll come down on top of her!" said Andrew starting forward.

"Don't touch her!" exclaimed Miss Longmuir, grasping his arm.

With the tense caution of an old dog the pony let herself down from step to step, planting her little hoofs cunningly on the rough-set stones, bracing herself with the skill learned on the rocky staircases of her native hills. Doctor Fraser kept a step in advance of her.

Thus, with slow clattering, and in deep gravity, they joined Philippa in the yard.

Five people cannot advantageously collaborate in putting a saddle and bridle on a pony, but we tried, and in the grim hustle that resulted no one asked questions or made comments. Amongst us the thing was done, and there were still seven minutes in hand when Andrew shot out of the yard on her back, followed, with scarcely inferior velocity, by Philippa and Miss Longmuir. I turned to the remaining member of the party, and found that she had seated herself on the steps.

She said she was tired, and she looked it.

"I daresay getting that beast down the steps was rather a strain," I said, spreading the pony's rug for her to sit on.

"Oh, that was nothing. Please don't wait for me."

If breast milk cannot be given to your child, remember that the most satisfactory substitute is fresh cow's milk which has been treated with

MELLIN'S FOOD

THE MAROAN PONY—Concluded.

I said in my best ironic manner that all doctors were of course impervious to fatigue, and indeed superior to all human ills.

She laughed. "I admit that I was rather nervous that the thing wouldn't work, or would break down half way."

"What thing?" I demanded. "The pony?"

"No. The secret. It *is* a secret, you know. My grandfather gave Rarey thirty pounds for it. I've never had much to say to horses, but I have started a jibbing hansom horse in Oxford Street with it."

She laughed again, apologetically. "You needn't believe it unless you like. I must say I was afraid it mightn't include a flight of steps!" She paused, and put back her abundant fair hair. "How hot it was up in that loft! I wonder if you could get me a glass of water?"

I told her that I was old enough to believe anything, and added that after what she had told me, I would get a second glass of water with salvolatile in it, for myself.

The Holbein grandmother was standing at the back door of the house, with the baby still on her arm. She and the baby fetched the glass of water. She said wasn't the pony a fright for ever after the way he come down them steps, but why wouldn't the lady take him out through the other door into the field above?

I made no reply, but while Doctor Fraser was drinking the water I went up into the loft, and cleared away the bracken that had been piled in front of "the door into the field above." I opened the door and walked out into the field and viewed the small hoof prints that led to the door of the loft.

I returned to Doctor Fraser, and very gently broke the news to her.

. . . .

Of course Lyney and the Maroan Pony won the race. Had this not been a foregone conclusion it is possible that John Sullivan might have scored less heavily in the matter of free drinks.

As I was conducting my exhausted but triumphant party off the course, the Poundlick Sergeant of Police met me and asked me if I would sign a few summonses for him, as he was after taking some parties into custody for fighting.

"Drunk, I suppose?"

The Sergeant admitted it, and said the dispute had arisen between the Kennys and the Lynches on the one side, and the partizans of Lyney Garrett on the other, out of "circumstances connected with the last race." The Sergeant's eye rested, with what may be described as a respectful twinkle, for an instant upon Miss Longmuir.

"It was mostly heavy offers and small blows, Major," he concluded.

"Look here, Sergeant," I said oracularly, "take them all to the water jump. Build up the furze in front of it. Make them jump it. Anyone that gets over it may be considered sober. Anyone that falls in will be sober enough when he gets out."

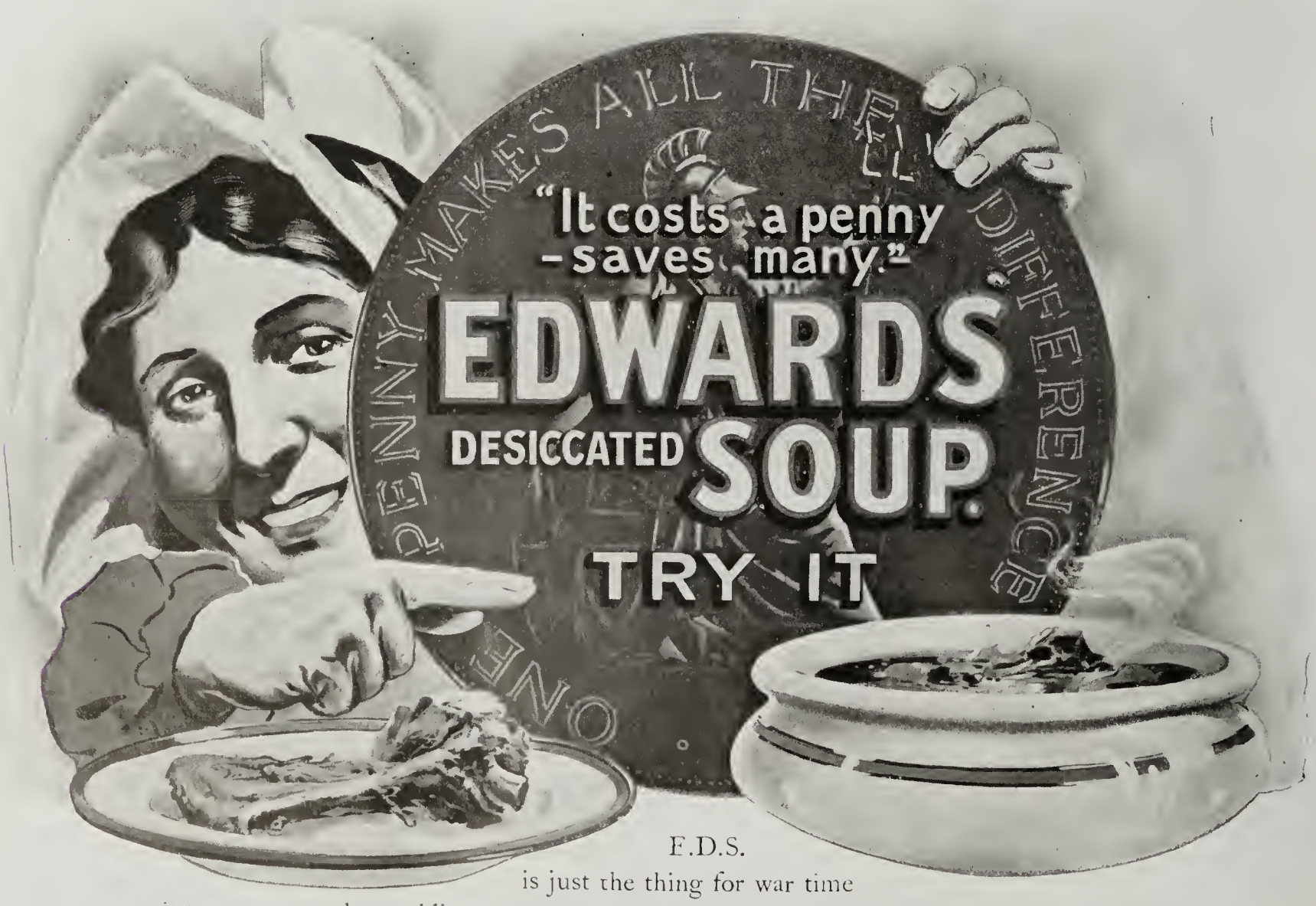
I have not in my judicial career, delivered a judgment that gave more satisfaction to the public.

DISTINCTIVE IRISH PERFUMES.

Many fashionable womenfolk in recent years have vied with each other in the attempt to procure some particularly fragrant perfume, of such rarity that it might become identified with themselves. Some have succeeded, and some have failed. The idea is a pretty one, and, to a considerable extent, may be adopted in Ireland. As a rule, perfumes sold in this country are largely imported, and are produced in great quantities for the home and colonial markets. By avoiding the commonplace and patronising an Irish specialist of the distinction of Mr. Tate, of the Medical Hall, Royal Avenue, Belfast, we get something exceptional and valuable on account of its comparative rarity. For a Christmas present, "Tate's Irish Violets," the "Shamrock Bouquet," and "Medosweet" will be found durable, fragrant, delicate of odour, and, if one may use the word, unhackneyed. If, by any chance, your local chemist does not stock Mr. Tate's speciality perfumes, your order can be supplied from the address given above, and in the attractive Irish-made caskets for which Belfast in famous.

HIS MAJESTY THE BABY.

That old-established firm of baby linen specialists known as "Sharpley's," of Dublin, whose addresses are at 7 Lr. Camden Street, 2 Nassau Street, and 16 Lr. Sackville Street, may be aptly styled as dressers "by Royal Appointment" to the above infantile personage. Years of experience in the matter of catering for the habiliments of the baby are attested by the crowds of youthful mothers who never go beyond one of Sharpley's establishments for their baby's outfitting wants. In price and quality this firm will be found satisfactory. This applies to the entire range of their goods, from baby linen to children's underclothing; to cradles, cots, and accouchement requisites.



F.D.S.
is just the thing for war time
—*it prevents waste* by enabling you to use the larder odds and ends to good advantage.
ENTIRELY IRISH MANUFACTURE.

IS NATIONAL HUMOUR DYING OUT?

Dublin, Belfast and Cork Wit Compared. By Mary Costello.

"Gone are the days" of Irish Wit and Humour is the refrain of the hour.

Political and labour agitations have rent that goodly national garment, which helped to keep out the cold and the wet.

Are there a dozen real wits to be found in the ranks of Dublin or Belfast carmen at present? Are there half the number among Killarney boatmen? we hear asked. Where is the ring of laughter, the good humoured chaffing and joking that only twenty-five years ago brightened even our dreariest slums?

Among the coming sex, we have plenty of street viragoes—screaming women and young girls, ready to support unscrupulous strikes, sallying forth armed with stones and broken bottles, to attack brave men who are doing their duty. But where is the street hawking type of the past? The ready-tongued sellers of slimy fish and sour apples, who were intellectual enough to tackle the wits of the Four Courts and of Trinity College on their way through the streets?

Ay de mi, we wail, are we derelict of Merry Men all along the line? Merry Men, the stamp of Dan. O'Connell, Father Healy, Father Prout, Doctor Nedley, Dean Dickenson, Doctor Shaw, Lord Morris, Judges Fitzgibbon, Keogh, Adams. . . . . .

(Editorial pen through the rest and a sharp direction to go ahead and stop drivelling.)

. . . . . .

In this year of stupendous tragedy, the following Xmas page, caters tentatively and timidly for a smile. It is a trivial but a sincere attempt to prove that we are not quite the dull, witless dogs, which the passing generation would make us out.

Dublin Bon Mots Up-to-Date.

It has been noted that city travellers of different generations, whether jolted over cobble stones with their feet carpetted in straw, or cushioned on red velvet, propelled by electricity—have one character in common, *i.e.*, remarkable sharpness in evading a public admission of ignorance.

OVERHEARD IN THE DRUMCONDRA TRAM, NOV., 1914.

"Dear, dear—the poor fella' . . . . an' did you hear, Mrs. Kelly, where he was wounded?"

"Aye. On the Aisne; so the mother says."

"Glory be, that'ill leave him lame for life, surely?"

"No. The doctors think it's higher up. More on the other side of the stomack like."

AT A STREET STALL.

Last winter, a well-known Dublin Merchant and Bon Vivant of huge proportions, stopped at a fruiterer's stall near his office.

"By jove, Mary, you've great oranges this morning," he remarked. "Looks to me as if you had boiled a good few of them."

"Boiled?" Mary retorted indignantly. "Faith then, it's a quare ould boilin' your mother must have given you—the father an' grandfather of a boilin', bedad!"

Amusing, no doubt, but not comparable to the reply made by the old woman who sold oranges outside the former railings of Trinity College in the old days before the statues of Burke and Goldsmith adorned the place.

An overdressed vulgar-looking man was bartering for oranges and the harried vendor sighed wearily: "It's a heart-scalded poor woman I am," said she. "How would you like to be a gentleman, Mary?" retorted the Jackeen. "It's not that but this," replied Mary, "how would *you* like to be one!"

FROM THE FOUR COURTS.

On the 21st of June, 1914, a member of the legal profession of diminutive body and of disproportionately large mental build, received Royal honours.

On opening the morning paper, a rising barrister, after reading the announcement, exclaimed on the spot:

"By jove! the longest day has surely made the shortest knight."

This is a *jeu d'esprit* as perfect in its way, to our thinking, as any recorded in that traditional temple of wit—the Library of the Dublin Four Courts.

FROM THE HAZARD.

A Shelbourne hotel carman, of no mean ability, wasted an hour making himself agreeable on time-honoured jocular lines to an unresponsive tourist, an ill-bred woman, with an inordinate sense of her own dignity and importance, who took his well-meaning chat for impertinent familiarity.

"Your number, carman?" she broke in sharply.

"My what—ma'am?"

"I want your number and I want your name," pulling out a gaudy note book.

Then he realized her attitude of mind and paid her off—he was an old hand at paying off scores.

"Me number you're freely welcome to, ma'am," he said, giving it. "But me name is another pair of shoes." With a well-acted sheepish grin, he added, "Thankin' ye all the same—but me name I gave to another woman twelve years ago."

FROM THE NEWS STAND.

"What *are* you, Mr. Stephens?" said a goody-goody but highly sectarian old lady to the famous Kingstown newsman. "I'm a stationer and newsagent, ma'am." replied the ready "Davy."

A REAL DUBLIN MARTYR.

A woe-begone old statue formerly stood before St. Andrew's Church, in St. Andrew Street, Dublin. It was, doubtless, a relic of the old "Round Church," and was so weather-beaten and furrowed that it looked as though the individual the figure represented—generally supposed to be St. Andrew—had undergone untold anguish.

One summer evening the Editor of this paper was passing with a friend along St. Andrew Street, where, at the time, numerous Solicitors had their offices, one a firm not celebrated for the moderation of its charges.

"What a woe-begone figure is that of St. Andrew," said our man.

"That's not St. Andrew," replied his friend.

"Not St. Andrew?"

"Not at all. That's a client of Dodson and Fogg yonder, who was turned into stone when he got their bill of costs," replied the friend.

Ulster Wit.

FROM TYRONE.

A highly educated young policeman lately stopped a cart with some undecipherable figures on its shaft. He represented to the

Concluded on page 49

LARGE STOCK of CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, CURTAINS.

To make room for next season's supply of these goods, we have gone through our entire stock in all the different sizes and qualities, and have made large reductions in Prices.

DOCKRELL

Sons & Co., Limited,

South Great George's Street, DUBLIN.

MELLIN'S FOOD will help to make baby strong and vigorous and fit for the battle of life. If your baby is backward try what "Mellin's" will do.

HISTORIC PORTS OF IRELAND



THE COVE OF CORK, NOW CALLED QUEENSTOWN

Showing Spike Island and the Naval Dockyards at Haulbowline. The "Wooden Walls" presented in this old engraving have now been replaced by the modern war vessel, for Queenstown is a cruiser base as well as a transatlantic port of call.



"THE NEW HARBOUR AT HOWTH"

In the early days when the first steam packets plied between Ireland and Great Britain the Mail Packet Irish terminal station, now at Kingstown, was at Howth. The Mail Packet, a light paddle steamer, is shown at her moorings. The date is 1816. *The ruin on the eminence to the right is Howth Abbey, and the island facing the harbour is called "Ireland's Eye." In* 1821 *George IV. landed at Howth.*

HISTORIC PORTS OF IRELAND



GALWAY, THE WESTERN "CITIE OF THE TRIBES," FROM THE CLADDAGH



DUBLIN BAY, FROM KINGSTOWN QUARRIES

The peninsula in the background is Howth, the harbour to the left Kingstown, formerly Dunleary, when built the largest artificial harbour in the world. It contains 700 acres of water and the opening between the piers is a quarter of a mile wide. The light-house further out is the Poolbeg light, which marks the entrance to the Port of Dublin and the river Liffey.



The Dublin Custom House

In the Days before the "Loop Line" was

This fine view is presented here through the courtesy of Mr. Henry Maguire, the owner of the original painti spirit of the Right. Hon. John Beresford, Commissioner of the Irish Revenue, who named the thoroughfare after his friend, William Eden, some time Chief Secretary of Ireland and afterwards Lord Auckland. The residential quarter, and formerly extending far down the present Eden Quay. The foundations of Carlisle Br O'Connell Bridge on 6th August,



ROM OLD CARLISLE BRIDGE.

'ERPOSED IN FRONT OF THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

which is attributed to H. Brocas. Dublin owes its beautiful Custom House, opened in 1791, *to the public hich connects the Custom House with the Bridge, on the northern bank of the River Liffey, Eden Quay, ntinuation of the thoroughfare on the northern shore is Bachelor's Walk, at the period of the picture a e were laid in* 1791. *The bridge which now stands upon the former site of Carlisle Bridge was named , when it was opened for traffic.*

Examples of Artistic Irish Bookbinding





The Journals and other Books of the Parliament of Ireland

Were magnificent and ornate examples of the old Dublin bookbinder's art. The above illustrations represent the covers of the Bible and Prayer Book of the House of Lords, now in the possession of Mr. Chichester Skeffington. They are covered in deep crimson leather, relieved with centres of dove-coloured leather and embellished over the entire surface with intricate toolings in gold. All the journals of both Houses were enclosed in covers of similar richness and beauty.

Relics of the Days of the Parliament of Ireland.



HENRY GRATTAN'S TRAVELLING CARRIAGE

In which the journeys between his residence at Tinnahinch, Co. Wicklow, and the Irish House of Commons were made. This carriage was discovered by the late Viscount Powerscourt amongst the lumber in a County Wicklow Coach Builder's Yard, and at his suggestion was purchased for the Science and Art Museum, Dublin.



THE LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND'S STATE COACH.

Built for Lord Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare, who became Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 1789. The panels of this ornate equipage were painted by William Hamilton, R.A.

"Lord Clare was a magnificent personage in life and drove an equipage of great splendour. As his remains were carried to the grave dead cats were thrown on his coffin."—*Magee.*

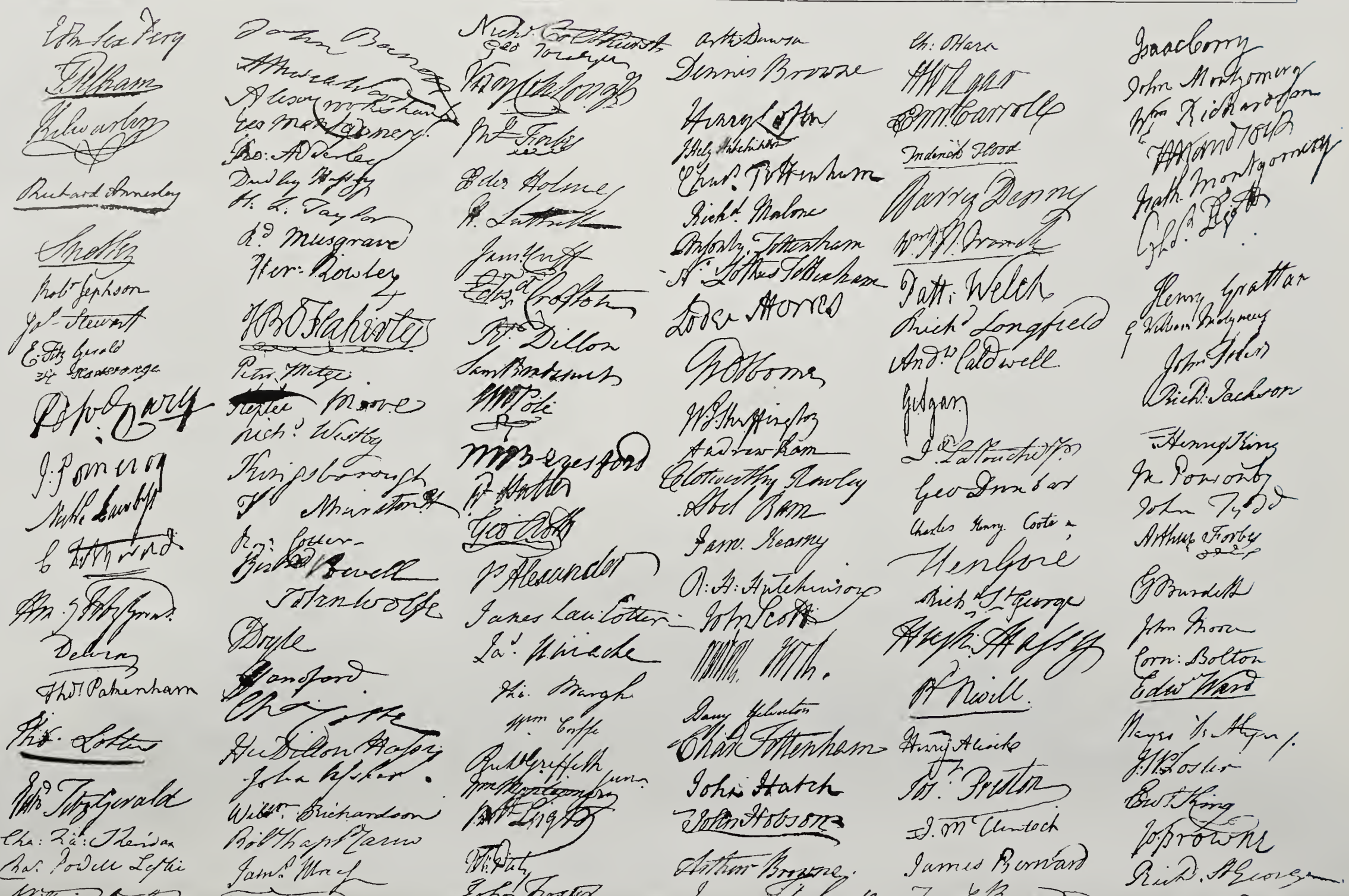
This coach is now in the Science and Art Museum, Dublin, having been lent by the South Kensington Museum.

The Original Roll of Grattan's Parliament

PRODUCED IN EXACT FACSIMILE.

HERE follow the Signatures of each Member of the Parliament of Ireland (1783-1790), signed on taking the Oaths and their Seats in the House of Commons of Ireland. This Roll (which has never been published before) bears the Autographs of a great number of famous Irishmen, headed by that of Edmund Sexten Pery, who was the second last of the long line of Speakers of the Parliament. Grattan declared Pery to have been "the fountain of all the good that befell Ireland" in 1782.

IMMEDIATELY preceding the Signatures was the illiberal and unjust Declaration or Test, which, from the days of Charles II., excluded from the Parliaments of England, Great Britain, and Ireland all who were not members of the Anglican Church. The Original Roll with the Declaration is preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, and has been reproduced here by kind permission of the late Provost of Trinity College, Anthony Traill, LL.D., M.D., M.C.H.



Thos Kelly
Hutchinson
James Baillie
T. Aylmer
John Stratford
Chas Fitzgerald
C. Whetenhall
Robt Longfield
Arthr Loveday
Dr Atkinson

Hugh Howard
Henry Roe
Chas Lefroy
Com. Price
Henry Brown
Thos Forsyth
Stephen Ram
Wm Caulfield
Richard Weldon
Wm. Preston
Wm Hamilton
John Hamilton
Henry Coddington
John Blaquiere
D. Clements
Jocelyn
Frederick Hardy
Travers Hartley
Edwd Hunt
G. Wm Fitzgerald
Geo Ogle
Hendrick Smyth
W. Ruxton
J. Craddock
Jam. Hayes

John Bourke
J. Mahony
Robt Cummins
Hugh Carleton
Conway Richd Dobbs
Robert Cunningham
Art Brooke
Mar. Langford
Wm Sharman
Edward Newenham
Robt Blachford
Fredk Trench
Edwd Davis Wilson
W. E. R. Morres
Maurice Leprieur
James Stewart
Henry Cox
Fras Saunderson
John Egan
Edward Cooke
James Caulfield Browne

Hy Cavendish
Hamilton
John Thomas Foster
Pigot
Thos Moore
Callaghan
Th. Barton
John Leigh
Wm English
Thos Fitzgerald
Thos Conolly
Luke Gardiner
Thos Fortescue

Denham Jephson
John Philpot Curran
Wm. Conyngham Plunket
W. Penn Hamilton
John La Touche
Jas. Chatterton
W Worsdale
Sam Hayes
Stepney Symth
Jame Carrique Ponsonby
Robert Howard
Richard Townsend Herbert
Arthr O Connor

Lewis Moore
Thos Dawson
George Leather
Robt Boyd
Thos. Longfield
Lovey Hartly
Richd Magenis
Charles Johnston
Robt Day
W Crosbie
John Trotter

Hy L. Rowley
Jas Corry
Richd Uniacke
John Fitzgibbon
John Toler Chichester
John Corry Browne
Richd Boyle Townsend
Augustus Warren
Joseph Hewitt
Wm Smyth
Jas Johnson
Chas. Neale
A Cole Hamilton
Edwd Burton
Matthos ?
Wm. Conyngham

Jas Somerville
Lucius O'Brien
Arthr Gore Daly
Thos Warren
John Armstrong
John Gore
John Metge
B. Roche
N. Warren
L. H. Barrington
Michael Smith
J. Dunn
Wm Abbott Conyngham
Hy Hyde

Edmond Henry Pery
Allegne Fitz Herbert
R. G. Mawdistes
H. Wynne
Chas W. Billy
Wal Butler

Geo Bunbury
Robert Johnson
John Butler
Richd B. St George
J. Lindsay

4.5.53

Relics of The Parliament of Ireland.



THE GRAND CANDELABRUM OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, IRELAND

(ROUND CHAMBER).

A beautiful example of carved Irish woodwork (Georgian Period, about 1793). This elegant Candelabrum hangs in the Examination Hall, Trinity College, Dublin, and is reproduced by kind permission of the late Provost (Anthony Traill, LL.D.). It is of beautifully carved oak gilt, has sixty sconces to hold wax candles, and is hung by chains, which allow it to be lowered within easy reach, when the replenishing of its sconces becomes a necessity. This elegant object was presented by Philip, 3rd Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1801-1806, to St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, but was transferred to Trinity College in 1858, when the "Round Church" was undergoing repairs before the fire which in the following year destroyed the old edifice.

The Irish Volunteers

THEIR PICTORIAL RECORDS AND HISTORY.

OUR VOLUNTEER PROPAGANDA.

ALWAYS warm advocates of womanliness in women and manliness in men—distinguishing characteristics of the sexes in Ireland—we have for many years sought to impress upon the public mind of Ireland the essential necessity for military training as one of the most valuable methods for cultivating manliness. For years we have, by pen and picture, sought to stimulate the public mind by reviving, each Christmas in THE LADY OF THE HOUSE, the inspiring records of the Volunteer Associations in Ireland.

In 1906 we commenced our campaign, preaching to a people whose natural martial instincts had almost been atrophied, so that the divine lesson of the strong man armed keeping his house in peace fell upon ears dulled almost to the deafness of death. Yet, within those eight short years, how the martial instincts of Ireland have been moved to life, first by events happening within the island itself, and later, by the desperate conflict on that Continental battle-ground where Sarsfield fought and died and the Irish Brigades won a most glorious renown.

The spirit of Volunteering in Ireland dates back to 1760 when the French made a descent on Carrickfergus, but the greatest effort in the direction of arming Ireland and by far the most far-reaching in its ultimate effect was the famous Muster of the Irish Volunteers of 1782, for that great body, having secured for Ireland the benefits of a Free Trade, passed on to the achievement of legislative independence, and had the wisdom of the Volunteers been listened to would have reformed the Old Parliament of Ireland, finally eliminated its religious disabilities and once for all set it firmly on its feet.

THE FAMOUS IRISH VOLUNTEER PICTURE.

THE chief pictorial record of the Volunteers of 1782, whose achievements and aims have just been glanced at, is the historical picture by Francis W. Wheatley, R.A., the famous painter of "The Irish Parliament in 1780,* the only authentic delineation of the Parliament of Ireland, painted during the actual existence of the Assembly. Wheatley was the artist to whose genius the art connoisseur owes the famous "Cries of London," now worth £1,000, for a set of perfect prints, but his greatest work, so far as Ireland is concerned, was his "Irish Volunteers in College Green," which is, perhaps, the most interesting and historically valuable exhibit in the fine collection of national pictures at the National Gallery of Ireland, and is also the picture to which Wheatley's Irish Parliament is a companion. The Irish Volunteers' painting is of great size, measuring ten feet wide by six feet six inches in height, and its execution occupied three of the best years of Wheatley's life. The scene presents College Green in the Eighteenth Century, with the then unfinished Parliament House, and is further valuable in showing, with great accuracy, the guns, uniforms and accoutrements of the Dublin Corps of Volunteers, while each face presents the portrait of a distinguished member of the Volunteers of 1782 executed with the accuracy and beauty of finish which would mark a fine miniature.

*This great picture of The Parliament of Ireland in 1780, by F. W. Wheatley, R.A., was published for the first time as a presentation supplement with the CHRISTMAS LADY OF THE HOUSE in 1906 and was subsequently reproduced in photogravure by the publishers of this Magazine.

WHEATLEY'S "VOLUNTEERS" FIRST REPRODUCTION.

THIS great national picture has never been reproduced. It was originally painted for William Robert, 2nd Duke of Leinster, Colonel of the Dublin Volunteers, and was engraved by John Collyer. Wheatley made a preliminary study for the picture, and his drawing is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. In final execution he departed from his original plan in some material points and details. From Wheatley's original drawing John Collyer prepared his engraving, which consequently is not an exact representation of the famous picture, and all the subsequent reproductions with which the public are familiar are replicas of the imperfect engraving and not of the perfected picture. The outline of the key to the picture, given on page 14, is that issued with the engraving, and an examination of this, together with our plate, will reveal the essential differences between the engraving and the picture itself.

As the CHRISTMAS LADY OF THE HOUSE had provided the homes of Ireland with an accurate presentation of the only authentic picture of the Parliament of Ireland by Wheatley, it appeared to follow, as a natural consequence, that we should complete the work by presenting to the public of Ireland the first exact copy ever issued of Wheatley's Irish Volunteers. We summoned to our assistance the capable aid of Mr. A. McGoogan, whose beautiful plates of Irish subjects have been so much appreciated as an annual feature of our Christmas issues, and this gentleman has devoted some eight months to the painting of an exact facsimile of Wheatley's original picture. The work has been rendered possible by the kind courtesy of the National Gallery of Ireland,

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THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS—Continued.

where exceptional facilities were granted to enable the work of reproduction to be performed with exactitude. This labour of love, undertaken by Mr. McGoogan, has enabled us to present to our readers, this Christmas, not only a martial subject which appeals to the spirit of the time, but also the only exact reproduction of Wheatley's great memorial of those Irish Volunteers of 1779, the founders of the greater body of 1782, who sprang to arms to defend the shores of Ireland from a foreign foe, freed the trade of the island, established the independence of its Parliament and proposed a scheme of reform for its legislature which, rejected by that body, was ultimately adopted, with revisions, by the Parliament of the United Kingdom for the reform of the assembly at Westminster.

BELFAST AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

ULSTER was the home of Volunteering in Ireland. The first Volunteers were raised there to defend the country from the French invasion when Thourot, in 1760, threatened the North through Carrickfergus. Eighteen years later Paul Jones, the Scotsman, who went privateering under the protection of Ameriea, sailed into Belfast Lough in his fast 18-gun sloop, "Rover," lured out His Majesty's ship, "Drake," from beneath the walls of Carriekfergus Castle, overeame her in an aetion fought in the Channel, and held the "Drake" as a prize of war. A return visit and a hostile landing were possibilities of the immediate future; the Government were powerless to supply forces for the safeguarding of the shores of Ireland, and again Ulster sprang to arms, to be followed quiekly by the men of every Irish county.

The fear of invasion passed, and the great body of Volunteers turned their attention to a consideration of the eauses whieh had operated to sink a fertile land and an industrious people into a condition of poverty and misery. The delegates of the Irish Volunteers met at the old Presbyterian Meeting House at Dungannon in February, 1782. One hundred and forty-three Ulster delegates there assembled, representing over thirty thousand men. In two short months the legislative Independence of Ireland was won, but the Parliament remained without the power to seleet its own Executive, and hampered by that va t eollection of miserable boroughs erected by the corrupt House of Stuart as a means of eontrolling the Parliament and finally employed to aceomplish its destruetion.

There is no question that Grattan eould never have won the independence of the Parliament of Ireland had not Ulster and the Ulster Volunteers of 1782 stood behind him, and Ulster was the driving force behind the Reform proposals whieh the Earl-Bishop of Derry framed, and Flood brought forward and urged unsueeessfully in the Parliament of Ireland. Lord Chatham had favoured Reform for the Parliament of Great Britain, and his friend, Lord Bristol, the Earl-Bishop, no doubt aimed at providing Westminster with a wholesome precedent from College Green. Behind the Reformers in Ireland stood the vast body of the men of Ulster as represented in the Irish Volunteers, and when these Reform proposals were swept aside by a Parliament unable to set its house in order the nltimate downfall of the assembly was assured. With the failure of the Reform movement in 1783 the Volunteers practically ceased to exist as a politieal force, although the formal organisation was retained until 1792. During the period of their great power and influence, their fine public spirit was as remarkable as their respect for law and order, and their honourable career was untarnished by a single act of violence or outrage.



The First Irish Volunteer Journal

AND ITS DUBLIN PUBLISHER WHO INFLUENCED THE FISCAL SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY.

The "Volunteer Journal," the first organ of Volunteering in Ireland, was established by Matthew Carey, a printer and bookseller in Dublin, where he was born in 1760. *The publication of a political address in* 1779 *gave offence to the Government, and Matthew Carey fled to Paris, where he became acquainted with and employed by Benjamin Franklin, who was then acting as the United States Ambassador to France. In* 1781 *Matthew Carey returned to Ireland, and for a time conducted the "Freeman's Journal." Two years later Carey founded the "Volunteer Journal." In* 1784 *he again attracted the attention of the Government and was ordered to be imprisoned until the dissolution of Parliament. On his release Carey went to Philadelphia and established the first newspaper which gave accurate reports of the Parliamentary Debates. Carey quickly became a power in America, and by his "Essays on Political Economy" laid the foundation of the American Protective System. Matthew Carey's son, Henry, was the famous American economist who perfected the protective system advocated by his father. Fredrich List, the German, whose economic ideas have built up the German Empire, met the Careys, father and son, when in exile, and in a large measure adopted their economic theories.*

THE ULSTER VOLUNTEERS OF 1782.

OUR second supplement is a reproduetion of John Carey's fine picture of Ulster Saluting the Dungannon Convention of 1782. This valuable picture is the property of Mr. Thomas Sinelair, of Rosslyn, Lisburn, by whose kind courtesy we are enabled to present it to our readers. The picture shows the Lisburn and Lambeg Volunteers firing a *feu de joie* in the Market Square at Lisburn in honour of the Dungannon Convention of 1782.

The following incident will illustrate the deep and intelligent interest displayed in the public affairs of Ireland by the Volunteers of Ulster: In 1783 the first stone of Belfast's White Linen Hall was laid in what subsequently became Donegall Square and later the site of the present City Hall. A cavity was made in the stone and therein was deposited a glass tube containing three documents. One a report of the meeting of the Volunteers on 15th February, 1782, with a report of the meeting held some twenty days later in Belfast, whereat the Dungannon resolutions had been approved and confirmed. The second document was a report cut from the *Belfast News-Letter* of 25th April, 1783, presenting a true copy of the "Bill relating to Ireland which received the Royal Assent on Thursday last." This "Bill" was the Deelaratory Act in whieh Great Britain recognised Ireland's right to be bound only by laws made by the King and Parliament of Ireland. The third document was in a faded handwriting, and read as follows:—

"Belfast, 28th April, 1783. These papers were deposited underneath this building by John M'Clean and Robert Bradshaw, with the intent that if they should hereafter be found, they may be an authentic information to posterity that by the firmness and unanimity of the Irish Volunteers, this kingdom (long oppressed) was fully and completely emancipated.

"If in future times there should be an attempt to encroach upon the liberties of this country, let our posterity look up with admiration to the glorious example of their forefathers, who at this time formed an army, independent of Government, unpaid and self-appointed, of eighty thousand men. The discipline, order, and regularity of whieh army was looked upon by all Europe with wonder and astonishment."

In 1896 the White Linen Hall was taken down to provide a site for the present City Hall, and the stone containing these important doeuments was brought to light. It is curious to reeall that, at the moment of their discovery, Belfast was busy celebrating the triumph of the Union, for, at the General Election of 1895, the electorate had just rejected the Home Rule policy of the Gladstonian administration.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS AND THE PLANTATION OF ULSTER

BY FRANCIS JOSEPH BIGGER, M.R.I.A.

TECHNICALLY speaking, Antrim and Down were not in the Plantation counties of Ulster. They were assumed to have been occupied and granted to English and Scottish settlers prior to the Plantation proper. How was this Plantation brought about? Elizabeth, after a long series of Ulster campaigns, had made grants to the Earls of Tir-Conail (Donegal) and Tir-Eoghan (Tyrone) of the lands these chieftains had formerly held for themselves and their clans in the old Irish way and according to settled Irish law, but her grants were according to the English rite and subversive of the Irish tenure. When James VI. of Scotland obtained the English throne he began to reconsider this question of the Ulster chieftains retaining their lands, although prior to his English kingship he had often sided with them as fellow-Gaels and kinsmen, but that was as the son of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots. After 1603 his views changed; his advisers may have affected his opinions; his military officers certainly did, for they had royal promises that the lands of the Ulster chieftains should go their way at the earliest opportunity. How was this to be brought about? Hugh O'Neill, the great Ulster Earl, was getting up in years, and he was the Ulster leader. For a generation he had waged war to maintain the Ulster chieftains in their possessions, and at the last made a tardy submission to England's Queen, when, if not dead, she was in her death throes, a fact kept from the Earl when he made his submission on terms at Mellifont.



HUGH O'NEILL,
PRINCE AND EARL OF TYRONE,
DIED 1616.

Copied from Primo Damaschino's rare work "La Spada d'arione Stellata nel campo di marte" (1680) in the library of Count Jorge O'Neill, of Lisbon.

Only a few years later he found he was encompassed with designs that he considered boded ill for his future peace and safety. These the Earl set out in detail in "Articles" submitted to the Crown. They make a long sad document, furnishing O'Neill to satiety with grounds and reasons "by which he took occasion to depart his country." With them we do not propose to deal, but only with the flight of the earls, as it is usually styled, and some incidents in connection therewith.

O'Neill had been with Sir Arthur Chichester at Slane in the September of 1607, when word was brought to him by one John Bath, in a French ship, which had doubtless sailed up the Boyne to convey the news, that the Earl's proposed visit to London would end in disaster as so many of the previous visits of Irish chieftains had done. The Earl made up his mind at once to leave his native shores. His first stop was but a short distance from Slane; it was with a particular friend of his, Sir Garrett Moore, at Mellifont. The next day he travelled to Dundalk, from whence he took the high road by the Fews to the Silver Bridge in Armagh on the road to Newtown Hamilton, and thence across the Blackwater to his old castle at Dungannon. He did not pause there, however, but made for a sure fastness, "one of his island habitations" near Creevelough, in the parish of Aghaloo. What memories that crossing of the Blackwater must have called up, what recollections of his great victory of the Yellow Ford in days gone by. On the island fortress he rested for a while, and then took road over the Sperrin Mountains to Strabane, whence he crossed the Foyle at the Fearsaid mor, or great shallows, below the Lifford. Thence to Ballindrait was an easy ride, where Cathbarr O'Donnell awaited him, and then "the daylight shining upon them," they made their way to Rath Melton, and thence to Rath Mullan, where Bath's ship was at anchor. The French ship was in the same roads that bore the false ship sent by Sir John Perrot – the Queen's half-brother — to capture young Hugh Roe O'Donnell. Here Rory O'Donnell, the Earl of Tir-Connaill, with some followers, was helping to store the ship with food and water. It was on a Friday, at midday, they set sail, leaving behind the old abbey and the stronghold of the Mac-Sweeney, who, by the way, had not been too friendly to the Earls, passing the reefs of Ballynastoker and the caves of Port Salon, and away out to sea. The first night "was bright, quiet and calm with a breeze from the South West." They proposed landing on Arranmore for a further supply of water, but "an exceeding great storm and very bad weather arose against them, together with fog and rain, so that they were driven from the land to traverse the sea

THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS—Continued.

far and wide." We can picture it all—the autumnal gale, the rocky coast, the quivering barque—she was only sixty tons burthen—with ninety-nine souls on board. The Four Masters write "that was a distinguished company for one ship, for it is certain that the sea has not borne, nor the wind wafted from Ireland in the latter times, a party in any one ship more eminent, illustrious and noble than they were, in point of genealogy, or more distinguished for great deeds, renown, feats of arms and valorous achievements."

There was included in the party the two Earls, the Countess O'Neill—daughter of Sir Hugh Magennis, of Iveagh—O'Neill's son, the Baron Dungannon, other sons, Shane and Brian; a younger son, Con, had been left behind, to be captured by Sir Toby Caulfield and sent to Eton, thence to the Tower of London, where his life story ends, as did so many lives of other young princes whose existences were inconvenient to the State. His school bills at Eton have lately been acquired for the Belfast Free Library. There were also nephews of O'Neill on board, and his secretary, Henry Hovenden, his confidant, Henry O'Hagan, of Tullaghoge, Richard Weston, a confidential Dundalk merchant, was there, and Christopher Plunkett, the Earl's master of horse, and O'Coinne, his marshall. The Earl O'Donnell's younger brother, Cathbarr, and Nuala, the sister of Hugh Roe, were there, and there were Maguires and O'Dohertys and O'Gallaghers, and many others as well as O'Neill's page and two lackeys, and O'Donnell's four serving men; a page, three lackeys, three waiting women and a scribe or writer named O'Clanain, to whom we are so much indebted.

What a princely party, couped up in such a small vessel, to face for many weary days the perils and storms of the Atlantic Ocean.

From Arranmore they sailed past Sligo, where so many great galleons of the Spanish Armada had been wrecked but a few years before, until the summit of Croagh Patrick appeared in the distance. Here a great fear came over them lest they should be captured by the English fleet, which was in Galway Harbour, but their fear was groundless, for the fleet preferred the comparative safety of Galway Bay to the greater uncertainty of the Atlantic billows. The tiny craft, for she was little larger than a fishing smack, headed out for the open sea, thinking she might make the sunny land of Spain if the storm abated. For thirteen days they weathered that storm, thinking every night would be their last. Then the chronicler of the voyage quaintly records, "a cross of gold which O'Neill had, and which contained a portion of the Cross of the Crucifixion and many other relics, being put by them in the sea trailling after the ship, gave them great relief."

We have no record where Hugh O'Neill's cross of gold now is, no more than we have of another greatly venerated Ulster cross—the one that Sir John Perrot, the Lord Deputy, took out of Sorley Boye MacDonnell's Castle at Dunluce—"Holy Columcill's Cross"—and flippantly asked Burghley to present it "to my good Lady Walsingham, or my Lady Sydney, to wear as a jewel of weight and bigness . . . upon some solemn feast or triumph day at Court."

As an augury of good, two merlins alighted on the ship and were fed and made pets of. The wind continued to be adverse, so the desire to reach Spain was given up, and the coast of France was made for, with the consent of the Earls, sailing for two days and two nights under full sail, but they reached no land in that time. Then in the midst of a renewal of the storm they came into a squadron of "three very large ships approaching from the South as if coming from Spain." They got into talk with the crews, who said they were people of Lochlainn (Danes) returning from Spain, giving them kindly directions. More stormy weather prevailed, so that "a party of the gentlemen who were above the hatch were almost in danger of being carried out into the middle of the sea by the strength of the wind and the number of the waves. They were obliged to take down their sails by reason of the strength and power of the waves and to leave the ship to itself to drift over the sea as God should will."

Jersey and Guernsey were sighted, but they feared to land there, as the English were in occupation, so they set sail again, making for the mainland. Then they met a pilot, who steered them into the river Seine, where they landed at a little town, Quilleboeuf, their first landing place for rest and repose after a voyage of twenty-one days. The Governor visited them, and he was presented with the hawks. Then the Countess and O'Donnell's daughter and the children who were with them, and some of the gentle folk and their attendants, were sent on by boat with their baggage to Rouen, the others went on horseback, and so we leave them.

A few years later O'Neill, broken-hearted, found a grave on the Montorio in Rome, with O'Donnell by his side, and few of the others ever saw the fair hills of Ireland again.

The Earls were declared traitors and outlaws for having fled their country, and their lands were forfeited, and so James' great scheme of an Ulster Plantation by English and Scottish settlers was set on foot.

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY AND GROATS.

We are glad to draw attention once more to the superlative merits of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, mixed with fresh cow's milk, as a food for young infants, especially those who, from one cause or another, are deprived of a young child's natural sustenance. Babies brought up on this food for the first and most critical year of a child's existence are invariably found to be the healthiest, brightest and most wholesome-looking of any; and, in the cold winter months especially, the warming and nourishing qualities of this excellent preparation cannot be too highly estimated. For children of over nine months, and weaned from the bottle or breast, no better food can be found than Robinson's "Patent" Groats, made with milk. Children fed on these escape half the ordinary illnesses of childhood, and are sure to grow strong and muscular and healthy, a joy and comfort to their parents, and a pleasure to all who behold them.

IT IS ASTONISHING

What a transformation is effected by a coat of CARSON'S LIQUID ENAMEL PAINT on doors, skirting, etc. No odour. Any lady can apply. Tins, 6d. up. Color card free. CARSON'S, 22 Bachelor's Walk, Dublin.

INGLIS'

Xmas Specialities

are a necessity to make the Xmas Festivities complete.

Rich Fruit Loaves, Iced and Ornamented Cake, Plum Puddings, etc.

EVERYTHING OF THE BEST QUALITY . . .

INGLIS & CO., Ltd., Belfast

COAL. COKE. **FLOWER & M'DONALD** 14 D'OLIER STREET. DUBLIN. MALAHIDE, SKERRIES and BALBRIGGAN.

Is National Humour Dying Out?

Concluded from page 25.

owner that he must have his name clearly painted thereon and in Roman characters, under the penalty of a 20/- fine.

"Ye may take the kert and ye may take the mewl," replied the driver, "but I'm a prasbaterian an there'll be no roman carrakter about my kert, me fine falla."

FROM SOUTH DONEGAL.

"Did you hear, Doherty, that the poor Pope died with a prayer on his lips for the soldiers at the war?"

"Whaat? . . . not a prayer for Carson's Volunteers? Yes? . . . . Then the Lord forgive me this day—but that was mighty unfair of him."

ON THE TRAM.

Dublin as well as Belfast claims this sporting *farceur* as an official of its tramway service.

In the early days of the electric working a fussy fat lady signalled a car to stop at a congested point of traffic.

"Tell me this, conductor, before I venture in," she gasped. "If I put one foot on the step and kept the other on the line, would I be likely to get a shock?"

"No, ma'am," the conductor replied; "but if you'll put one foot on the line, and the other on the overhead wire you *will* get a shock, and so will a lot of other passengers too."

FROM THE GLENS OF ANTRIM.

"Yes," assented the retired gauger drawing his chair closer to the hearth and slowly rubbing his turf-scorched shins, "its quare the way the lads now-a-days looks on marriage. There's two of mine that are the slough of the countryside. Every likely wee girl for five miles round—coorted *an* coorted up to the axin' . . . , divil a wurd beyant—not even with the drink on."

He stopped to fill his pipe.

"I'm thinkin' its the drillin' an' lookin' out for German spies that's makin' them so fearsome and suspicious. No doubt it can be a life-long scaldin'—but take it all round there's worse things than wedlock."

"Is there?" broke in the sharp young voice of his daughter-in-law. "Well, *I* haven't struck them, anyhow."

"Heth, then, I haven't nayther," added her mother-in-law, "long as I've been in the wurld."

When the breeze was over, the gauger retold this story to make his point. We give his words as clearly as we can remember them, but the rare humour of his delivery cannot be conveyed:

"There's a little raal ould woman up the branin, that brought a wheen o' boys into the world. She has three of them left, working the one farm. Black Ben, Oliver Tom, and Wee Wully. Well, after the big strike, Mrs. M'Cray struck too.

"'I'm eighty-seven,' sez she, 'me back is bruck with scrubbin', me wind is gone, the doctor has bad behopes I'll pull through the winter. Weans!' sez she, 'yous 'ill have to put in a younger woman to do for yous. You must get marriet afore the first, Ben. Off wid you. Go find a fine swaddy wee worker with no nonsense nor lace blouses about her, who'll be up at five mornins, to feed the pigs. Off a coortin' with you, Benny, boy.'

"But Ben didn't stir. He only grinned.

"'I'm too fat and too ould, mither,' says he.

"'Too ould?' she bawls. 'And you not seventy till the Christmas?'

"'But mither,' says he, 'what lass 'ud look at me, with a beauty like Oliver Tom alongside?'

"Oliver Tom didn't say he wasn't a beauty, but he showed a mighty stiff lip. *He* wouldn't have things sprung on him like that—not he. *He* wanted a couple of years more to look about him—'and for why,' says he, shouldn't Wee Wully have his chance?'

"They found Wee Wully drillin' potatoes up the side of the hill—they must be drilling something in Ulster—and the ould woman told him he'd have to take a wife before the Christmas.

"He stuck the spade in the ground.

"'It takes the cake, this does,' he says in a sort of gurgle. 'From the day I was ould enough to clean out a sty—all the dirty work of this farm is put on Wee Wully!'"

Cork Wit.

Once upon a time in a comfortable town of the County Cork there prospered a Solicitor of the name of Crane, notorious for the size of his bills of cost.

One night at the club a local orator, inflamed with whiskey and a sense of defeat, was denouncing a rival politician who had that day collared a fat municipal job. He wound up as follows:

"What are you sayin'? Good fellow enough? That tadpole from Tralee? Good fellow? I'll tell you, gentlemen, what he is . . . . . for I know him to the core. He has the instincts of a weazel, the soul of a serpent and the heart of a vulture—that's what he has. Can any man here conceive anything worse than that?"

"I can," retorted a melancholy lounger near the door, who had recently lost a big law-suit.

"You can? And what is that man alive?"

"The bill of a Crane."

At a sham battle of Kitchener's new army last week near Crosshaven a combatant was overheard in hot expostulations with a defunct unit of the enemy. "Lee' go me hair, ye omadhaun, lee' go . . . Man alive, don't y' know ye're dead, Johnny Cantillon?"

FRY'S CHOCOLATES.

In the world of Chocolate and Cocoa the name of Fry has long been a name to conjure with. Established as far back as 1728, the historic house has almost reached its second centenary of prosperous and honourable industry.

Like many another firm noted for its superiority—and of which we count now a few even in our own city of Dublin—the manufacture of Fry's Cocoa owes its first beginnings to a worthy member of the Quaker fraternity, Mr. Joseph Fry, who was then the owner of a little business, whose staple commodities were "chocolate, nibs, and cocoa," in Wine Street, Bristol. From such a modest beginning there evolved by degrees, and through the progress of nearly two whole centuries, a gigantic commercial undertaking, amongst the largest the country has ever known. No doubt, a great deal, if not all, of the firm's unbounded success is due to the fact that it has been captained all along by men of versatile genius, brain power and mental and bodily energy, in whose hands any project or concern whatsoever was bound to become a success. And from the little business in Wine Street there has now developed, in old Joseph Fry's native town of Bristol, an enormous and world-famous industry enshrined in no less than eleven linked factories—factories, too, "handsome as cathedrals, firm and solid as pyramids, covering several acres of ground, and rising eighty sheer feet into the air."

Everybody is familiar with the delicate flavour and fragrant aroma of Fry's Cocoa and Chocolate, and now that tea is to be placed under increased taxation, there is every likelihood that cocoa, as a beverage, will become more popular than ever before. It goes without saying, of course, that it is far more nourishing and sustaining, a better food in every way, than either tea or coffee, which are merely stimulants without food value; so that the increased taxing of tea may be but a blessing in disguise, and one likely to confer immense benefits on the general health, and always more or less harassed nerves, of the present overworked and strenuous generation.

Messrs. Fry's coloured picture-list of Christmas Fancy Boxes of Chocolate is highly tempting and alluring. What could form a more acceptable and suitable

"Keen as Mustard"

For 200 years the British Soldier has been served Mustard *as a necessity of life.* No other condiment has been served our soldiers for anything like so long a time.

No other gift of nature has such marvellous powers for creating appetite and promoting the flow of the gastric juices as has the seed of that modest little plant whose yellow blossom charms the eye as its seed delights the palate.

Colman's

D.S.F. **Mustard**

W. HOLMES. Exquisite Evening Gowns, Very Latest in Tailor-Made Gowns, Outdoor and Sporting Dresses, Blouses, and Shirts. Irish Fleece Travelling and Motor Coats. Feather Neck Wear.

DUBLIN, Ltd.,
69, 70, 71 South Gt. George's Street.

Christmastide gift for our own or our friends' children, or for our sweethearts, our wives, or our poor suffering sons or brothers "at the Front," than a box of Fry's Chocolates, marvellous both inside and outside in the daintiness of its "get-up," and the deliciousness of its contents? Even as a corollary and accompaniment to other gifts a box of Fry's Chocolate would give the best finishing touch of "chic"-ness and acceptability to one's present. They are to be had in such a bewildering variety, such an *embarras de richesse*, tied in beautifully coloured silk and satin ribbons, with sylvan scenes or richly-coloured seascape, pretty girls, exquisite floral displays; and all with satin mounts or velvet frames, embossed and jewelled in the daintiest devices, that one's only trouble is "which one to select."

Other and most attractive goods to select from are the china articles and novelties, consisting of dainty little tea-sets in the most charming designs and patterns, tea-pots, jugs, trays, bags, toys, vases, and every form of bric-a-brac. Unquestionably the present for the coming Christmas season for young or old is a casquet filled with the nutritious chocolate products of the great Fry firm.

FAMED FOR CHILDREN'S UNDER-CLOTHING.

The garments for juveniles, labelled "Chilprufe," guaranteed pure wool and British throughout, have a distinctive value that is said to dominate all other makes. While preserving the nature and softness of the wool, the manufacturers of this celebrated brand are enabled, by a secret process, to render this underclothing unshrinkable. Light and soft to a highly satisfactory degree these garments will not irritate the most sensitive skin. Years of intelligent experience has ensured a perfect fit for this underclothing. Durability and dainty finish is impressed upon them in a marked degree. A guarantee is given by the firm that they do not use nor never have used anything but English spun yarn. A most desirable feature in the "Chilprufe" is that the original pearl-white colour is retained after a lengthened course of continuous washing. Ladies will find it advantageous to write to the Chilprufe Manufacturing Co., Leicester, for their "Chilprufe" illustrated booklet, post free.

A VALUABLE TONIC NUTRIENT.

The Proprietors of the well-known Tonic Wine, "Vibrona," have recently introduced a new preparation containing the Tonic properties of "Vibrona" combined with a highly concentrated preparation of Malt in place of Wine. "Bronamalt" therefore possesses both tonic and nutrient properties, and as it is extremely pleasant to take it presents obvious advantages over preparations of Cod Liver Oil and Malt. In cases of debility, malnutrition and nervous irritability in young people "Bronamalt" has been prescribed by leading physicians with very great advantage. In cases of impaired nutrition in adults whether arising from dyspepsia or as the result of illness, "Bronamalt" has also proved of the utmost value. In short, "Bronamalt" well deserves its title as "An Ideal Tonic Food."

Give an Umbrella



WHAT could be nicer? A lovely Irish-manufactured FRAS. SMYTH & SON Umbrella, packed in a handsome fancy box, makes an ideal Christmas gift. It is seasonable, sensible and serviceable.

You can send one of these Umbrellas to anyone and it will be appreciated—father, mother, sister or friend. There is a Fras. Smyth Umbrella to suit every age and taste at a price to suit every purse. Prices range from 1/11 to 63/-, and

Umbrellas exceeding 5/- in value are packed in handsome fancy boxes free of charge.

Orders exceeding 10/- are sent carriage paid to any address in United Kingdam.

VANITY BAGS
make neat gifts

We have a most charming selection of the very newest styles, specially suitable for Xmas gifts. Being only a side line with us, introduced specially for our customers' benefit, we can afford to sell considerably cheaper than elsewhere. Please inspect our stock and compare our prices before deciding to purchase.

WALKING STICKS, BLACKTHORNS, ETC., IN GREAT VARIETY.

FRAS. SMYTH & SON
75 Grafton Street, Dublin
4 Lr. Sackville St. & 12 Parliament St.—but NOT on the Quays.

FURS ARE AN IDEAL . XMAS GIFT .

No. 27 — A splendid
COAT
in Natural Musquash with Double-breasted large Collar and Cuffs, lined Silk.

10½ Guineas.



Fur - - - Remodellings and Alterations
done by expert Furriers on the premises. Prices moderate.

J. M. Barnardo & Son, Ltd.
108 GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN.

HOPKINS & HOPKINS.

CHRISTMAS.

Jewellery presents are most suitable for the **Gift Season.** They are durable and useful, forming lasting souvenirs of the donor's goodwill.
We manufacture **Gold and Gem Jewellery** in original designs, also reproductions of **Antique Irish Masterpieces** in the form of **Brooches, Pendants, Bracelets,** and many other suitable articles.
Details and prices can be seen in our **Art Jewellery Catalogue,** free on application.
We are the original Agents for the **Perfected American Waltham Watches,** and hold the largest stock of all sizes and grades.

PRICE LISTS FREE.

Opposite O'CONNELL MONUMENT, DUBLIN.

TELEGRAMS—'MEYTHER, DUBLIN." TELEPHONE 3569.

FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

JACOB'S CHRISTMAS DAINTIES.

Those great Dublin biscuit and eake manufacturers, Messrs. W. & R. Jacob & Co., are so well noted in Ireland and elsewhere as efficient allies of old Father Christmas in the production of confectionery dainties that a word on the subject is almost superfluous. However, a few observations as to the extent and variety of the firm's preparations for the coming Xmas may not be altogether amiss. During a recent visit of one of our representatives to the leviathan works of Messrs. Jacob & Co., at Bishop Street, a glimpse was afforded in the sample-room of a choice display of such fruit cakes as "Ambrosia," "Matinee," "Walnut" and other confections, most temptingly set forth. Then in the matter of assorted biscuits, etc., special notice might be made of that variety known as the "Elite," "Reception," etc. In mixed biscuits, the "Royal Sovereign" was, among others, a decided attraction. In shortbreads, always a favourite, the "Empress," the "Assorted," etc., are likely to be much ealled for. Confiseries, for which this firm is justly famed, came well under observation. A particular attraction also might be noted in the beautiful caskets, etc., in which some of the eoncern's confectionery was displayed.

PRETTY TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Youngsters at Christmas time turn to the toyshop with all the zest and devotion of the Moslem towards Mecca. In this connection we may mention that splendid toy emporium of Mr. J. L. Dixon, 14 Suffolk Street, Dublin, which all discriminating children in the Irish eapital look on with approval at this period of the year. There is to be seen in lavish array the most modern of mechanical toys. These embrace model steam engines, electric motors, the latest triumphs in aviation toys, etc. By all means gratify the youngsters by taking them to Dixon's, at 14 Suffolk Street.

TOM SMITH'S FAMOUS CRACKERS.

The above famous household favourites continue with each advancing Christmas to add to the joys of the gladsome Season. This year the firm is showing its usual skill in catering for the festive time. Among these we may mention the "Puzzle Crackers," containing an assortment of amusing puzzles; the "Jewel Crackers," made in crimson and gold papers, contain pretty articles of Jewellery with Children's Love Mottoes. Tom Smith's "Hats, Caps and Bonnets" are prettily designed. They contain an assortment of these articles in various lively hues. Tom Smith's "Toy Crackers" are made in crimson crepe and moire, decorated with pictures of happy children snow-balling. The firm's "Dutch Toy Crackers" are certain to hugely interest the youngsters with their miniature windmills, curios, etc. Then, again, Tom Smith's "Girls' Brigade" deserve especial mention for their amusing novelties in all that is lively to excite the interest of the youthful feminine. In fine, there are so much that is entertaining in this year's list of Tom Smith's "good things" that we can confidently recommend those who love to patronise these delightful novelties to inquire after the present list at the various high-class stores where they are stocked.

MESSRS. LEONARD & CO.'S SPECIALITIES.

This well-known Dublin firm has for several years past been specialising with their perfumes, toilet accessories, etc., for the wants of the giver of Xmas Gifts. In this connection we may point attention to the concern's, Spanish Onion Pomade, a reliable and choice Hair renovator. In promoting the growth of glossy, luxurious tresses Messrs. Leonard's Spanish Onion Pomade has won a favourable niche in the feminine boudoir. Then, again, especial mention is due of the firm's Killarney Violets, a perfume that is redolent of the choicest scents. It is, as a matter of course, to be recommended as a native gift-offering.

BE MINDFUL OF THE SUET.

During the Christmas season suet takes on an added importance among culinary festivity ingredients. But of all classes of it Hugon's "Atora" Beef Suet is most highly esteemed by housewife and eook. It is shredded, ready for use in plum puddings, mincemeat, and pastries, and may be had also in blocks, suitable for frying, basting, and eooking. It is, in short, excellent in quality, and is decidedly a labour saver.

ARTISTS IN IRISH GOLD AND SILVER WORK.

We Irish people owe no small debt of gratitude to those eminent Dublin jewellers, Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins, of Lower O'Connell Street, Dublin. Rescuers of Ireland's long-buried treasures in gold and silver ornaments, this firm has presented us with replieas of such Celtie gems of the past as the Ardagh Chalice, the Tara Brooch, the Brian Boru Harp Brooch, and other glorious relics of bygone Hibernian skill. What more appropriate Irish Christmas present than one of these reproduced examples of the exquisite work of ancient Irish artificers. Modern taste in bracelets, rings, Waltham watches, tea and coffee services are also to be seen at these tastefully-equipped premises.

GRAMOPHONES AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

Messrs. Pigott, the famous Dublin firm of piano warehousemen, are also specialists in gramophones. In fact their latest models in this line, which may be seen at their branch at 11 Suffolk Street, are quite distinct and much superior to anything previously produced in these interesting machines. Our readers are requested to call and hear the latest records rendered by these instruments. Gramophones are a great source of amusement and interest in the home, and at Christmas time the acquisition of one of these perfect models is certain to add to the domestic pleasures of the gay season.

HEATHER'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

Winter is, above all other seasons, the time when we should most look to the soundness of our own and our children's footwear, and what Christmas gift could be more seasonable or acceptable than a pair of Heather Brothers' up-to-date, soft, pliable boots or shoes, in box calf, glace kid, or chrome leather, all most fashionable at the moment. They have special departments each for gentlemen, ladies, boys, girls and children, in all of which the greatest variety may be selected from, at most moderate prices, and with the assurance of having up-to-date and reliable goods only. Their Evening Shoes Department for ladies is sure to meet with a large share of public patronage at Christmas.

When the Queen travelled to Balmoral on Thursday, 14th Aug., 1913, the following was the Luncheon Menu

Dejeuner

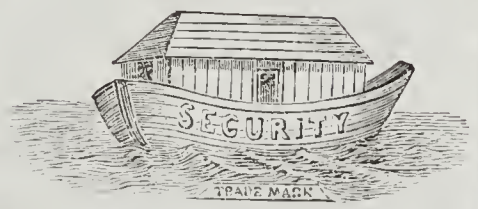
Consomme Ecossaise
Œuf Mollet aux Epinards
Mignonette d'Agneau
Turbigo
Viandes Froides
Salade
Peches Imperatrice
FAROLA
PUDDING

"Was not that a dainty dish to set before the Queen!"

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

BRYANT & MAY'S

SPECIAL



PATENT

SAFETY MATCHES

32 AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE.



Macfarlane Lang & Co's

Chocolate Victoria Assortment.

A delightful assortment of high-class
Chocolate-coated Biscuits,

Packed in small Tins.

RONUK POLISH

BY ROYAL WARRANT
to H.M. THE KING.

**Polishes,
Preserves,
Purifies**

FURNITURE,
FLOORS,
LINOLEUM,
etc.

In Tins 3d., 6d., 1/-, 2/-
Everywhere.

RONUK, LTD.
PORTSLADE, near BRIGHTON.
Depôts: London & Manchester.

:: Seasonable Hints from "The Lady of the House." ::

MESSRS. A. J. CALEY & SON'S CHRISTMAS SPECIALITIES.

Congratulations are due to this famous firm for the success which has attended their Christmas specialities for this year. Especially is this observable in their Christmas crackers, which may well be classed as a wonderful range to sell at prices from 4½d. to 10 guineas. The art table decoration crackers of Messrs. Caley deserve special recognition. Amongst their novelty crackers, are such lines as Snowballs, Mince Pies, Teddy Bears, Christmas Cakes, Robin Redbreast, &c., &c. In fact Caley's Christmas Crackers, should find a place at every Christmas party, and no table is complete without some of their art table decoration cosaques. The Dublin agent of this well-known and enterprising firm, we may add, is Mr. A. J. Nolan, of 18 Cope Street.

WHERE TO SPEND A CHEERFUL CHRISTMAS.

People in quest of "a home from home," during Christmas, ought to bear in mind the festive and hygienic attractions of St. Ann's Hill famous Hydro, in Blarney. Amid healthful and beautiful surroundings, there need be no apprehension of a dull time there during the season of mirth and goodwill. Many persons who would otherwise be lonely during Christmas time avail themselves eagerly of the seasonable attractions which are to be had in abundance at this famous hydro.

SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD.

There are so many kinds of infant foods at the present day that mothers may well be puzzled to know which to use. Savory & Moore's Food is one of the oldest established of infant foods, and it has the reputation of being thoroughly reliable. It has at various times been used in most of the Royal Nurseries of Europe, and has won the approval of nurses and doctors alike. The mother who decides to use Savory & Moore's Food may therefore feel satisfied that she is running no risks, but that she is giving her baby a food that has reared countless numbers of healthy happy children. One great advantage of Savory and Moore's Food is that it not only supplies the present needs of a growing child, but lays the foundation of a strong constitution and future health and happiness, a consideration which should surely not be overlooked. A little book entitled "The Baby," published by Savory & Moore, of New Bond Street, London, gives a very interesting account of their food and also contains useful hints on Infant Management. It is sent free on application.

SERVANTS' INSURANCE.

Under the Workmen's Compensation Act, which was introduced in 1906, employers were made responsible for the results of accidents to employees, arising out of their employment. This liability can, however, be insured against by payment of a small annual premium to an insurance company, the Royal Exchange Assurance (5 College Green) accepting an annual premium of 2/6 for each domestic servant. What with Motor Car, Burglary, Plate Glass, Fidelity, Third Party, and Personal Accident Insurance, not to speak of the traditional forms of sea, fire, and life assurance, there is scarcely any limit to the range of activities covered by the operations of old and leading insurance companies like the "Royal Exchange."

A HELP TO CHRISTMASTIDE DIGESTION.

The merits of Colman's Mustard as a help to digestion are well known, but an extra word of commendation may not be out of place at this season of good cheer and lavish feasting. Even the small quantity used is of inestimable advantage in warding off the attacks of indigestion so invariably prevalent at the Christmas season. It is an invaluable adjunct to the Christmas ham, the joint of roast beef, the spiced round, the cheese, and an almost endless number of dishes. The merits of Colman's Mustard in the bath—for which they have brought out a special preparation—cannot be too highly praised for warding off or curing colds, chills, rheumatism, etc. And, speaking to a lady the other day, who is a great authority on fowls, and who manages to keep her hens laying, even in the cold months of mid-winter, she told me that the secret of her success lay in mixing a spoonful of Colman's Mustard with the fowls' feeding every morning.

MESSRS. JACKSON & SONS' SPECIALITIES.

The prominent position in the household held by Jackson's Lavender Furniture Cream is, doubtless, to be ascribed to that utility which makes its application so easy of fruitful results. Furnished in attractive Doulton vases it emits a fragrant odour, in addition to the lustrous and lasting shine which it imparts. One of the most admirable features of this Furniture Cream is that it is totally devoid of that stickiness which is so productive of that objectionable finger-marking. The Camphorated Wax Polish and Varnish Stains of this firm are no less useful, being decidedly more healthful, durable and satisfactory than any other. The householder would do well in this connection to avoid attempted imitations of Messrs. Jacksons' famous Specialities, and should on no account be induced to purchase any of these spurious substitutes.

THE COURT LAUNDRY.

Excellence in management, as well as in general laundry detail, is largely responsible for the premier reputation for good work enjoyed by the Court Laundry, whose well-known address is at 58a Harcourt Street, Dublin. Adjacent to, perhaps, the most spacious area in the city, it enjoys a singularly clear and vigorous atmosphere, so necessary for the turning out of well-laundered linen, etc. As an instance of success in these lines, we may add that at the Manchester Laundry Exhibition of last year "the Court" was the only Irish laundry successful, winning a Silver Medal for fancy ironing work and a Diploma for making up of shirts and collars. Regular van collections and deliveries each week in and around Dublin, taking in the entire district, from Balbriggan in the North to Lucan and Leixlip in the West, and Bray and and its neighbourhood in the South, bring this admirable concern within the reach of all who esteem the blessings of a first-class laundry.

JOHNSTON, MOONEY & O'BRIEN, LTD.

Amongst Dublin's many bakeries that of Messrs. Johnston, Mooney & O'Brien claims easily a foremost place for the excellent quality of their confectionery and machine-made bread. Messrs. Johnston, Mooney and O'Brien also supply all kinds of rich and plain cakes, composed only of the choicest materials, and artistically ornamented when so desired.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR ABSENT FRIENDS.

Send sixteen penny stamps to THE LADY OF THE HOUSE, Commercial Buildings, Dublin, with name and address of any absent friend to whom you would wish a copy of this Christmas Number forwarded.

"C & C" Cantrell & Cochrane's GINGER ALE

It is easy to get just the right drink for children's parties—something pure and wholesome which all the grown-ups present will appreciate as much as the children do. It is "C. & C." Ginger Ale.

"C. & C." is made from the choicest spices and the purest spring water. Its flavour is delicious, and no beverage is more gratifying and refreshing.

Have it in your Home this Christmas for your own use, and especially for the evenings when your children's little friends are with you.



Made by Cantrell and Cochrane, Ltd.
Works: Dublin and Belfast. Established 1852. Depots: London, Liverpool & Glasgow.

:: Ulster's Christmas Shopping Centre—Belfast. ::

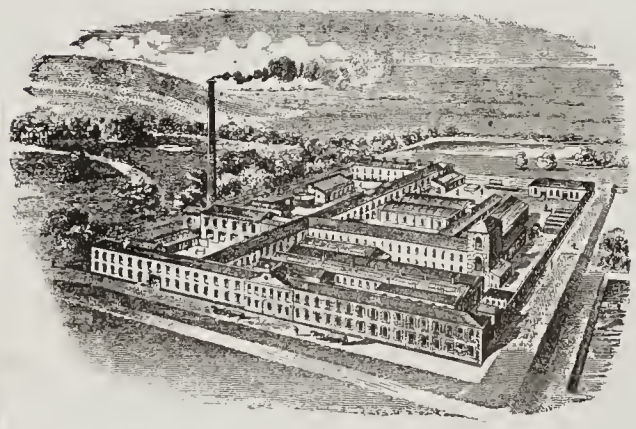
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN BELFAST.

The great Northern province is particularly fortunate in the manner in which its Christmas trade is catered for in the City on the Lagan. A huge modern centre, Belfast with its spacious and palatial main thoroughfares is splendidly equipped for the display of articles connected with the season of goodwill and gladsome festivity. These ornate establishments, to be seen in such highways as Royal Avenue, Donegall Place, and High Street and Donegall Street are not surpassed in any centre in the United Kingdom. Of these concerns we take pleasure in subjoining herewith notices of the following establishments which might well be styled leaders in the "great market place of the North."

THE WHITEWELL PREMIER BELFAST LAUNDRY AND DYEWORKS.

Characterised as the premier laundry of the North, the Whitewell Hygienic Laundry and Finishing Works, of Belfast, has lived well up to its fine reputation. Here, within easy distance of the greatest linen centre in the world, and in the midst of open breezes, and soft, pure water, the term hygienic can be aptly ascribed to the Whitewell. The firm executes dyeing and cleaning orders, and engages to furnish all intending customers with cards, showing a wide range of shades wherefrom to select.

The head of the Whitewell dyeing department is an expert dyer, skilled in all the latest improvements in this, of late, much improved art. Fabrics sent to the Whitewell Dye Works will be most skilfully treated,



and those who have never given this firm a trial before will doubtless be surprised that such excellent work can be turned out by a Belfast firm. The Whitewell cleaning department, too, is certainly a boon to the woman to whom cleanliness and consequently daintiness are essentials. Articles cleaned at the Whitewell look like new, while the charge for this work is most moderate.

The latest addition to the Whitewell Laundry plant—already one of the most elaborate and scientific in the Kingdom—is the Electrolyser for the Electrolytic treatment of linen and other fabrics which are cleansed in the laundry by means of an electric process which renders the web spotlessly clean, does not wear or impoverish the fibre, and imparts to linen a snowy whiteness, while sterilizing and thoroughly disinfecting the fabric.

MESSRS. ROBERT WATSON & CO., LTD.

True to its old and honourable record as efficient caterers for the Christmas wants in all that contributes to make the home beautiful, this famous Belfast establishment is at present making its traditional efforts in this direction a triumphant success. With each advancing year more tasteful and classic conceptions as to decorative effect in the home are making themselves felt among the general public. With a view to ministering to this new movement Messrs. Watson & Co. devote special care to reproductions of such old masters as Chippendale and Hepplewhite. Culture and refinement in the household may be secured by the purchaser who places himself or herself under the guidance of this capable Belfast firm, whose ornate warehouse in Donegall Street and Library House will well repay a visit during the present season.

THE CELEBRATED "HICKS" AND "SHAMROCK" COTTONS.

Having record to the native excellence of the above threads, we take pleasure in the knowledge that many thousands of Irish crochet and similar industrialists are enthusiastic supporters of these products of the Sackville Thread Works, Belfast. The "Shamrock" Machine Cottons constantly mark improvements of a character well calculated to bear favourable comparison with any others. Purchasers will find that these Irish cottons are stocked by all well-equipped drapers in the Emerald Isle.

INGLIS' CELEBRATED XMAS CAKES.

A pronounced favourite in Northern homes, we may safely assert that the rich fruit cakes, plum puddings, and iced and ornamental cakes of Messrs. Inglis are looked forward to among young and old alike in Belfast and vicinity as one of the rarest treats of Christmas. No doubt all this popularity is due in an overwhelming degree to the care and thoughtful preparation which Messrs. Inglis devote to these dainty confections. Then, again, as the Northern public, from long acquaintanee with this firm's daily service of the "staff of life," it naturally follows that a consequent trust in Messrs. Inglis' special efforts in Christmas cakes, etc., is widespread in Belfast. Relying on excellence as the only basis on which to secure favour, this eminent firm of bakers and confectioners occupy a durable and entrenched position in the esteem of the Northern householder.

IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS AS XMAS GIFTS.

Those great Irish linen specialists, Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver, Belfast, are presenting peculiarly appropriate articles from the Emerald Isle as suitable for Xmas presents to friends at home and abroad. As is well known the finest linen handkerchiefs in the world come from the Ulster capital, and it is from the choicest of that material these handkerchiefs are made. In ladies' articles of this class there are peculiarly fine lines being offered at ranges running from 2/11 to 9/11 per dozen. In men's handkerchiefs, linen cambric, with initials or monograms beautifully embroidered, from 8/6 to 13/11 per dozen, Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver are offering most tempting bargains. To those who contemplate seasonable gifts to friends "at the front," the firm is presenting a fine array of "Khaki handkerchiefs" from 1/11½ per dozen.

"MALGESTO" COCOA.

Those who desire a rich full-flavoured cup of cocoa should see that their grocer provides them with it forthwith. This admirable beverage is noted for its digestive properties. As a flesh-former it is unrivalled. An ideal nourisher for winter weather. Try it now.

When buying Chocolates

for yourself or friends remember the reputation that

ROWNTREE'S

have for high-class sweetmeats.

Some leading Lines are:—

EMPEROR CHOCOLATES,
ELECT CHOCOLATE,
QUEEN CHOCOLATE,
COFFEE CREAMS,
MILK CHOCOLATE.

For Strength. For Flavour.

First thing in the morning and last thing at night, drink—

ROWNTREE'S ELECT COCOA

It is a nourishing and sustaining beverage of great merit, and it possesses the delicious

ROWNTREE FLAVOUR